THE B. F. WHITE SACRED HARP

AS REVISED AND IMPROVED

By W. M. COOPER and Others

The selections are from the old SACRED HARP, remodeled and revised, together with additions from the most eminent authors, including new music.

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THE SACRED HARP BOOK CO., INC.

Troy, Alabama

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Was Revised and Improved

By W. M. COOPER and Others

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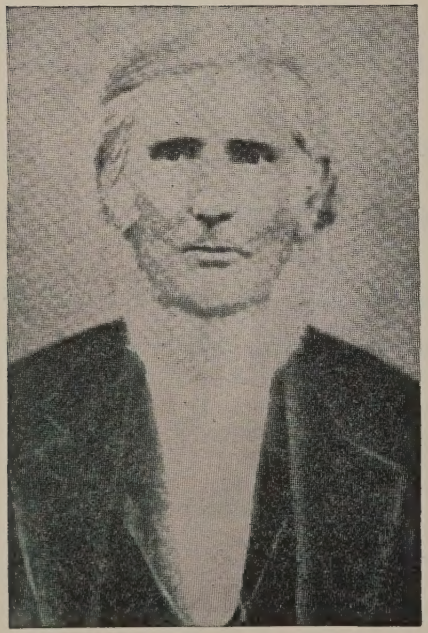

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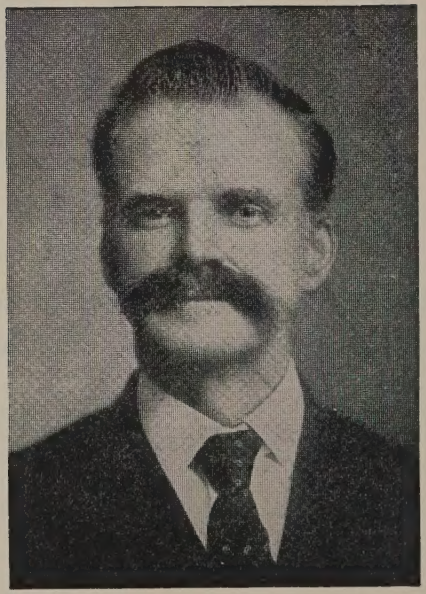

W. M. COOPER
Revisionist

We, the following committee appointed by the chairman of the Sacred Harp Book Co., Inc., G. L. Beck, Ariton, Ala., wish to make the following recommendations:

FIRST: That the title of the book be The B. F. White Sacred Harp, owned and published by the Sacred Harp Book Co., Inc., Troy, Alabama.

SECOND: That the photograph of B. F. White and W. M. Cooper, and photographs of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary, together with the revision committee be placed in the book accompained by the names.

THIRD: The report of the old Revision Committee be removed.

FOURTH: That the preface to the fifth edition be removed.

FIFTH: That the rudiments as they are in the book be retained.

SIXTH: That the names of the stockholders be placed in this book.

SEVENTH: That the back of the book shall be marked The Revised Sacred Harp, Twelfth Edition, and the scale and blackboard exercises be removed.

EIGHTH: That the preface to the appendix together with the committee be removed.

We have made a few minor changes that we feel will be of value.

Praying God will bless everyone who uses this book to sing His praises, we respectfully submit this report.

Respectfully Submitted,
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DEFINITIONS OF MUSICAL TERMS

Accelerando (Accel.)—Gradually faster.
Adagio—Very slow
Affettuoso, or Aff.—Tender, affecting, mournful, plaintive
Agitato—Agitated, hurriedly
Allegretto—Slower than Allegro
Allegro—Quick; lively
Andante—A moderate movement
Andantino—Not so fast as Andante
Animato—With animation
Chorus—All the parts together
Clefs—Characters representing particular tones or degrees
Con Spirito—With quickness and spirit
Crescendo—Increasing in tones, etc.
Da Capo (D. C.)—To return and close with the first strain
Dolce—Softly, sweetly
Grave—Extremely slow: solemn: heavy
Interval—The distance between two degrees or tones
Intonation—Giving the pitch or key of a song
Ionic—Light and soft
Keys—Most permanent tones of voice or instrument
Key Note—The principal or leading note of each octave
Largo—One degree quicker than second mode common time
Lima—The difference between major and minor
Linto—Slow
Major Chord—An interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degree
Major Mode—The sharp key; great third; high; cheerful
Mezzo (M)—Medium
Presto—Very fast
Rallentando (Rall.)—Slower and softer
Ritard (Rit.)—Gradually slower
Solo—One part alone
Sonorus—Loud and harmonious
Symphony—A piece of music without words which the instrument plays while the voices rest
Syncope—Cut off; disjointed; out of the usual order
Syncopation—Notes joined in same degree in one position
Transposition—Changing the place of the key note
Vivace—Briskly
Zeloso—With zeal

pp, very soft; p, soft; m, medium; f, loud; ff, very loud

SUGGESTIONS

In order to get the best results in Harmony possible, the committee respectfully offers the following suggestions.

First: Be sure to pitch the songs properly. For this duly select eoms brother for the day, and let others keep silent.

Second: Sing according to time. Give measured notes full time, and observe rests in all instances.

Third: Do not sing too loudly. The fault of too loud singing may be avoided to a great extent by pitching music properly.

Fourth: Never sing alto in the high voice. There is no symphony whatever in such singing. Boys may sing alto, and the ladies may sing alto in the grave voice. It will be better for men not to try to sing this part unless they sing it in the grave voice.

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RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

1. *Question.* Into how many departments is the science of music divided?

Answer. Into three departments, which embrace all the elementary principles of music.

2. *Q.* What are they?

A. Melody, Rhythm and Dynamics.

3. *Q.* Of what does Melody treat?

A. Melody relates to pitch, and represents tones as *high* or *low*.

4. *Q.* Of what does Rhythm treat?

A. Rhythm relates to length, and represents notes and rests as *long* or *short*.

5. *Q.* Of what does Dynamics treat?

A. Dynamics relate to force, and represent tones as *soft* or *loud*.

6. *Q.* How many marks of tone or kinds of notes are there used in music?

A. There are six kinds of notes used in music which differ in time.

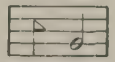
7. *Q.* What are they?

A. The whole note, 𝅝; the half, 𝅗𝅥; the quarter, ♩; the eighth, ♪; the sixteenth, 𝅘𝅥𝅯; the thirty-second, 𝅘𝅥𝅰.

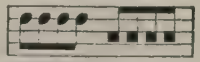
SCALE OF NOTES.

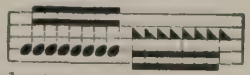
The following scale will show, at one view, the *proportion* one note bears to another:

One Whole Note. is equal in time to

Two Half Notes. 

Four Quarter Notes.

Eight Eighth Notes. 

Sixteen Sixteenths. 

Thirty-two Thirty-second notes.

8. *Q.* Explain the preceding scale.

A. The whole note (𝅝) is the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note.

The half note (𝅗𝅥) is but half the length of the whole note, and has a stem to it.

The quarter note (♩) is but half the length of the half note, and has a black head and straight stem.

The eighth note (♪) is but half the length of the quarter note, has a black head, and one turn to the stem.

The sixteenth note (𝅘𝅥𝅯) is but half the length of the eighth note, has also a black head, and two turns to the stem.

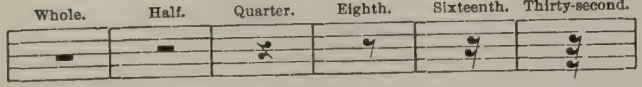
The thirty-second note (𝅘𝅥𝅰) is half the length of a sixteenth note, has a black head, and three turns to its stem.

Note.—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower, according to the several modes of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mode of time may be.

9. *Q.* What are rests?

A. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as it takes to sound the notes they represent.

THE RESTS.



10. *Q.* Explain the rests.

A. The whole, or measure rest, is a black square underneath the third line.

The half rest is the same mark above the third line.

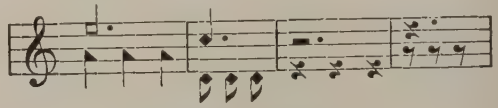
The quarter rest 𝄽.

The eighth rest resembles a right figure of seven.

The sixteenth rest resembles the figure seven, with an additional mark to the left.

The thirty-second rest is like the last described, with a third mark to the left.

Note.—A dot set to the right hand of a rest or a note, adds to it half its length, the same as a pointed note, thus:



MODES OF TIME.

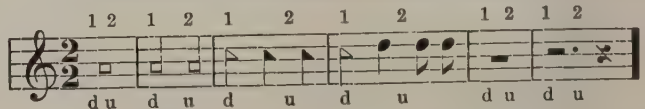
11. *Q.* How many modes of time are there used in this work?

A. Seven; three of common, two of triple and two of compound.

COMMON TIME.

12. *Q.* By what is the first mode of common time known?

A. The first mode of common time is known by a figure 2 over 2, thus.



13. *Q.* What is the measure note in this mode of time?

A. Whole note, 𝅝.

14. *Q.* How much time is required in singing each measure?

A. Three second.

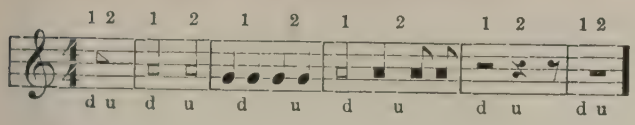
15. *Q.* How many beats to the measure?

A. Two; first down and the second beat up.

16. *Q.* How are these beats performed?

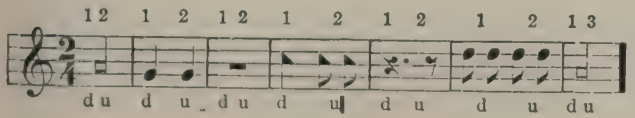
A. The hand should descend on the first half and ascend on the last half.

17. *Q.* By what is the second mode of common time known?
A. By a figure 4 over a 4.
18. *Q.* What is the measure note?
A. The whole note; two and one-half seconds to the measure.



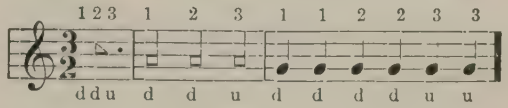
19. *Q.* What is the third mode of common time known by?
A. By a figure 2 over 4.
20. *Q.* What is the measure note?
A. The half note, 𝅗𝅥.

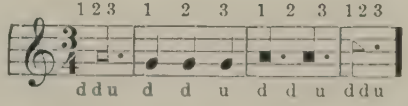
21. *Q.* How much time to the measure?
A. One and one-half seconds, and marked as the two previous modes, thus:



TRIPLE TIME.

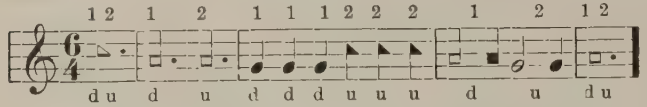
22. *Q.* By what is the first mode of triple time known?
A. By a figure 3 over 2.
23. *Q.* What is the measure note?
A. A dotted whole note
24. *Q.* How much time to the measure?
A. Three seconds to the measure.
25. *Q.* How many beats to the measure?
A. Three beats to the measure.
26. *Q.* How is the measure divided?
A. Divided into three parts.
27. *Q.* How is the time marked?
A. Three beats; two descending and one ascending, thus:



28. *Q.* By what is the second mode of triple time known?
A. By figure 3 over 4.
29. *Q.* What is the measure note?
A. A dotted half note.
30. *Q.* How much time to the measure?
A. Two seconds, and divided and marked as in the first mode of triple time, thus:

31. *Q.* By what is the first mode of compound time known?
A. By figure 6 over 4.
32. *Q.* What is the measure note?
A. A dotted whole note.
33. *Q.* How much time to the measure?
A. Two and one-half seconds.
34. *Q.* How many beats to the measure?
A. Two.

35. *Q.* How marked?

A. The first beat on the first half and the second beat on the last half.



36. *Q.* By what is the second mode of compound time known?

A. By figure 6 over 8.

37. *Q.* What is the measure note?

A. A dotted half note.

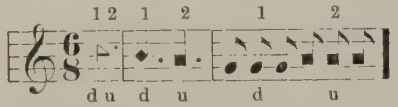
38. *Q.* How much time to the measure?

A. One and one-half seconds.

39. *Q.* How many beats to the measure?

A. Two.

40. *Q.* How marked?

A. The hand should descend on the first half and ascend on the last half.

41. *Q.* What do the figures over the measure, and the letters under it in the above examples of time, mean?

A. The figures show the order of the beats, and the letter *d* shows when the hand should descend, and the letter *u* shows when the hand should ascend.

42. *Q.* What general rule is there for marking common and compound time?

A. That the hand should descend on the first half and ascend on the last half.

43. *Q.* What rule is there for marking triple time?

Note.—See foregoing examples of triple time.

44. *Q.* Why are the first three modes called common time modes?

A. Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, etc.

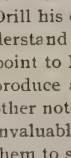
45. *Q.* Why are the next two called triple modes?

A. Because they are measured by odd numbers, as 3, etc.

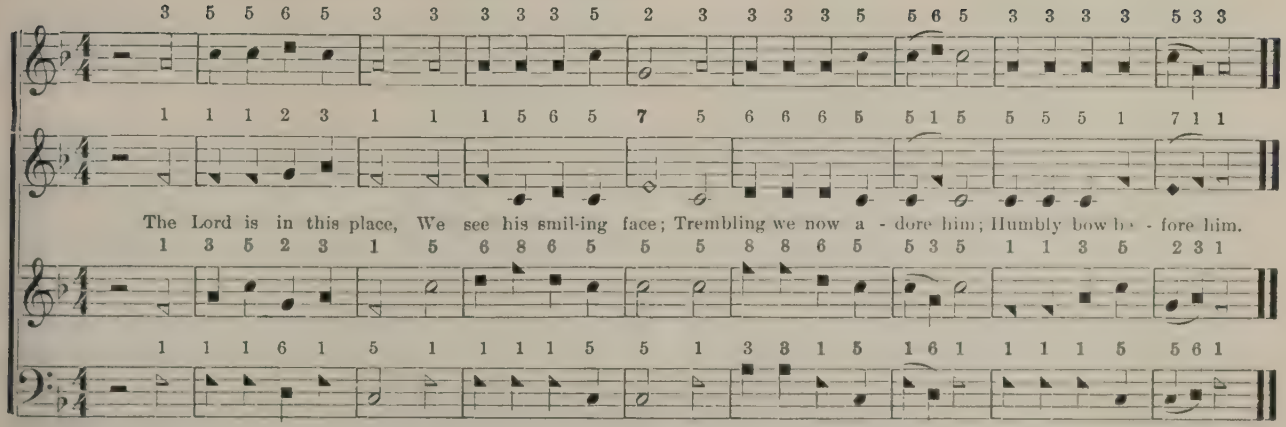
46. *Q.* Why are the remaining two called compound modes?

A. Because they are made up of both common and triple time.

Note.—Let the teacher place the following scale upon the blackboard. Drill his class both ascending and descending until his pupils understand it well. Then let them sound (♩) No. 1; from that tone point to No 3, from No. 3 to No. 5, etc., till all the notes that will produce a chord with (♩) No. 1 have been sounded, then take other notes in the same manner on through the scale. This is an invaluable exercise, and students are well pleased with it. Teach them to sing the following little song by this scale—all the parts together, and other songs in the same way; enlarging the scale to suit convenience. Then sing the song by the figures:



THE LORD IS IN THIS PLACE.



OF ACCENT.

MARKS OF ACCENT. + FULL ACCENT, ' HALF ACCENT.

47. *Q.* What is accent?

A. Accent is a stress of voice or emphasis.

48. *Q.* Where placed?

A. On one part of a sentence, strain or measure.

49. *Q.* Where are the accents placed in the first two modes of common time?

A. The full accent is placed on the first part of the measure and the half accent on the third part.

50. *Q.* Where is the accent placed in the third mode?

A. On the first part if the measure is divided into two parts, but if divided into four parts the full accent is on the first and half accent on the third.

51. *Q.* Where is the accent placed in triple time?

A. Full accent on the first and half on the third part of the measure.

52. *Q.* Where placed in compound time?

A. On the first and fourth parts.

53. *Q.* How are the figures which express the several modes of time to be used?

A. They are to be used separately.

54. *Q.* What do the under figures indicate?

A. The under figures indicate the kind of notes used, and the upper the number of such notes. Thus:

2 over 2 indicate that two half notes are used in a measure.

2 " 4 " " " quarter " " " "
3 " 2 " " three half " " " "
6 " 4 " " six quarter " " " "
6 " 8 " " " eighth " " " "

55. *Q.* What is music?

A. Music is a succession of pleasing tones correctly rendered.

56. *Q.* On what is music written?

A. On five parallel lines and spaces, which are called a staff.

57. *Q.* By what are these lines and spaces represented?

A. By the first seven letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, D, E, F and G.

Note.—These letters also represent the seven tones that belong to each key note in music. When eight letters are used the first letter is repeated.

58. *Q.* How many parts are there used in vocal music?

A. There are four parts used.

59. *Q.* What are these parts?

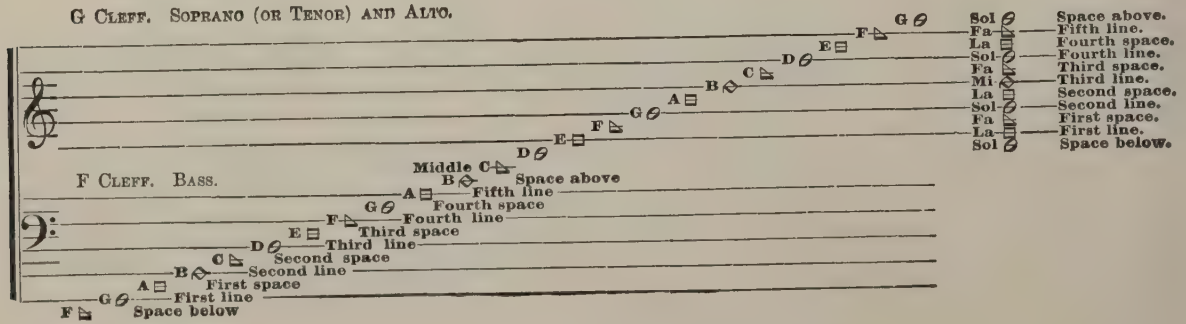
A. Bass, Soprano (Tenor), Alto and Treble.

CLEFS.

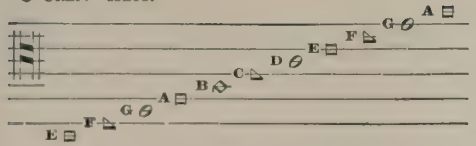
60. *Q.* What is a clef?

A. It is a character used in music notation to determine the position and pitch of the scales as represented on the staff.

See the following scales and the connection of the parts:



C Clef. Alto.



61. *Q.* Why is C called middle "C?"

A. Because it is the center of, or the ending of the the commencement of the G clef, and ladies can sing as many tones above it as gentlemen can sing below it. Middle C is a low tone for ladies and a high tone for gentlemen.

Clef, and

62. *Q.* Where is the F clef located?

A. On F, the fourth line of the bass staff.

63. *Q.* Where is the G clef located?

A. On G, second line of the soprano (tenor) or treble staff.

64. *Q.* Where is the C clef located?

A. On C, third line of the alto staff.

65. *Q.* In writing alto is the C clef used exclusively?

A. The G clef is preferable for writing alto, but the C or F clef may be used.

66. *Q.* Who should sing bass?

A. Gentlemen with grave voices.

67. *Q.* Who should sing alto?

A. Ladies in the low or grave voice, or boys.

68. *Q.* Who should sing soprano (tenor) or treble?

A. Gentlemen and ladies in the high voices. Alto should never be sung by gentlemen in the acute voice.

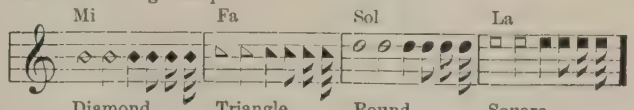
Note.—There are very few voices adapted to singing alto in the high pitch.

69. *Q.* How many notes are there used in music?

A. There are four kinds.

70. *Q.* How are they defined?

A. The me is diamond, fa is triangle, sol is round and la is square. See the following example:



71. *Q.* What is the rule for singing round notes?

A. By first finding the *me*.

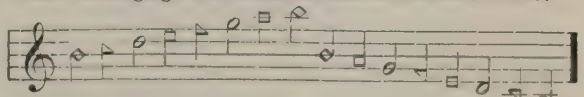
72. *Q.* Why first find *me?*

A. Because the *me* is governing and leading note.

73. *Q.* When the *me* is found how are the notes used?

A. In regular succession the notes above the *me* are called fa, sol, la twice, and those below the *me* la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa twice, after which *me* will come again. See the following example:

Note.—In singing round notes, all notes are reconed from *me*.

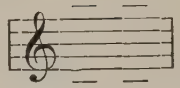


But if B be flat (♭), *me* is on.....E
B♭ and E♭, it is on.....A
B♭, E♭, and A♭, it is on.....D
B♭, E♭, A♭, and D♭, it is on.....G
B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, it is on.....C
B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, C♭, it it on.....F
B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, C♭, F♭, it is on.....B
If F be sharp (♯), *me* is on.....F
F♯ and C♯, it is on.....C
F♯, C♯, and G♯, it is on.....G
F♯, C♯, G♯, and D♯, it is on.....D
F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, *me* is on.....A
F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, E♯, *me* is on.....E
F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, *me* is on.....B

CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

74. *Q.* What are leger lines?

A. They are short lines added to the staff.

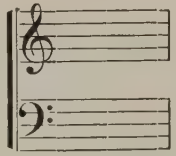


75. *Q.* For what purpose?

A. To embrace such notes as may transcend the boundary of the staff.

76. *Q.* For what is the brace used?

A. To indicate that all the parts enclosed are to be sung together.

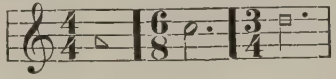


77. *Q.* What is a single bar?

A. It is a plain line across the staff.

78. *Q.* For what purpose?

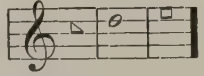
A. To divide the measure into equal parts according to the mode of time.



79. *Q.* What is a measure note?

A. It is a note that, alone, fills the measure.

80. *Q.* What is a measure?



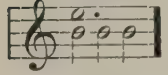
A. It is that part of the staff extending from one bar to the other.

81. *Q.* What effect has a dot set to the right of a note or rest?

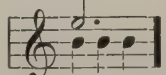
A. A dot thus used adds to such note or rest half its length.

82. *Q.* One dotted whole note is equal to how many half notes?

A. Three.

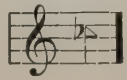


One dotted half note equals three quarter notes.

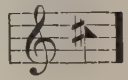


83. *Q.* What effect has a flat preceding a note?

A. It causes the note to be sung or played half a tone lower.



84. *Q.* What effect has a sharp set immediately before a note?

A. It causes the note to be sung or played half a tone higher.

85. *Q.* What are these characters so placed called?

A. They are called accidentals.

86. *Q.* Why are they called accidentals?

A. For the lack of a better name.

87. *Q.* What effect has the natural set before a note?

A. It cancels the effect of the degrees sharped or flatted in the measure in which it is placed.

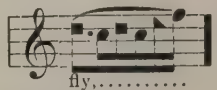
88. *Q.* For what is the slur used?

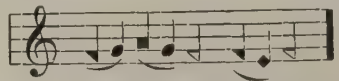
A. It is used to indicate that the notes over or under the slur are to be sung to one syllable.

89. *Q.* In what manner sung?

A. Call the syllable distinctly, gliding from one note to another, imitating the tones of the notes. Used in this manner slurred notes are certainly an embellishment.

Note.—The stems of the notes being tied together serve the purpose of a slur.

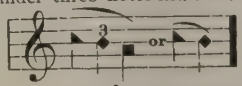




Lord, do come just now.

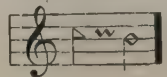
90. *Q.* What does the figure 3 over or under three notes indicate?

A. It shows that these three notes are to be sung or played in the time of two of the same kind without it.



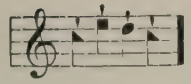
91. *Q.* For what is the direct used?

A. A direct indicates the succeeding note on the staff.



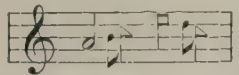
92. *Q.* For what is the staccato used?

A. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinctly and somewhat disconnected.



93. *Q.* What are grace notes?

A. Small notes placed before regular notes.



94. *Q.* For what purpose?

A. To guide the voice more gracefully into the tone of the succeeding note.

95. *Q.* What does the double bar indicate?

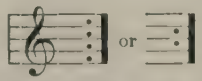
A. It indicates the end of a strain or line of poetry, and sometimes where to repeat.

96. *Q.* For what is the hold used?

A. The hold is not definitely bounded. The note over which it is placed should be held longer than its usual time, and sounded stronger than without the hold.

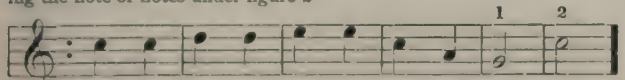
97. *Q.* What does the repeat indicate?

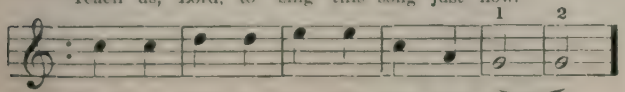
A. That the song is to be sung the second time, from it to the next double bar or close, thus:



98. *Q.* What does the figure 1, 2, or double ending at the end of a song or strain indicate?

A. The figure 1 shows that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before repeating, and the note or notes under 2 are to be sung after singing the note or notes under figure 2



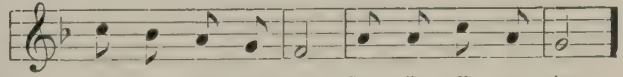


99. *Q.* But if the notes are united by a slur how sung?

A. Both notes are sounded; only call the first note. See example (2).

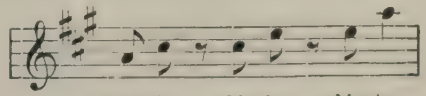
100. *Q.* What does the close show?

A. It indicates the end of a song.



101. *Q.* What does the prisma (:‖:) indicate?

A. A repetition of preceding words.

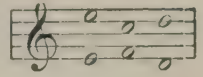


102. *Q.* What are choosing notes?

A. Notes placed directly one over the other.

103. *Q.* How are these notes to be sung?

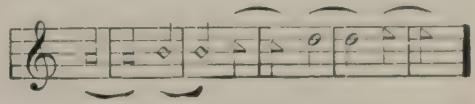
A. When two are singing the same part, one may sing the upper and the other the lower notes.



104. *Q.* What is syncopation?

A. Where notes begin in one measure and end in the next, united by a slur on the same degree.

Note.—If these notes vary from the same letter they are used as other slurred notes.

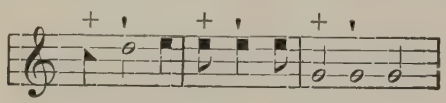


105. *Q.* What is a couplet?

A. Where two or more notes are united by a slur in the same measure, and sung as other slurred notes representing the same degree.

106. *Q.* How are syncopeed notes accented?

A. Place the full and half accent upon the proper parts of the measure as in other notes.



OF HARMONY.

107. *Q.* What is harmony?

A. A union of tones.

108. *Q.* What are the notes called that produce harmony when sounded together?

A. Concords.

109. *Q.* What are their intervals called?

A. Consonant intervals.

110. *Q.* What are notes called that produce a disagreeable tone to the ear?

A. Discords.

111. *Q.* What are their intervals called?

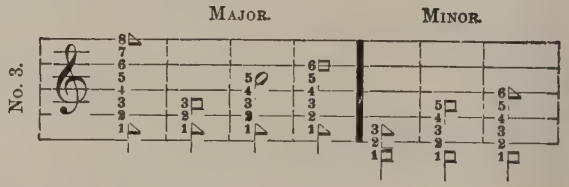
A. Dissonant intervals.

112. *Q.* How many concords are there, reckoning from the key note in either the major or minor keys?

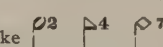
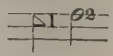
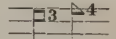
A. There are four.

113. *Q.* What are they?

A. Unison third, fifth and sixth.



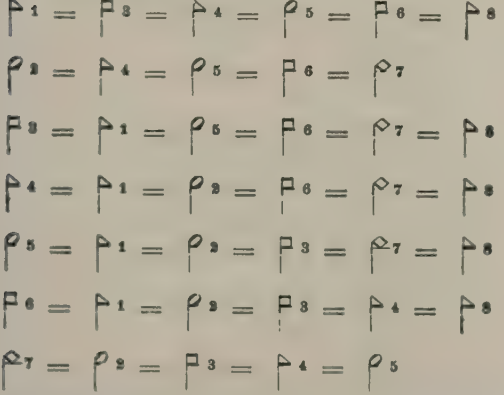
Note.—All the octaves in both keys are concords to each other.

The teacher should place upon the blackboard the notes which produce concords, as follows: familiarize his class with these concords, then take  in the same way. To impress upon the minds of his pupils more fully the importance of correctly selecting tones let him compare the discords. Thus:   etc. The major notation being treated in this manner the minor should be treated likewise.

To aid the pupil in the rules of harmony the following examples are hereby offered:

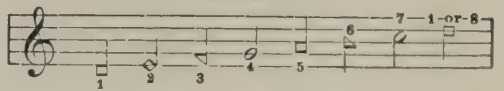
EXERCISE IN HARMONY.

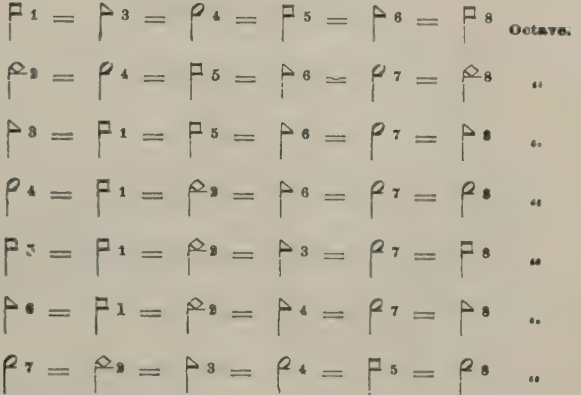
MAJOR.



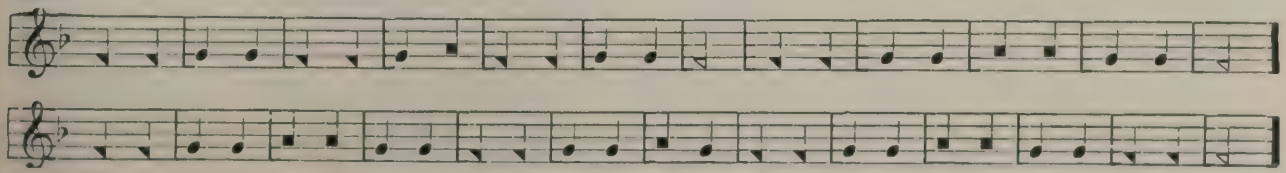
EXERCISE IN HARMONY.

MINOR.

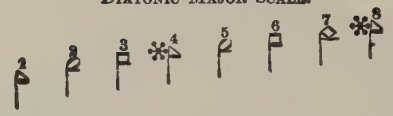




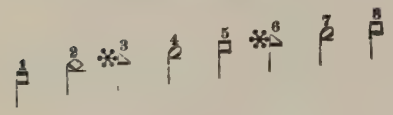
The teacher should learn his pupils to write the chords to the following melodies, and then sing the parts and place similar exercise upon the board:



DIATONIC MAJOR SCALE.



DIATONIC MINOR SCALE.



Note.—The chromatic scale which is made up of a scale of semitones in music will not be introduced here, as the diatonic will answer every purpose in this work.

N B.—The semitones occur in the major key between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth tones from the key; while in the minor they occur between the second and third and fifth and sixth tones from the key. The star indicates the positions of the semitones.

114. *Q.* What is a degree?

A. Each line and each space.

N. B.—The first letter in the scale of letters is the foundation for the first degree. The second letter ends that degree and is the beginning of the second degree, etc.

115. *Q.* Are the major and minor keys related to each other?

A. They are.

116. *Q.* How can we find the relative minor to the major?

A. By counting a sixth above the major; la (No. 6) will be the relative minor key.

117. *Q.* How can we find the relative major to the minor key?

Note.—An interval is the distance from one scale tone to the

A. By counting a third above to (No. 3) will be its relative minor. Or reverse the work, thus: A sixth below the minor is its relative major, or a third below the major key is the minor. See scales three and four.

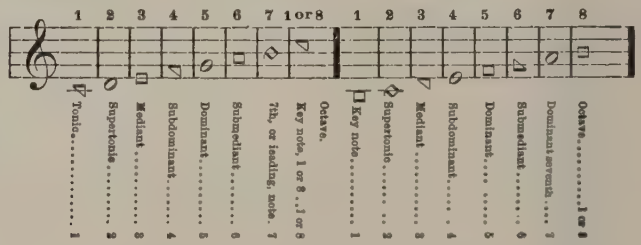
118. *Q.* How many tones are there bearing distinct names?

A. There are seven.

119. *Q.* What are they called?

A. The key note or 1; second or supertonic; third or mediant fourth or subdominant; fifth or dominant; sixth or submediant, and the seventh or leading note.

MAJOR SCALE OR LEADING NOTE. MINOR SCALE.



120. *Q.* Why is the key note numbered one?

A. Because it is the tone most natural to the voice, and from which all other tones in composition are reckoned, and determines the pitch of every song whether it be major or minor.

121. *Q.* What is the next important tone?

A. It is the fifth. It produces better concords than any other compared with the key note.

122. *Q.* What is the next most important tone?

A. It is the third or mediant.

123. *Q.* Why called mediant?

A. Because it is located between the key and the dominant.

124. *Q.* What is the next most important?

A. The sixth, and is called the submediant.

125. *Q.* Why called submediant?

A. Because it is located midway between the fourth and eighth tones.

126. *Q.* What is the next tone called?

A. It is called the fourth.

127. *Q.* Where is it located?

A. Midway between the first and seventh tones.

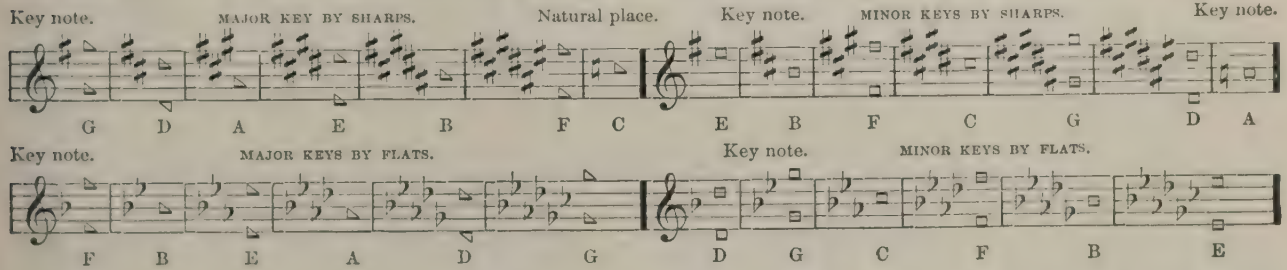
128. *Q.* What is the next important tone?

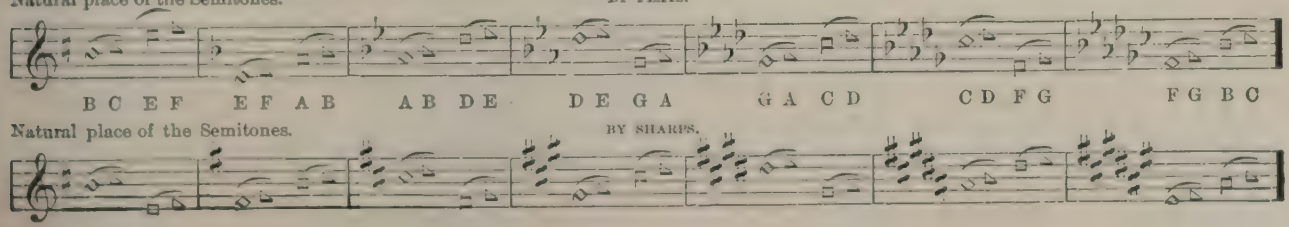
A. Supertonic, and is located midway between the key note and mediant.

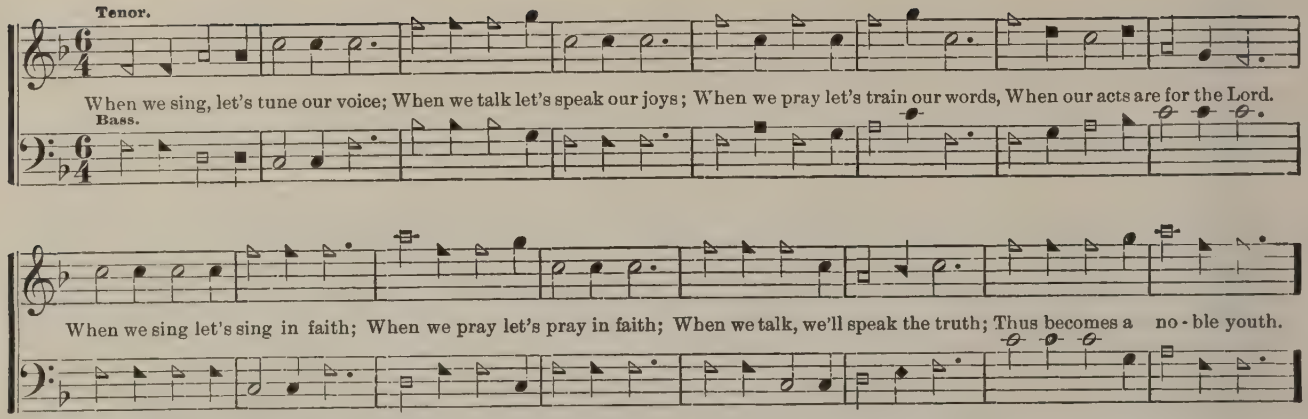
129. *Q.* What is the seventh called?

A. It is called the leading note.

Note.—To learn the value of each note in composition, see exercises in Harmony, page 22.

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY SHARPS AND FLATS.

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY FLATS AND SHARPS.




Tenor.
When we sing, let's tune our voice; When we talk let's speak our joys; When we pray let's train our words, When our acts are for the Lord.
Bass.
When we sing let's sing in faith; When we pray let's pray in faith; When we talk, we'll speak the truth; Thus becomes a no-ble youth.

TO THE TEACHER.—Teach your pupils the location of both keys by flats and sharps; that one sharp does not place the semitones where six flats place them; that two sharps and five flats are not equal in this sense, etc., through both keys. Then teach them the natural location of the semitones and their removal by sharps and flats

130. *Q.* How many keys have we?

A. We have two; the major or sharp key, and minor or flat key.

131. *Q.* On what letter is the major key when the degrees are natural?

A. C.

132. *Q.* On what degree of the staff is the minor key located when the degrees are natural?

A. On *La*.

133. *Q.* Is the staff iudependent, or can we locate the key on any degree of the staff?

A. We can locate the key on any degree of the staff.

134. *Q.* Why are flats (♭) and sharps (♯) used in the signature?

A. They are only used as signs showing that the key has changed degrees on the staff, and what degree of the staff has been effected by the change.

135. *Q.* In the major mode, when G is taken for the key, what degrees are effected?

A. If sharps are used the letter F is affected, but if flats are used B, E, A, D, G, C are affected.

136. *Q.* What degrees of the staff are affected when D is taken?

A. If sharps are used F and C are sharped; if flats are used B, E, A, D, G are flatted.

137. *Q.* What degrees when A is taken?

A. If sharps are used F, C, G are sharped; if flats, B, E, A, D are flatted.

138. *Q.* What degrees when E is taken?

A. If sharps are used F, C, G, D are sharped; if flats, B, E, A are flatted.

139. *Q.* What degree when B is taken?

A. When sharps are used F, C, G, D, A are sharped; if flats, B and E are flatted.

140. *Q.* What degrees when F is taken?

A. If sharps are used F, C, G, D, A, E are sharped; if flats, B is flatted.

141. *Q.* By what character is the major key represented?

A. By the character fa (𝅗𝅥) No. 1.

142. *Q.* By what character is the minor key represented?

A. By the character la (𝅝) No. 1.

(See example of major key by flats and sharps, also minor key by flats and sharps).

143. *Q.* Why are some songs written in a flat key and some in a sharp key?

A. Because the third and sixth tones ascending in the sharp key are a minor degree higher than they are in the flat key.

144. *Q.* Why are these (♯) characters (♯) called sharps

A. Because they are marks of elevation.

145. *Q.* Why are these (♭) characters (♭) called flats?

A. Because they are marks of depression.

146. *Q.* Have they any other power?

A. Yes. They are necessarily used as signs to indicate the degrees of the staff upon which the key is located.

In the major key by sharps:
One sharp denotes key of G major of E minor.
Two sharps denotes key of D major of B minor.
Three sharps denotes key of A major of F minor.
Four sharps denotes key of E major of C minor.
Five sharps denotes key of B Major of G minor.
Six sharps denotes key of F major of D minor.
Seven sharps denotes key of C♯ major of A♯ minor.
In the major key by flats:
One flat denotes key of F major of D minor.
Two flats denotes key of B♭ major of G minor.
Three flats denotes key of E♭ major of C minor.
Four flats denotes key of A♭ major of F minor.
Five flats denotes key of D♭ major of B minor.
Six flats denotes key of G♭ major of E minor.
Seven flats denotes key of C♭ major of A♭ minor.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

DIATONIC NATURAL MAJOR INTERVALS.

By the Author.

From a major second.
" a major second.
" a major third.
" a minor second.
" a minor third.
" a perfect fourth.
" a major second.

From a minor third.
" a perfect fourth.
" a perfect fifth.
" either number, a major second.
" a major third.
" a perfect fourth.
" a perfect fifth.

From a major sixth.
" a major second.
" a major third,
" a greater fourth.
" a perfect fifth.
" a major sixth.
" a major seventh.

DIATONIC NATURAL MINOR INTERVALS.

From a major second.
" a minor second.
" a minor third.
" a major second.
" a minor third.

From a perfect fourth.
" a major second.
" a major third.
" a perfect fourth.
" a perfect fifth.
" a minor second.

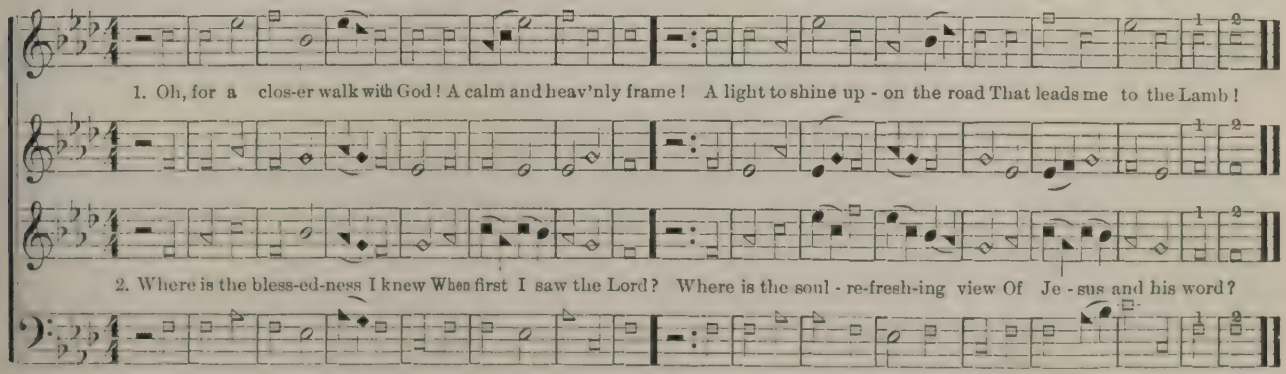
From a minor third.
" a perfect fourth.
" a small fifth.
" a minor sixth.
" a larger second.

THE

REVISED SACRED HARP.

CONSISTING OF SONGS USED BY WORSHIPING ASSEMBLIES.

BETHEL. C. M. Psalmist, 691st Hymn. Alto. W. M. Cooper.


1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame! A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

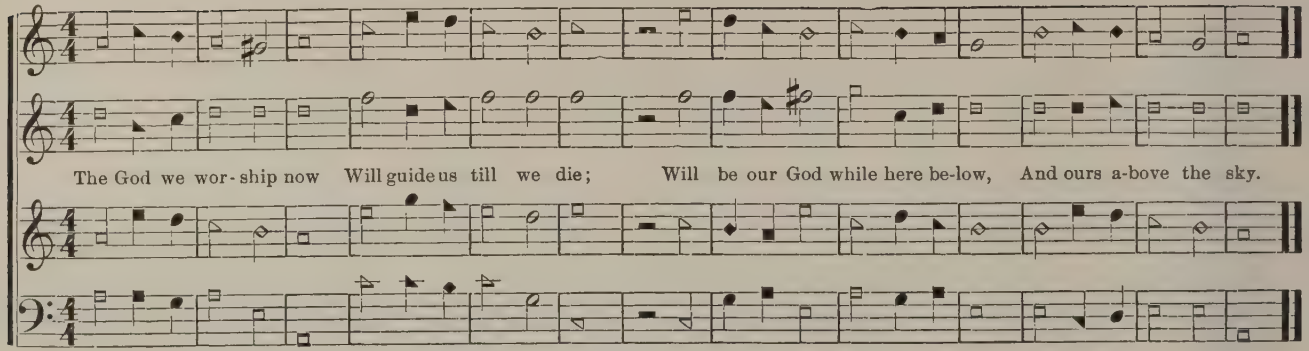
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The word can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

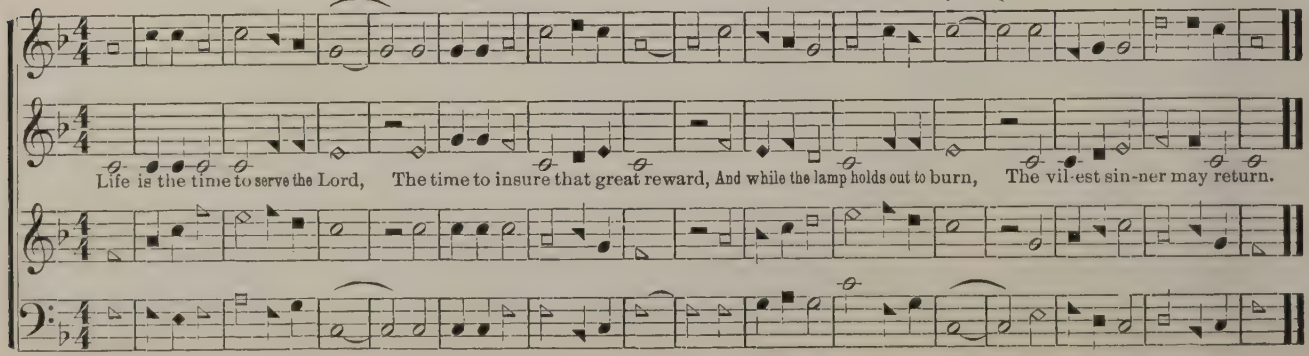
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be.
Help me to tear it from my throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILL GUIDE US TILL WE DIE.

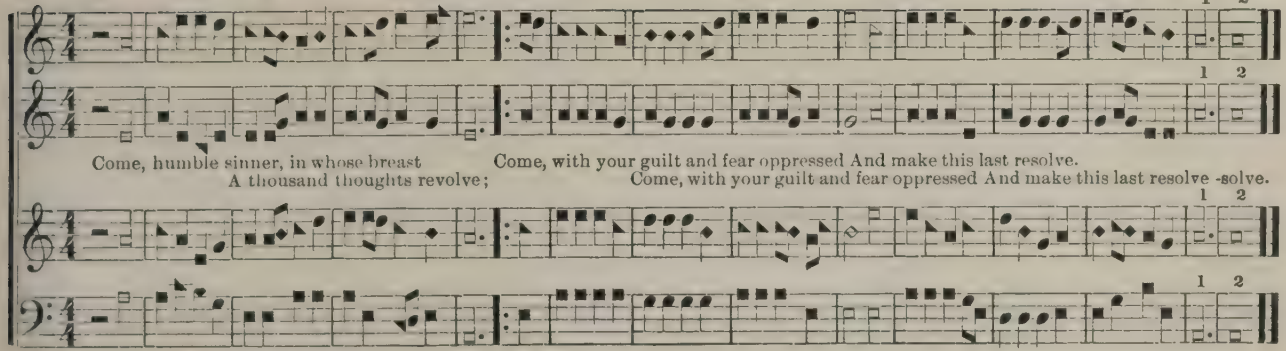


LIFE IS THE TIME TO SERVE THE LORD.


Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to insure that great reward, And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may return.

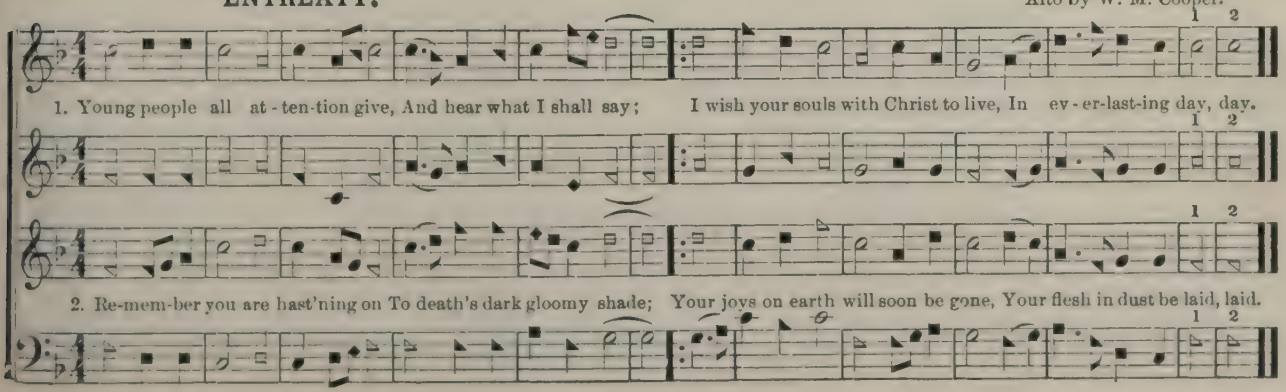
COME, HUMBLE SINNER.

Alto by W. M. Cooper.

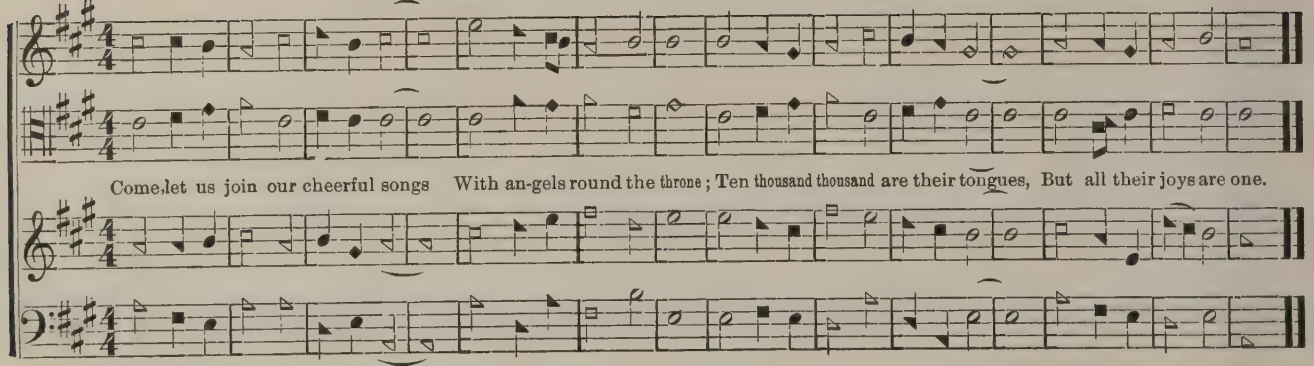

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed And make this last resolve.
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed And make this last resolve -solve.

ENTREATY.

Alto by W. M. Cooper.

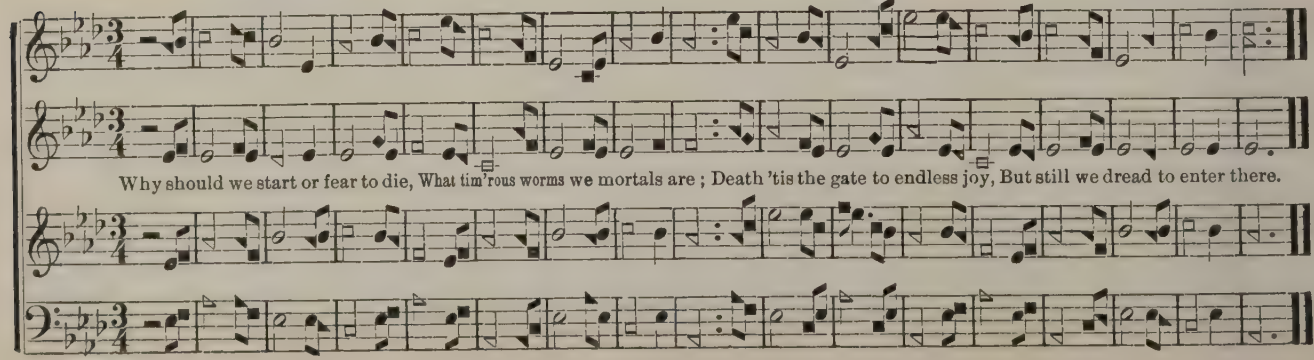

1. Young people all at - ten-tion give, And hear what I shall say;
I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er-last-ing day, day.
2. Re-mem-ber you are hast'ning on To death's dark gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid, laid.

ROCHESTER. C. M.


Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

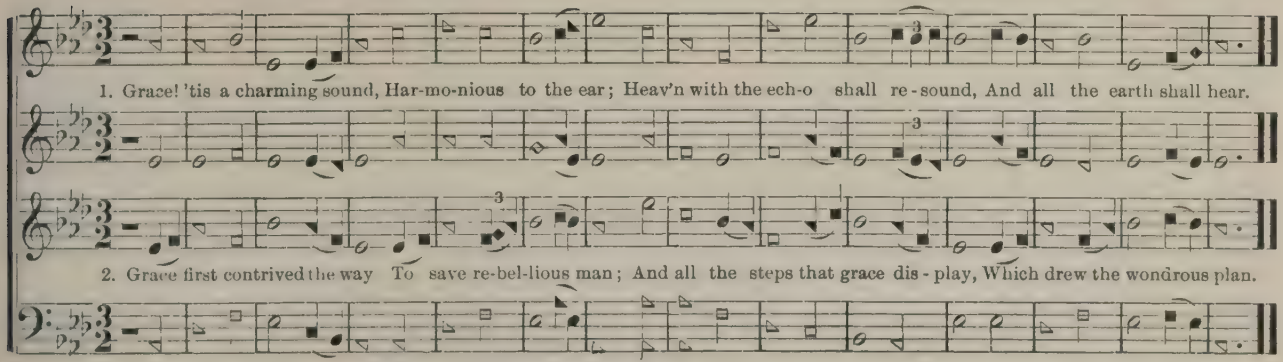
PROSPECT.

Alto by W. M. Cooper.

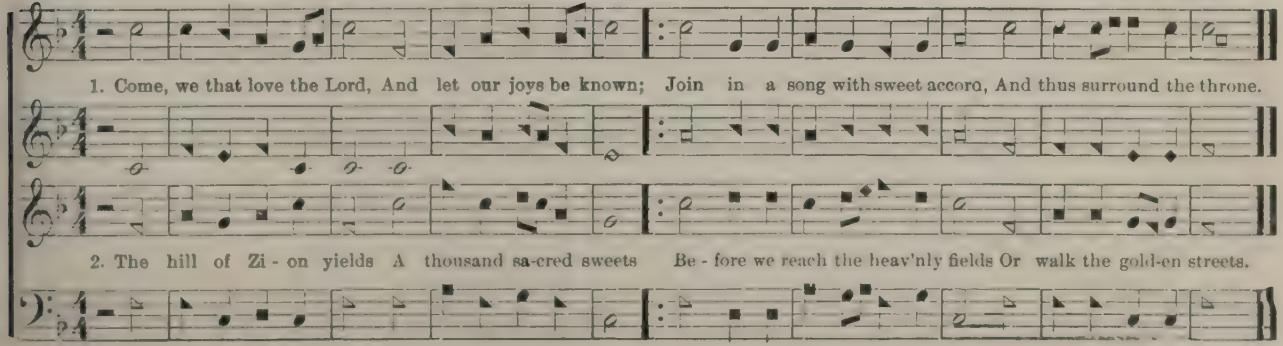

Why should we start or fear to die, What tim'rous worms we mortals are; Death 'tis the gate to endless joy, But still we dread to enter there.

NINETY-THIRD PSALM.

Trans. from C to A, and Alto by W. M. C.

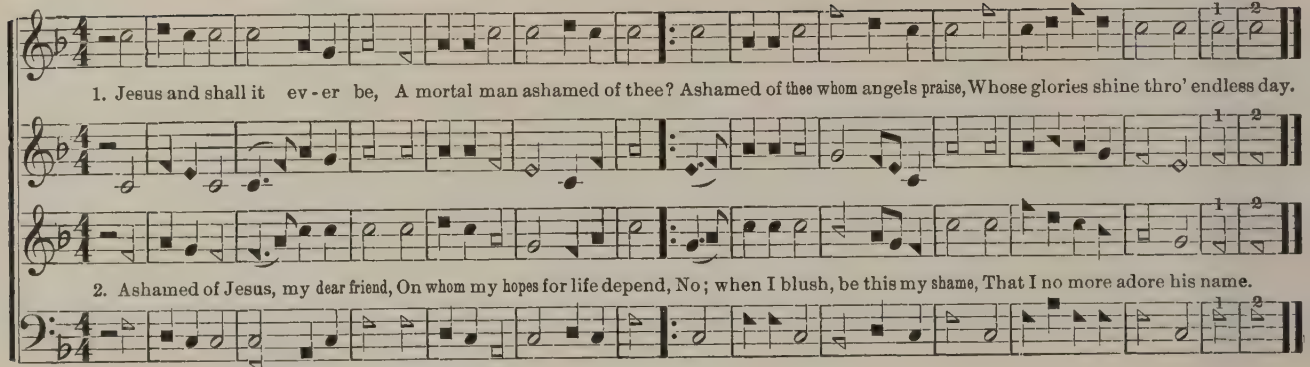

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived the way To save re-bel-lious man; And all the steps that grace dis-play, Which drew the wondrous plan.

COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

Alto by W. M. C.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
2. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields Or walk the gold-en streets.

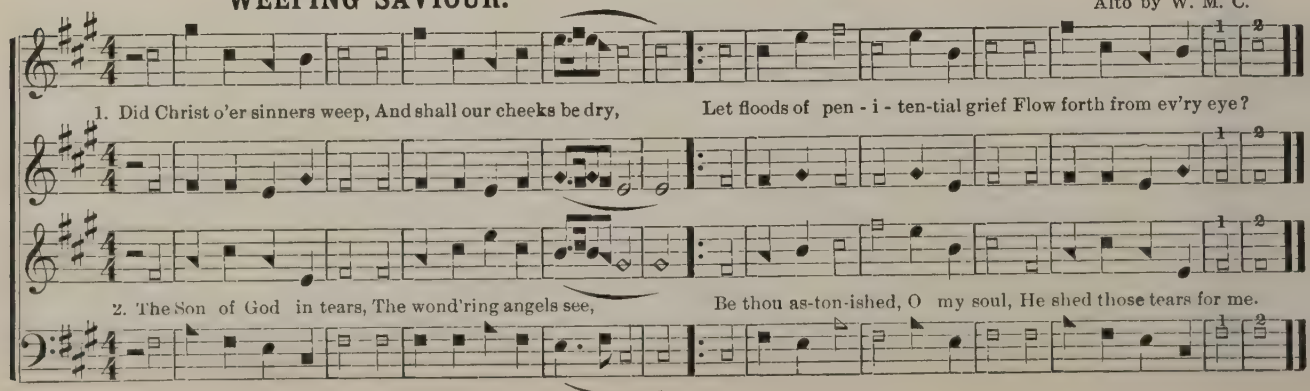
I'M NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

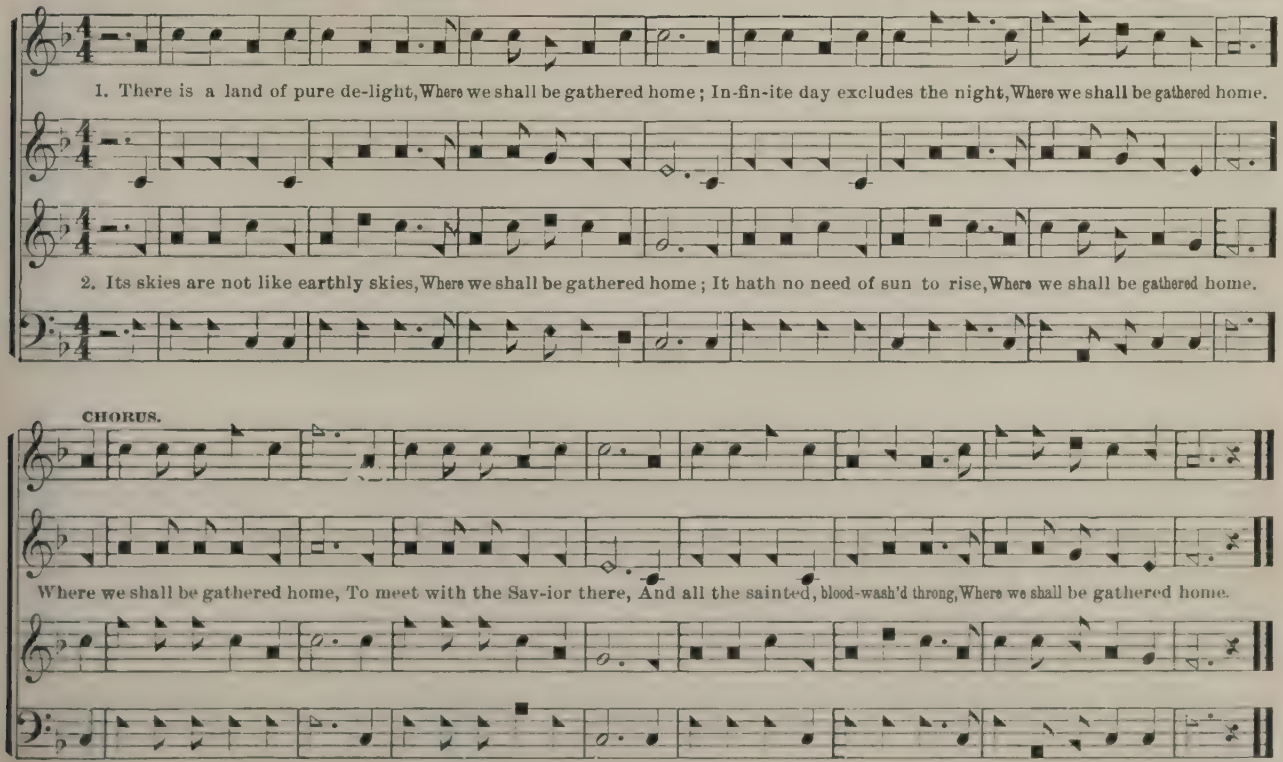
Alto by W. M. C.


1. Jesus and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless day.
2. Ashamed of Jesus, my dear friend, On whom my hopes for life depend, No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more adore his name.

WEEPING SAVIOUR.

Alto by W. M. C.

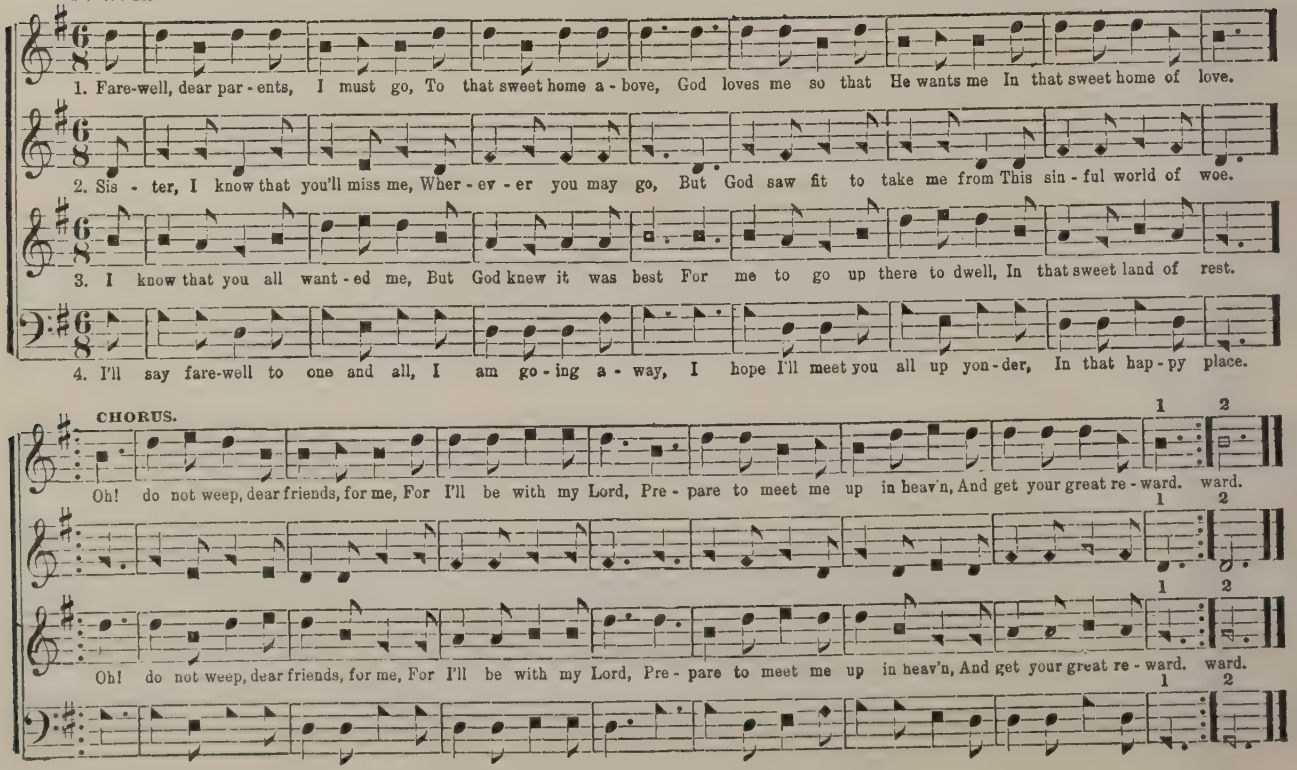

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry, Let floods of pen - i - ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev'ry eye?
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring angels see, Be thou as-ton-ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for me.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where we shall be gathered home; In-fin-ite day excludes the night, Where we shall be gathered home.
2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, Where we shall be gathered home; It hath no need of sun to rise, Where we shall be gathered home.
CHORUS.
Where we shall be gathered home, To meet with the Sav-ior there, And all the sainted, blood-wash'd throng, Where we shall be gathered home.

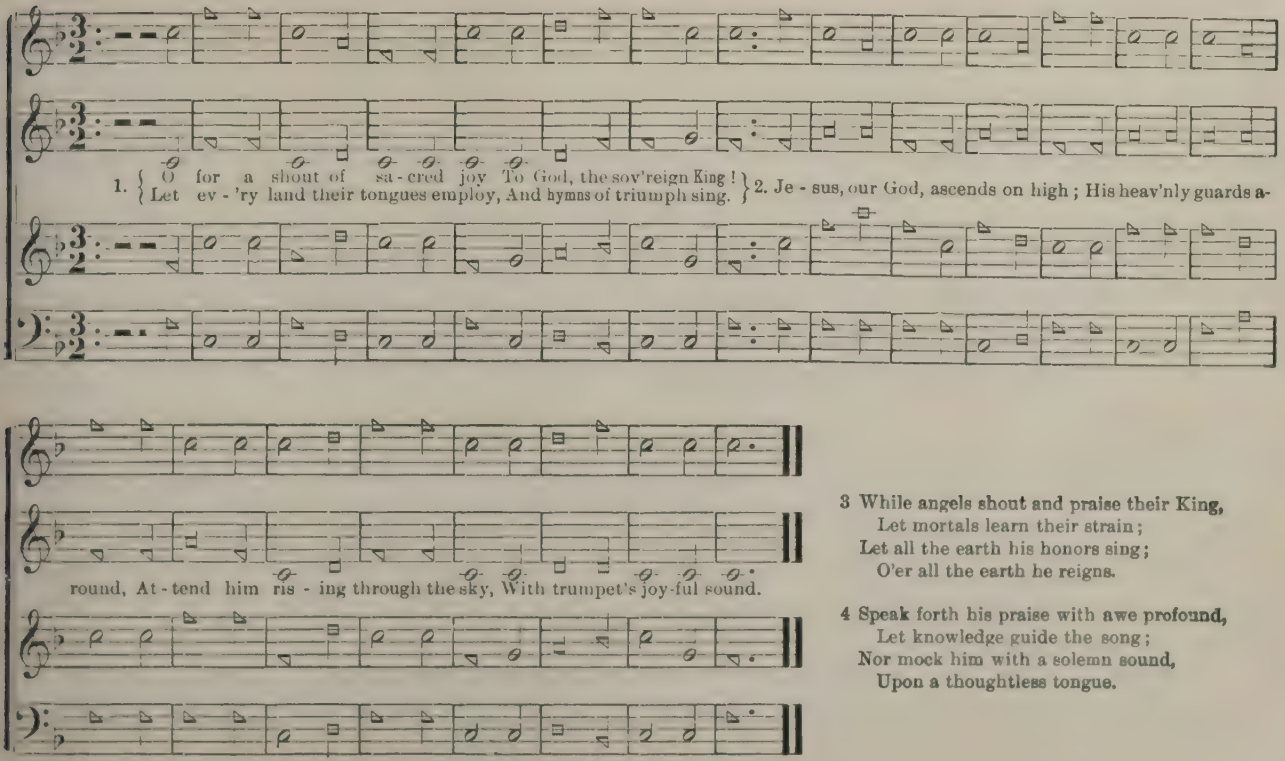
GONE TO A BETTER WORLD.

D. W. R.

D. W. Rountree, Banks, Ala., July 15, 1927.


1. Fare-well, dear par - ents, I must go, To that sweet home a - bove, God loves me so that He wants me In that sweet home of love.
2. Sis - ter, I know that you'll miss me, Wher - ev - er you may go, But God saw fit to take me from This sin - ful world of woe.
3. I know that you all want - ed me, But God knew it was best For me to go up there to dwell, In that sweet land of rest.
4. I'll say fare-well to one and all, I am go - ing a - way, I hope I'll meet you all up yon - der, In that hap - py place.
CHORUS.
Oh! do not weep, dear friends, for me, For I'll be with my Lord, Pre - pare to meet me up in heav'n, And get your great re - ward. ward.
Oh! do not weep, dear friends, for me, For I'll be with my Lord, Pre - pare to meet me up in heav'n, And get your great re - ward. ward.

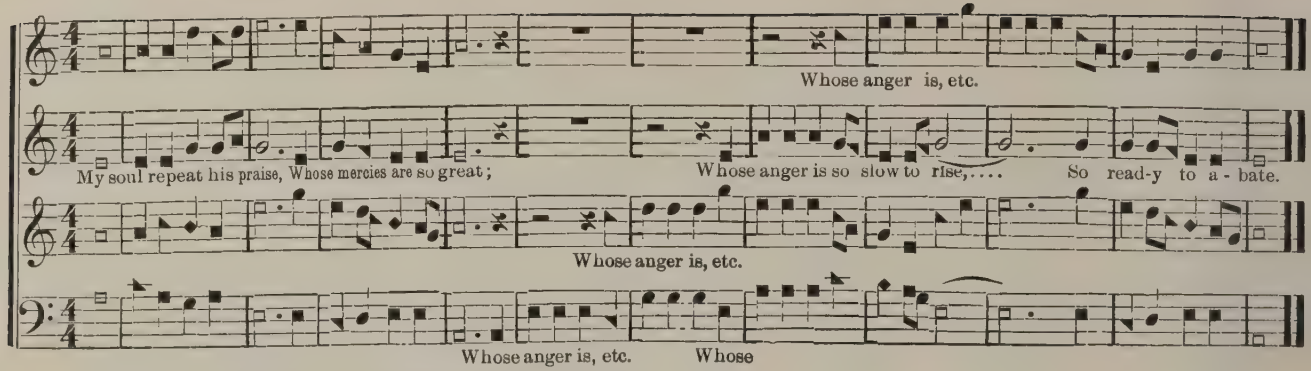
In memory of Elizabeth Wesley, 8 years old, died July 3, 1927.


1. { O for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sov'reign King ! } 2. Je - sus, our God, ascends on high ; His heav'nly guards a-
{ Let ev - 'ry land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing. }
round, At - tend him ris - ing through the sky, With trumpet's joy-ful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strain;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

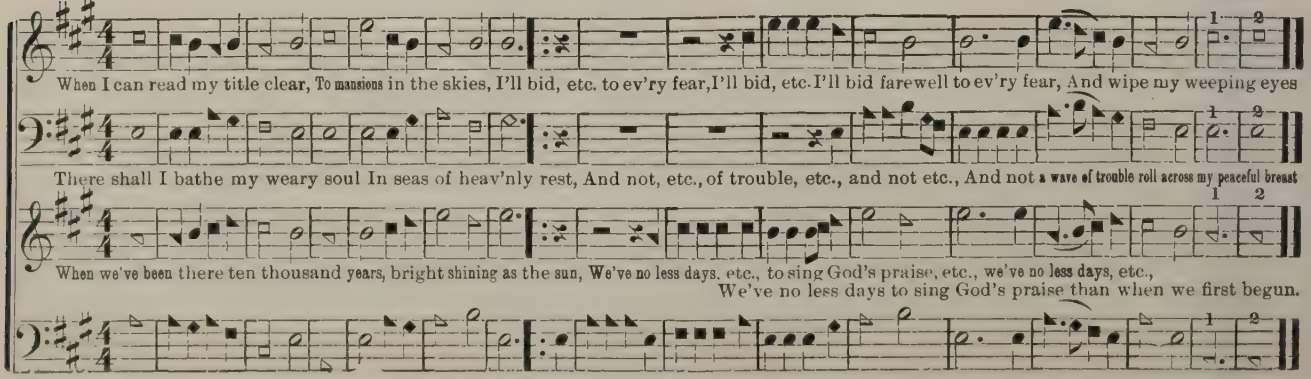
4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

AMERICA. S. M.


Whose anger is, etc.
My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,....
So read-y to a - bate.
Whose anger is, etc.
Whose anger is, etc.
Whose

NINETY-FIFTH PSALM. C. M.

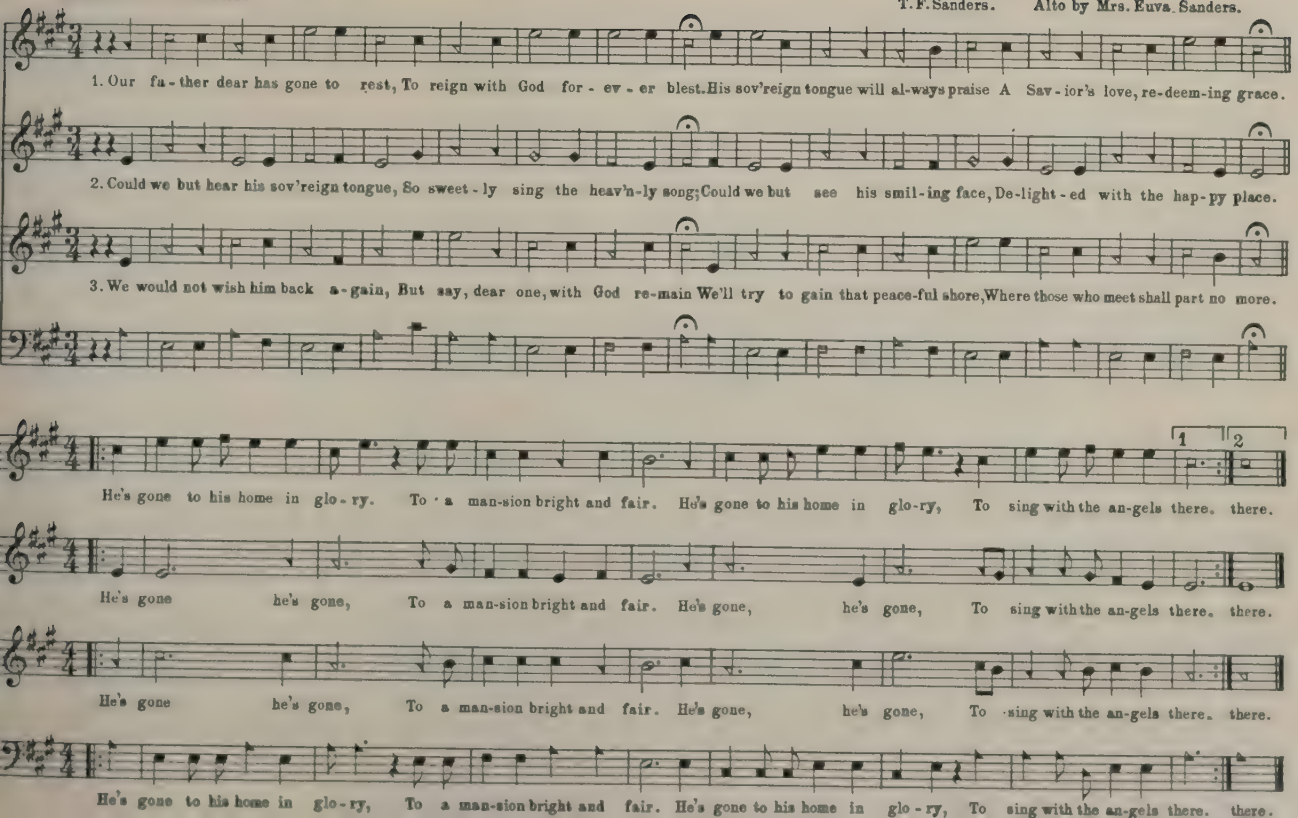
Colton.


When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid, etc. to ev'ry fear, I'll bid, etc. I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes
There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not, etc., of trouble, etc., and not etc., And not a wave of trouble roll across my peaceful breast
When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun, We've no less days, etc., to sing God's praise, etc., we've no less days, etc.,
We've no less days to sing God's praise than when we first begun.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

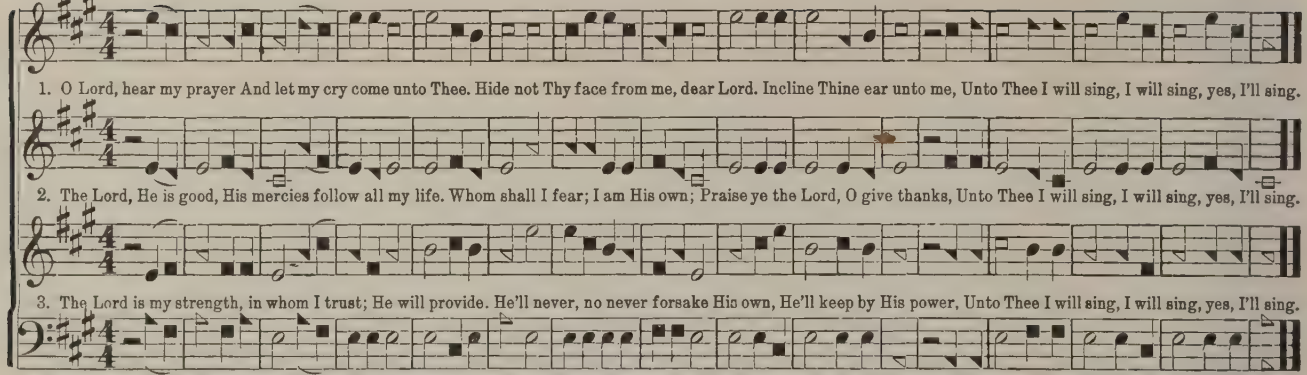
Inscribed to A.M. Renfroe

T.F. Sanders. Alto by Mrs. Euva Sanders.

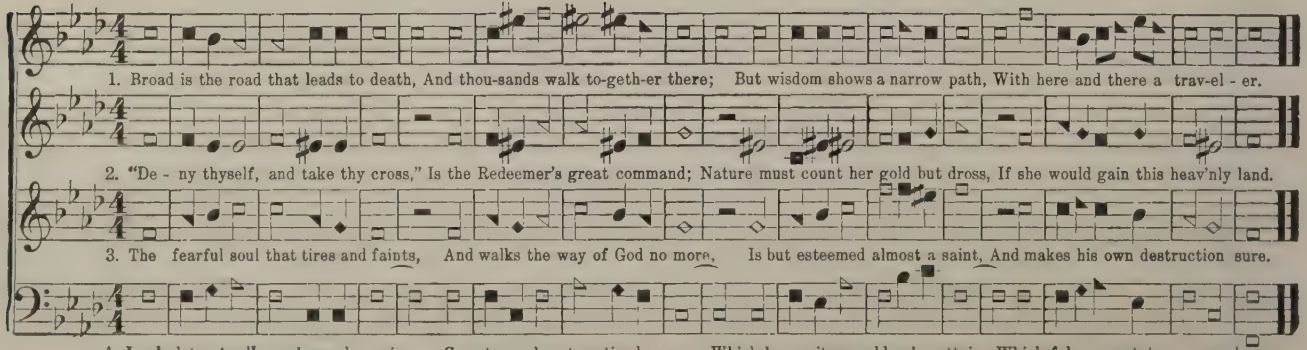

1. Our fa-ther dear has gone to rest, To reign with God for-ev-er blest. His sov'reign tongue will al-ways praise A Sav-ior's love, re-deem-ing grace.
2. Could we but hear his sov'reign tongue, So sweet-ly sing the heav'n-ly song; Could we but see his smil-ing face, De-light-ed with the hap-py place.
3. We would not wish him back a-gain, But say, dear one, with God re-main We'll try to gain that peace-ful shore, Where those who meet shall part no more.
1
2
He's gone to his home in glo-ry. To a man-sion bright and fair. He's gone to his home in glo-ry, To sing with the an-gels there. there.
He's gone he's gone, To a man-sion bright and fair. He's gone, he's gone, To sing with the an-gels there. there.
He's gone he's gone, To a man-sion bright and fair. He's gone, he's gone, To sing with the an-gels there. there.
He's gone to his home in glo-ry, To a man-sion bright and fair. He's gone to his home in glo-ry, To sing with the an-gels there. there.

BE WITH US LORD. (Opening Song.) 102 Psalm.

W. M. Cooper.

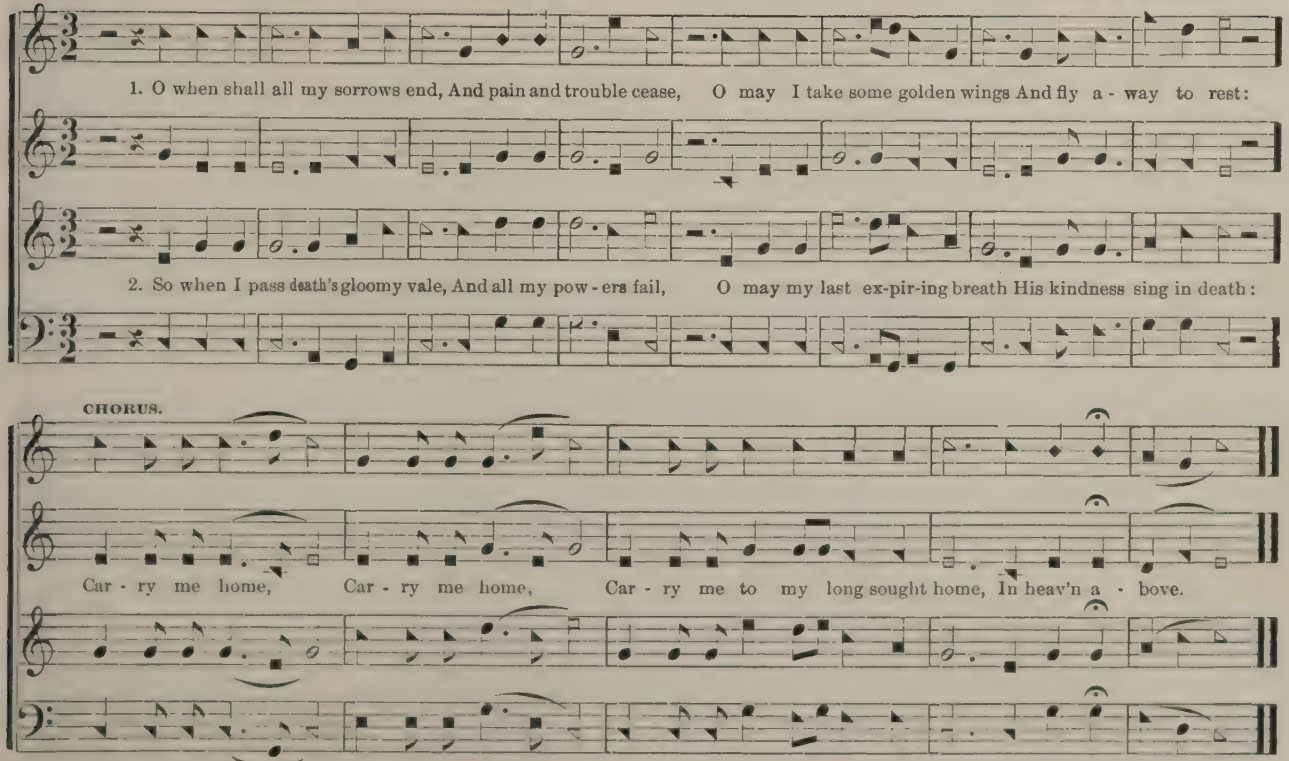

1. O Lord, hear my prayer And let my cry come unto Thee. Hide not Thy face from me, dear Lord. Incline Thine ear unto me, Unto Thee I will sing, I will sing, yes, I'll sing.
2. The Lord, He is good, His mercies follow all my life. Whom shall I fear; I am His own; Praise ye the Lord, O give thanks, Unto Thee I will sing, I will sing, yes, I'll sing.
3. The Lord is my strength, in whom I trust; He will provide. He'll never, no never forsake His own, He'll keep by His power, Unto Thee I will sing, I will sing, yes, I'll sing.
4. Thy servant, O Lord, would come to Thee, With contrite heart. Sing songs of joy unto the Lord, Bless ye the Lord, O my soul, Unto Thee I will sing, I will sing, yes, I'll, sing.

THE ROAD TO LIFE AND DEATH. L. M. Psalmist, 686th Hymn.

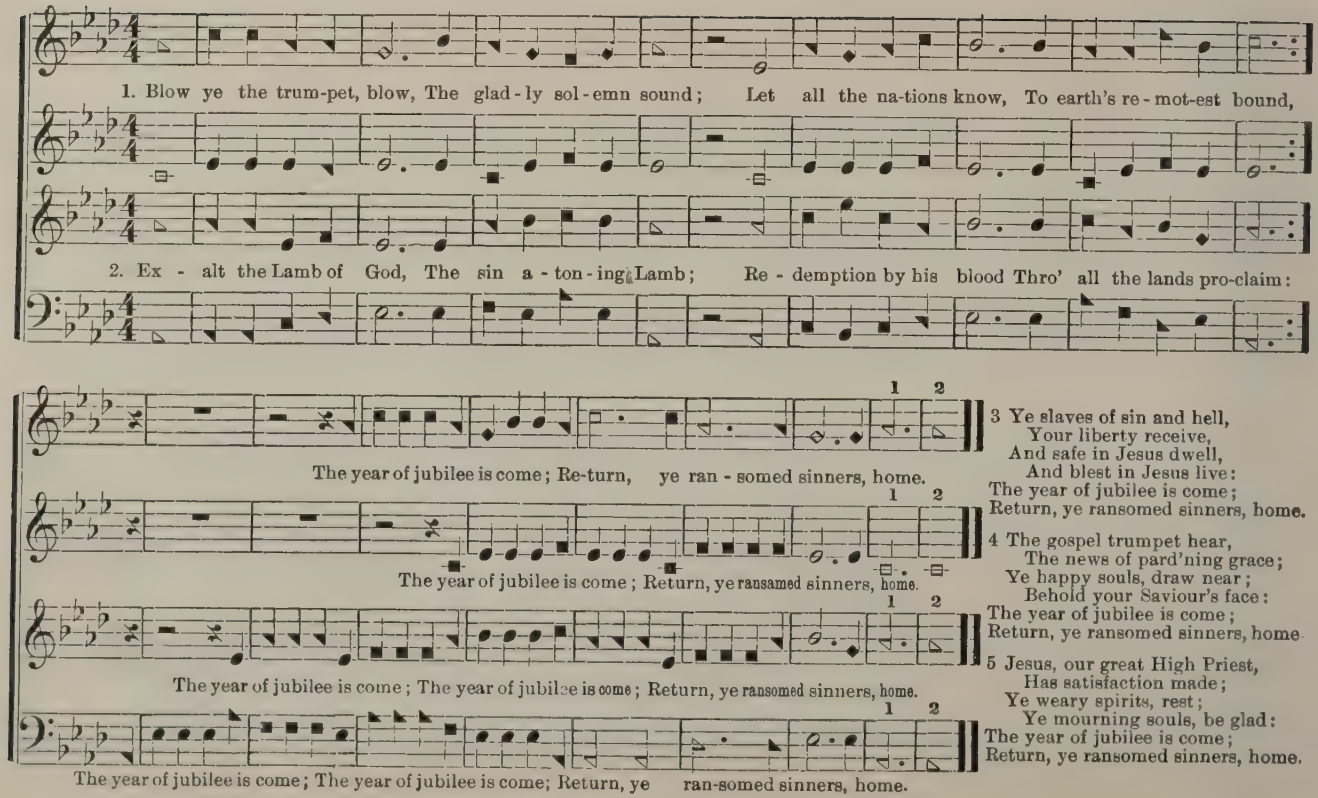

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thou-sands walk to-geth-er there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
2. "De - ny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the way of God no more, Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new—Which hypocrites could ne'er attain. Which false a-postates nev-er knew.

REST IN HEAVEN. C. M.

Arr. by W. R. McCoy.

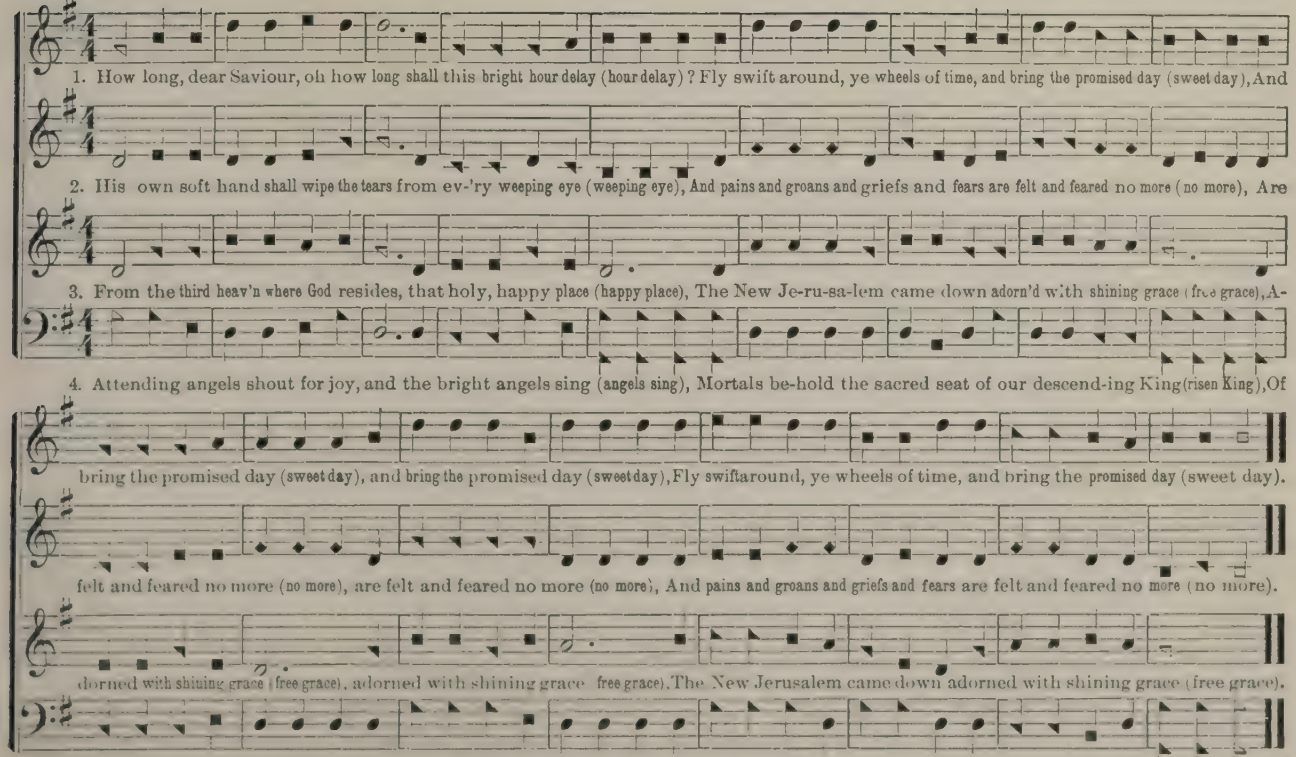

1. O when shall all my sorrows end, And pain and trouble cease, O may I take some golden wings And fly a - way to rest:
2. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And all my pow - ers fail, O may my last ex-pir-ing breath His kindness sing in death:
CHORUS.
Car - ry me home, Car - ry me home, Car - ry me to my long sought home, In heav'n a - bove.

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound,
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin a-ton-ing Lamb; Re - demption by his blood Thro' all the lands pro-claim:
1 2
The year of jubilee is come; Re-turn, ye ran - somed sinners, home.
The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransamed sinners, home.
The year of jubilee is come; The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
The year of jubilee is come; The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ran-somed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has satisfaction made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

1. How long, dear Saviour, oh how long shall this bright hour delay (hour delay)? Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, and bring the promised day (sweet day), And
2. His own soft hand shall wipe the tears from ev-'ry weeping eye (weeping eye), And pains and groans and griefs and fears are felt and feared no more (no more), Are
3. From the third heav'n where God resides, that holy, happy place (happy place), The New Je-ru-sa-lem came down adorn'd with shining grace (free grace), A-
4. Attending angels shout for joy, and the bright angels sing (angels sing), Mortals be-hold the sacred seat of our descend-ing King (risen King), Of
bring the promised day (sweet day), and bring the promised day (sweet day), Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, and bring the promised day (sweet day).
felt and feared no more (no more), are felt and feared no more (no more), And pains and groans and griefs and fears are felt and feared no more (no more).
dorned with shining grace (free grace), adorned with shining grace (free grace). The New Jerusalem came down adorned with shining grace (free grace).
our de-scend-ing King (risen King), of our descending King (risen King), Mortals behold the sa-cred seat of our des-cend-ing King (risen King).

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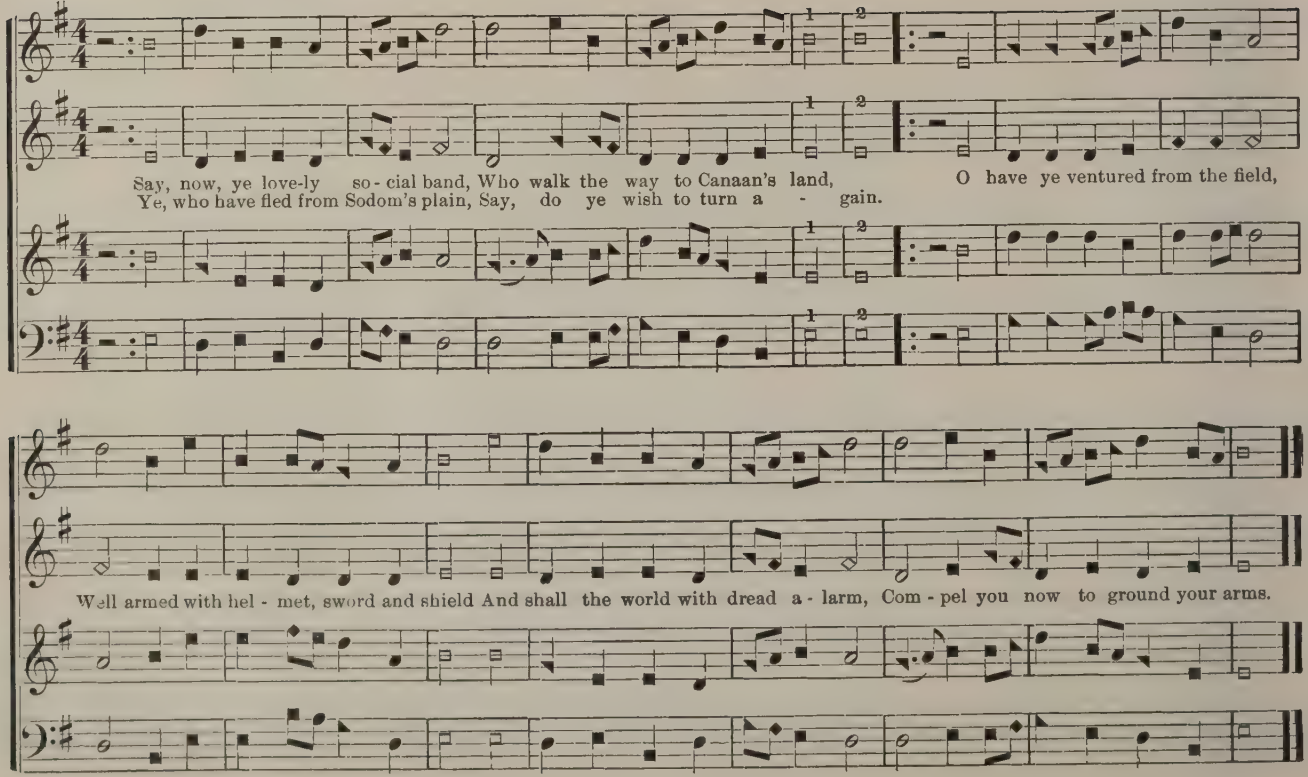
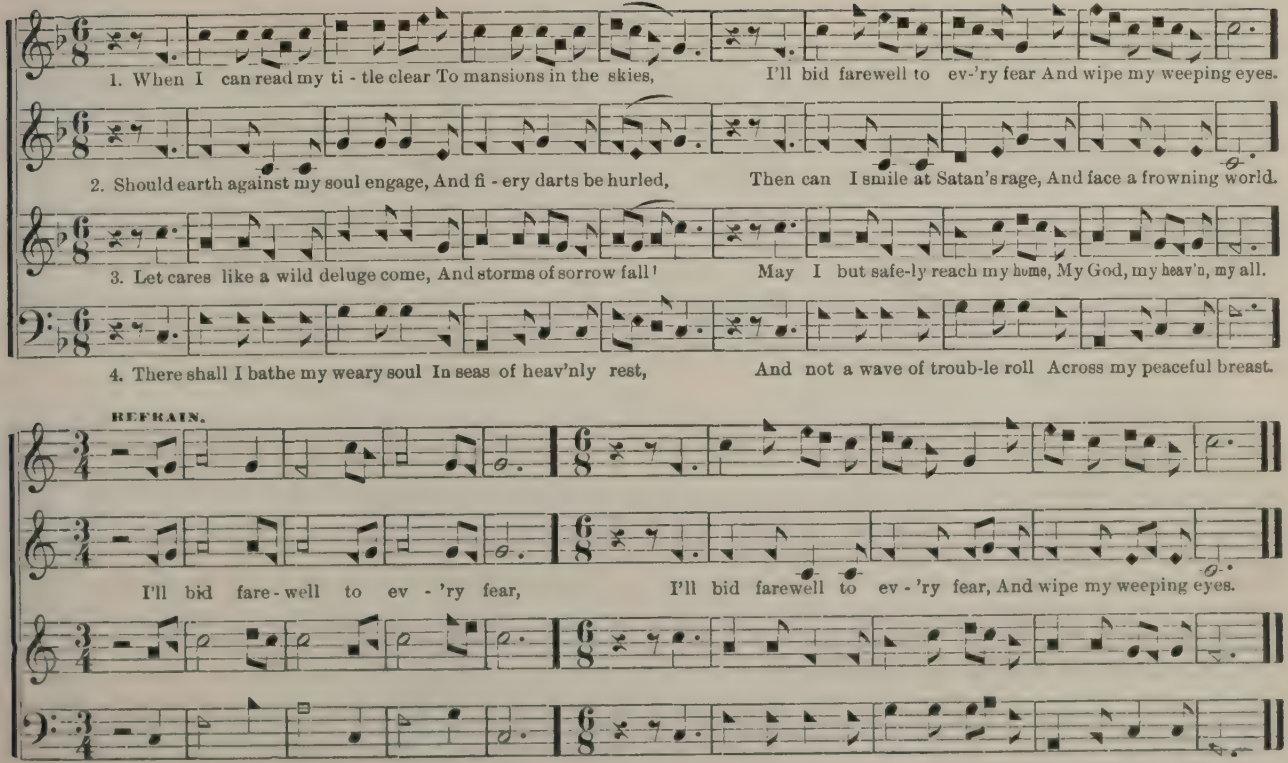
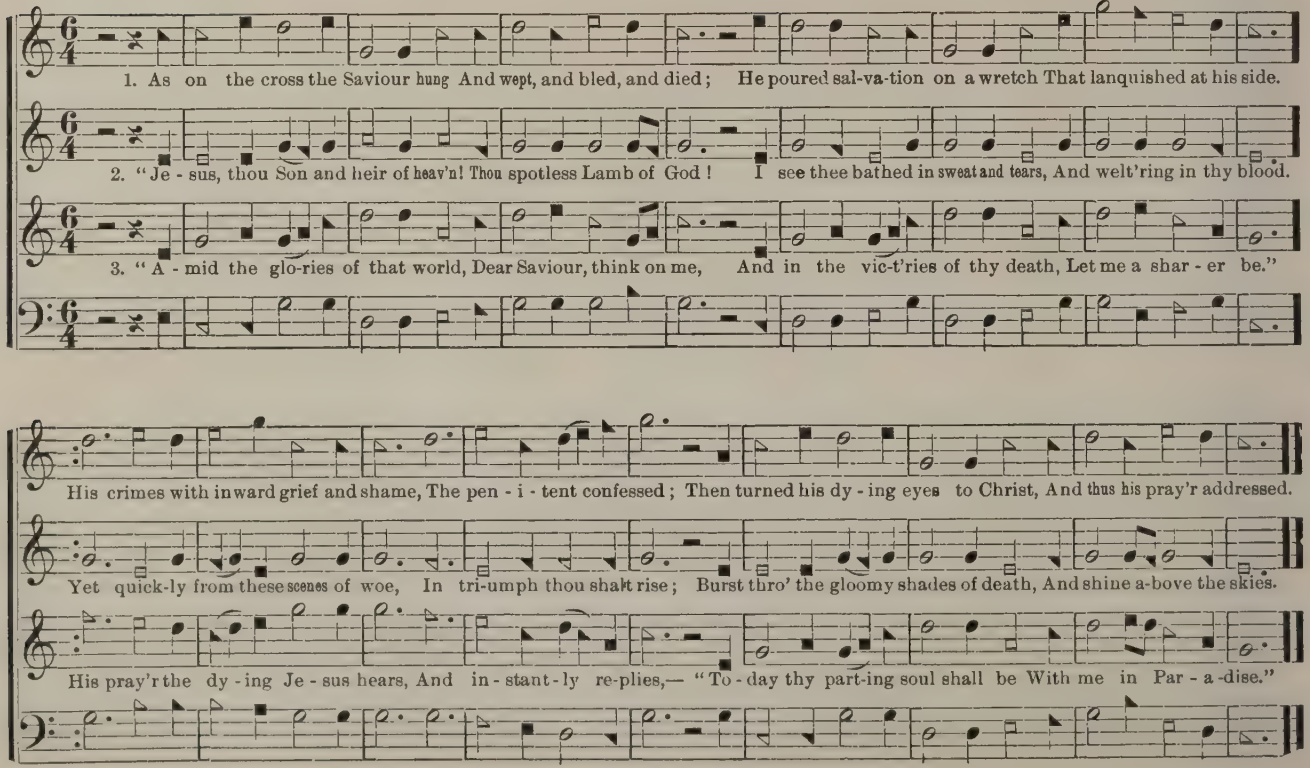
Alto by W. M. C.


Say, now, ye love-ly so - cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land,
O have ye ventured from the field,
Ye, who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, do ye wish to turn a - gain.
Well armed with hel - met, sword and shield And shall the world with dread a - larm, Com - pel you now to ground your arms.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fi - ery darts be hurled, Then can I smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall! May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of troub-le roll Across my peaceful breast.
REFRAIN.
I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

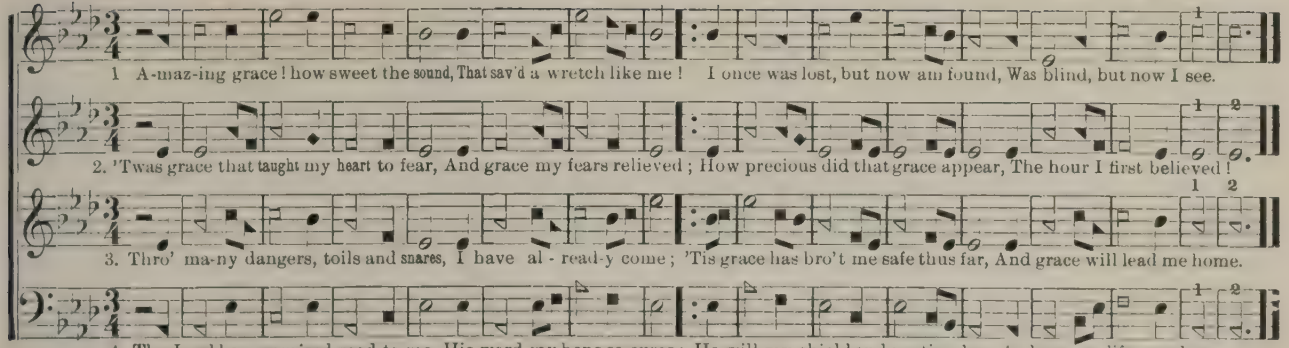
THE CONVERTED THIEF. C. M. D.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 61. Alto. W. M. Cooper.


1. As on the cross the Saviour hung And wept, and bled, and died; He poured sal-va-tion on a wretch That lanquished at his side.
2. "Je - sus, thou Son and heir of heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And welt'ring in thy blood.
3. "A - mid the glo-ries of that world, Dear Saviour, think on me, And in the vic-t'ries of thy death, Let me a shar - er be."
His crimes with inward grief and shame, The pen - i - tent confessed; Then turned his dy - ing eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r addressed.
Yet quick-ly from these scenes of woe, In tri-umph thou shalt rise; Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine a-bove the skies.
His pray'r the dy - ing Je - sus hears, And in - stant - ly re-plies,— "To - day thy part-ing soul shall be With me in Par - a - dise."

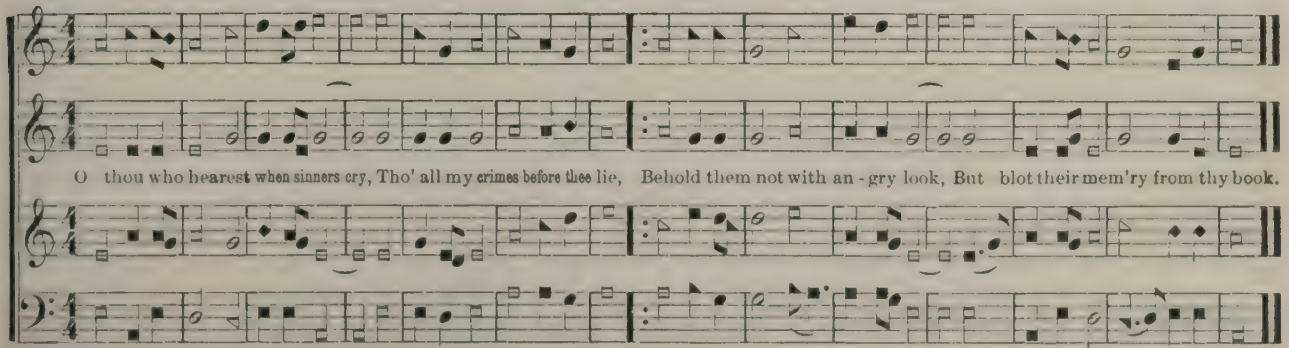
AMAZING GRACE.

Alto, W. M. Cooper.


1 A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!
3. Thro' ma-ny dangers, toils and snares, I have al - read-y come; 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se-cures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life en-dures.

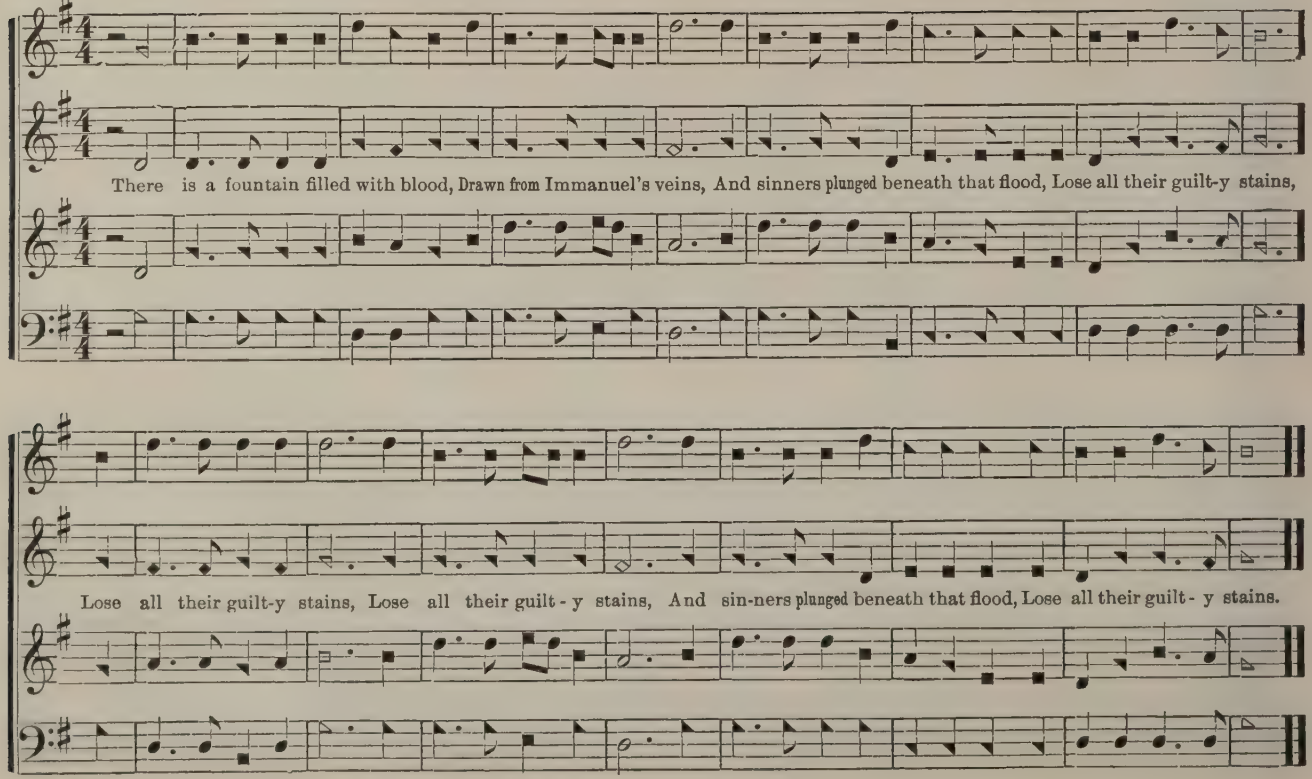
SUPPLICATION.

Watts. Alto by W. M. Cooper.


O thou who hearest when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with an - gry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

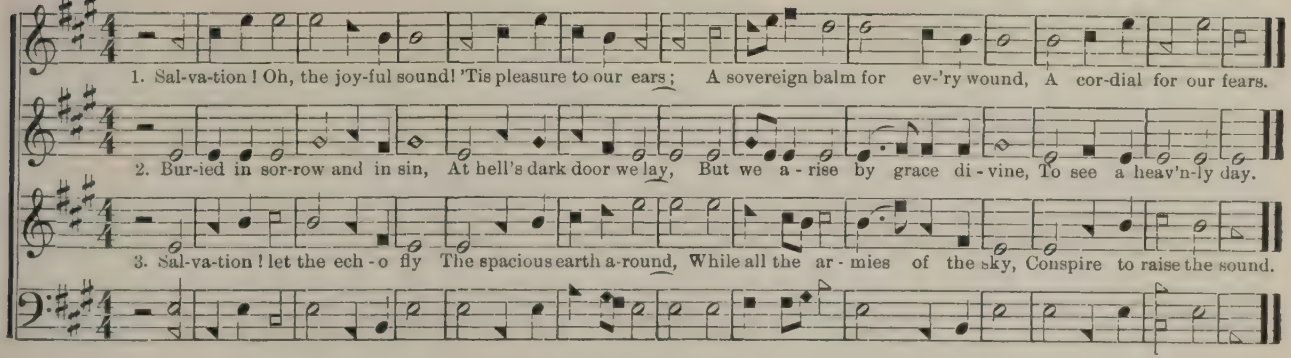
THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

J. A. Culbreth.


There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

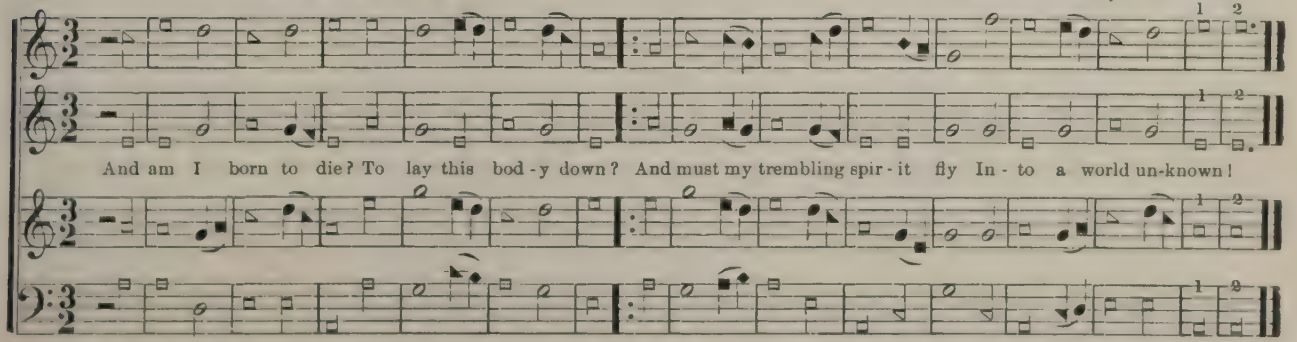
SALVATION, OH, THE JOYFUL SOUND.

Chapin. Alto by W. M. Cooper.


1. Sal-va-tion! Oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spacious earth a-round, While all the ar-mies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound.

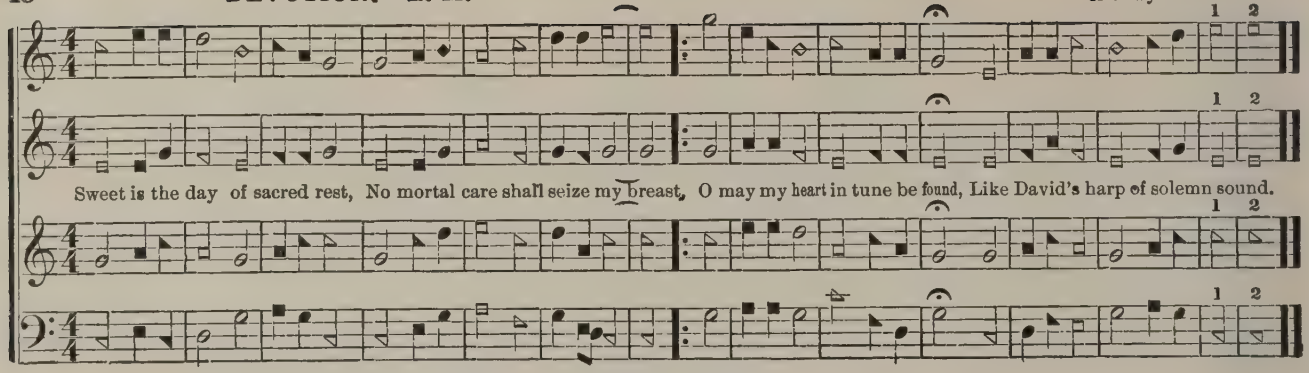
INDUMEA. S. M.

Davison. Alto by J. W. Watson.



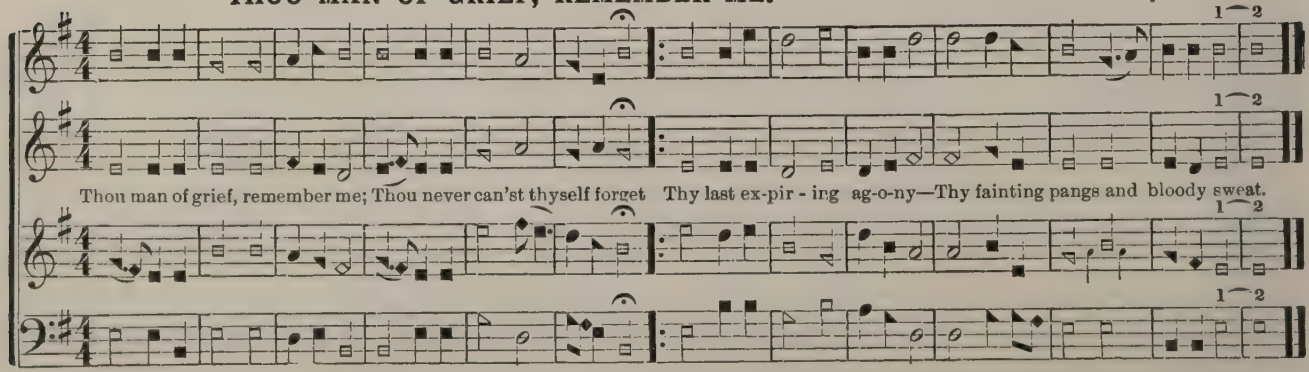
DEVOTION. L. M.

Alto by W. M. C.

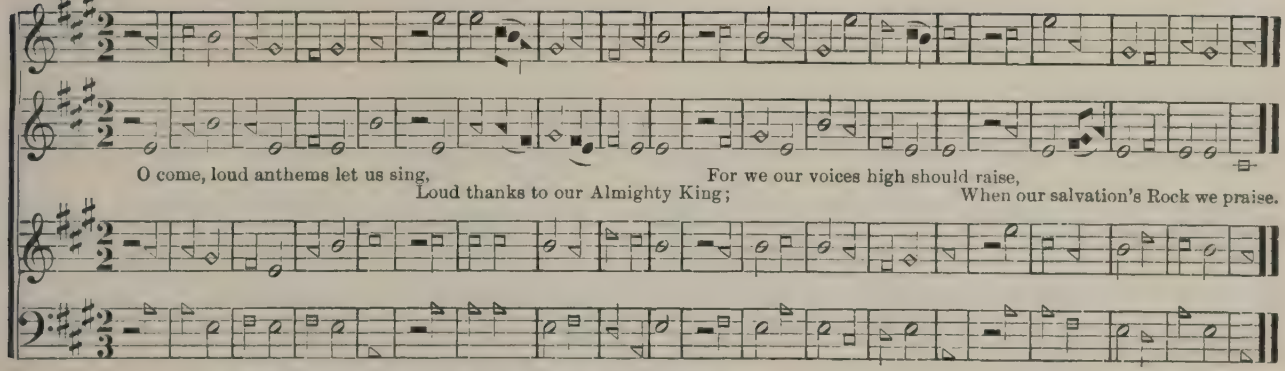

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

THOU MAN OF GRIEF, REMEMBER ME.

Alto by W. M. C.

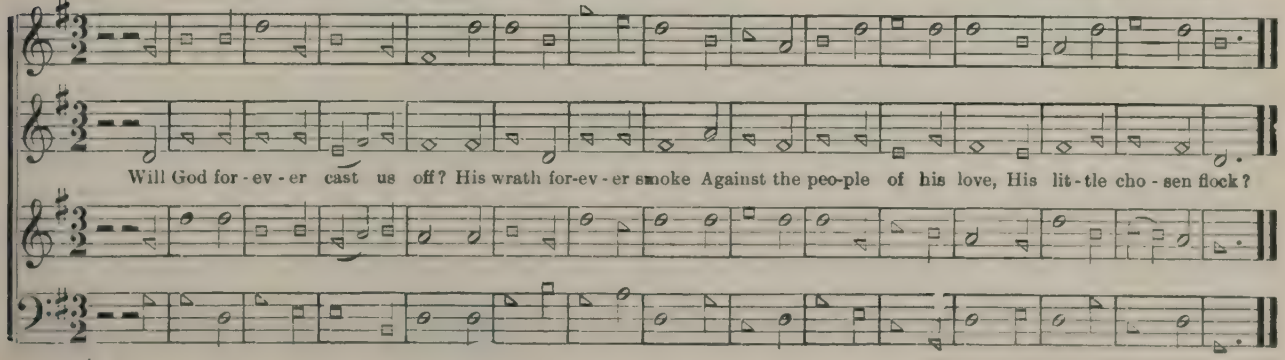

Thou man of grief, remember me; Thou never can'st thyself forget Thy last ex-pir - ing ag-o-ny—Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

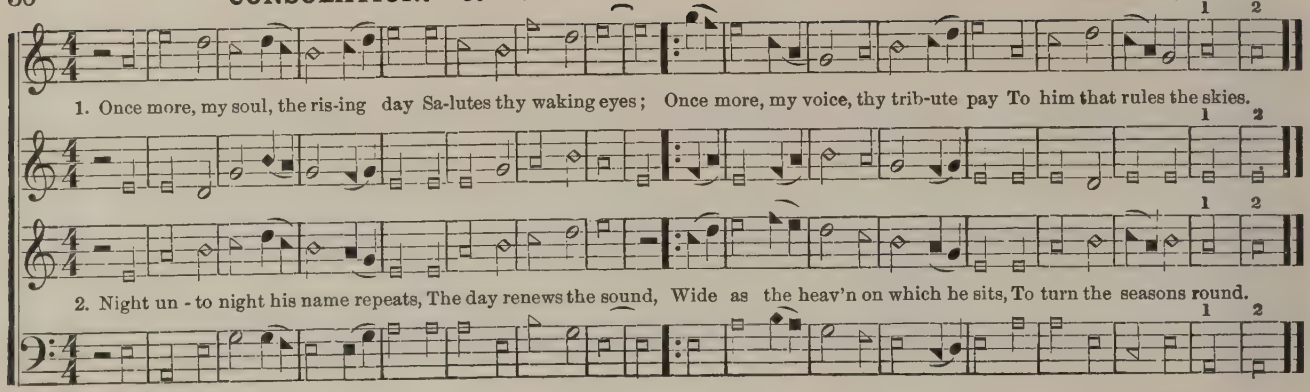
WILL GOD FOREVER CAST US OFF?

Alto by B. P. Poyner.



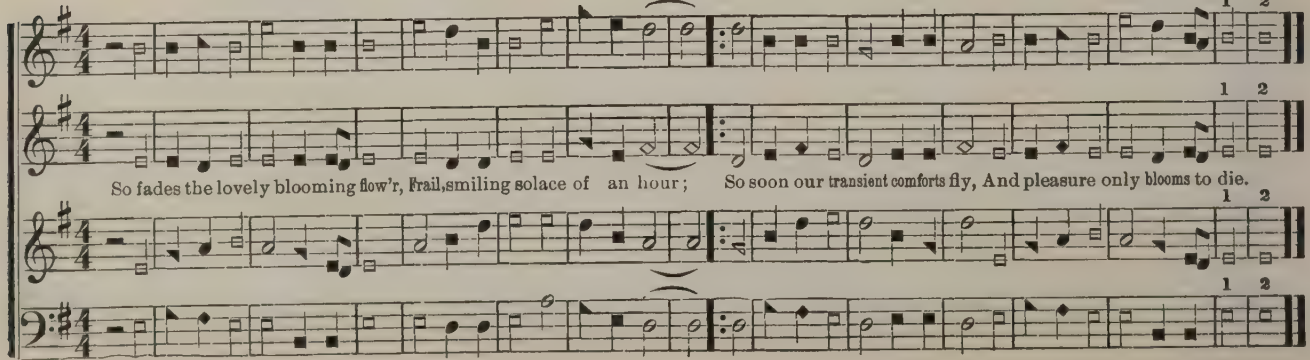
CONSOLATION. C. M.

Dean. Alto, W. M. C.

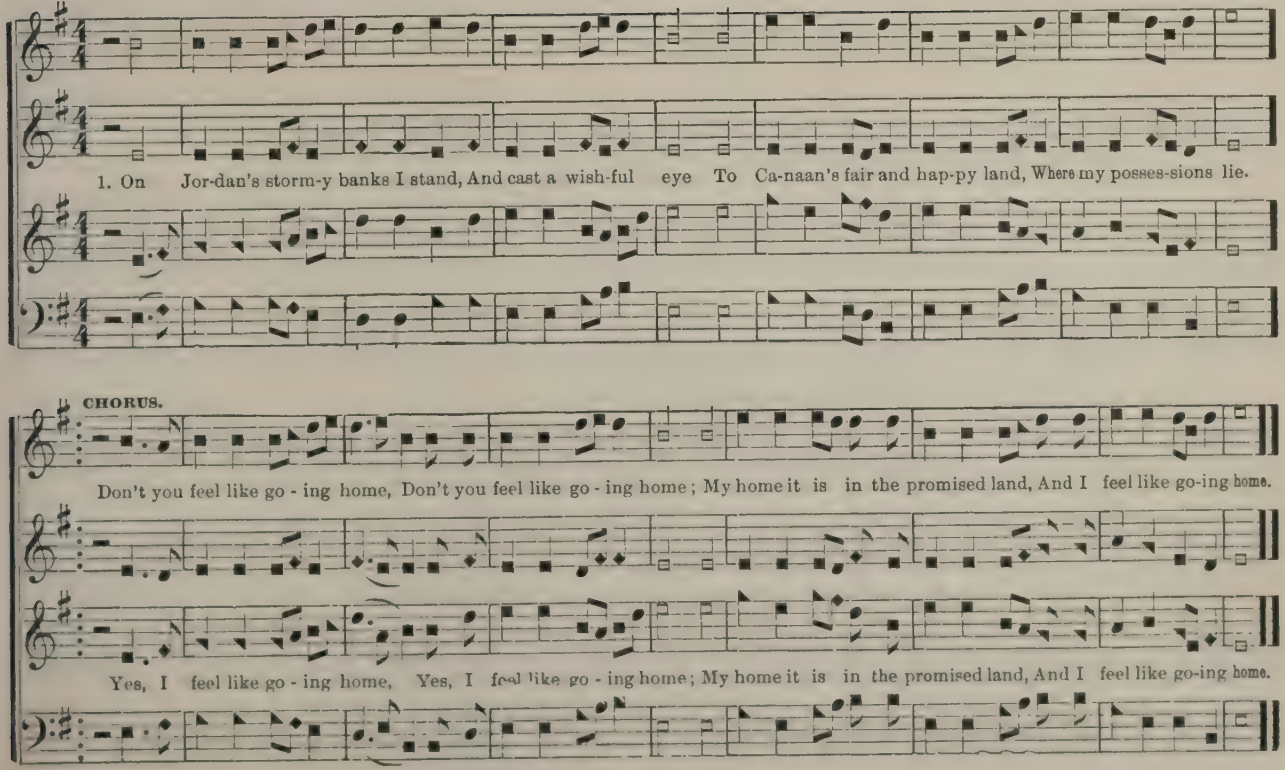

1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib-ute pay To him that rules the skies.
2. Night un - to night his name repeats, The day renews the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.

DISTRESS. L. M.

Alto by W. M. C.

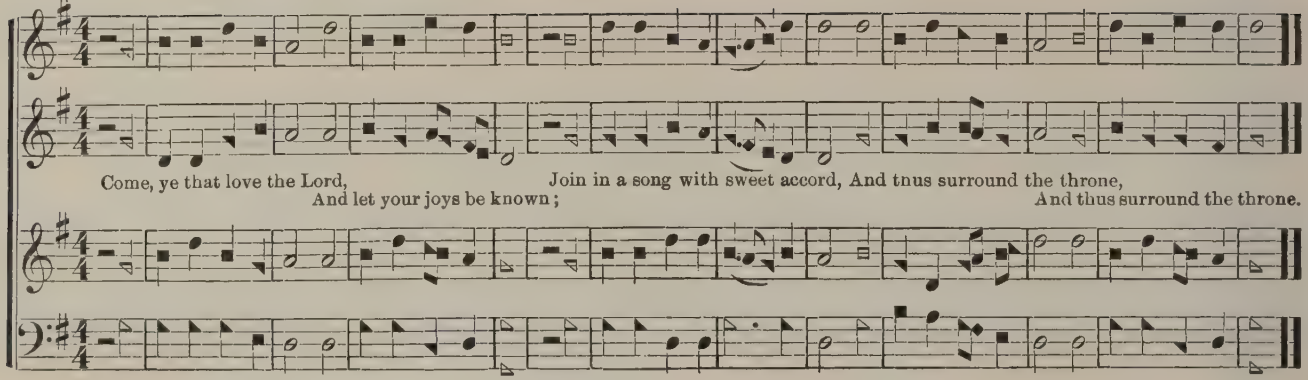

So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

MY HOME. C. M.


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my posses-sions lie.
CHORUS.
Don't you feel like go - ing home, Don't you feel like go - ing home; My home it is in the promised land, And I feel like go-ing home.
Yes, I feel like go - ing home, Yes, I feel like go - ing home; My home it is in the promised land, And I feel like go-ing home.

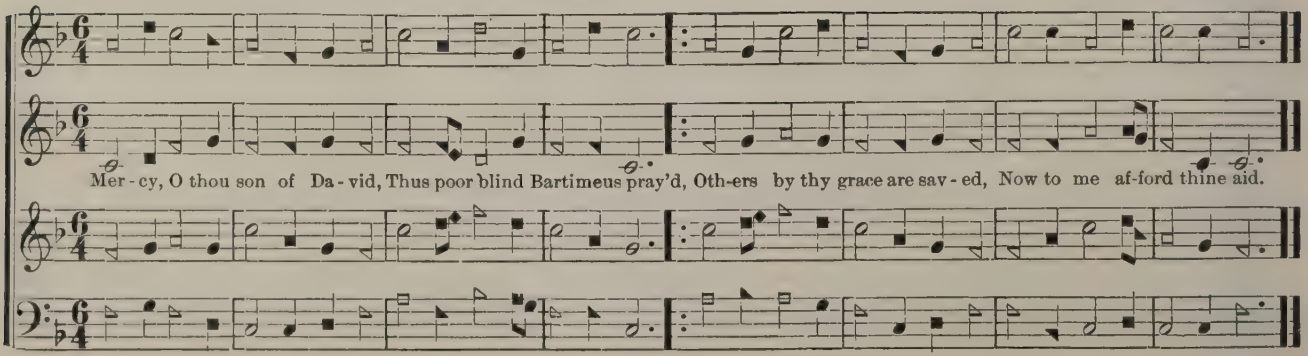
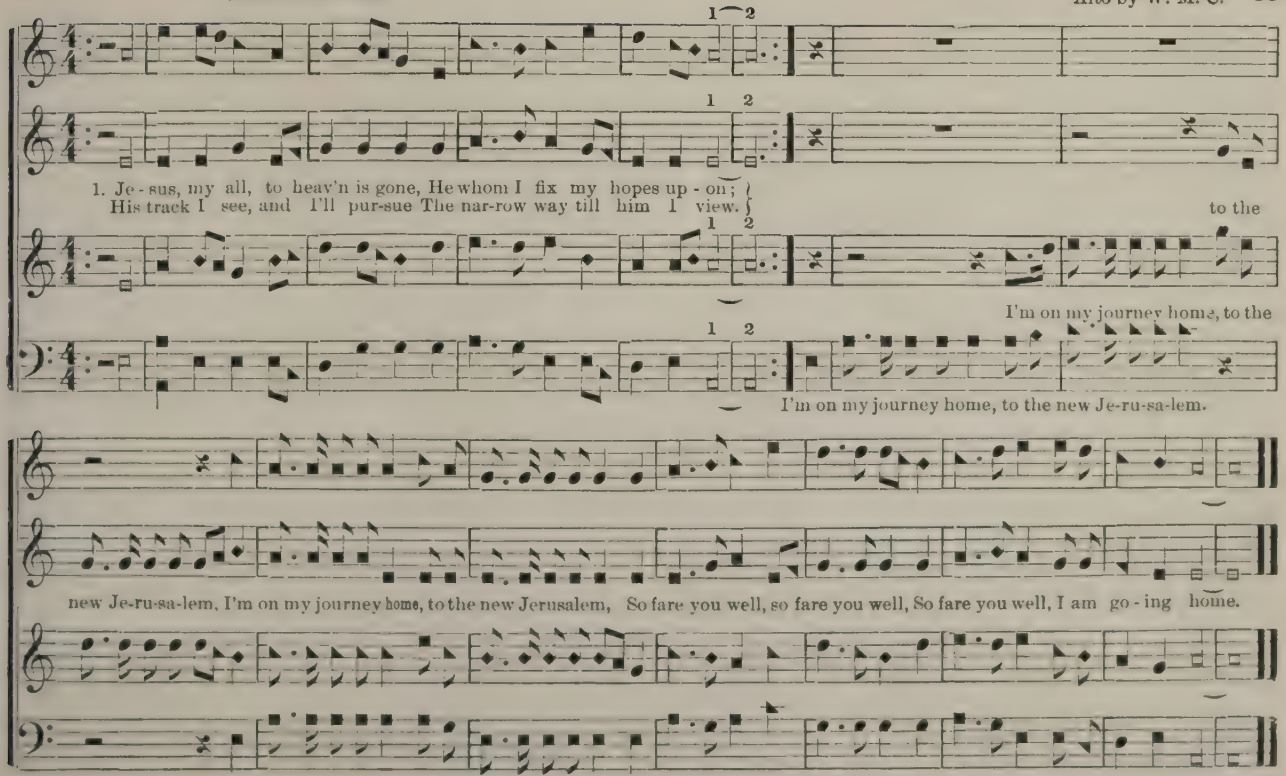
ALBION. S. M.

Boyd.


Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

THE PRAYER OF BARTIMEUS.

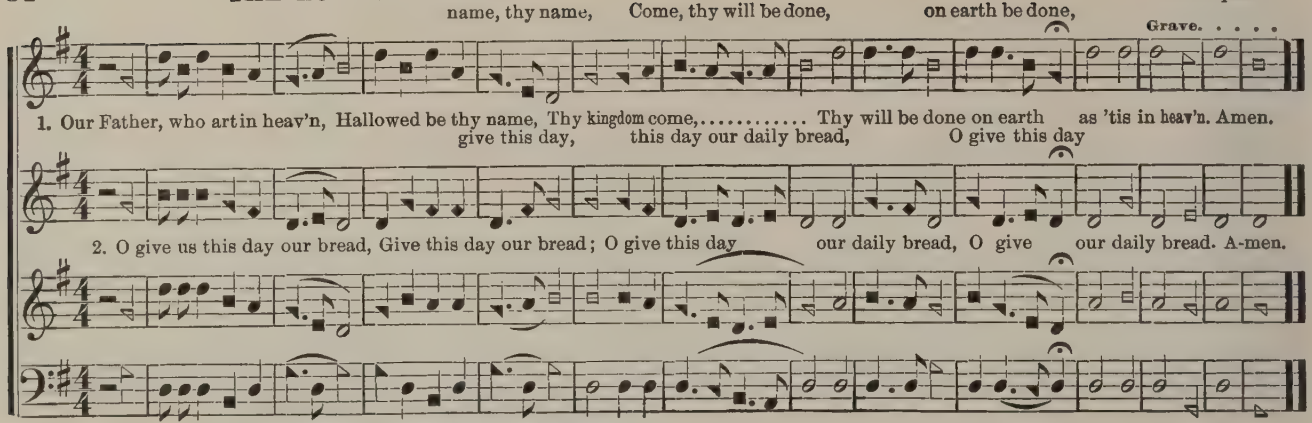
Alto by W. M. C.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till him I view.
I'm on my journey home, to the
I'm on my journey home, to the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
new Je-ru-sa-lem, I'm on my journey home, to the new Jerusalem, So fare you well, so fare you well, So fare you well, I am go - ing home.

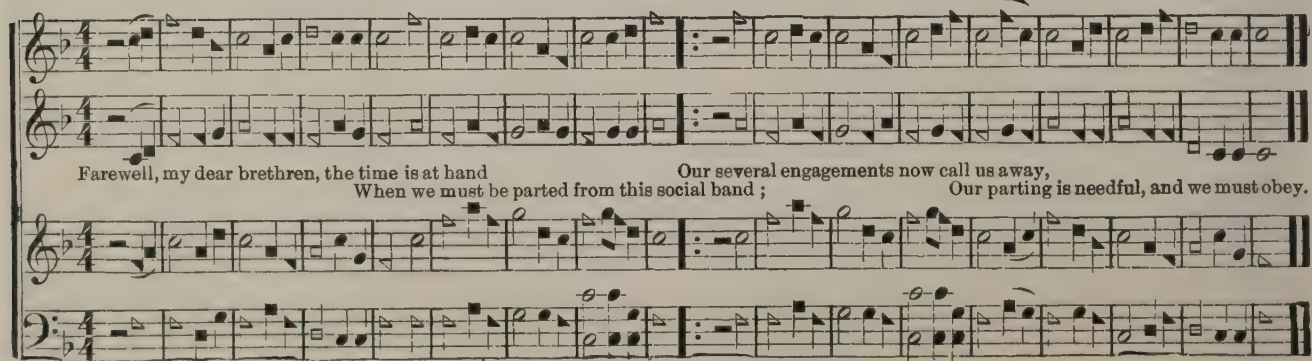
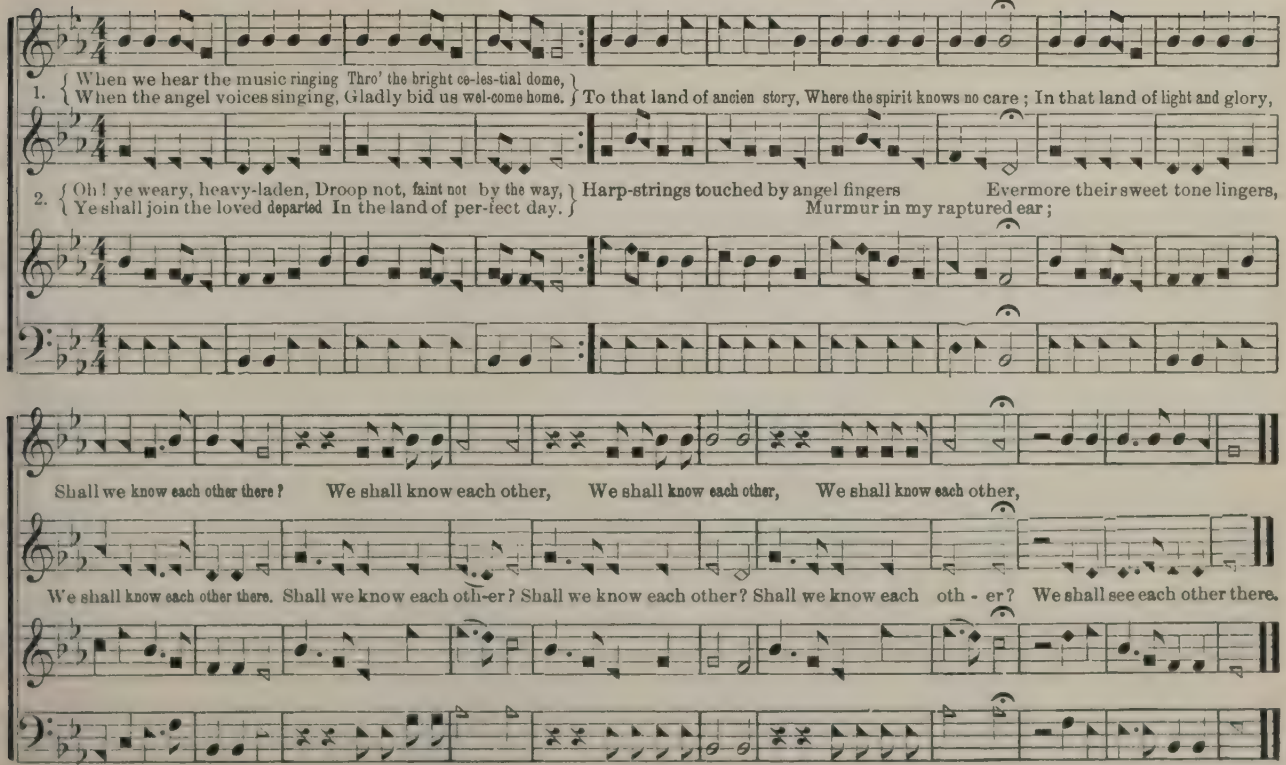
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

W. M. Cooper.


name, thy name, Come, thy will be done, on earth be done,
Grave. . . . .
1. Our Father, who art in heav'n, Hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come,..... Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heav'n. Amen.
give this day, this day our daily bread, O give this day
2. O give us this day our bread, Give this day our bread; O give this day our daily bread, O give our daily bread. A-men.

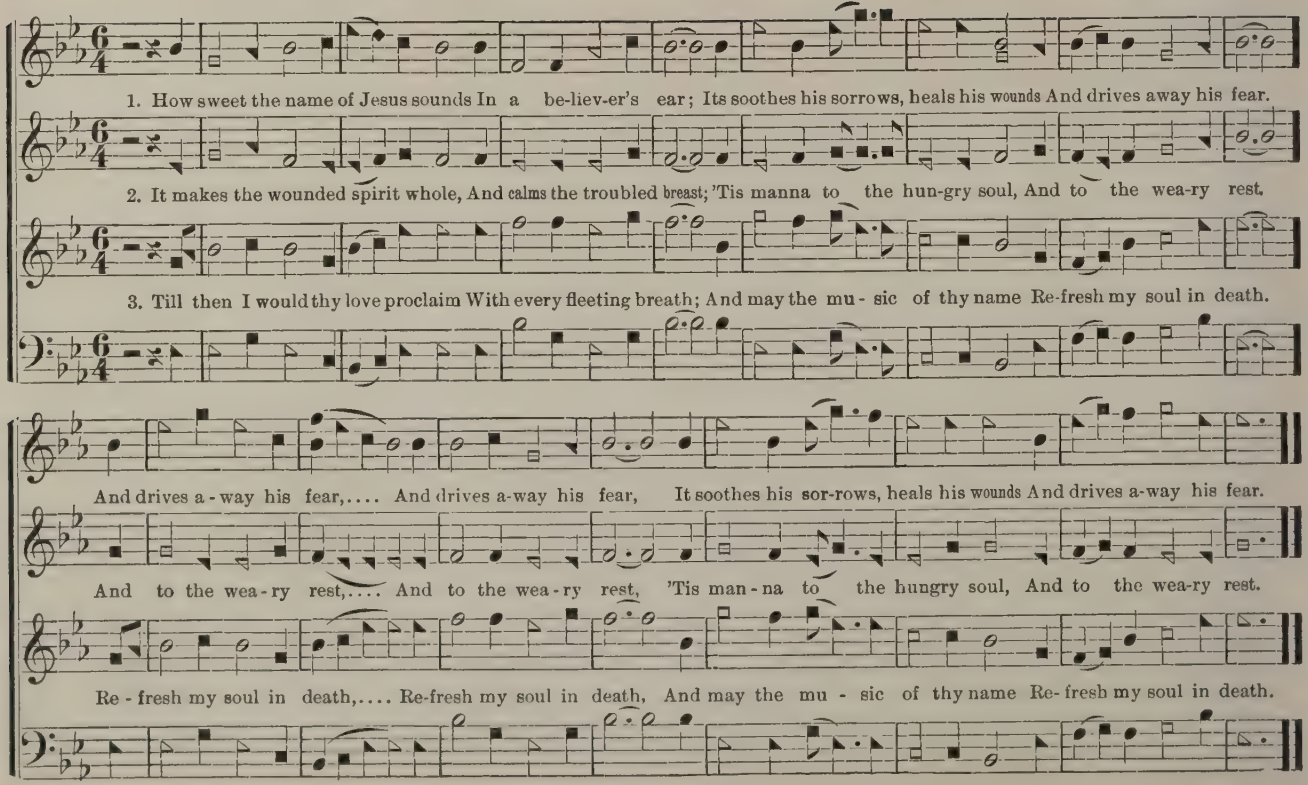
FAREWELL, MY BRETHREN.

Alto W. M. C.

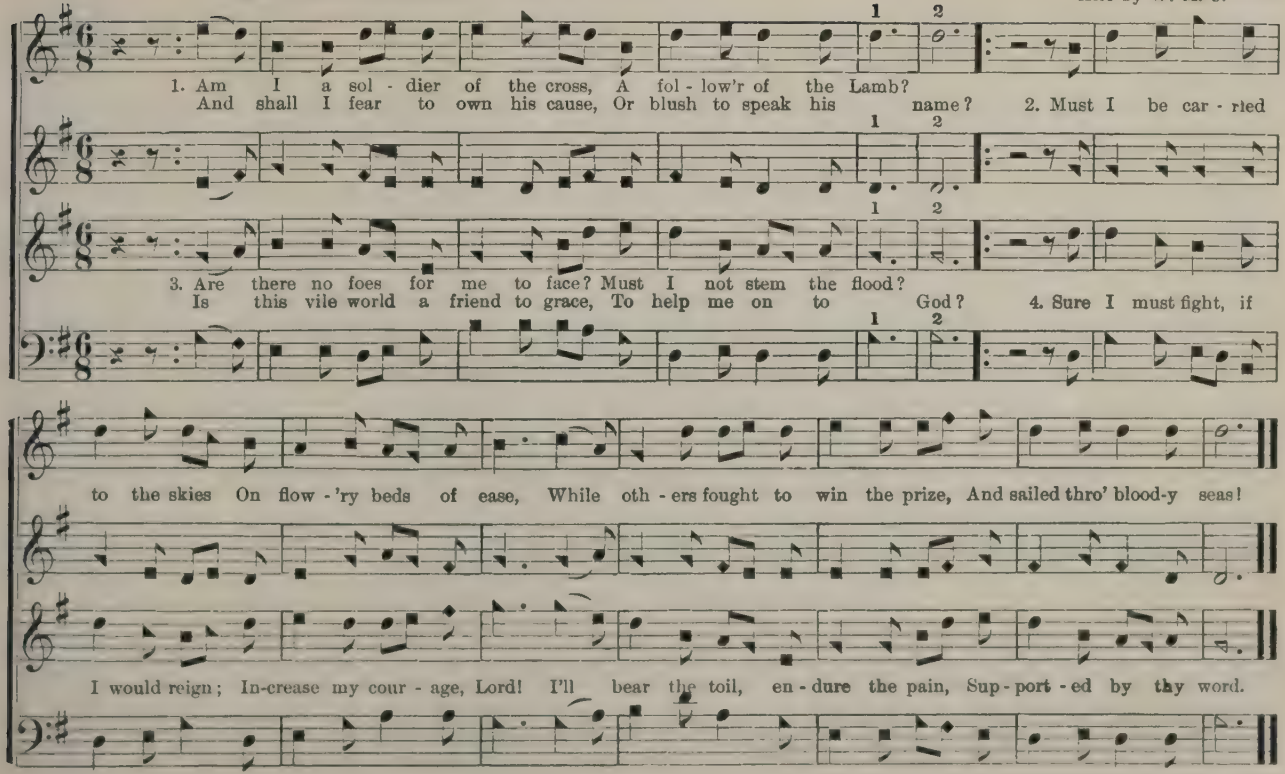

Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand Our several engagements now call us away,
When we must be parted from this social band ; Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

1. When we hear the music ringing Thro' the bright ce-les-tial dome,
When the angel voices singing, Gladly bid us wel-come home.
To that land of ancien story, Where the spirit knows no care ; In that land of light and glory,
2. Oh ! ye weary, heavy-laden, Droop not, faint not by the way,
Ye shall join the loved departed In the land of per-fect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers Evermore their sweet tone lingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear ;
Shall we know each other there ? We shall know each other, We shall know each other, We shall know each other,
We shall know each other there. Shall we know each oth-er ? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each oth - er? We shall see each other there.

SALEM. C. M.

Alto by W. M. C.

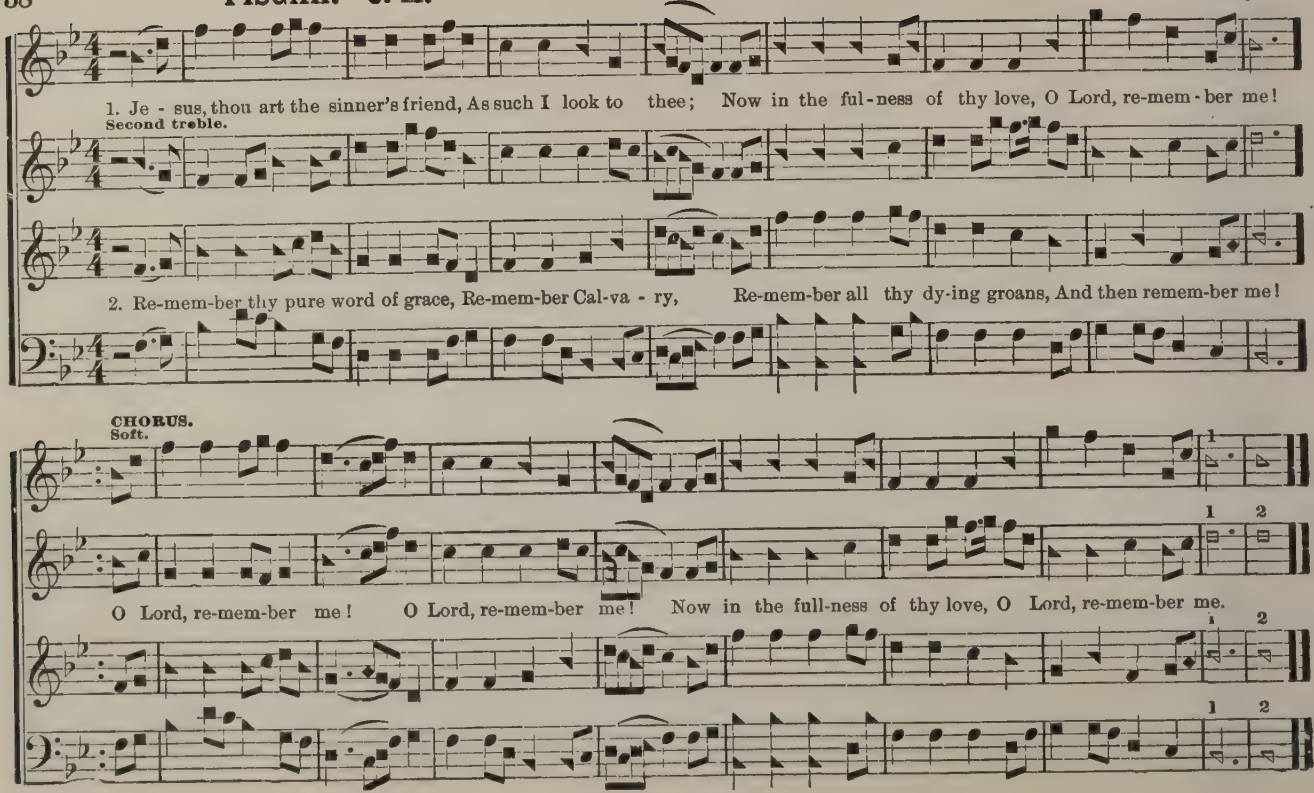

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; Its soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.
3. Till then I would thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath; And may the mu - sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death.
And drives a - way his fear,.... And drives a-way his fear, It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds And drives a-way his fear.
And to the wea - ry rest,.... And to the wea - ry rest, 'Tis man - na to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.
Re - fresh my soul in death,.... Re-fresh my soul in death, And may the mu - sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be car - ried
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if
to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas!
I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord! I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

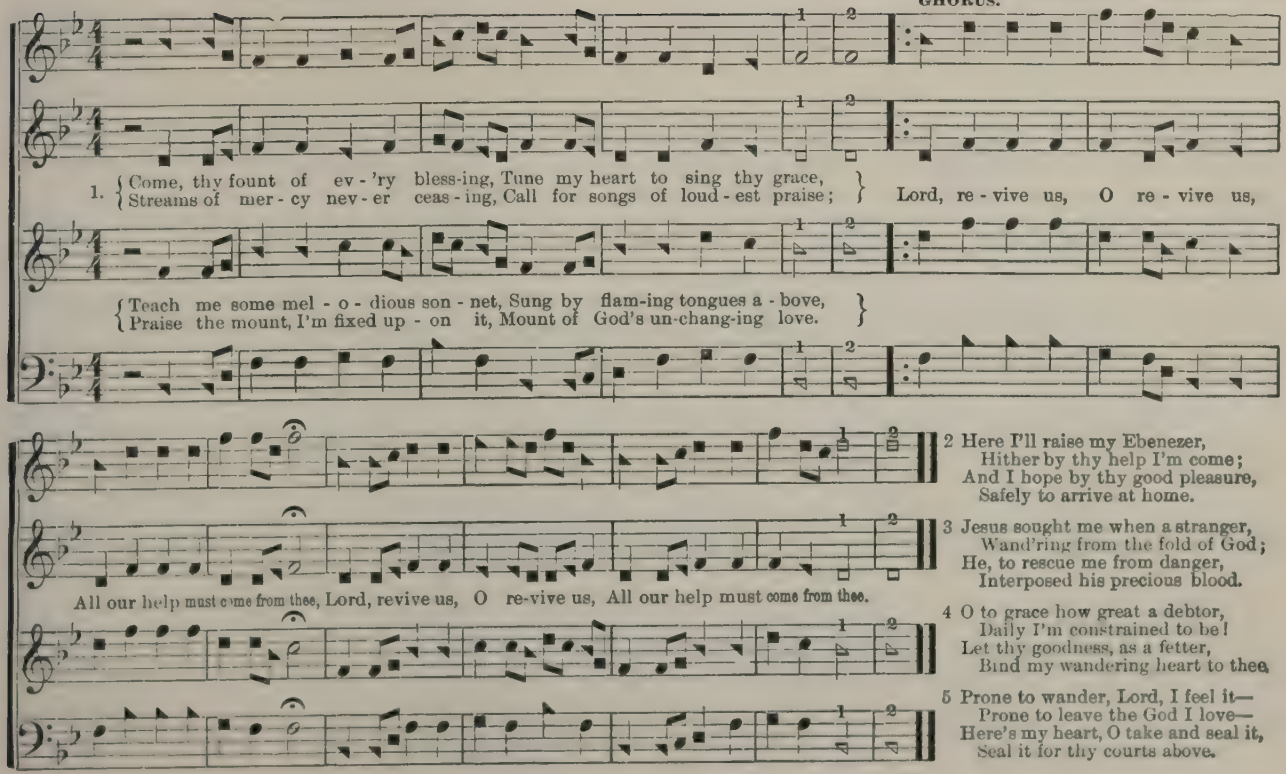
PISGAH. C. M.

Lowry.


1. Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now in the ful-ness of thy love, O Lord, re-mem-ber me!
Second treble.
2. Re-mem-ber thy pure word of grace, Re-mem-ber Cal-va - ry, Re-mem-ber all thy dy-ing groans, And then remem-ber me!
CHORUS.
Soft.
O Lord, re-mem-ber me! O Lord, re-mem-ber me! Now in the full-ness of thy love, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

LORD, REVIVE US.

Alto by W. M. Cooper.


CHORUS.
1. Come, thy fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
Lord, re-vive us, O re-vive us,
Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove,
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
All our help must come from thee, Lord, revive us, O re-vive us, All our help must come from thee.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

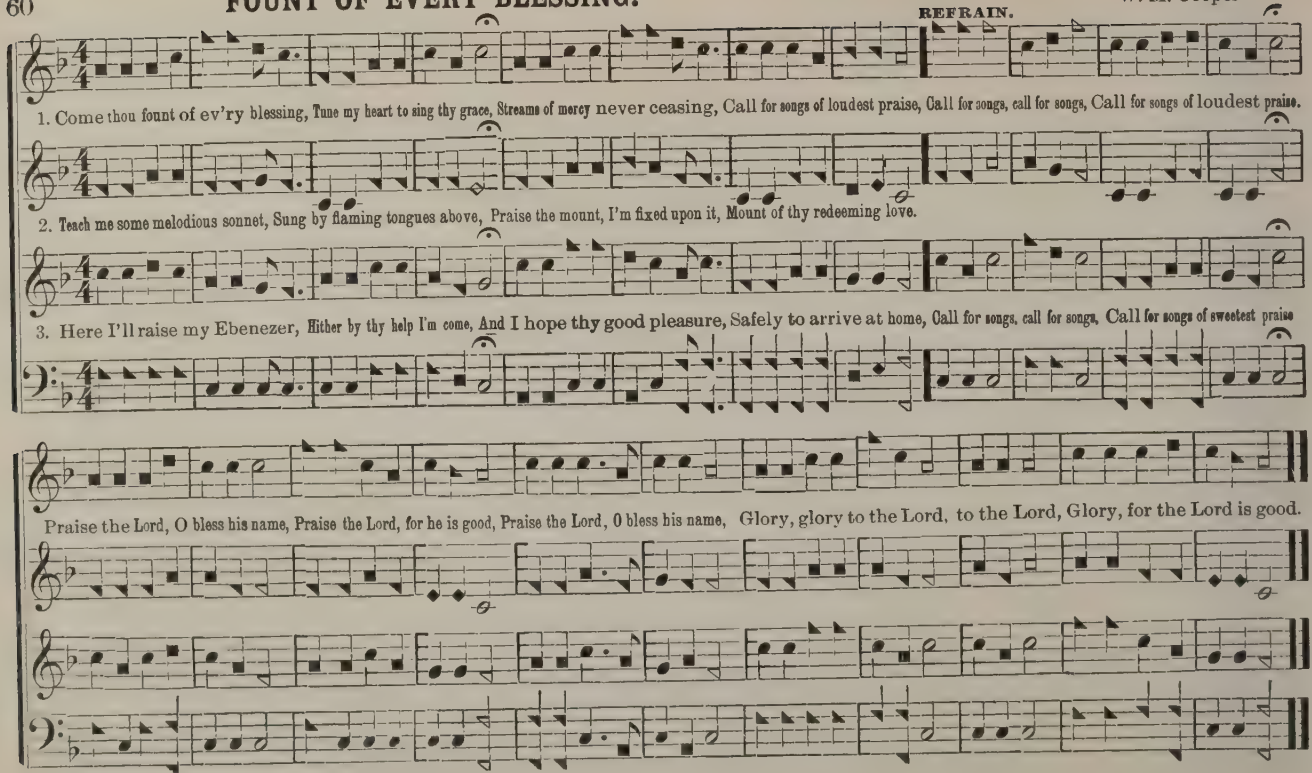
3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

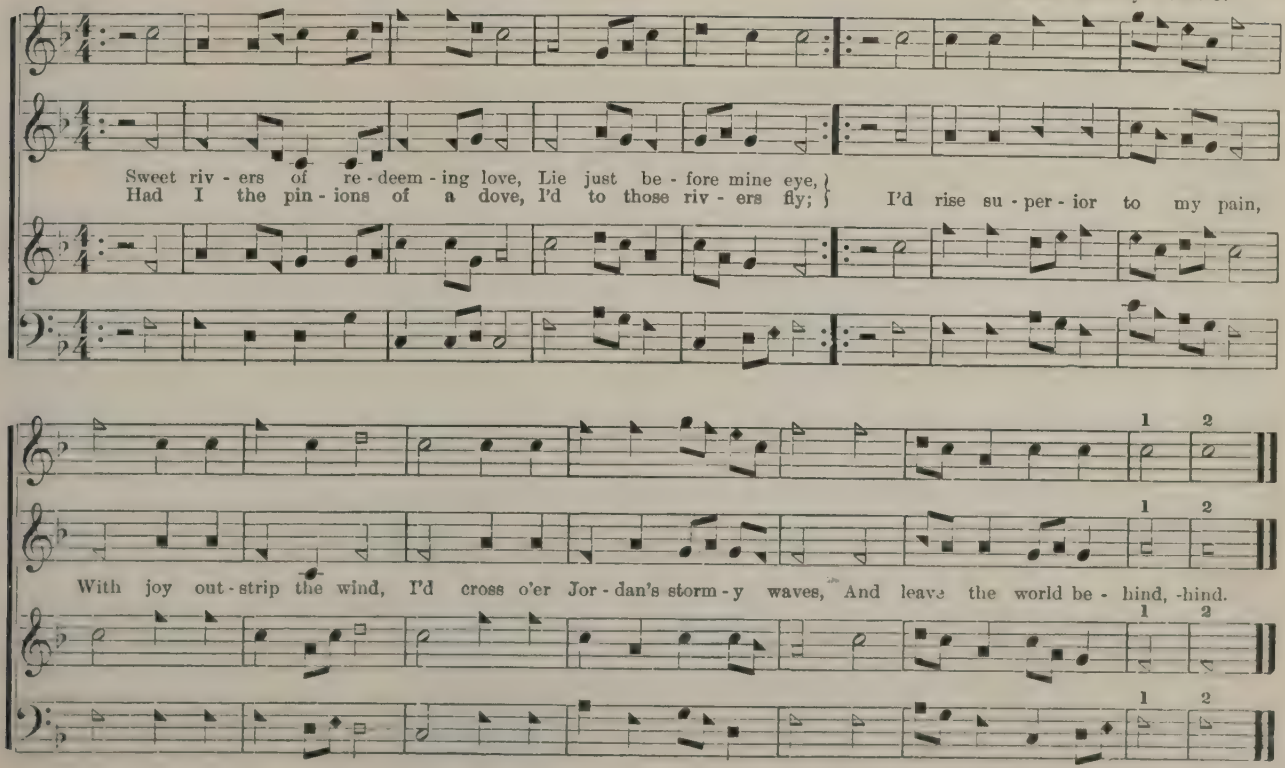
4 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

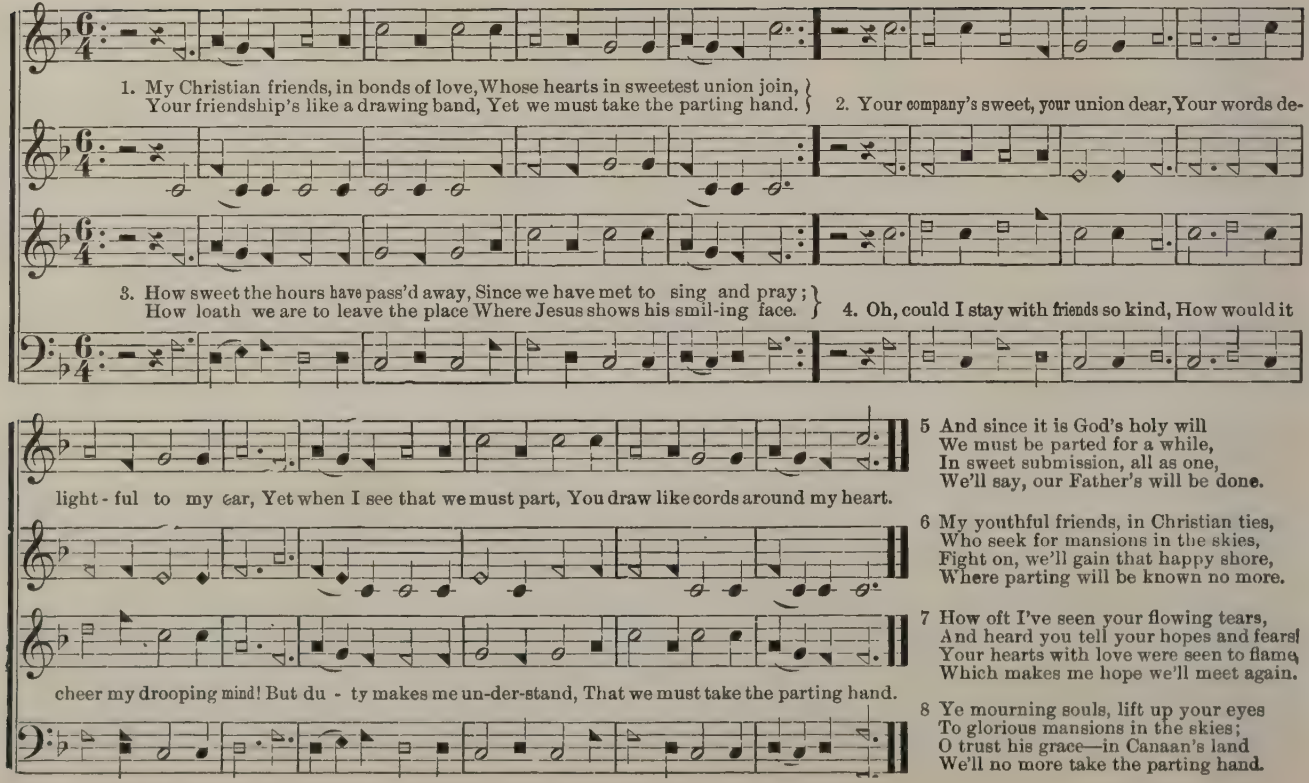
W. M. Cooper.


REFRAIN.
1. Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise, Call for songs, call for songs, Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above, Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy redeeming love.
3. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer, Hither by thy help I'm come, And I hope thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home, Call for songs, call for songs, Call for songs of sweetest praise
Praise the Lord, O bless his name, Praise the Lord, for he is good, Praise the Lord, O bless his name, Glory, glory to the Lord, to the Lord, Glory, for the Lord is good.


Sweet riv - ers of re - deem - ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eye,
Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers fly;
I'd rise su - per - ior to my pain,
1 2
With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jor - dan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind, -hind.

PARTING HAND. L. M.

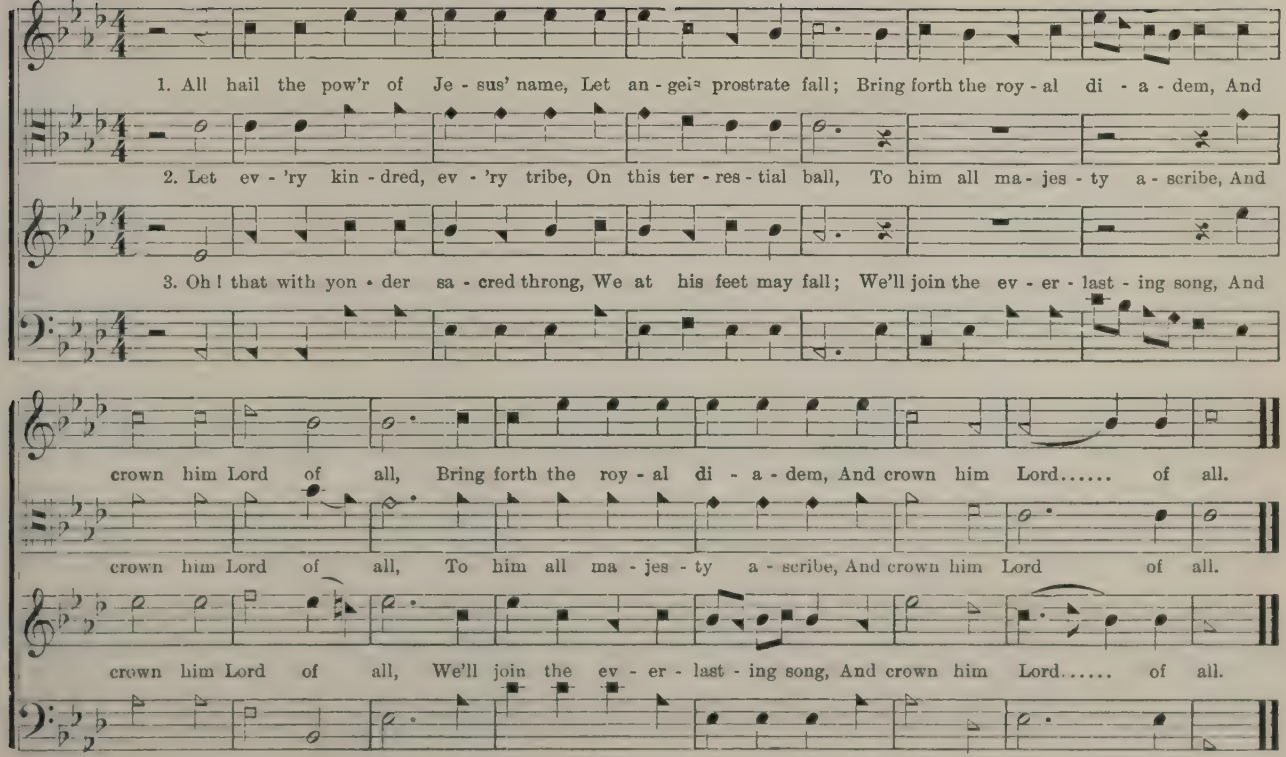
Alto by W. M. C.


1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.
2. Your company's sweet, your union dear, Your words de-
3. How sweet the hours have pass'd away, Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place Where Jesus shows his smil-ing face.
4. Oh, could I stay with friends so kind, How would it
light - ful to my ear, Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.
cheer my drooping mind! But du - ty makes me un-der-stand, That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

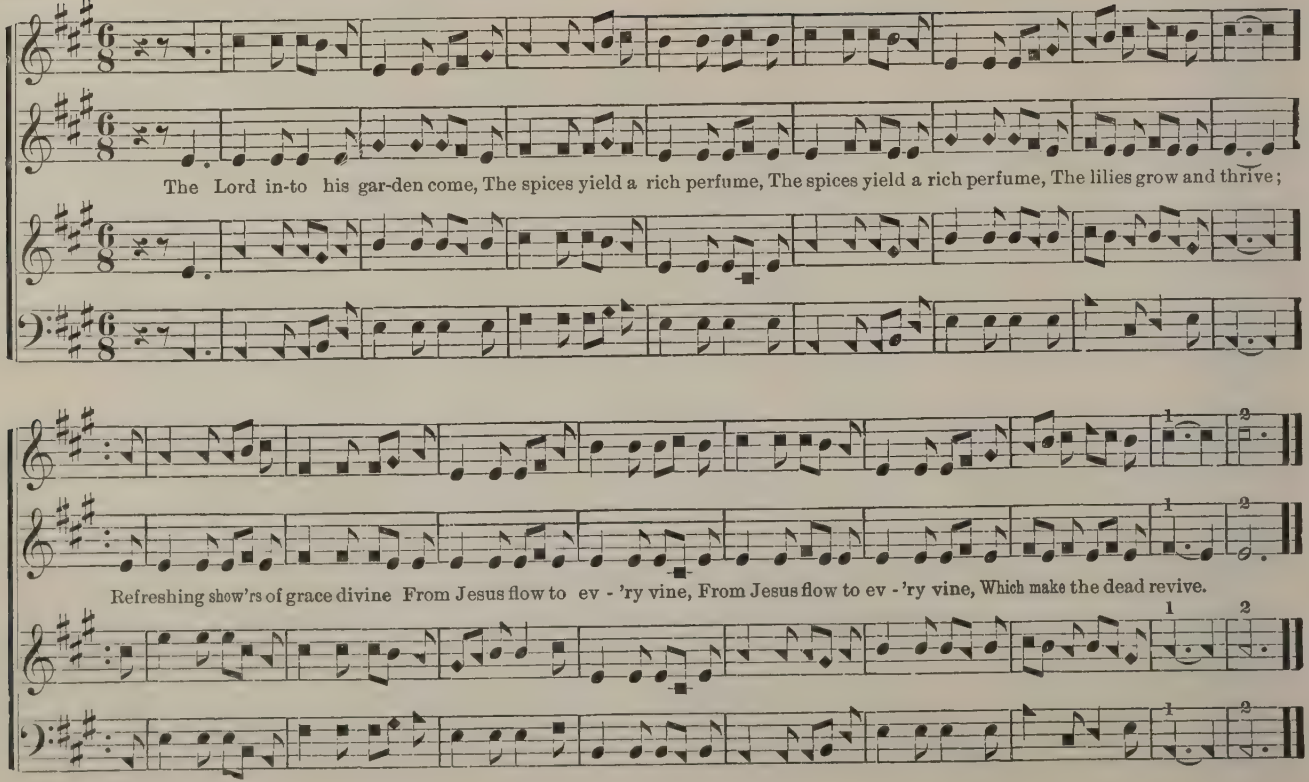
6 My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

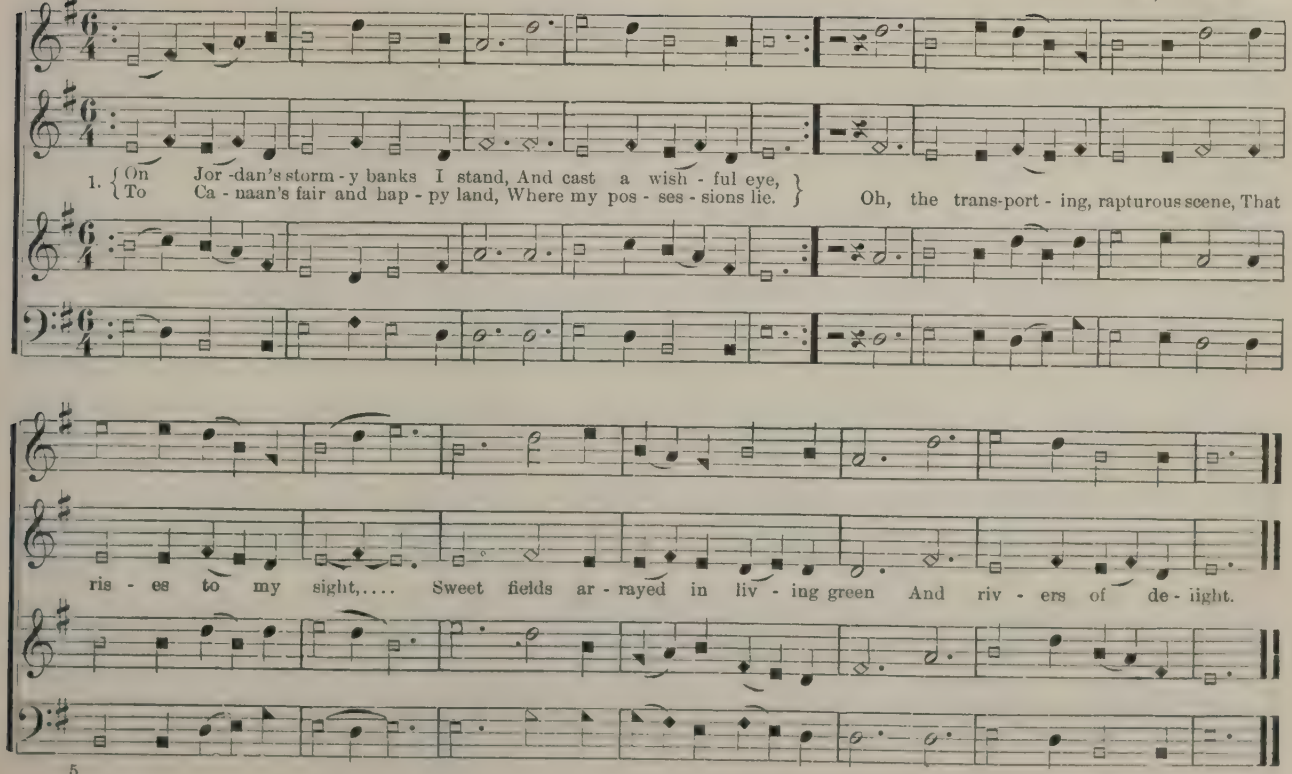
8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace—in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - tial ball, To him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And
3. Oh! that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And
crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord..... of all.
crown him Lord of all, To him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord..... of all.

REFRESHING SHOWERS.

Johnson. Alto, W. M. C.

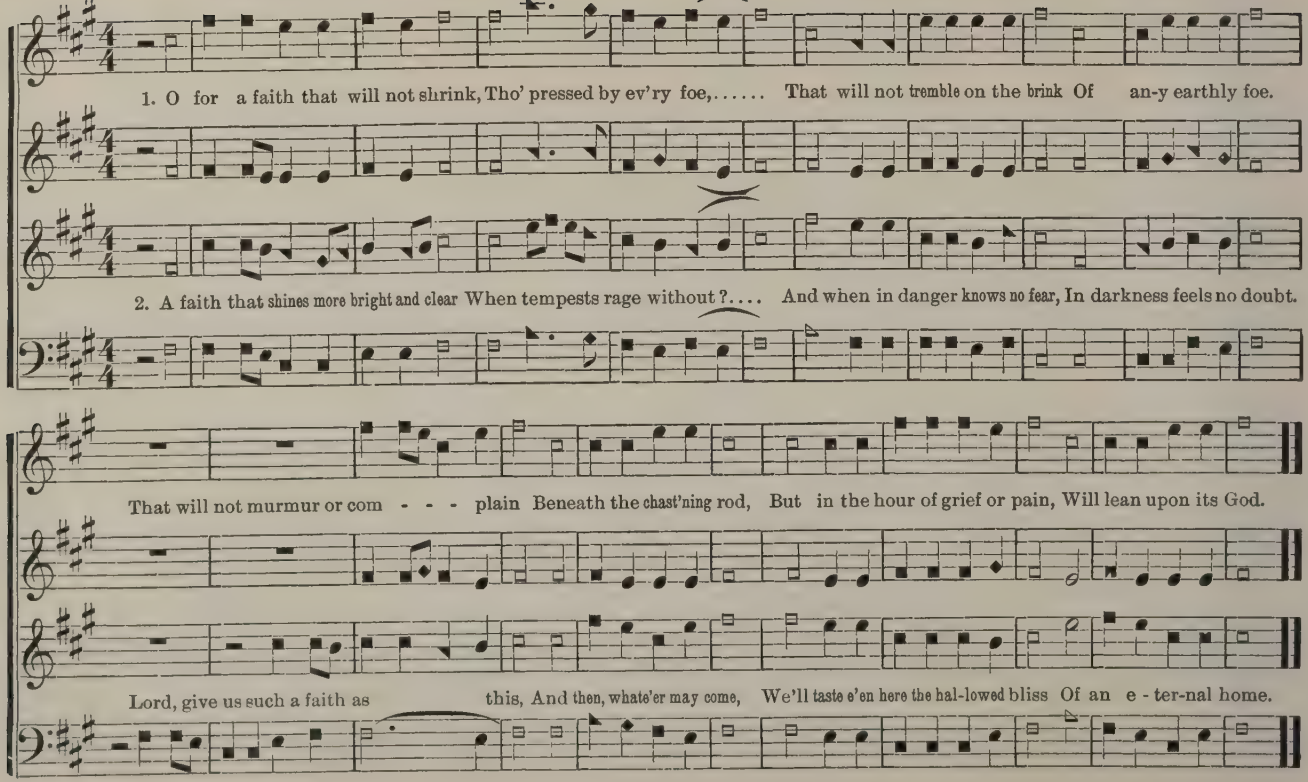

The Lord in-to his gar-den come, The spices yield a rich perfume, The spices yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine From Jesus flow to ev - 'ry vine, From Jesus flow to ev - 'ry vine, Which make the dead revive.

SWEET PROSPECT. C. M.

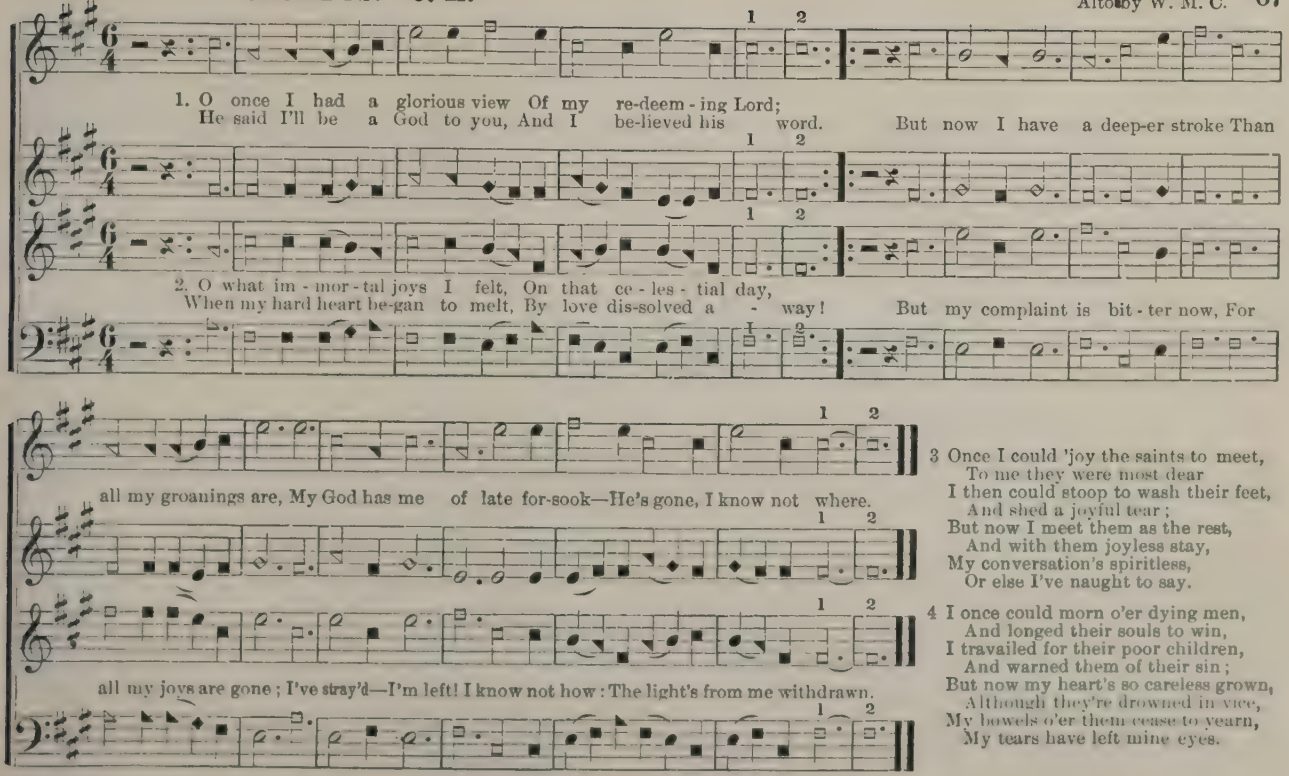

1. { On / To } Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, / Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
Oh, the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That
ris-es to my sight,.... Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green And riv-ers of de-light.

SECURITY. C. M.

Alto, W. M. C.


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe,..... That will not tremble on the brink Of an-y earthly foe.
2. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without?.... And when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt.
That will not murmur or com - - - plain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God.
Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste e'en here the hal-lowed bliss Of an e - ter-nal home.

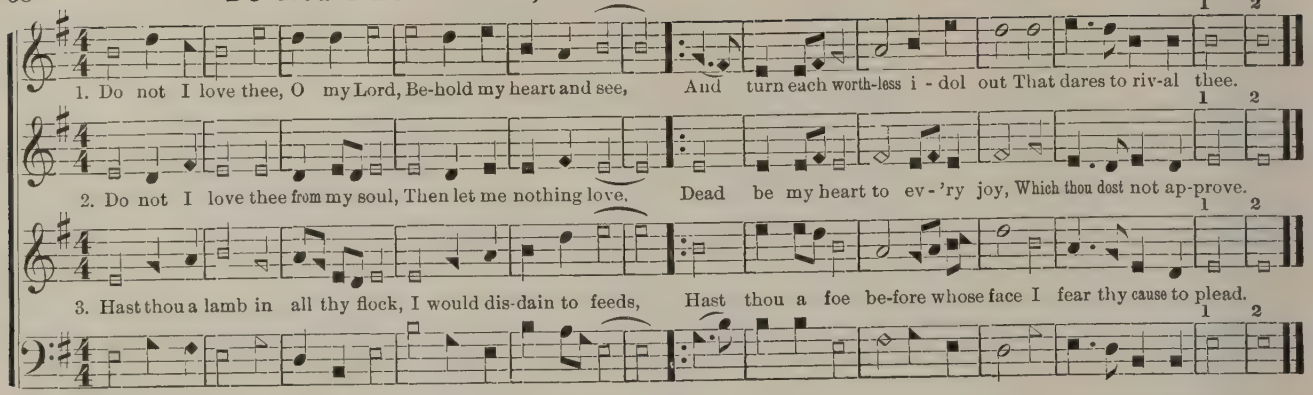
COLUMBUS. C. M.


1. O once I had a glorious view Of my re-deem-ing Lord;
He said I'll be a God to you, And I be-lieved his word. But now I have a deep-er stroke Than
2. O what im-mor-tal joys I felt, On that ce-les-tial day,
When my hard heart be-gan to melt, By love dis-solved a - way! But my complaint is bit-ter now, For
all my groanings are, My God has me of late for-sook—He's gone, I know not where.
all my joys are gone; I've stray'd—I'm left! I know not how: The light's from me withdrawn.

3 Once I could 'joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear;
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay,
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

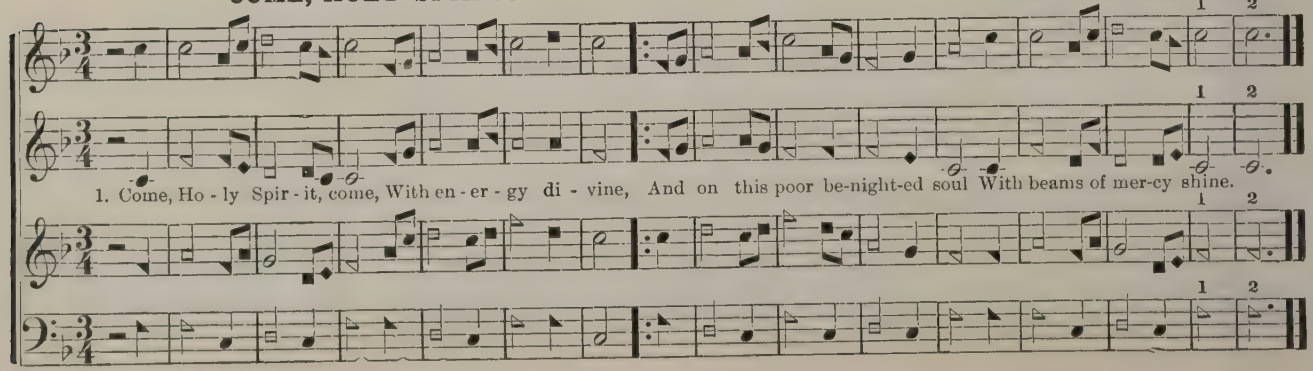
4 I once could morn o'er dying men,
And longed their souls to win,
I travailed for their poor children,
And warned them of their sin;
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drowned in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn,
My tears have left mine eyes.

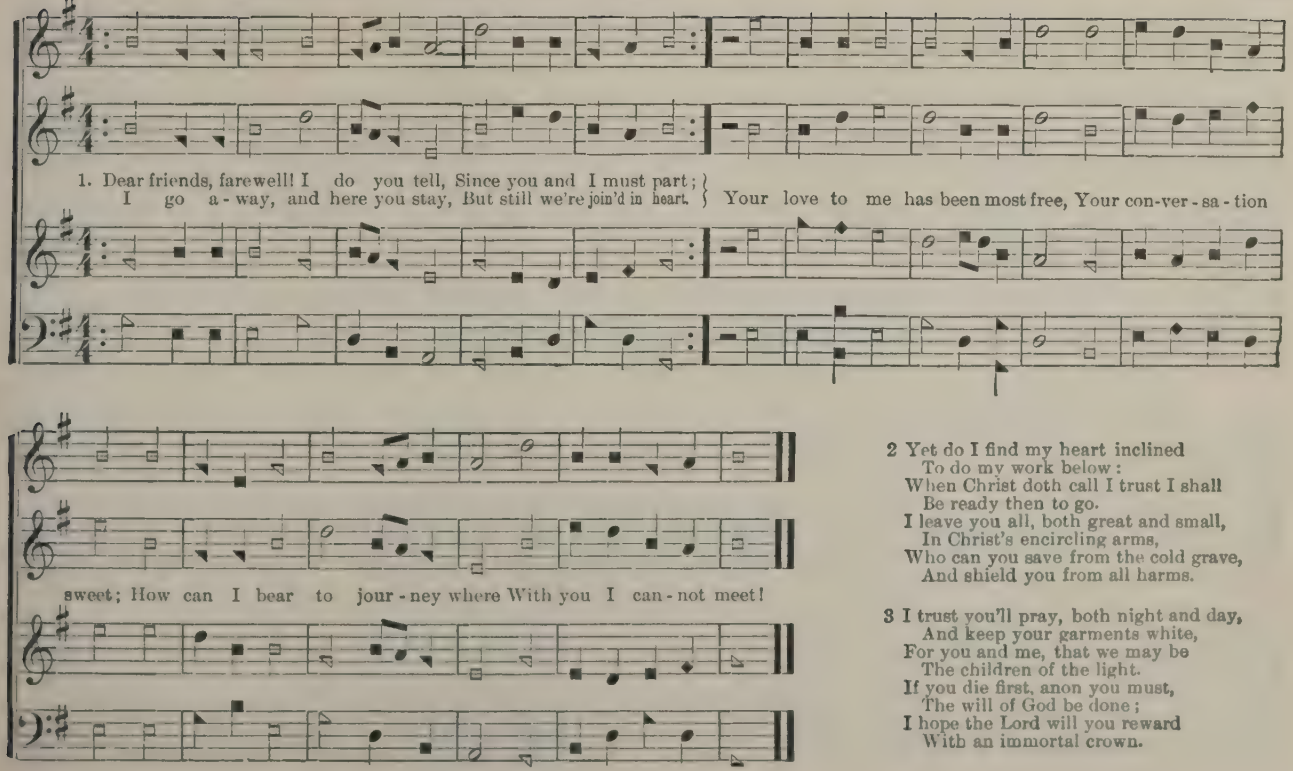
DO NOT I LOVE THEE, LORD.

Alto, W. M. C.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord, Be-hold my heart and see, And turn each worth-less i - dol out That dares to riv-al thee.
2. Do not I love thee from my soul, Then let me nothing love, Dead be my heart to ev-'ry joy, Which thou dost not ap-prove.
3. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock, I would dis-dain to feeds, Hast thou a foe be-fore whose face I fear thy cause to plead.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

E. J. King. Alto, W. M. C.



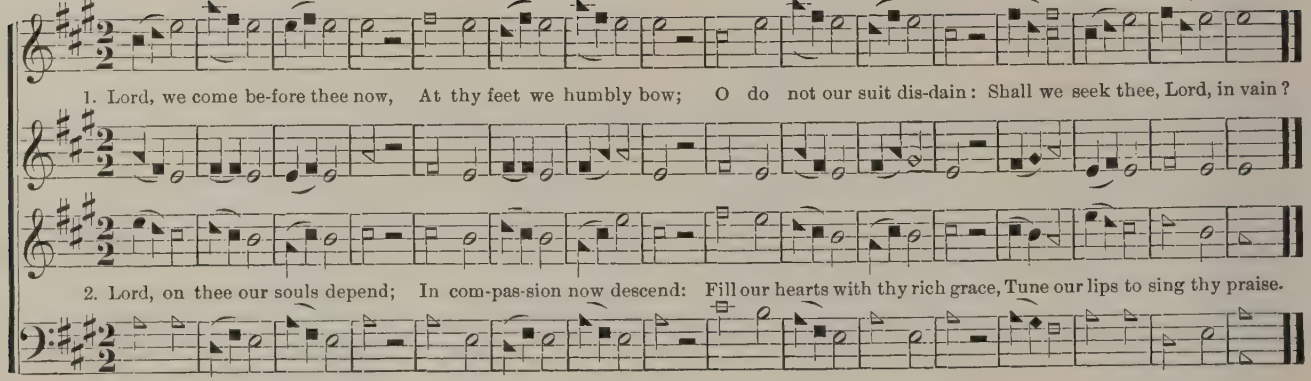

1. Dear friends, farewell! I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
I go a-way, and here you stay, But still we're join'd in heart.
Your love to me has been most free, Your con-ver-sa-tion
sweet; How can I bear to jour-ney where With you I can-not meet!

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.

3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.

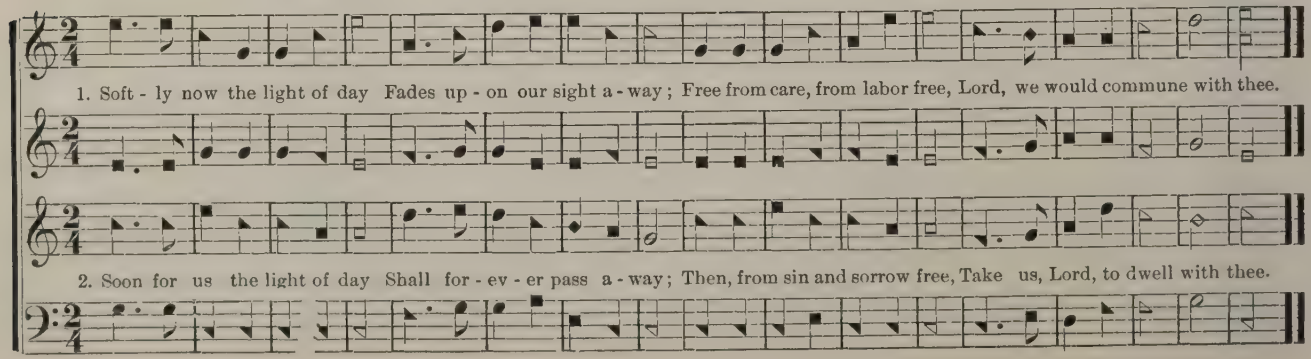
GAINESVILLE.

W. D. Jones. Alto by W. M. C.

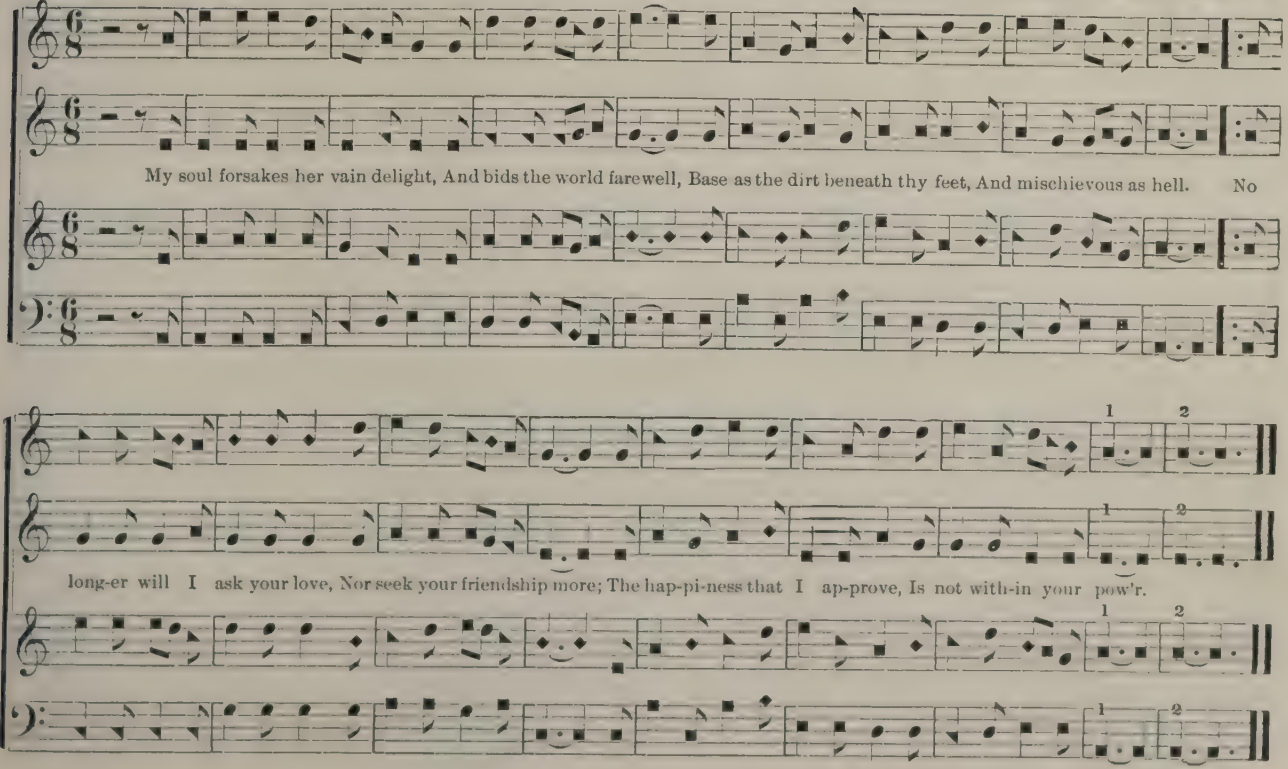

1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O do not our suit dis-dain: Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In com-pas-sion now descend: Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

EVENING.

Alto by W. M. C.

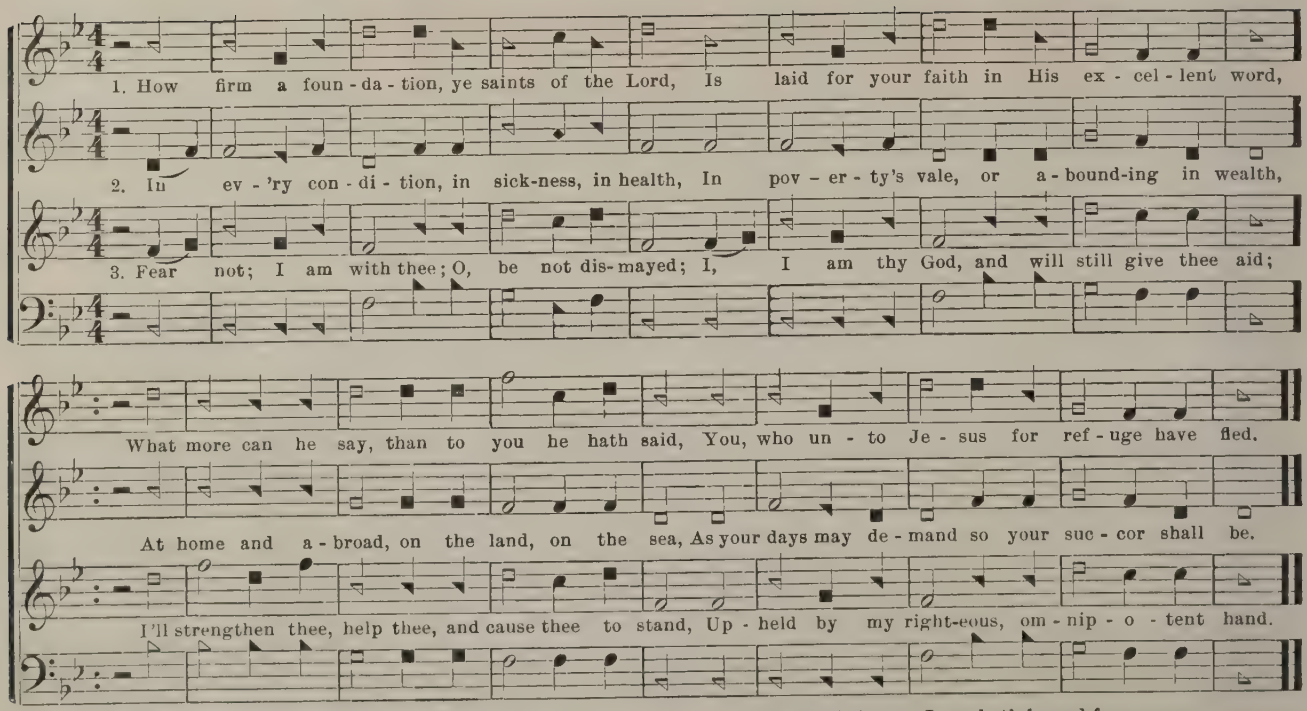

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

MY SOUL FORSAKES HER VAIN DELIGHT.


My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath thy feet, And mischievous as hell. No
long-er will I ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more; The hap-pi-ness that I ap-prove, Is not with-in your pow'r.
1
2

FIRM FOUNDATION.

Chambless. Alto, B. P. Poyner.

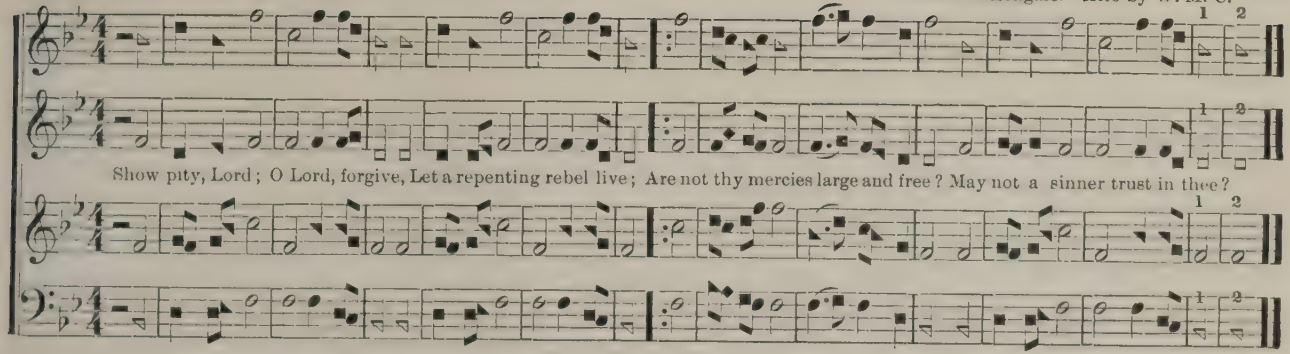

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word,
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth,
3. Fear not; I am with thee; O, be not dis-mayed; I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
What more can he say, than to you he hath said, You, who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.
At home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea, As your days may de - mand so your suc - cor shall be.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

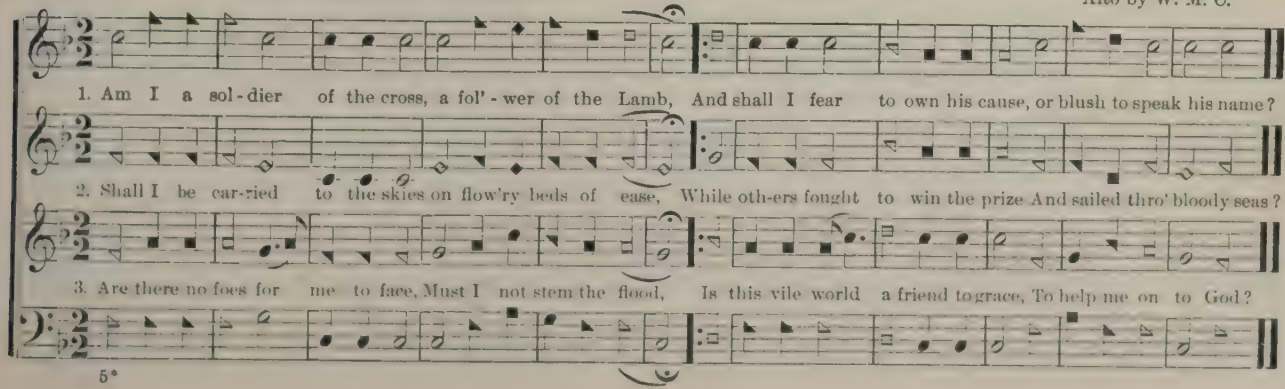
5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!

SHOW PITY, LORD. L. M.

Jno. Massengale. Alto by W. M. C.

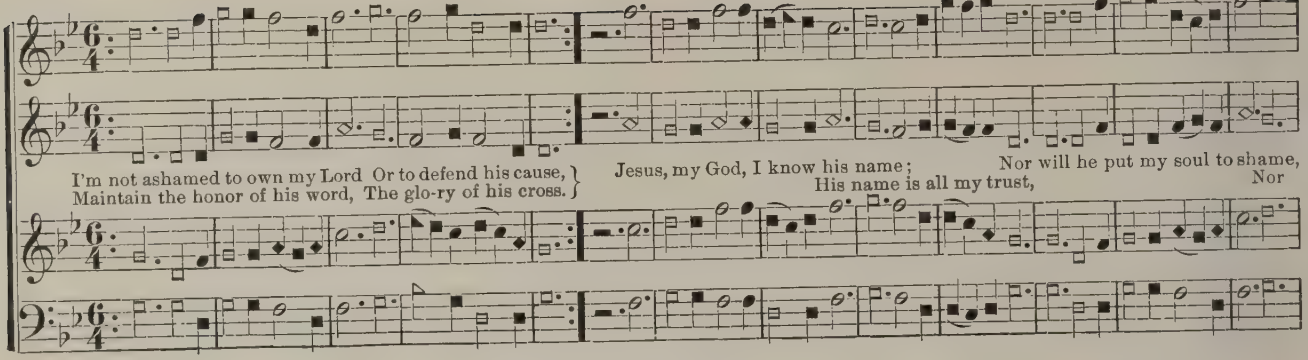


SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

Alto by W. M. C.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, a fol'-wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, or blush to speak his name?
2. Shall I be car-ried to the skies on flow'ry beds of ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood, Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

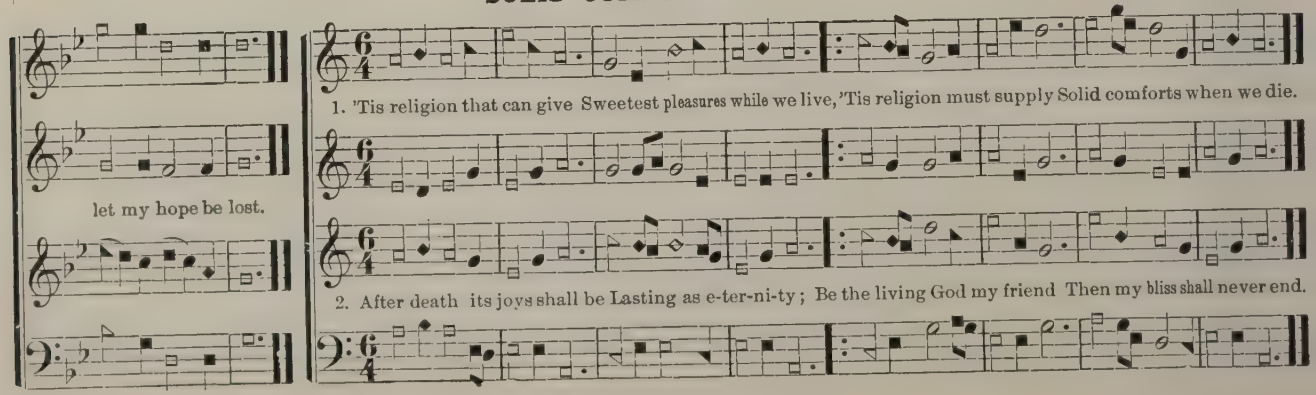
THE INQUIRER. C. M.

B. F. White. Alto by W. M. C.


I'm not ashamed to own my Lord Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word, The glo-ry of his cross.
Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor

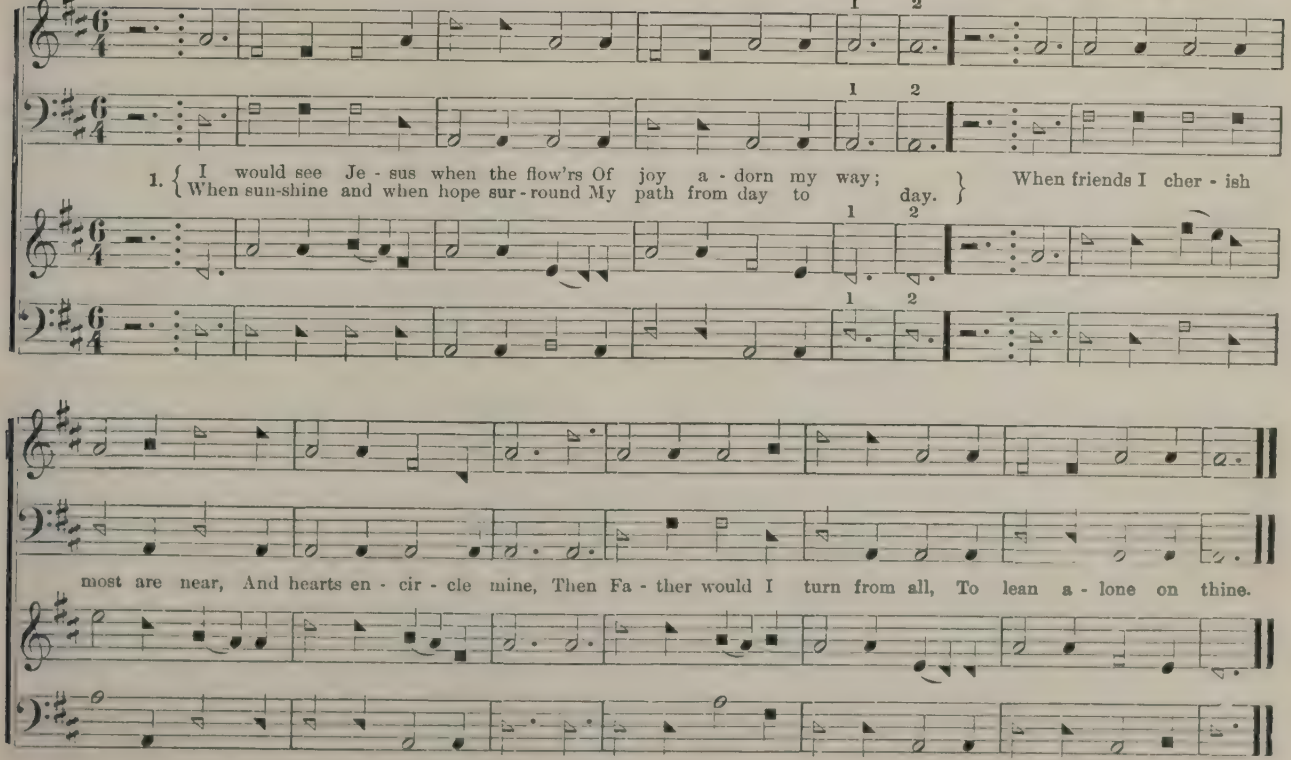
SOLID COMFORT.

Alto by W. M. C.


1. 'Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live, 'Tis religion must supply Solid comforts when we die.
let my hope be lost.
2. After death its joys shall be Lasting as e-ter-ni-ty; Be the living God my friend Then my bliss shall never end.

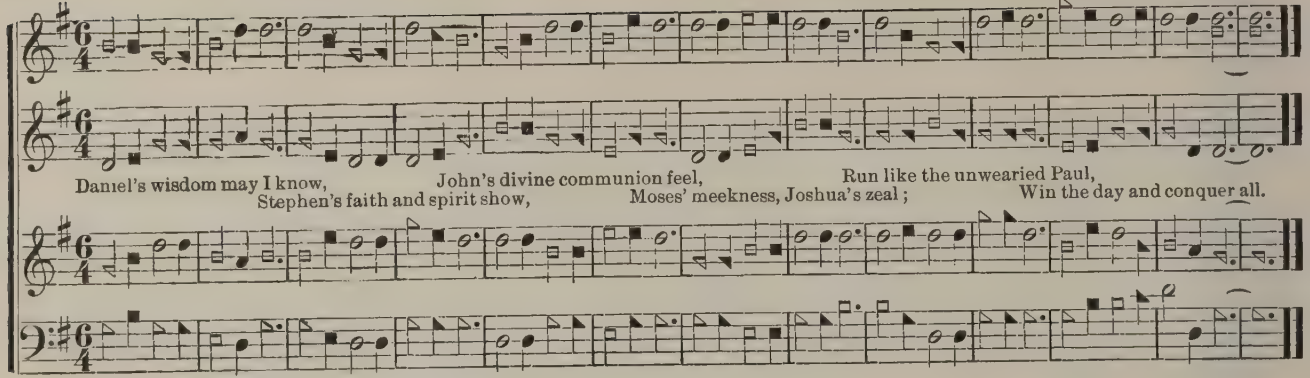
I WOULD SEE JESUS.

For the organ by L. P. Breedlove. Alto, W. M. C.


1. I would see Je - sus when the flow'rs Of joy a - dorn my way; When sun-shine and when hope sur - round My path from day to day.
When friends I cher - ish
most are near, And hearts en - cir - cle mine, Then Fa - ther would I turn from all, To lean a - lone on thine.

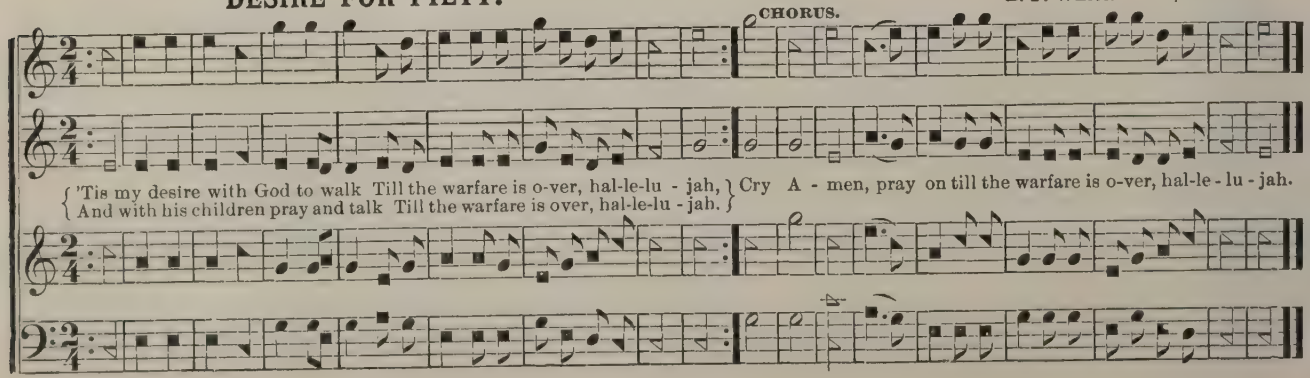
HOLINESS.

E. J. King. Alto, W. M. C.


Daniel's wisdom may I know, John's divine communion feel, Run like the unwearied Paul,
Stephen's faith and spirit show, Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal; Win the day and conquer all.

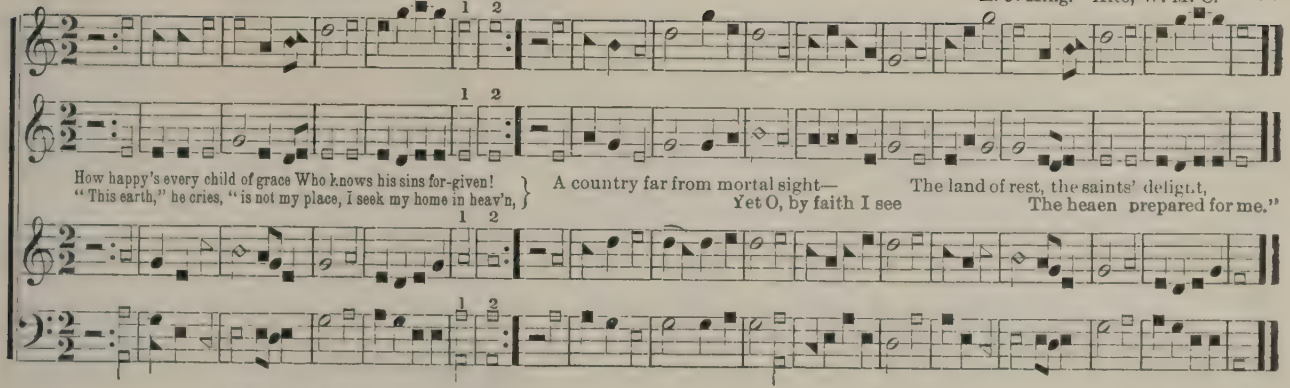
DESIRE FOR PIETY.

B. F. White. Alto, W. M. C.


CHORUS.
'Tis my desire with God to walk Till the warfare is o-ver, hal-le-lu - jah,
And with his children pray and talk Till the warfare is over, hal-le-lu - jah.
Cry A - men, pray on till the warfare is o-ver, hal-le - lu - jah.

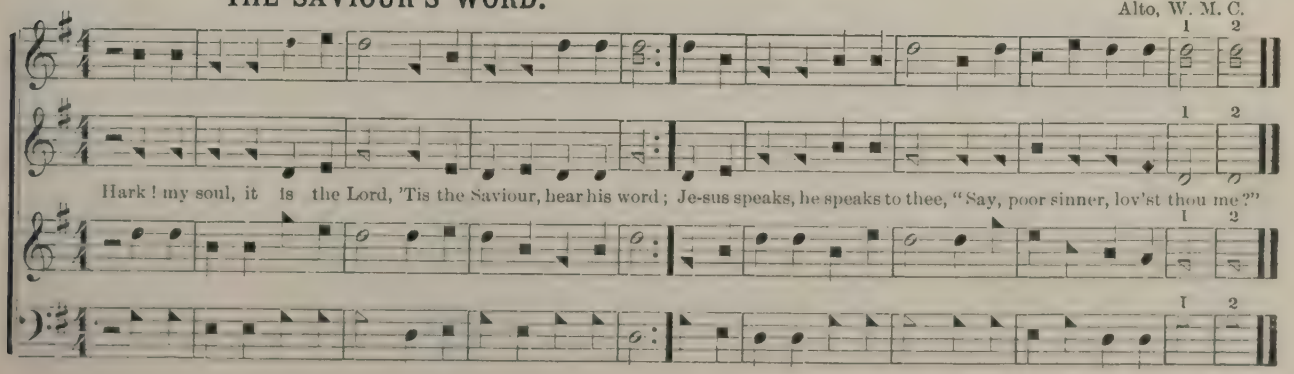
THE CHILD OF GRACE.

E. J. King. Alto, W. M. C.

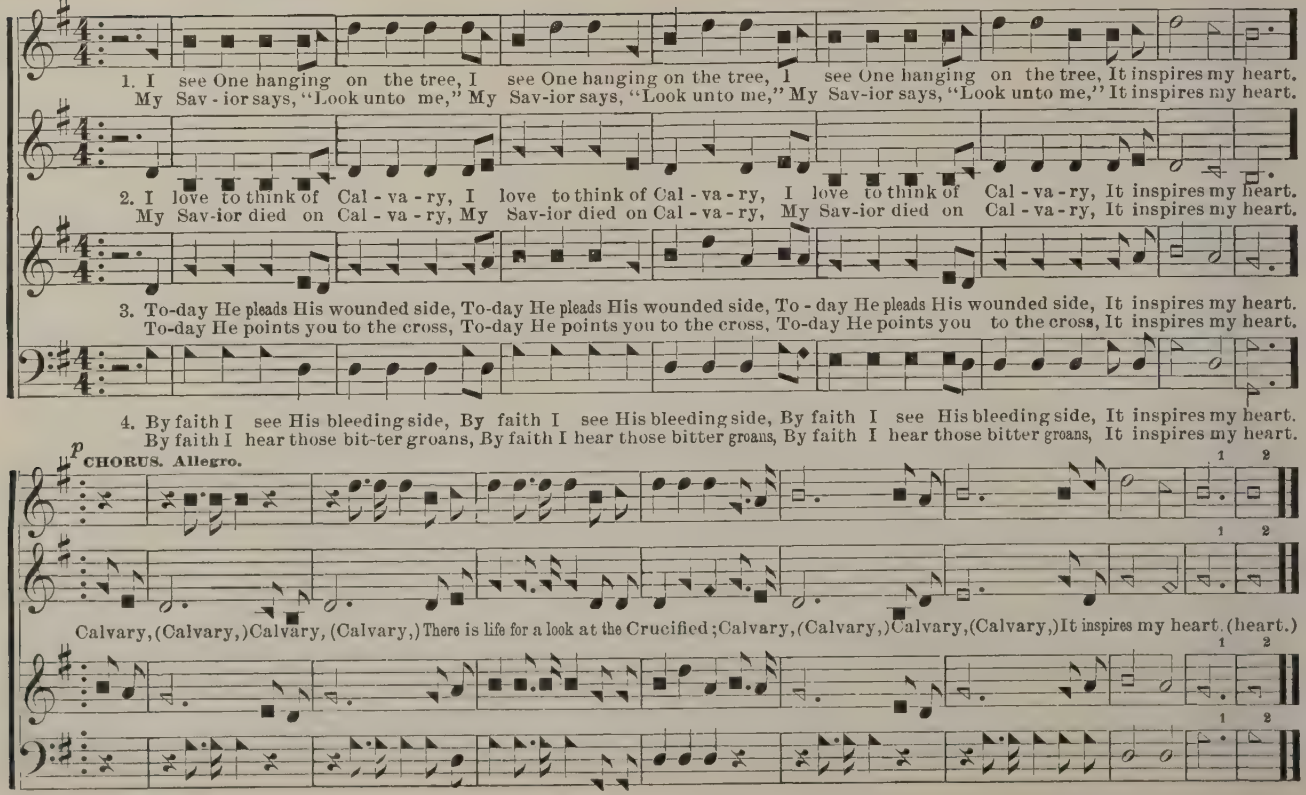

How happy's every child of grace Who knows his sins for-given!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my home in heav'n,
A country far from mortal sight—
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaen prepared for me."

THE SAVIOUR'S WORD.

Alto, W. M. C.

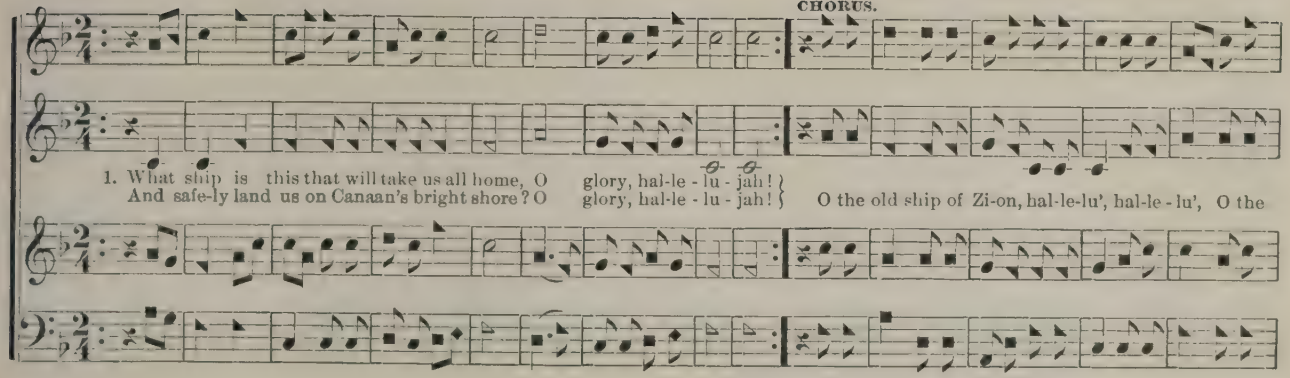


CALVARY.

W. M. Cooper. Alto, Miss Emma Payne, Ozark, Ala.

1. I see One hanging on the tree, I see One hanging on the tree, I see One hanging on the tree, It inspires my heart.
My Sav - ior says, "Look unto me," My Sav-ior says, "Look unto me," My Sav-ior says, "Look unto me," It inspires my heart.
2. I love to think of Cal - va - ry, I love to think of Cal - va - ry, I love to think of Cal - va - ry, It inspires my heart.
My Sav-ior died on Cal - va - ry, My Sav-ior died on Cal - va - ry, My Sav-ior died on Cal - va - ry, It inspires my heart.
3. To-day He pleads His wounded side, To-day He pleads His wounded side, To - day He pleads His wounded side, It inspires my heart.
To-day He points you to the cross, To-day He points you to the cross, To-day He points you to the cross, It inspires my heart.
4. By faith I see His bleeding side, By faith I see His bleeding side, By faith I see His bleeding side, It inspires my heart.
By faith I hear those bit-ter groans, By faith I hear those bitter groans, By faith I hear those bitter groans, It inspires my heart.
p
CHORUS. Allegro.
1 2
1 2
Calvary, (Calvary,) Calvary, (Calvary,) There is life for a look at the Crucified; Calvary, (Calvary,) Calvary, (Calvary,) It inspires my heart. (heart.)
1 2
1 2

THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Thomas W. Carter. Alto by W. M. C.


CHORUS.
1. What ship is this that will take us all home, O glory, hal-le - lu - jah!
And safe-ly land us on Canaan's bright shore? O glory, hal-le - lu - jah!
O the old ship of Zi-on, hal-le-lu', hal-le - lu', O the
old ship of Zi-on, hal-le - lu - jah!

2 The winds may blow and the billows may foam,
O glory, etc.
But she is able to land us all home, O, etc.
O the old ship, etc.

3 She landed all who are gone before, O, etc.
And yet she's able to land still more, O, etc.
O the old ship, etc.

4 No wrecks on sand-bars or dangers attend,
O, etc.
For Jesus is our Captain and Friend, O, etc.
O the old ship, etc.

5 She's waiting now for a heavenward gale, O, etc.
Methinks I see her now hoisting her sail, O, etc.
O the old ship, etc.

6 Her sails are spread, see how swiftly she moves,
O, etc.
Her landing harbor is heaven above, O, etc.
O the old ship, etc.

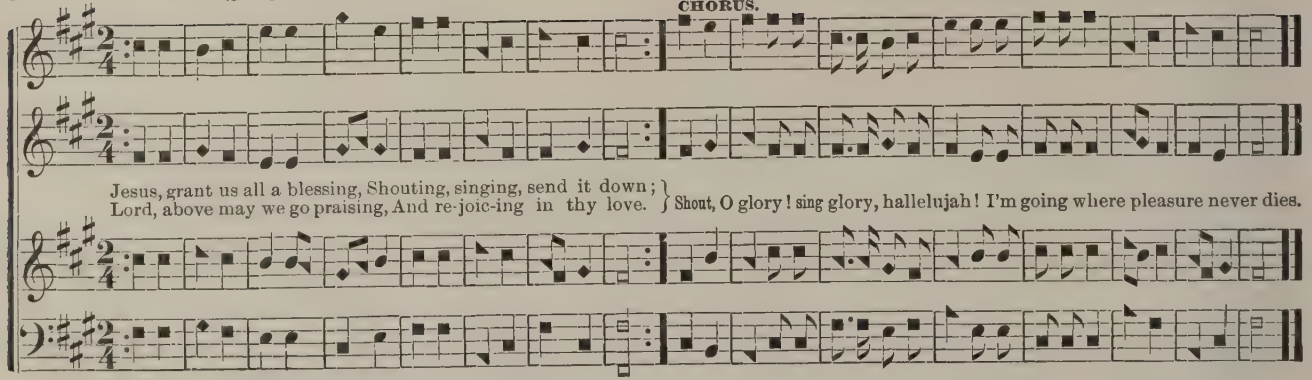
7 What will the glad Christian's do when above?
O, etc.
They'll shout, they'll sing, they'll be wrapt up in love,
O the old ship, etc.

8 Should you arrive there then before I do, O, etc.
Inform them that I am coming there, too, etc.
O the old ship, etc.

9 If I arrive there then before you do, O, etc.
I'll tell them that you are coming up, too, O, etc.
O the old ship, etc.

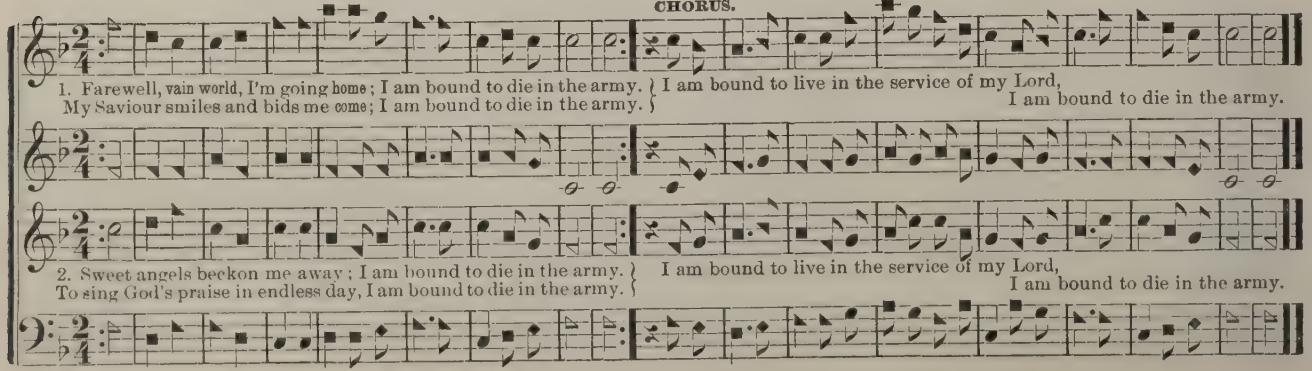
SHOUTING SONG.

B. F. White. Alto by W. M. C.


CHORUS.
Jesus, grant us all a blessing, Shouting, singing, send it down;
Lord, above may we go praising, And re-joic-ing in thy love.
Shout, O glory! sing glory, hallelujah! I'm going where pleasure never dies.

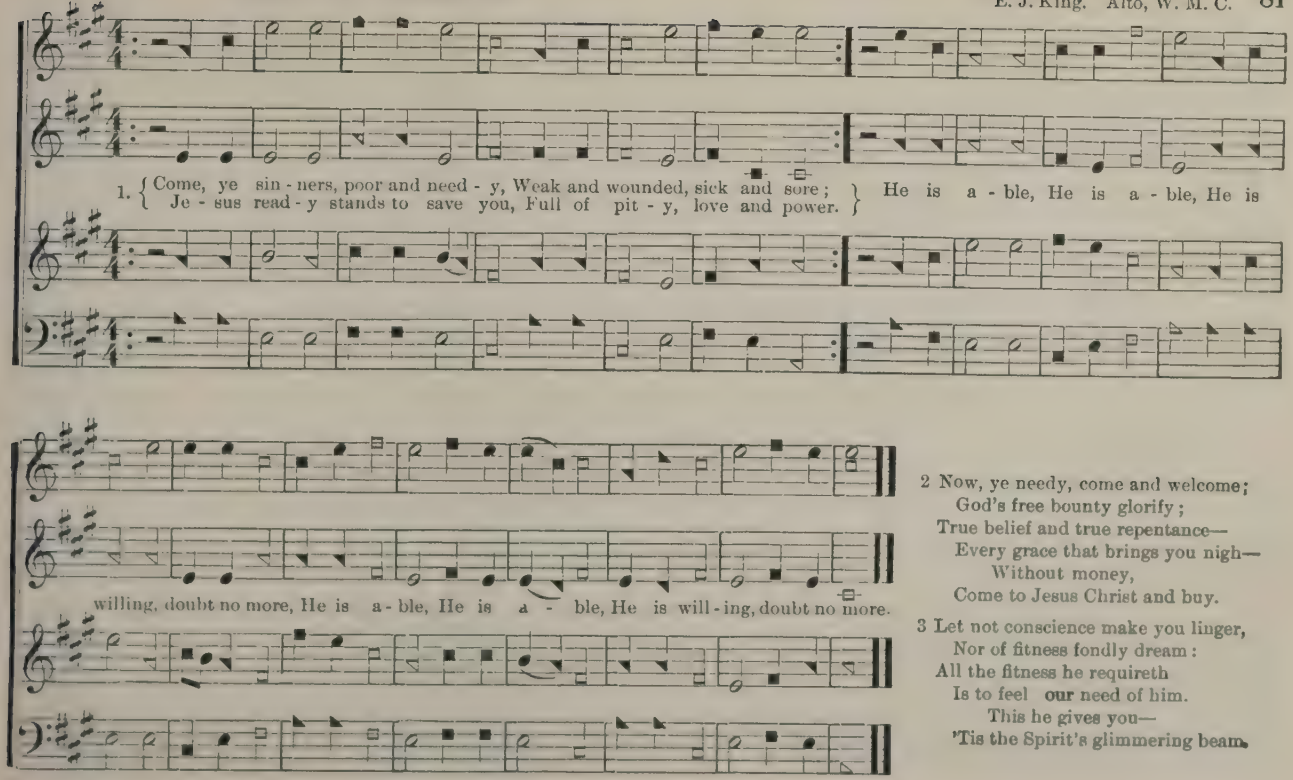
SERVICE OF THE LORD.

E. J. King. Alto by W. M. C.


CHORUS.
1. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home; I am bound to die in the army.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come; I am bound to die in the army.
I am bound to live in the service of my Lord,
I am bound to die in the army.
2. Sweet angels beckon me away; I am bound to die in the army.
To sing God's praise in endless day, I am bound to die in the army.
I am bound to live in the service of my Lord,
I am bound to die in the army.

JESUS IS WILLING.

E. J. King. Alto, W. M. C.

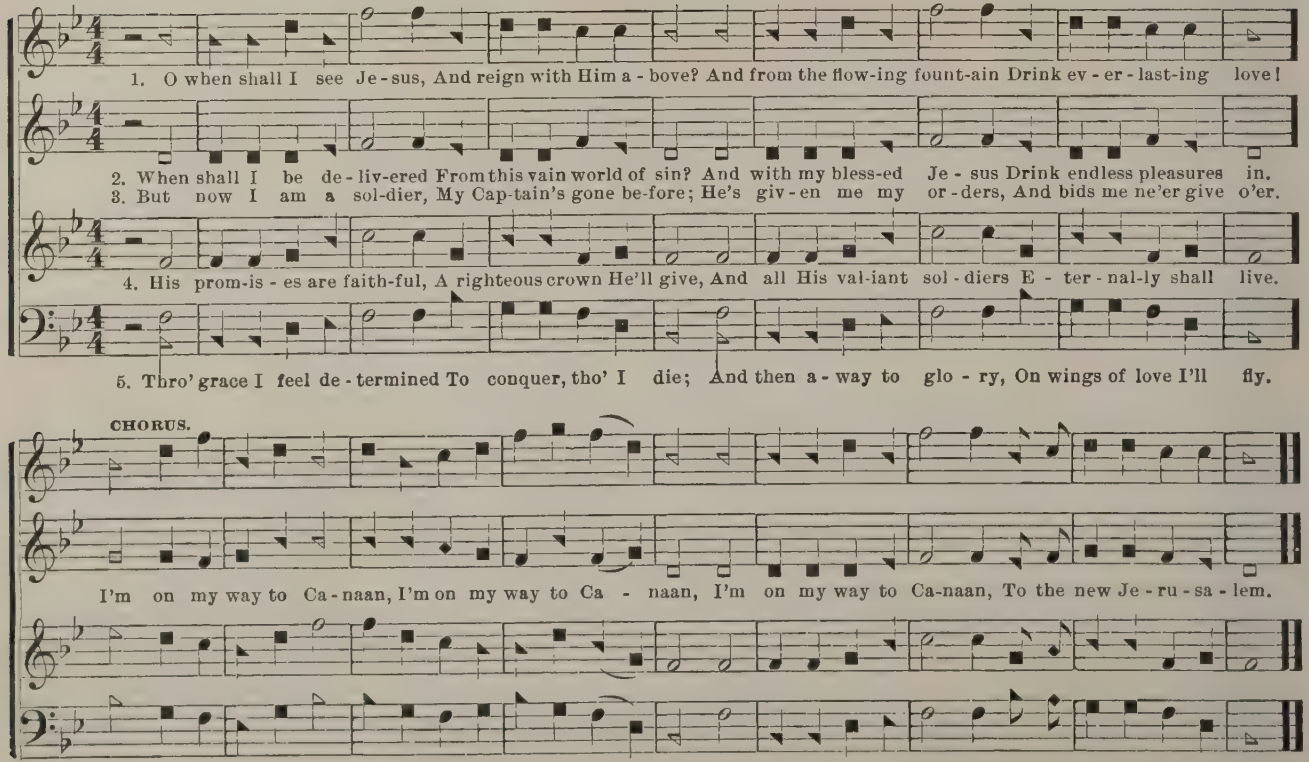

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power.
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is
willing, doubt no more, He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel our need of him.
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

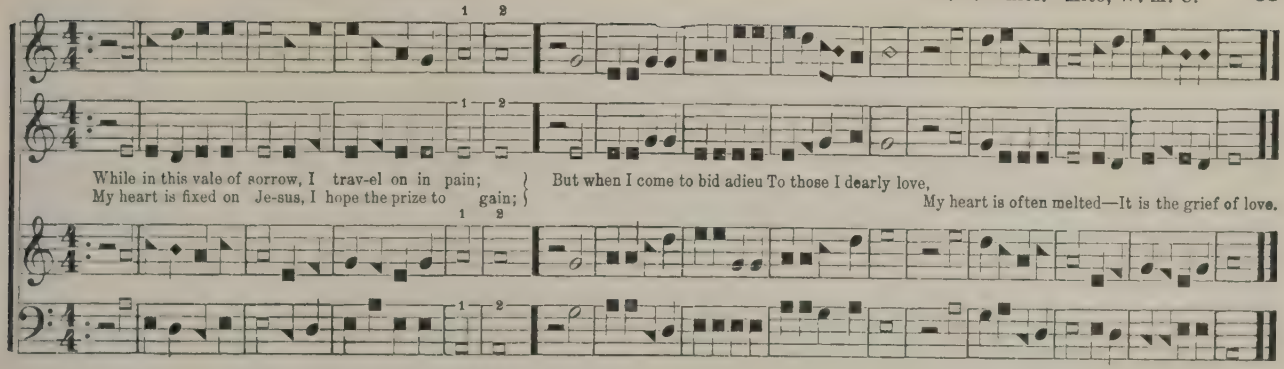
BOUND FOR CANAAN.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 356.—E. J. King. Alto, W. M. Cooper.


1. O when shall I see Je-sus, And reign with Him a-bove? And from the flow-ing fount-ain Drink ev-er-last-ing love!
2. When shall I be de-liv-ered From this vain world of sin? And with my bless-ed Je-sus Drink endless pleasures in.
3. But now I am a sol-dier, My Cap-tain's gone be-fore; He's giv-en me my or-ders, And bids me ne'er give o'er.
4. His prom-is-es are faith-ful, A righteous crown He'll give, And all His val-iant sol-diers E-ter-nal-ly shall live.
5. Thro' grace I feel de-termined To conquer, tho' I die; And then a-way to glo-ry, On wings of love I'll fly.
CHORUS.
I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

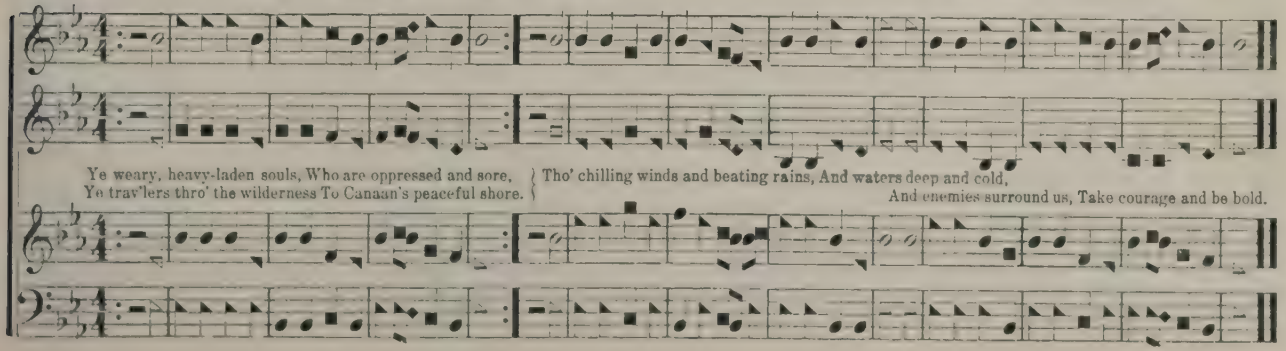
VALE OF SORROW.

B. F. White. Alto, W. M. C.


While in this vale of sorrow, I trav-el on in pain;
My heart is fixed on Je-sus, I hope the prize to gain;
But when I come to bid adieu To those I dearly love,
My heart is often melted—It is the grief of love.

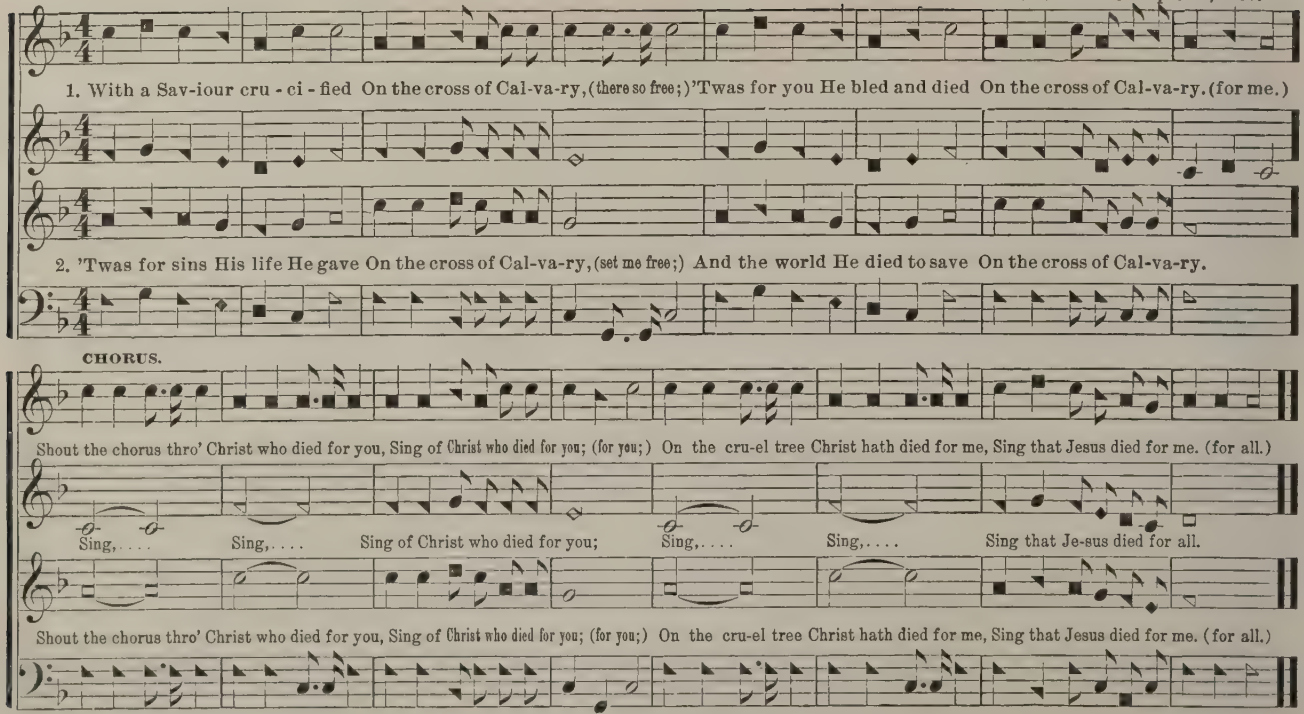
THE WEARY SOULS. C. M.

J. T. White. Alto, B. P. Poyner.


Ye weary, heavy-laden souls, Who are oppressed and sore,
Ye trav'lers thro' the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore.
Tho' chilling winds and beating rains, And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surround us, Take courage and be bold.

THE CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR.

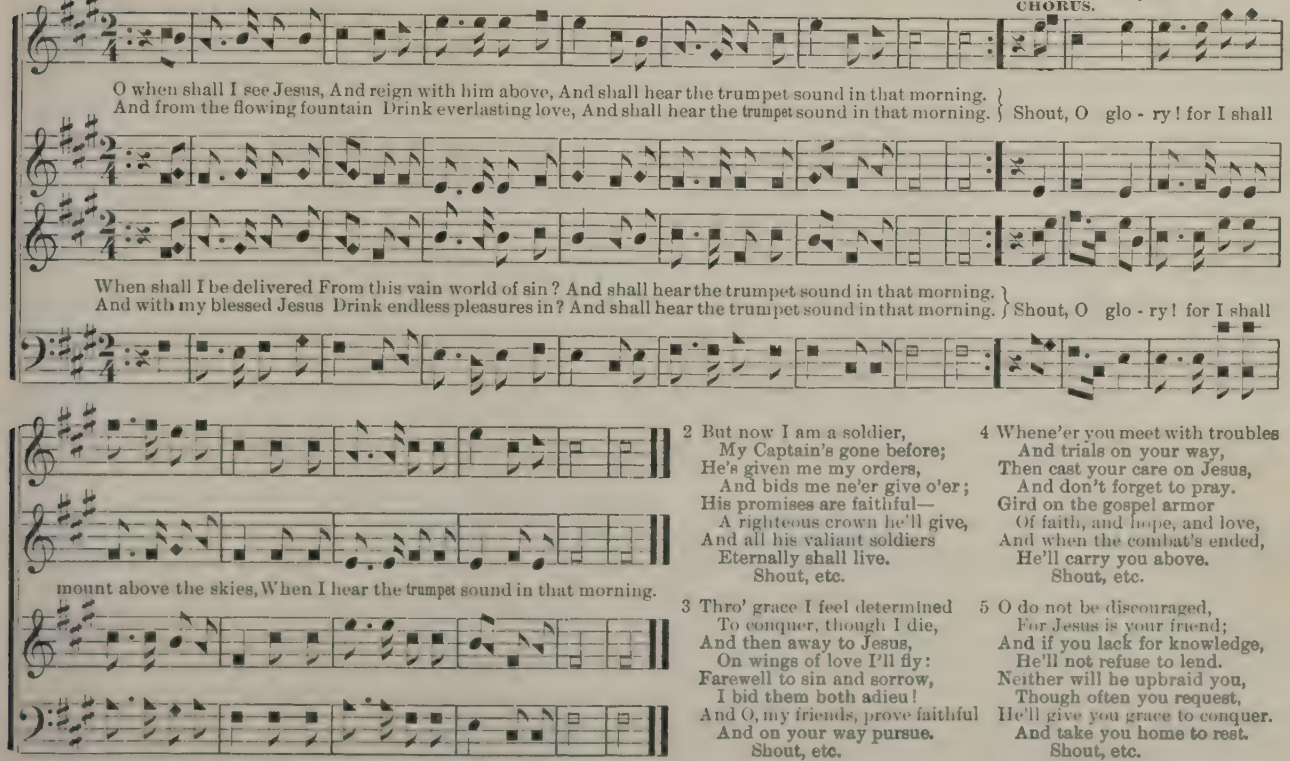
L. J. Givins. Apr. 11, 1909.


1. With a Sav-iour cru - ci - fied On the cross of Cal-va-ry, (there so free;) 'Twas for you He bled and died On the cross of Cal-va-ry. (for me.)
2. 'Twas for sins His life He gave On the cross of Cal-va-ry, (set me free;) And the world He died to save On the cross of Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS.
Shout the chorus thro' Christ who died for you, Sing of Christ who died for you; (for you;) On the cru-el tree Christ hath died for me, Sing that Jesus died for me. (for all.)
Sing,.... Sing,.... Sing of Christ who died for you; Sing,.... Sing,.... Sing that Je-sus died for all.
Shout the chorus thro' Christ who died for you, Sing of Christ who died for you; (for you;) On the cru-el tree Christ hath died for me, Sing that Jesus died for me. (for all.)

THE MORNING TRUMPET.

B. F. White. Alto by W. M. C.

CHORUS.


O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glo - ry! for I shall
When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glo - ry! for I shall
mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
Shout, etc.

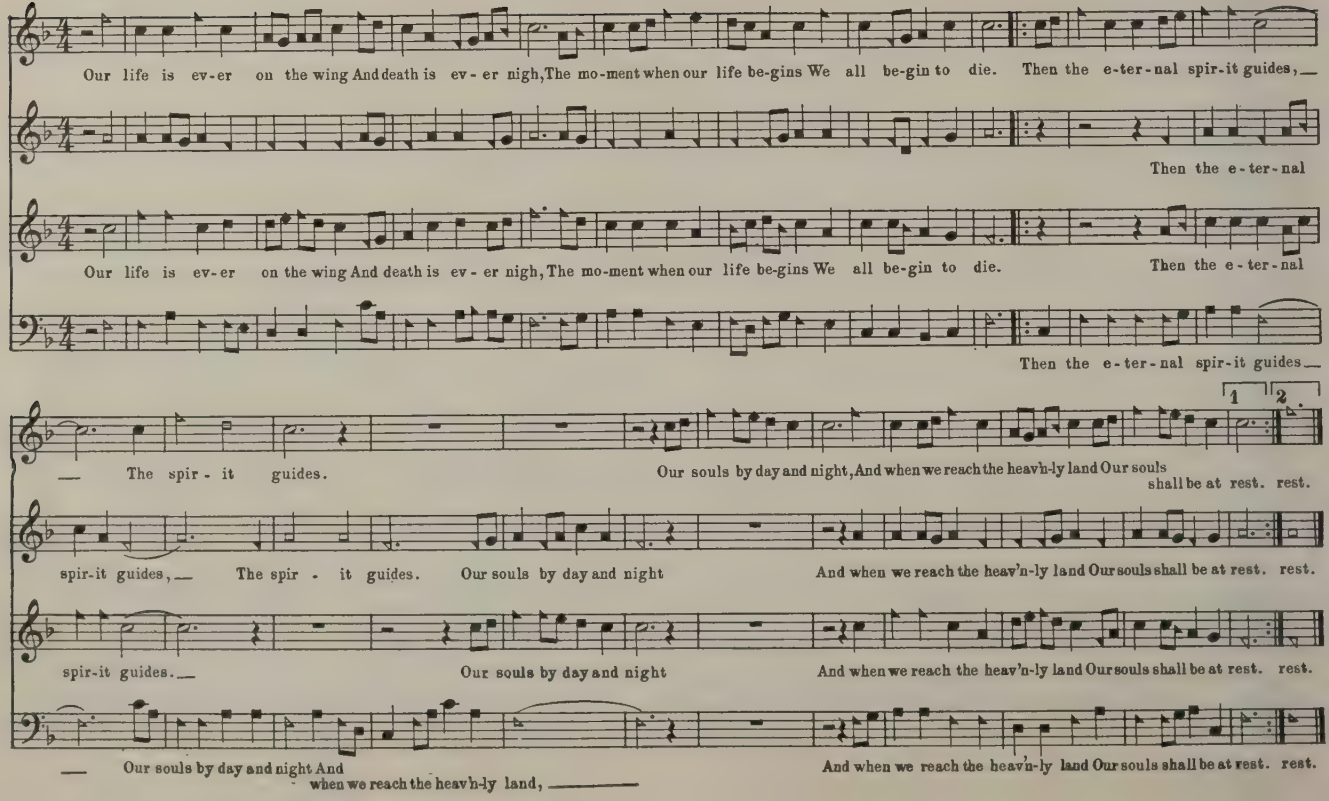
3 Thro' grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful
And on your way pursue.
Shout, etc.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
Shout, etc.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer.
And take you home to rest.
Shout, etc.

GUIDING SPIRIT.

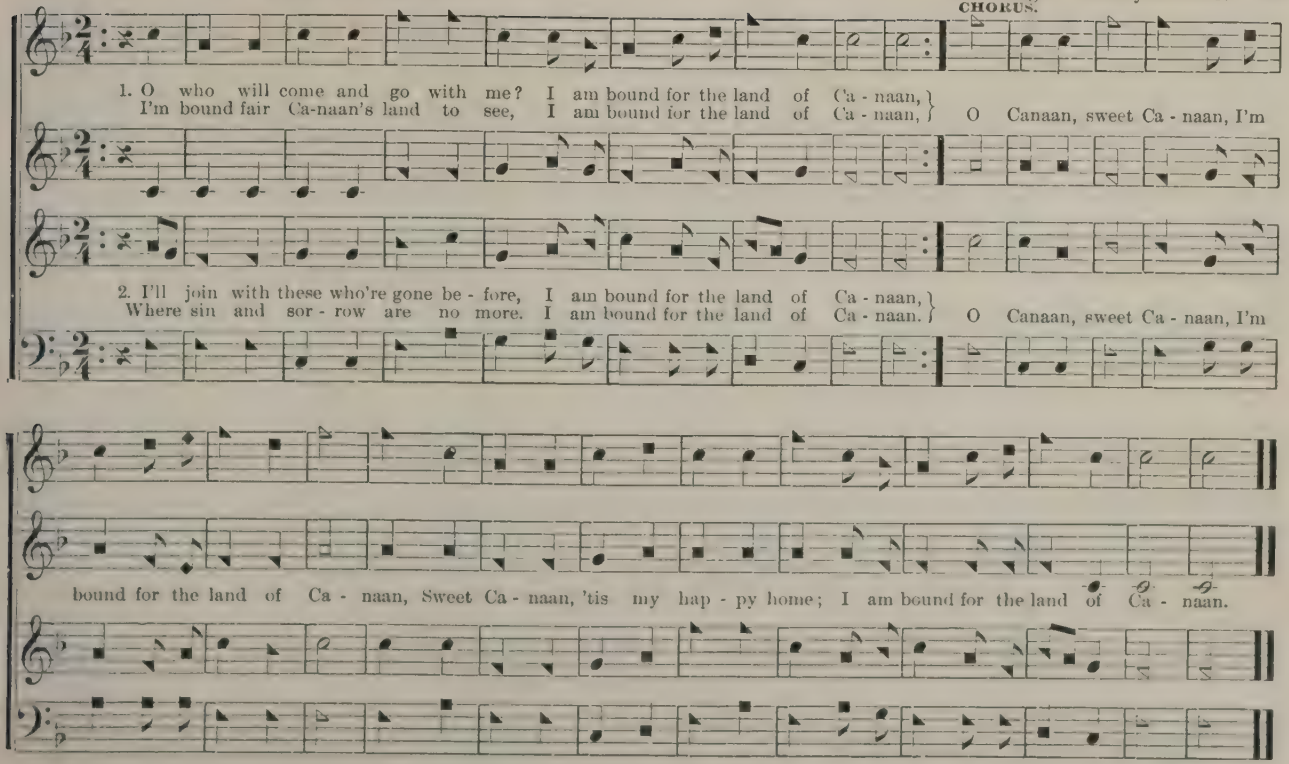
Arr. by Vernon E. Austin. Words by C.H. Austin. Jan. 14, 1950


Our life is ev-er on the wing And death is ev-er nigh, The mo-ment when our life be-gins We all be-gin to die. Then the e-ter-nal spir-it guides,
Then the e-ter-nal
Our life is ev-er on the wing And death is ev-er nigh, The mo-ment when our life be-gins We all be-gin to die. Then the e-ter-nal
Then the e-ter-nal spir-it guides
1
2
The spir-it guides. Our souls by day and night, And when we reach the heavn-ly land Our souls shall be at rest. rest.
spir-it guides, The spir-it guides. Our souls by day and night And when we reach the heav'n-ly land Our souls shall be at rest. rest.
spir-it guides. Our souls by day and night And when we reach the heav'n-ly land Our souls shall be at rest. rest.
Our souls by day and night And when we reach the heavn-ly land,
And when we reach the heavn-ly land Our souls shall be at rest. rest.

SWEET CANAAN.

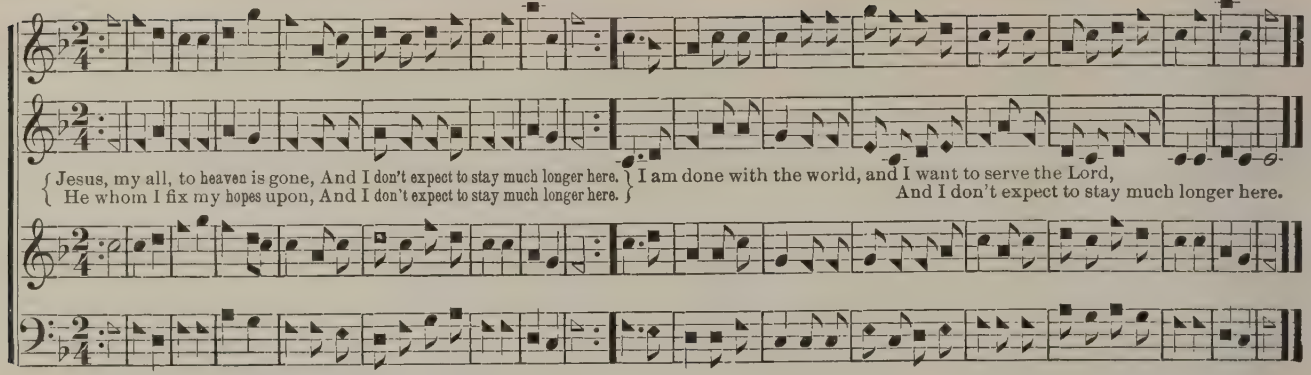
E. J. King. Alto by W. M. C.

CHORUS.


1. O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,
I'm bound fair Ca-naan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan, O Canaan, sweet Ca - naan, I'm
2. I'll join with these who're gone be - fore, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,
Where sin and sor - row are no more. I am bound for the land of Ca - naan. O Canaan, sweet Ca - naan, I'm
bound for the land of Ca - naan, Sweet Ca - naan, 'tis my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

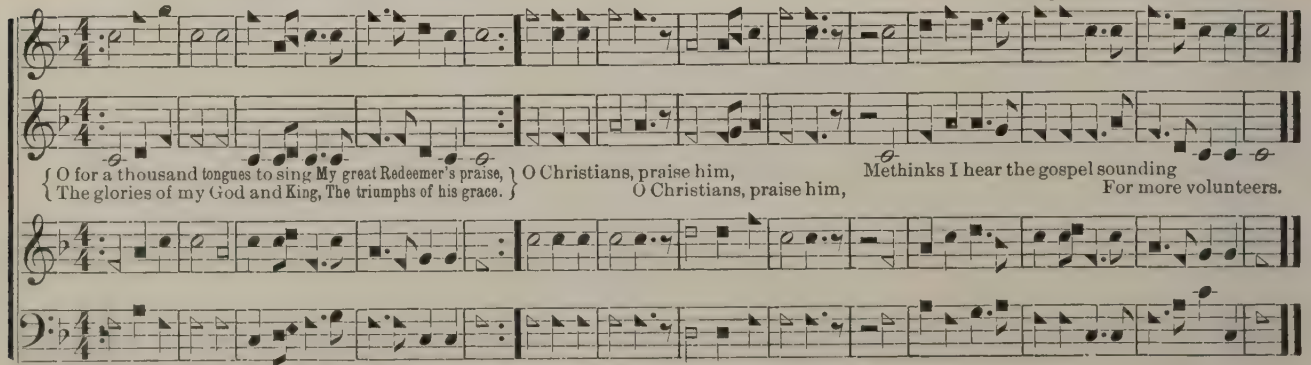
DONE WITH THE WORLD. L. M.

B. F. White. Alto, W. M. C.

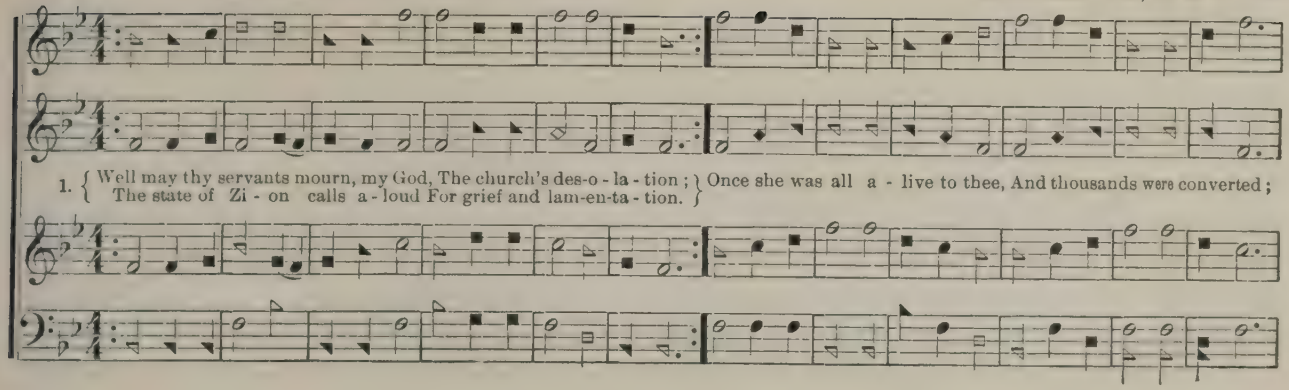

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
He whom I fix my hopes upon, And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
I am done with the world, and I want to serve the Lord,
And I don't expect to stay much longer here.

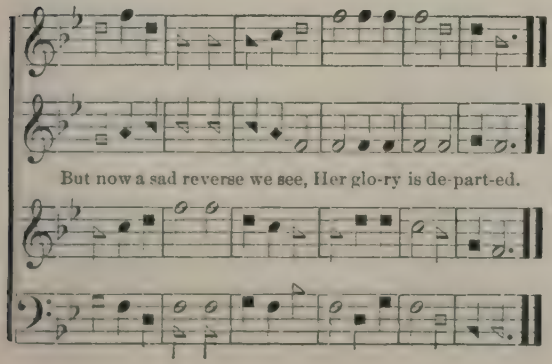
MOUNT ZION. C. M.

J. Massengale. Alto, W. M. C.*


O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
O Christians, praise him,
O Christians, praise him,
Methinks I hear the gospel sounding
For more volunteers.

* The last words I ever heard mother say were: "O for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise."


1. { Well may thy servants mourn, my God, The church's des-o-la-tion ; } Once she was all a-live to thee, And thousands were converted ;
The state of Zi-on calls a-loud For grief and lam-en-ta-tion. }



2 Her pastors love to live at ease,
They covet wealth and honor ;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue
Warmly and undiverted ;
The church they lead and ruin, too—
Her glory is departed.

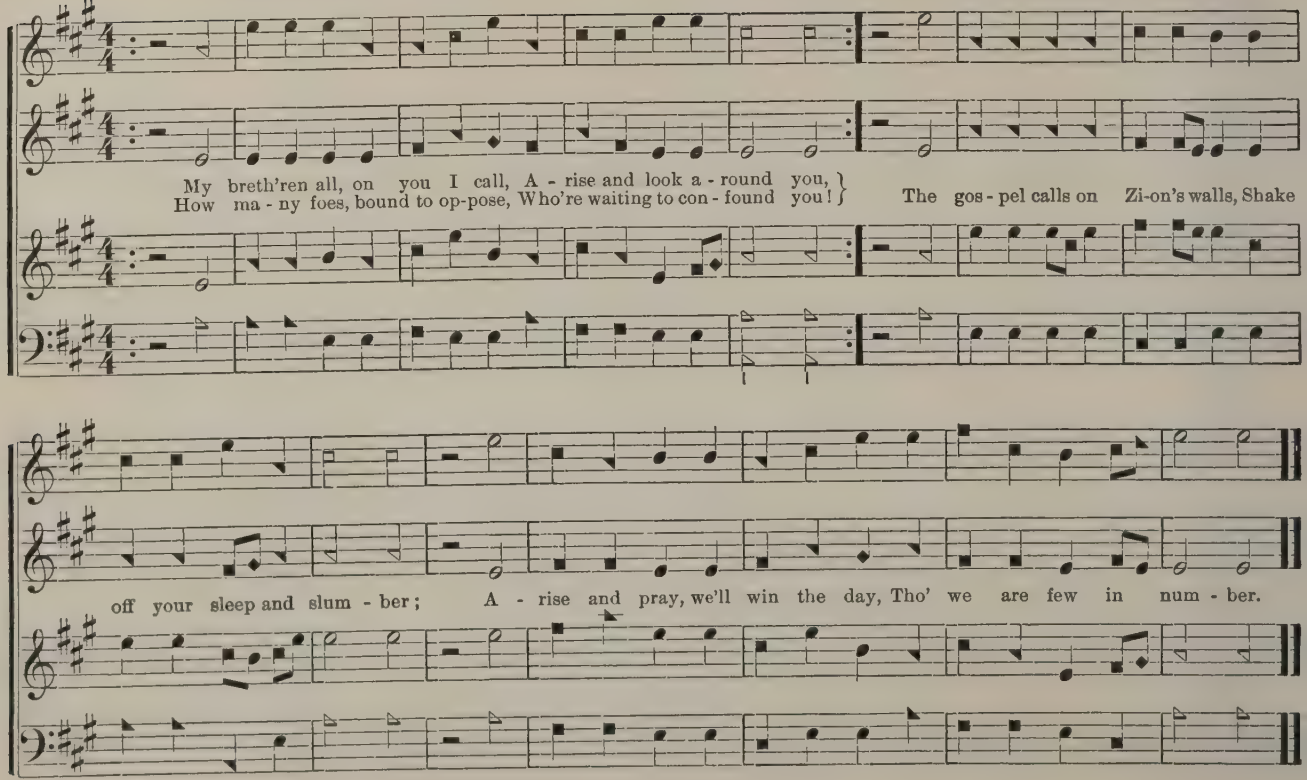
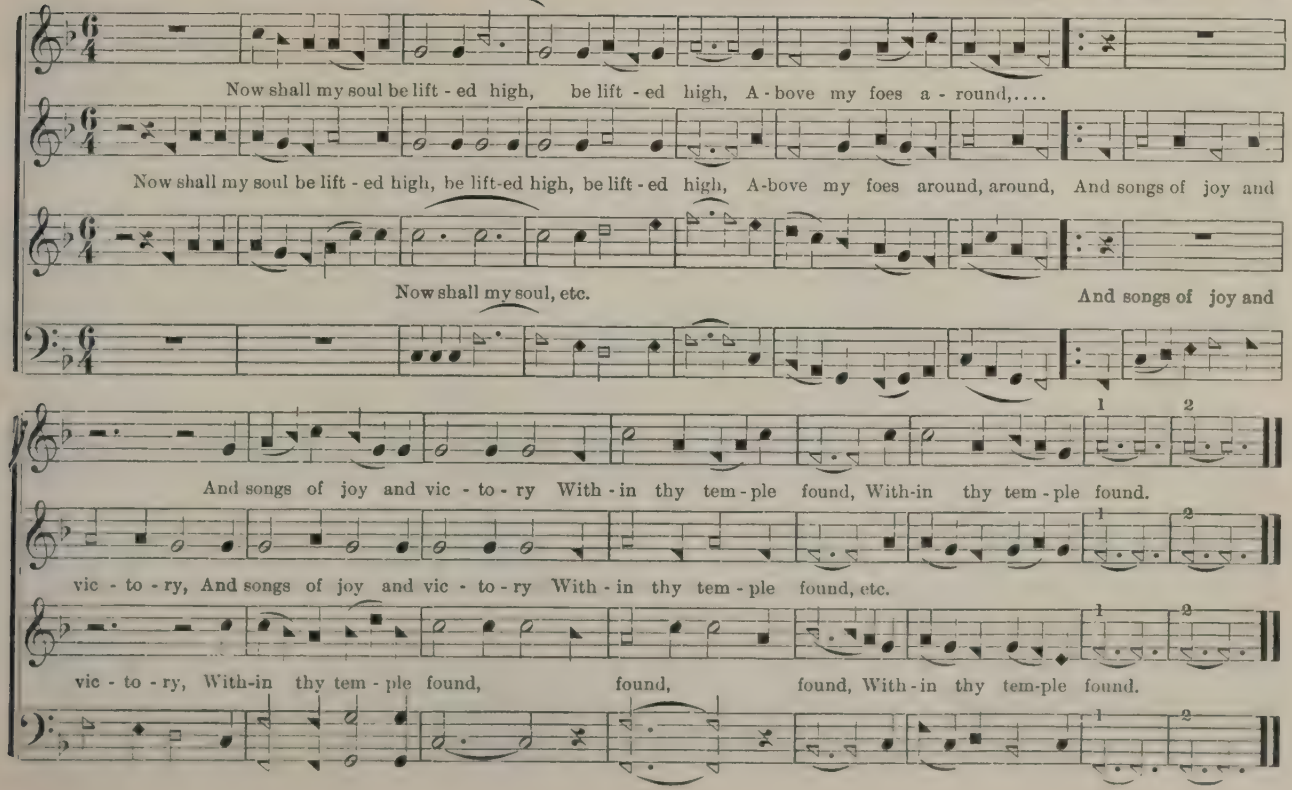
3 Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them ;
Riches and fashion they adore,
With these the world has bought them.
The Christian's name they still retain
Absurdly and false-hearted ;
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

4 And has religion left the church
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu, ye proud, ye light and gay,
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
While thousands have revolted,
In earnest for the heavenly land ;
They never yet have halted.
With such religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted ;
O may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

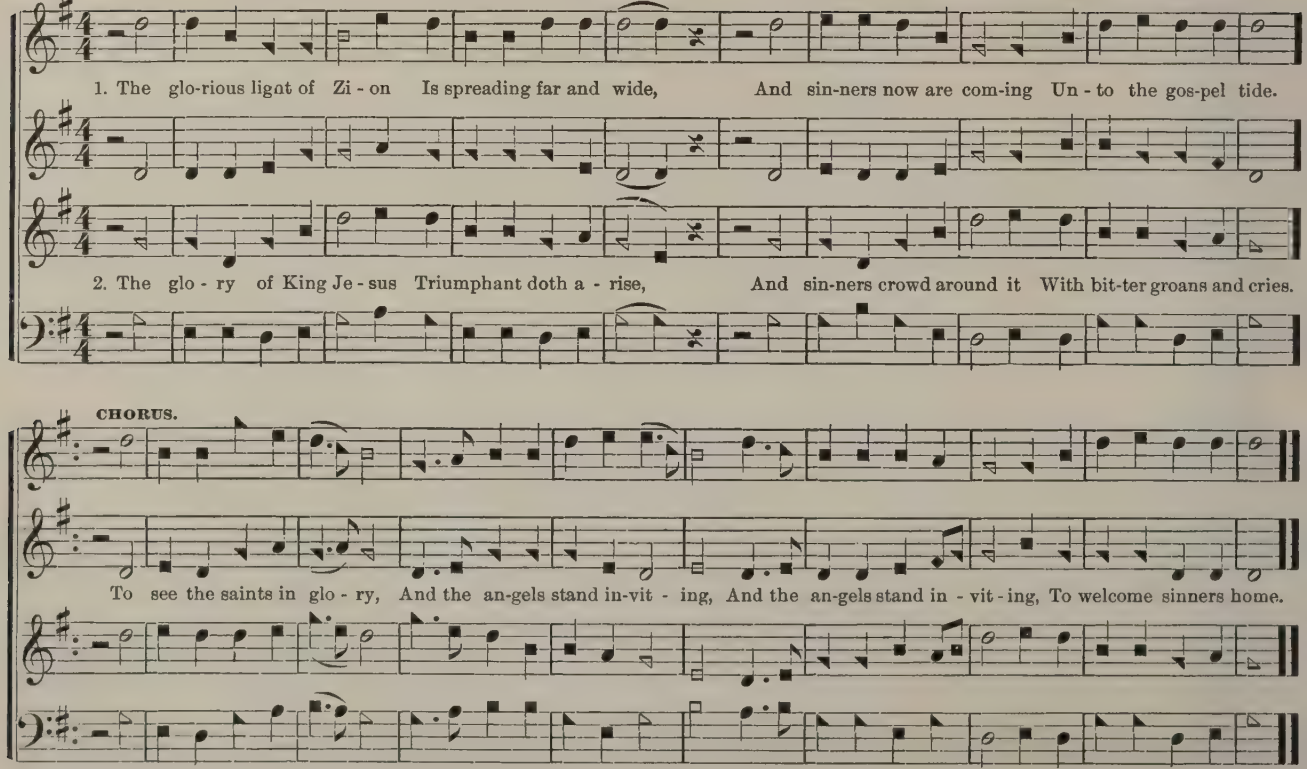
ARISE AND PRAY.

B. F. White. Alto, Mrs. A. L. B.


My breth'ren all, on you I call, A - rise and look a - round you,
How ma - ny foes, bound to op-pose, Who're waiting to con - found you!
The gos - pel calls on Zi-on's walls, Shake
off your sleep and slum - ber;
A - rise and pray, we'll win the day, Tho' we are few in num - ber.

Now shall my soul be lift - ed high, be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round,....
Now shall my soul be lift - ed high, be lift-ed high, be lift - ed high, A-bove my foes around, around, And songs of joy and
Now shall my soul, etc.
And songs of joy and
1 2
And songs of joy and vic - to - ry With - in thy tem - ple found, With-in thy tem - ple found.
vic - to - ry, And songs of joy and vic - to - ry With - in thy tem - ple found, etc.
vic - to - ry, With-in thy tem - ple found, found, found, With - in thy tem-ple found.

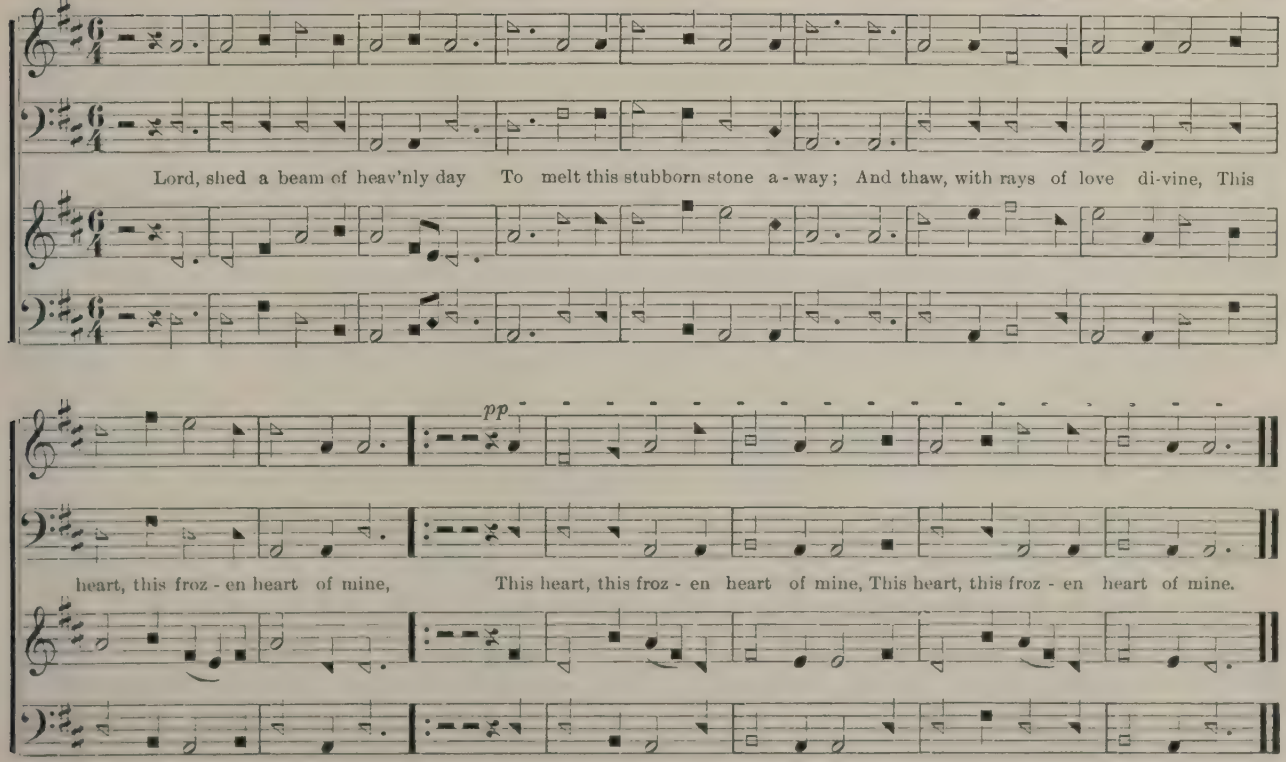
THE GLORIOUS LIGHT OF ZION.

B. F. White. Alto by W. M. C.


1. The glo-rious light of Zi - on Is spreading far and wide, And sin-ners now are com-ing Un - to the gos-pel tide.
2. The glo - ry of King Je - sus Triumphant doth a - rise, And sin-ners crowd around it With bit-ter groans and cries.
CHORUS.
To see the saints in glo - ry, And the an-gels stand in-vit - ing, And the an-gels stand in - vit - ing, To welcome sinners home.

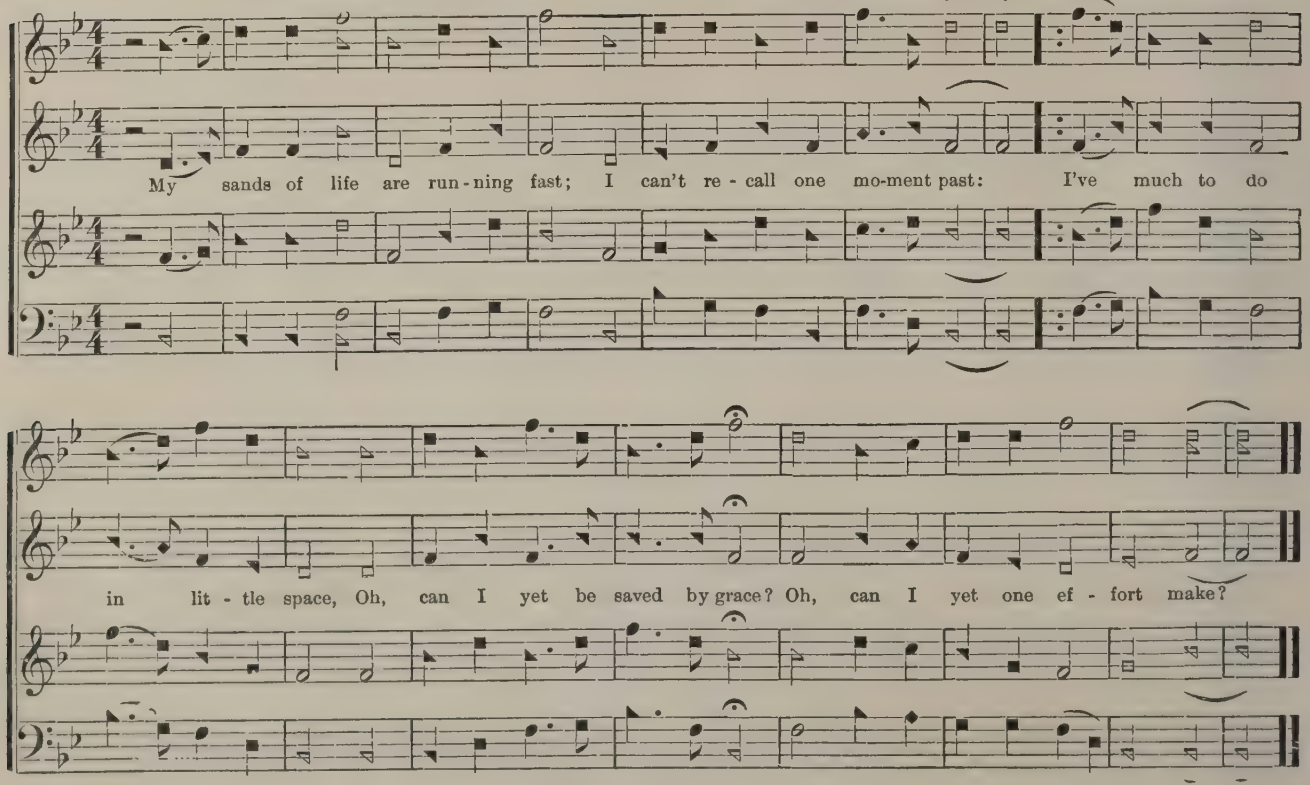
FROZEN HEART. L. M.

E. J. King. Alto by W. M. Cooper.


Lord, shed a beam of heav'nly day To melt this stubborn stone a - way; And thaw, with rays of love di-vine, This
pp
heart, this froz - en heart of mine,
This heart, this froz - en heart of mine, This heart, this froz - en heart of mine.

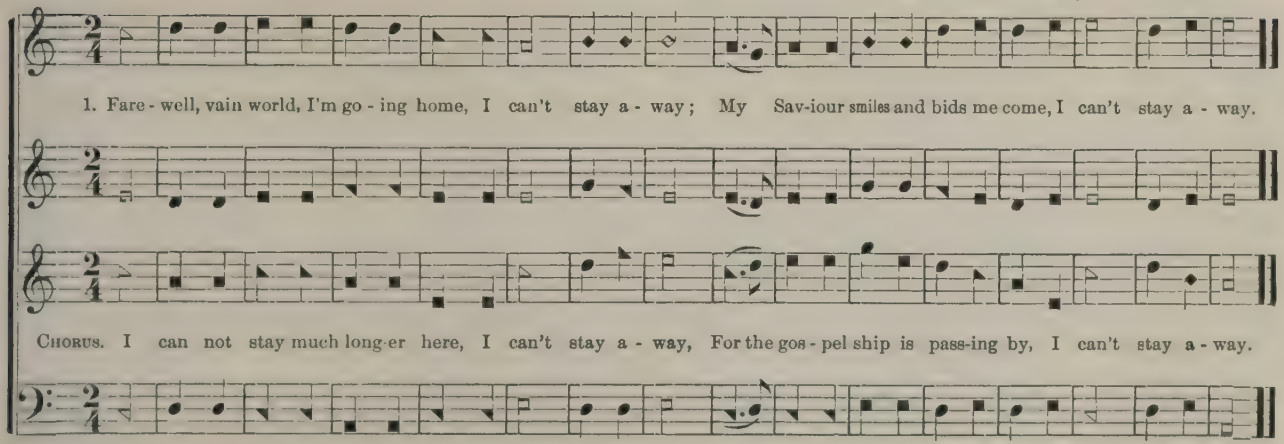
MY SANDS OF LIFE.

J. P. Rees. Words by H. Wood. Alto, Miss Carmei Taylor.


My sands of life are run-ning fast; I can't re-call one mo-ment past: I've much to do
in lit-tle space, Oh, can I yet be saved by grace? Oh, can I yet one ef-fort make?

FAREWELL, VAIN WORLD.

Author of tenor unknown. Bass, alto and treble by


1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, I can't stay a - way; My Sav-iour smiles and bids me come, I can't stay a - way.
Chorus. I can not stay much long-er here, I can't stay a - way, For the gos - pel ship is pass-ing by, I can't stay a - way.

2 Sweet angels beckon me away,
I can't stay away;
To sing God's praise in endless day,
I can't stay away.

Chorus.

I can not stay much longer here,
I can't stay away;
For the gospel ship is passing by,
I can't stay away.

3 Oh, who will come and go with me,
I can't stay away;
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
I can't stay away.

Chorus.

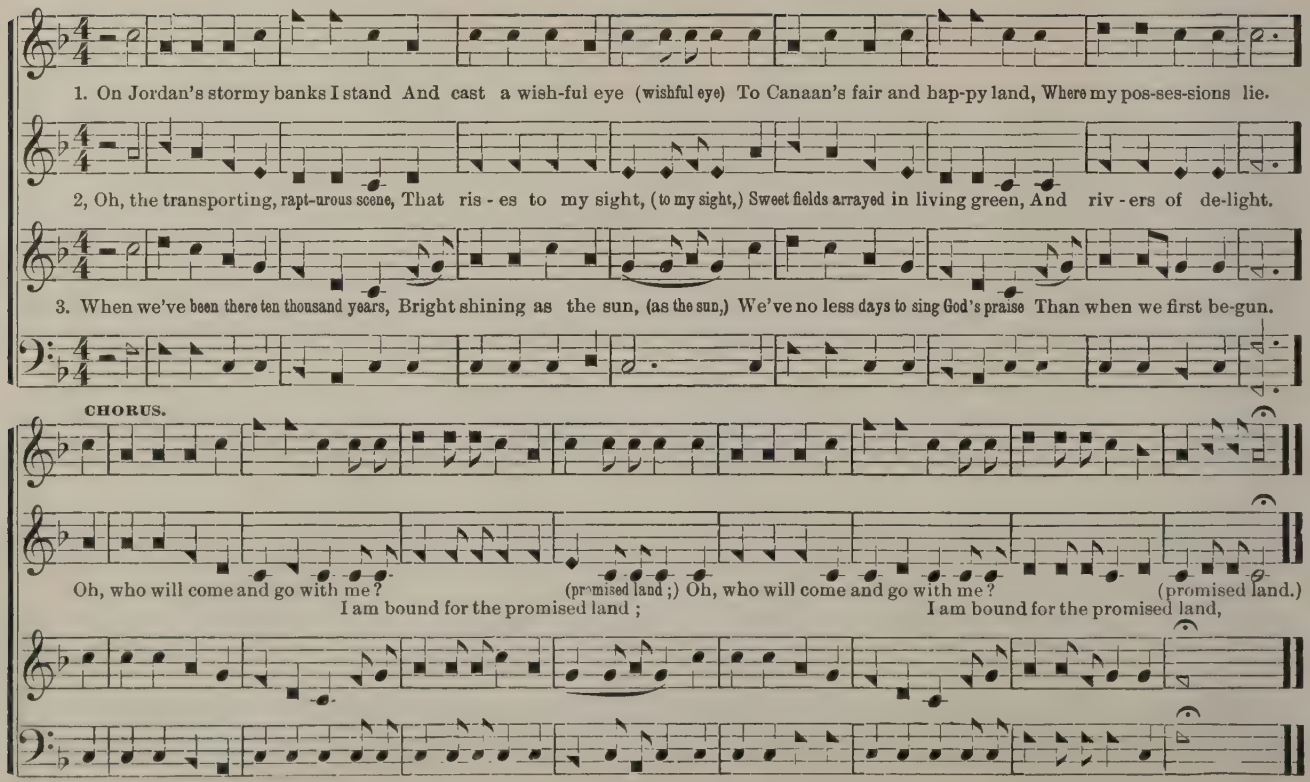
I can not stay much longer here,
I can't stay away;
For the gospel ship is passing by,
I can't stay away.

4 My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
I can't stay away;
No pain nor death can enter there,
I can't stay away.

Chorus.

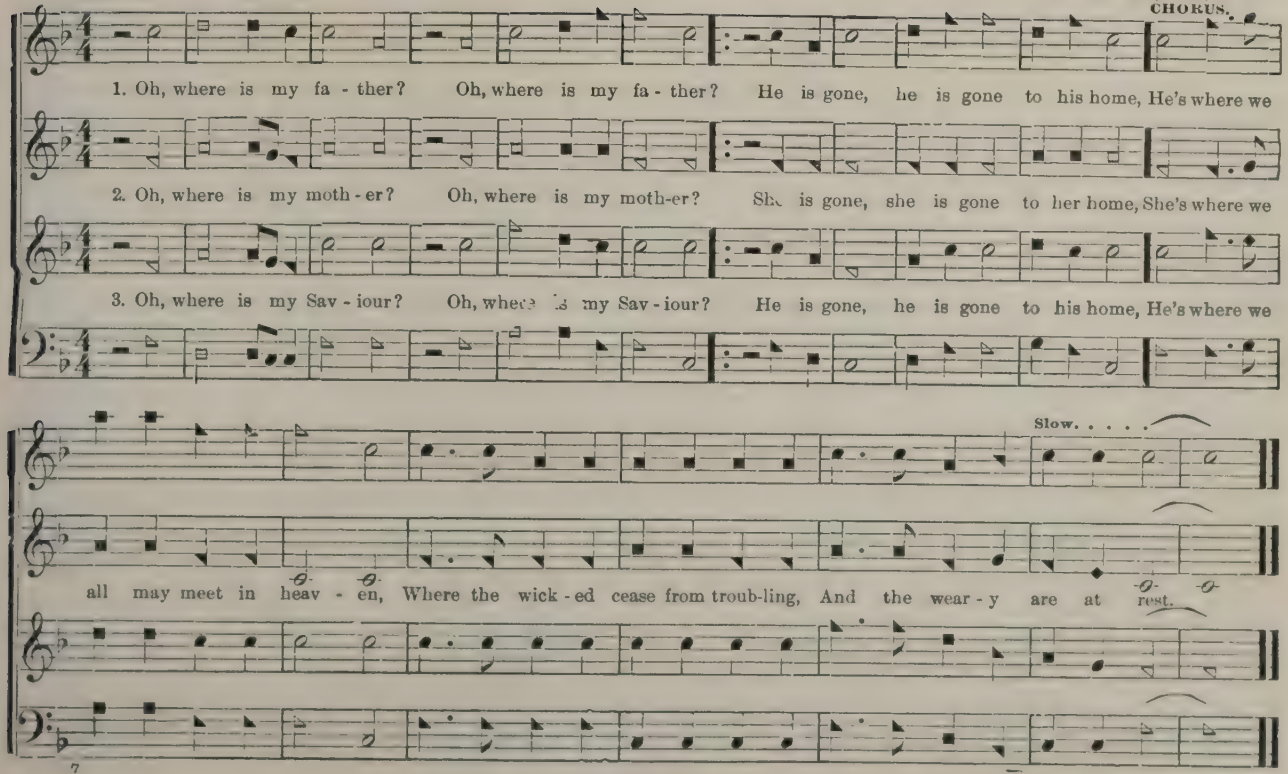
I can not stay much longer here,
I can't stay away;
For the gospel ship is passing by,
I can't stay away.

BRIGHT PROSPECT.

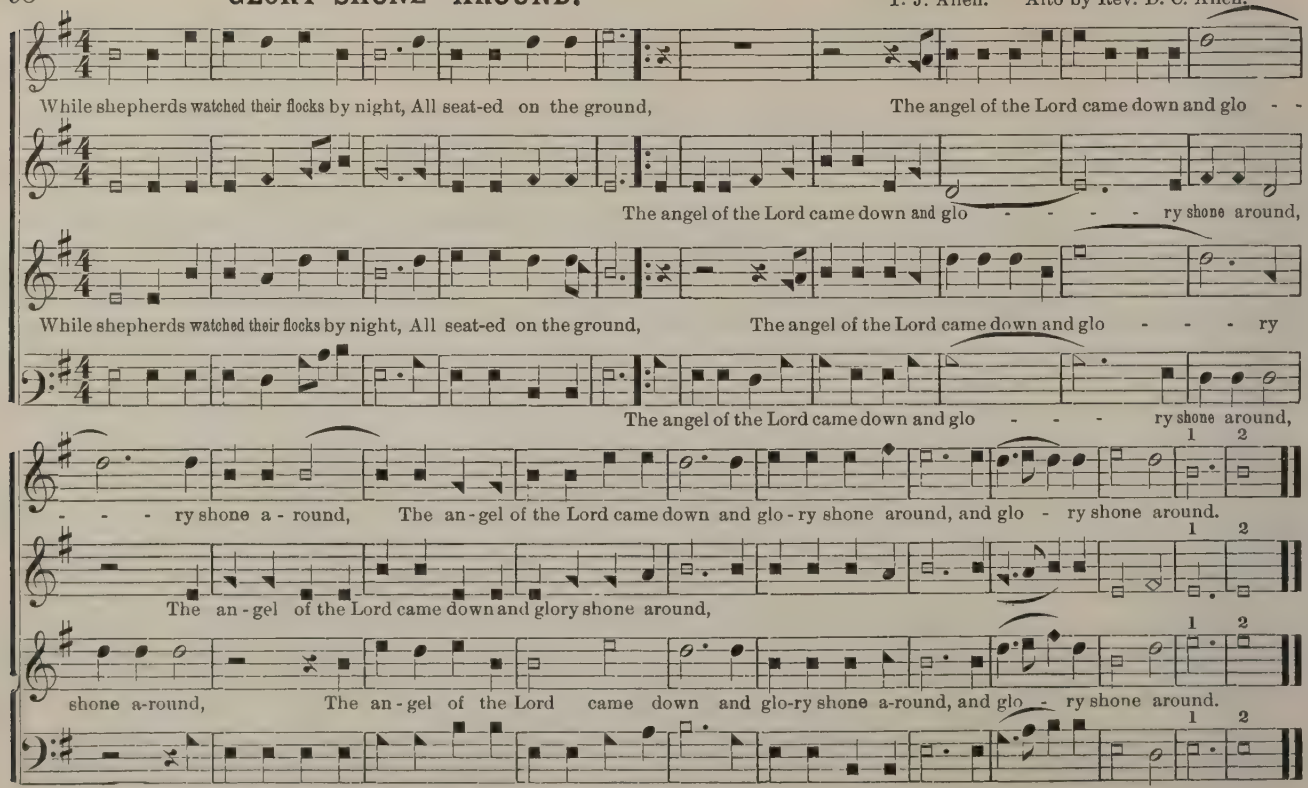
W. M. Cooper.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand And cast a wish-ful eye (wishful eye) To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
2, Oh, the transporting, rapt-urous scene, That ris - es to my sight, (to my sight,) Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And riv - ers of de-light.
3. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, (as the sun,) We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be-gun.
CHORUS.
Oh, who will come and go with me? (promised land;) Oh, who will come and go with me? (promised land.)
I am bound for the promised land; I am bound for the promised land,

GONE TO HEAVEN.

1892. T. J. Allen.

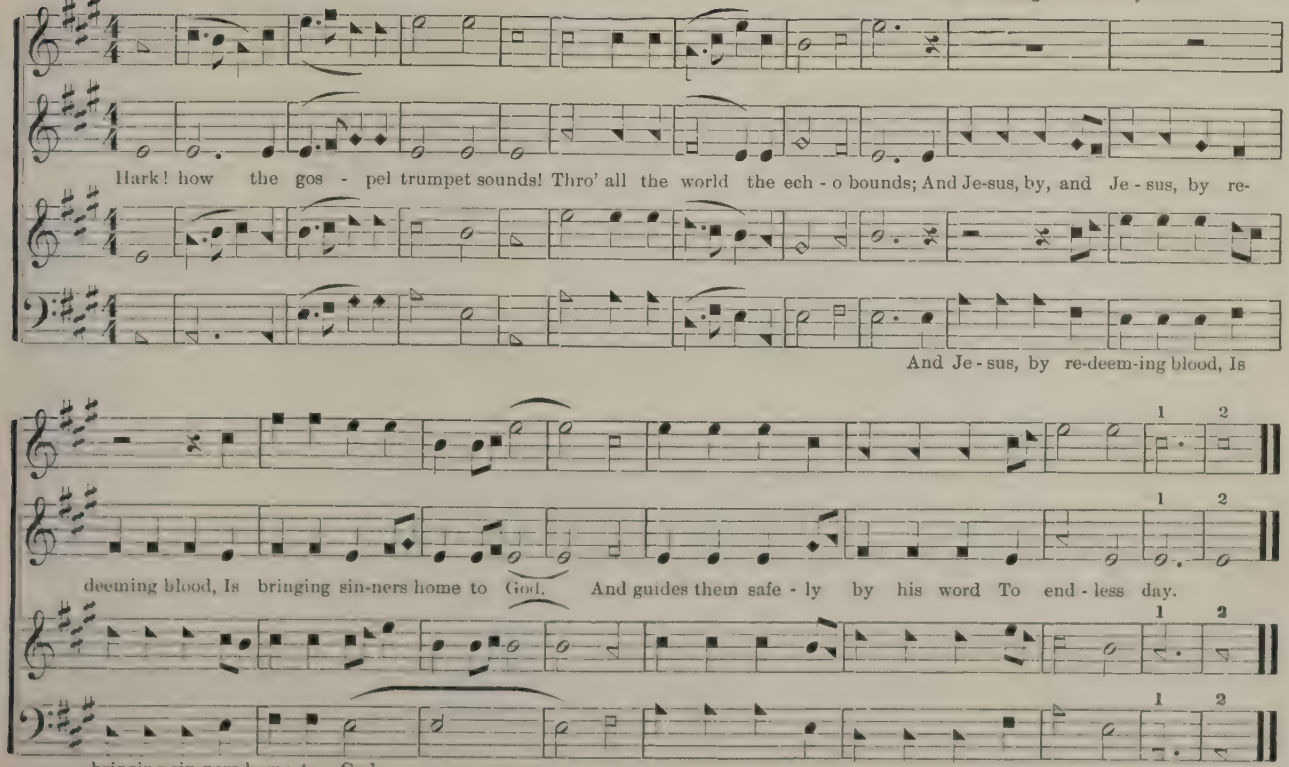

CHORUS.
1. Oh, where is my fa - ther? Oh, where is my fa - ther? He is gone, he is gone to his home, He's where we
2. Oh, where is my moth - er? Oh, where is my moth-er? She is gone, she is gone to her home, She's where we
3. Oh, where is my Sav - iour? Oh, where is my Sav - iour? He is gone, he is gone to his home, He's where we
Slow. . . . .
all may meet in heav - en, Where the wick - ed cease from troub-ling, And the wear - y are at rest.

GLORY SHONE AROUND.

T. J. Allen. Alto by Rev. D. C. Allen.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down and glo - -
The angel of the Lord came down and glo - - - - ry shone around,
While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down and glo - - - - ry
The angel of the Lord came down and glo - - - ry shone around,
- - - ry shone a - round,
The an - gel of the Lord came down and glo - ry shone around, and glo - ry shone around.
1 2
The an - gel of the Lord came down and glory shone around,
shone a-round,
The an - gel of the Lord came down and glo-ry shone a-round, and glo - ry shone around.
The an - gel of the Lord came down and glory shone around,

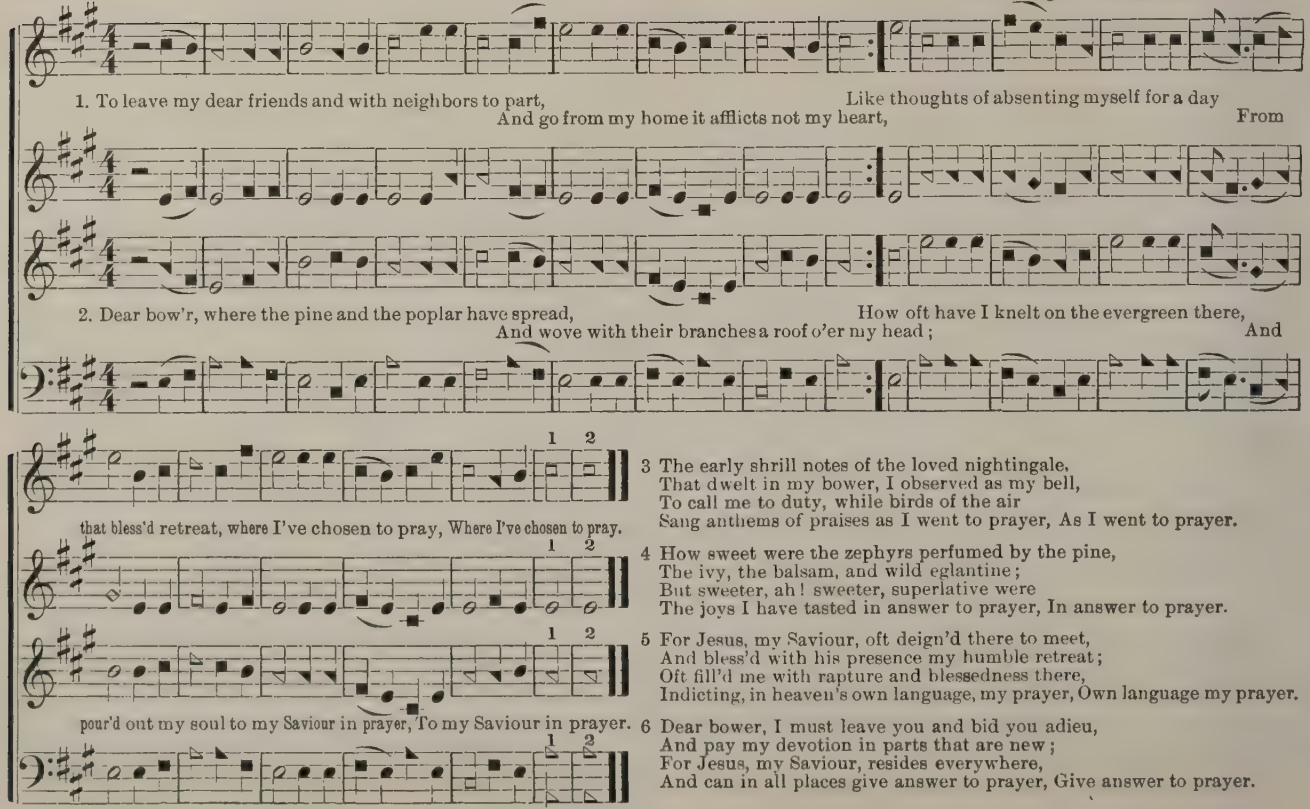
GOSPEL TRUMPET.

E. J. King. Alto by W. M. C.


Hark! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - o bounds; And Je-sus, by, and Je - sus, by re-
And Je - sus, by re-deem-ing blood, Is
1 2
deeming blood, Is bringing sin-ners home to God, And guides them safe - ly by his word To end - less day.
1 2
1 2
bringing sin-ners home to God,.....

THE BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.

E. J. King. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.


1. To leave my dear friends and with neighbors to part, Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day
And go from my home it afflicts not my heart, From
2. Dear bow'r, where the pine and the poplar have spread, How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head; And
1 2
that bless'd retreat, where I've chosen to pray, Where I've chosen to pray.
1 2
1 2
pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer, To my Saviour in prayer.
1 2

3 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer, As I went to prayer.

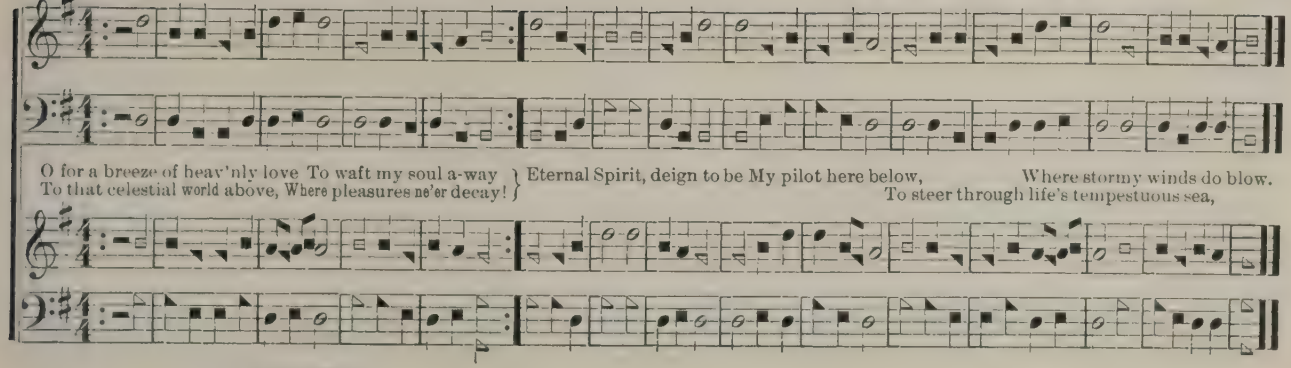
4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Indicting, in heaven's own language, my prayer, Own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer, Give answer to prayer.

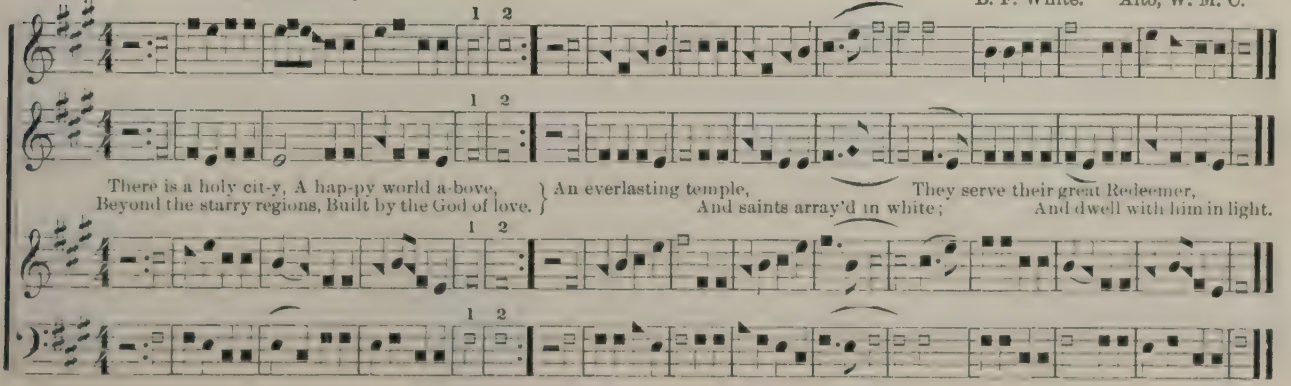
CANAAN'S LAND.

E. J. King. Alto, Miss Minnie Floyd.


O for a breeze of heav'nly love To waft my soul a-way
To that celestial world above, Where pleasures ne'er decay!
Eternal Spirit, deign to be My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.

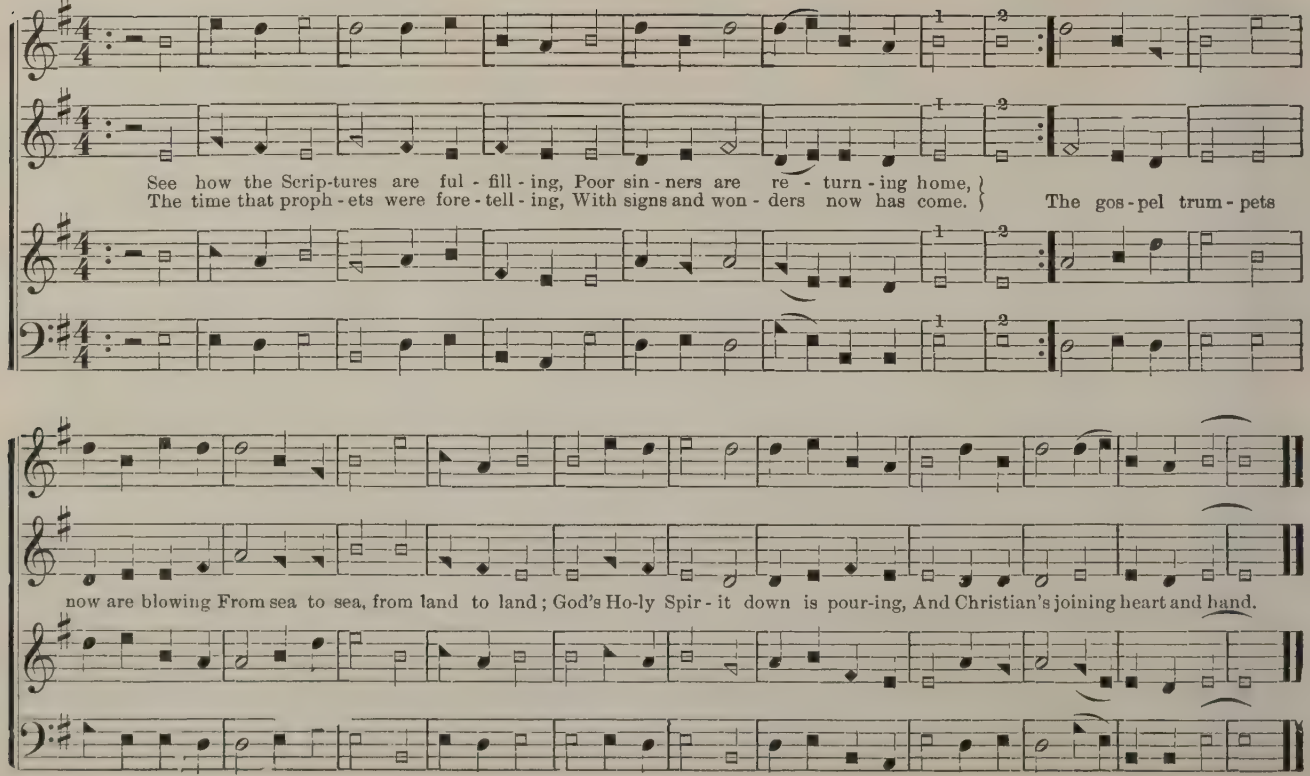
HOLY CITY.

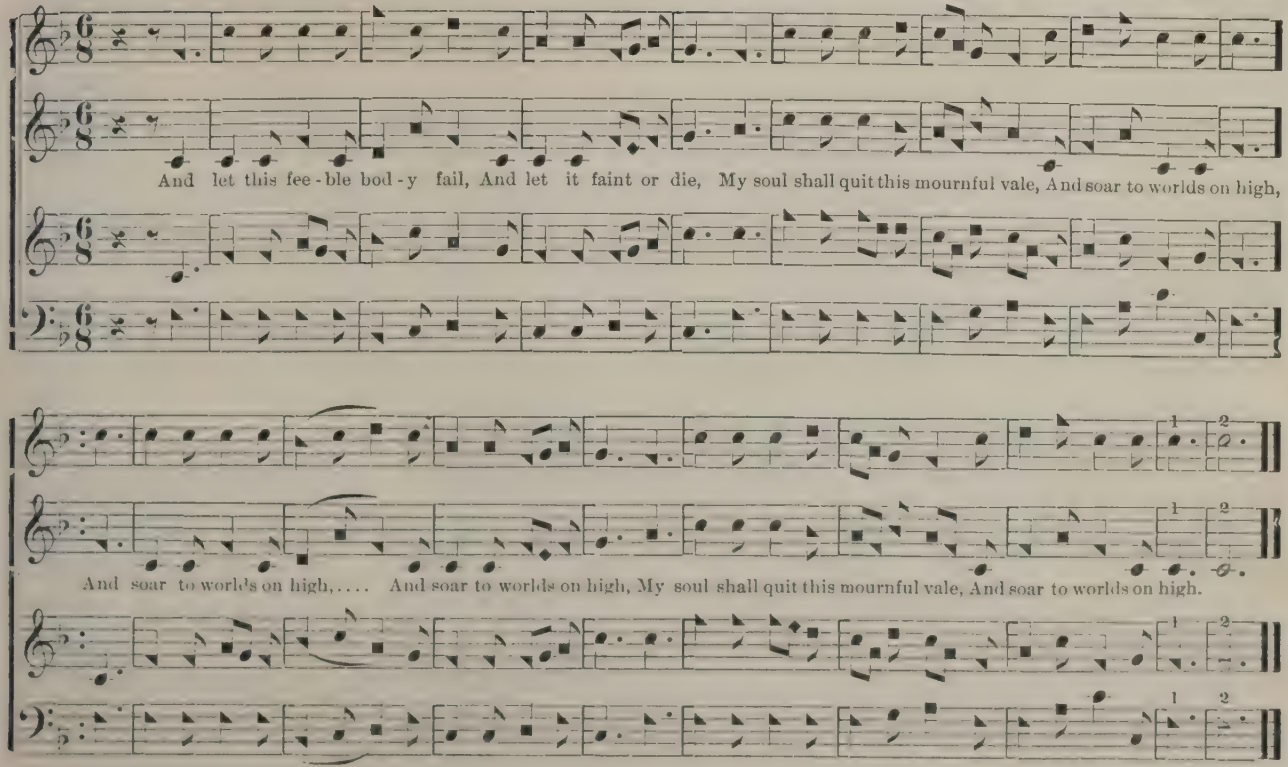
B. F. White. Alto, W. M. C.


1 2
There is a holy cit-y, A hap-py world a-bove,
Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love.
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white;
They serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

FULFILLMENT.

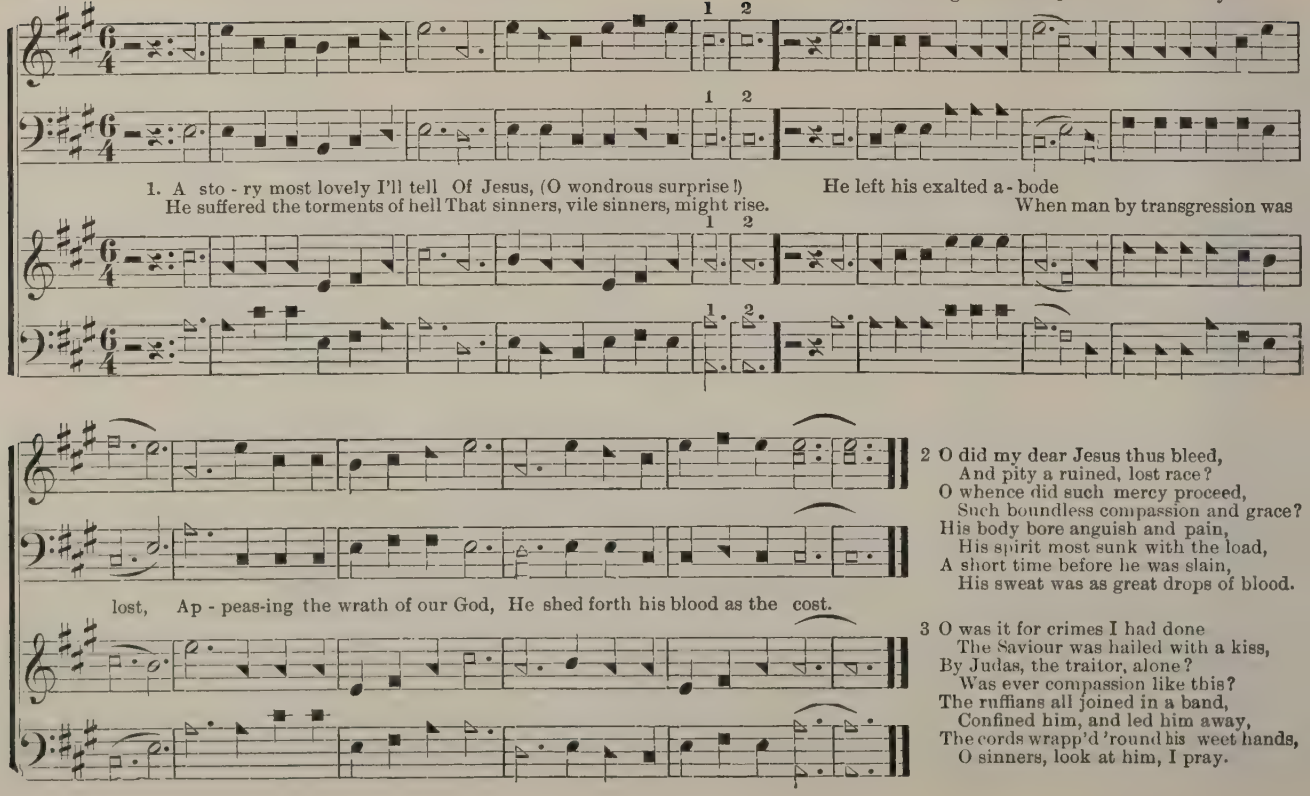
E. J. King. Alto, W. M. C.


See how the Scrip-tures are ful - fill - ing, Poor sin - ners are re - turn - ing home,
The time that proph - ets were fore - tell - ing, With signs and won - ders now has come.
The gos - pel trum - pets
now are blowing From sea to sea, from land to land; God's Ho-ly Spir - it down is pour-ing, And Christian's joining heart and hand.


And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high,
And soar to worlds on high,.... And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

THE LOVELY STORY.

E. J. King. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

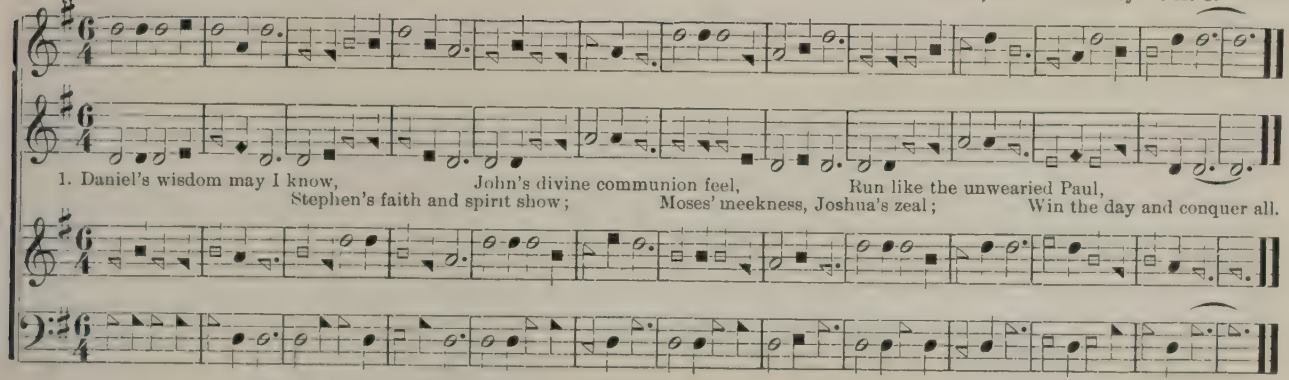

1. A sto - ry most lovely I'll tell Of Jesus, (O wondrous surprise!)
He left his exalted a - bode
He suffered the torments of hell That sinners, vile sinners, might rise.
When man by transgression was
lost, Ap - peas-ing the wrath of our God, He shed forth his blood as the cost.

2 O did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
And pity a ruined, lost race?
O whence did such mercy proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace?
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit most sunk with the load,
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was as great drops of blood.

3 O was it for crimes I had done
The Saviour was hailed with a kiss,
By Judas, the traitor, alone?
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all joined in a band,
Confined him, and led him away,
The cords wrapp'd 'round his weet hands,
O sinners, look at him, I pray.

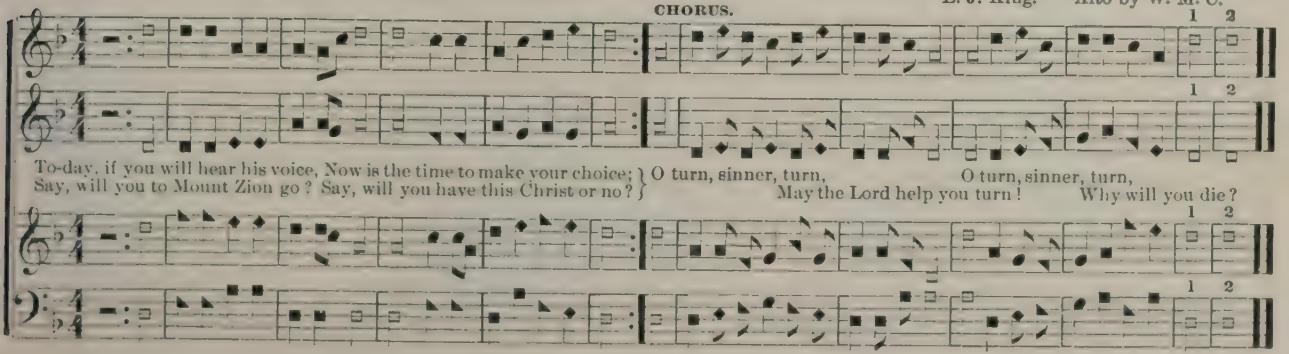
ST. PAUL.

R. F. M. Mann, 1868. Alto by W. M. C.


1. Daniel's wisdom may I know, John's divine communion feel, Run like the unwearied Paul,
Stephen's faith and spirit show; Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal; Win the day and conquer all.

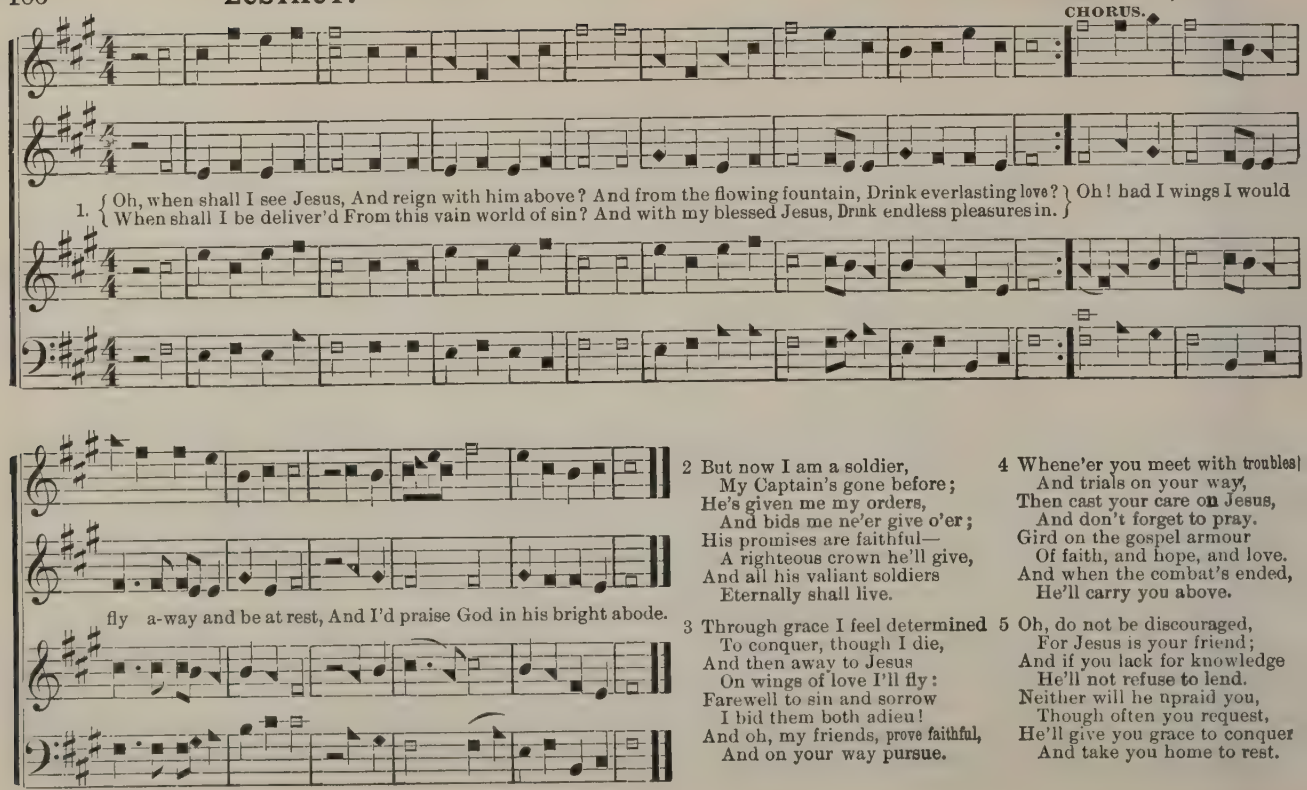
TURN, SINNER, TURN.

E. J. King. Alto by W. M. C.


CHORUS.
1 2
To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; } O turn, sinner, turn, O turn, sinner, turn,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ or no? } May the Lord help you turn! Why will you die?

ECSTACY.

T. W. Carter. Alto, W. M. C.


CHORUS.
1. { Oh, when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love? } Oh! had I wings I would
{ When shall I be deliver'd From this vain world of sin? And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in. }
fly a-way and be at rest, And I'd praise God in his bright abode.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

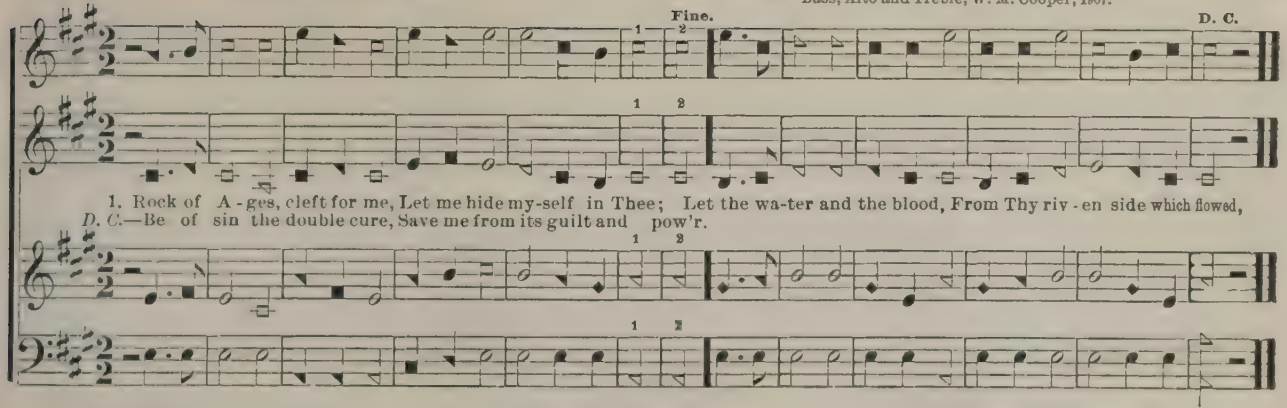
3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow
I bid them both adieu!
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love.
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer
And take you home to rest.

ROCK OF AGES.

Thomas Hastings, 1830. Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776.
Bass, Alto and Treble, W. M. Cooper, 1907.


Fine.
D. C.
1 2
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
D. C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfill Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling:
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Could I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

JESUS LOVES MY SOUL.

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

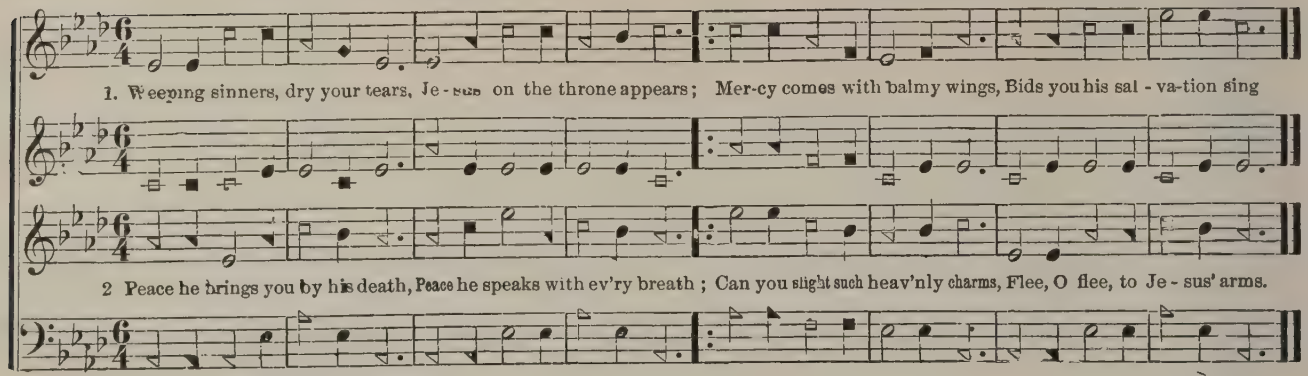
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

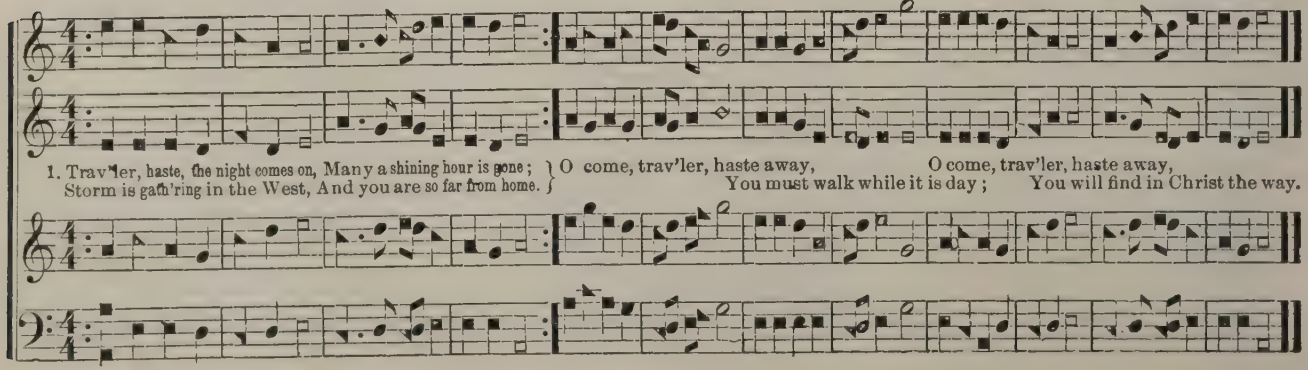
WEEPING SINNERS. 7s.

Transposed and Alto, W. M. C. J. P Rees.


1. Weeping sinners, dry your tears, Je - sus on the throne appears; Mer-cy comes with balmy wings, Bids you his sal - va-tion sing
2 Peace he brings you by his death, Peace he speaks with ev'ry breath; Can you slight such heav'nly charms, Flee, O flee, to Je - sus' arms.

THE TRAVELER.

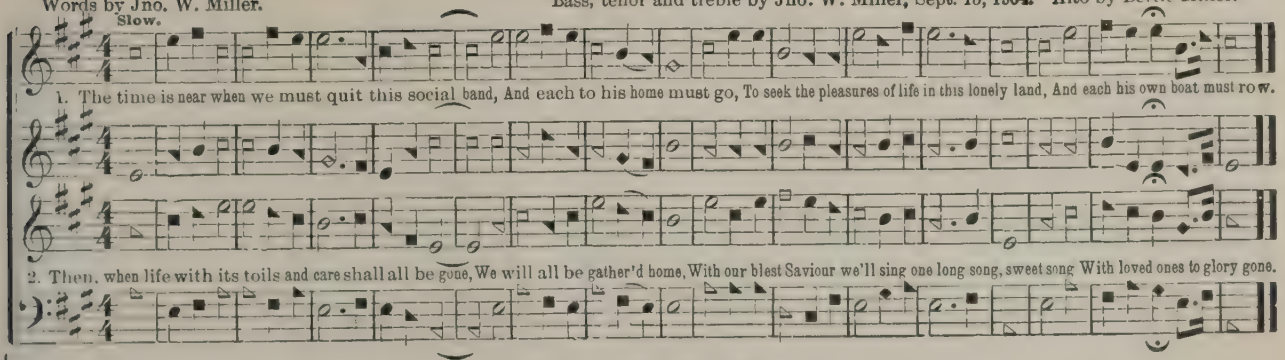
Arranged by A. Ogletree.


1. Trav'ler, haste, the night comes on, Many a shining hour is gone; Storm is gath'ring in the West, And you are so far from home.
O come, trav'ler, haste away, You must walk while it is day;
O come, trav'ler, haste away, You will find in Christ the way.

DUTY AND REWARD.

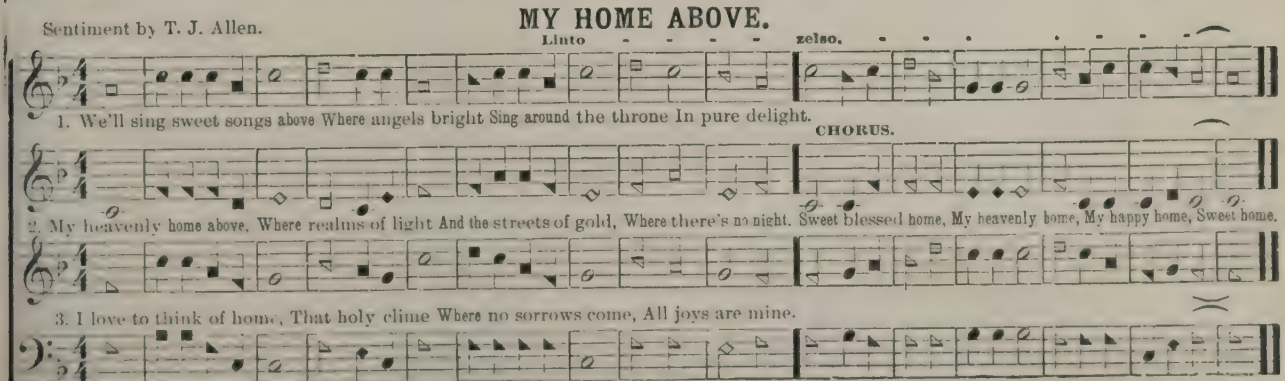
Words by Jno. W. Miller.

Bass, tenor and treble by Jno. W. Miller, Sept. 15, 1904. Alto by Bertie Miller.


Slow.
1. The time is near when we must quit this social band, And each to his home must go, To seek the pleasures of life in this lonely land, And each his own boat must row.
2. Then, when life with its toils and care shall all be gone, We will all be gather'd home, With our blest Saviour we'll sing one long song, sweet song With loved ones to glory gone.

MY HOME ABOVE.

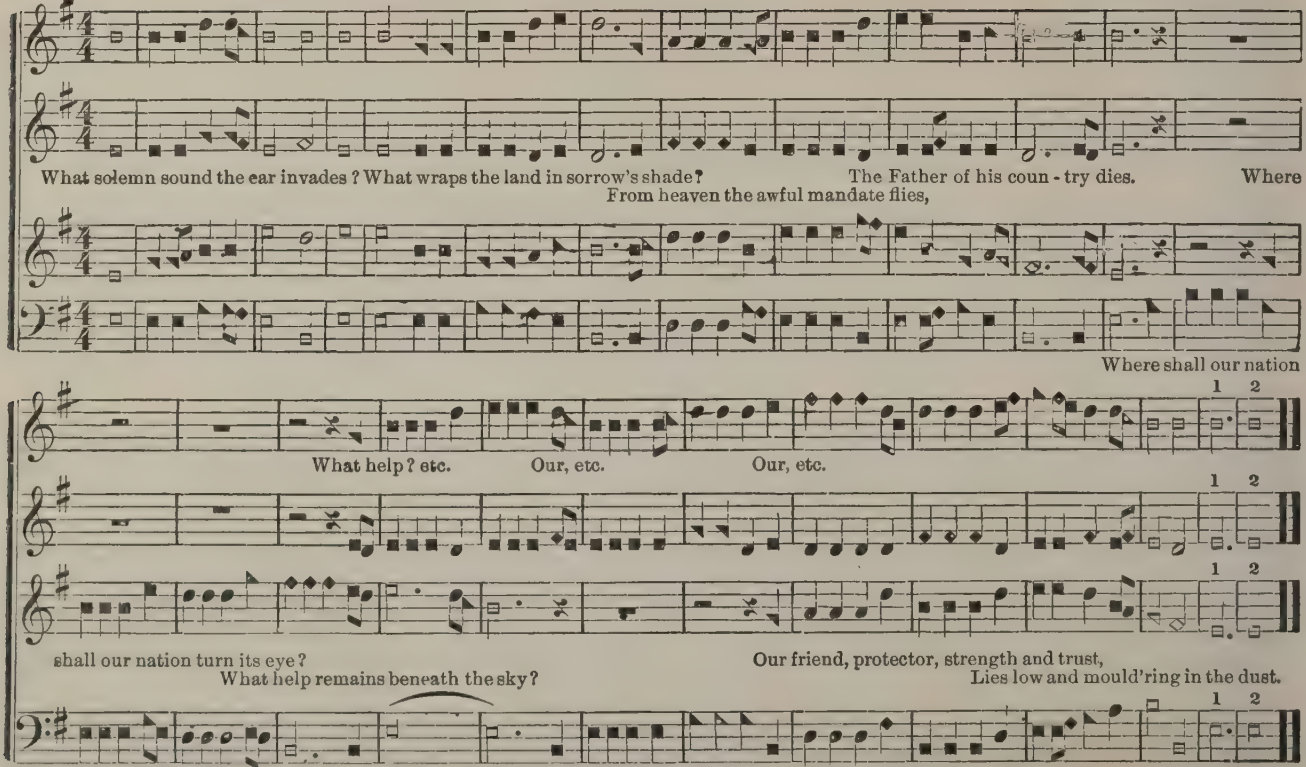
Sentiment by T. J. Allen.


Linto - - - - - zelso. - - - - - - - -
1. We'll sing sweet songs above Where angels bright Sing around the throne In pure delight.
CHORUS.
2. My heavenly home above, Where realms of light And the streets of gold, Where there's no night. Sweet blessed home, My heavenly home, My happy home, Sweet home.
3. I love to think of home, That holy clime Where no sorrows come, All joys are mine.

Bass by H. S. Coskrey, tenor by W. D. Bundrick, alto by G. B. Amos, treble by H. O. Dyess.

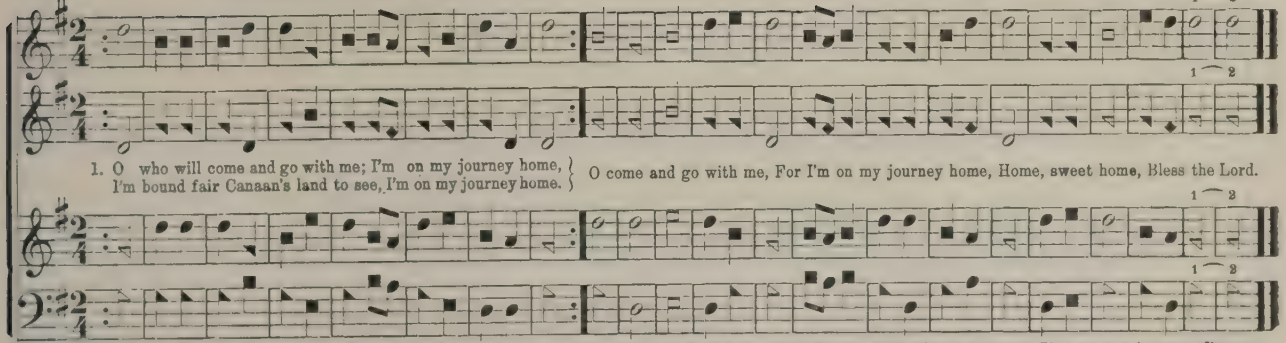
MOUNT VERNON. L. M. D.

Alto by W. M. C.


What solemn sound the ear invades? What wraps the land in sorrow's shade?
The Father of his coun - try dies.
Where
From heaven the awful mandate flies,
Where shall our nation
1 2
What help? etc.
Our, etc.
Our, etc.
shall our nation turn its eye?
What help remains beneath the sky?
Our friend, protector, strength and trust,
Lies low and mould'ring in the dust.
turn its eye? What help remains beneath the sky?....Our friend, protector, strength and trust, Our, etc.

JOURNEY HOME. L. M.

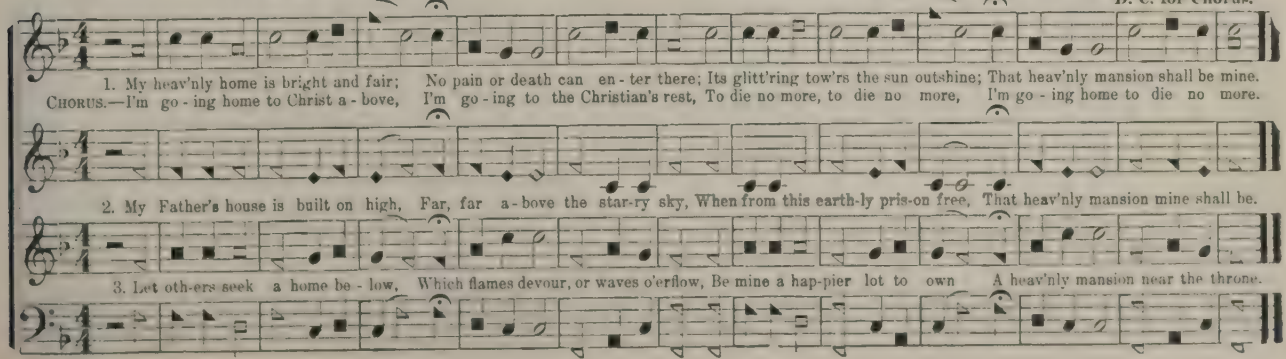
R. F. M. Mann, 1868. Alto by W. M. C.


1. O who will come and go with me; I'm on my journey home,
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I'm on my journey home.
O come and go with me, For I'm on my journey home, Home, sweet home, Bless the Lord.
2. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, I'm on my journey home,
Sweet angels beckon me away, I'm on my journey home.
3. My Saviour smiles and bids me come, I'm on my journey home,
To sing God's praise in endless day, I'm on my journey home.

TO DIE NO MORE.

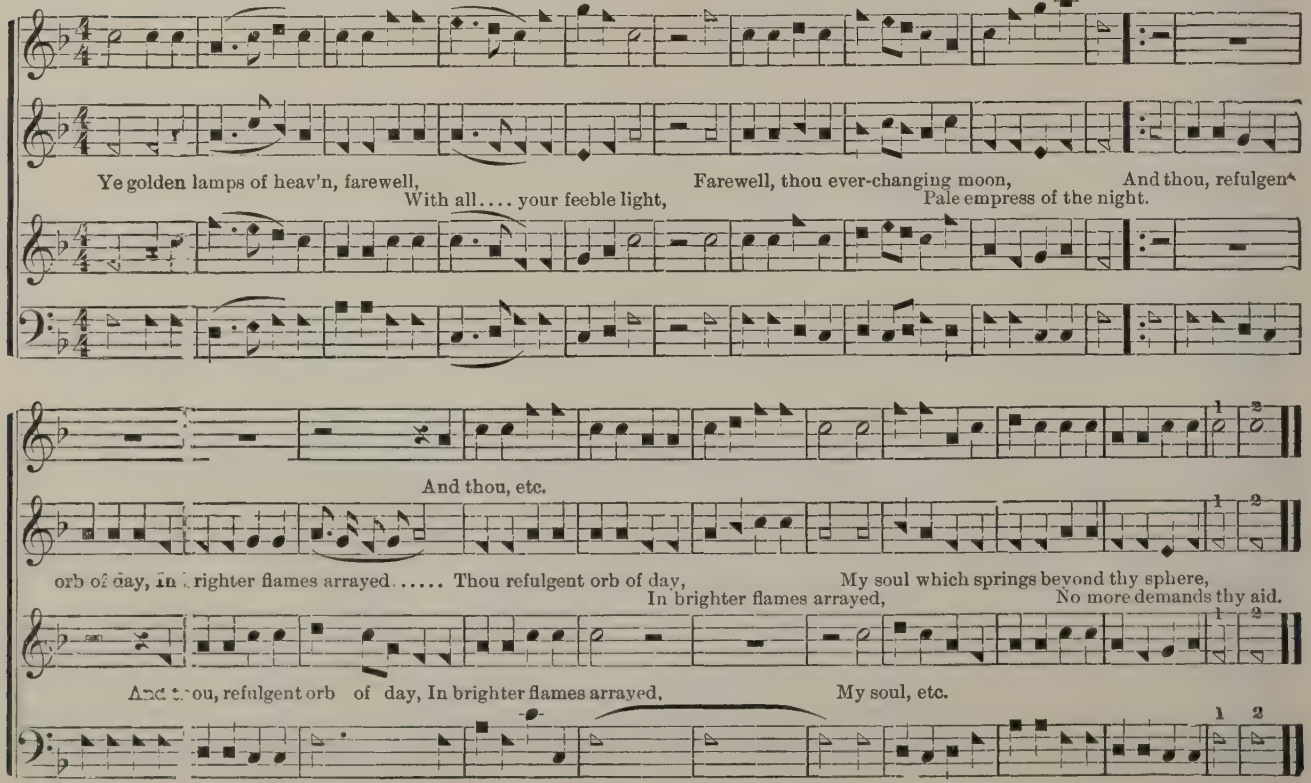
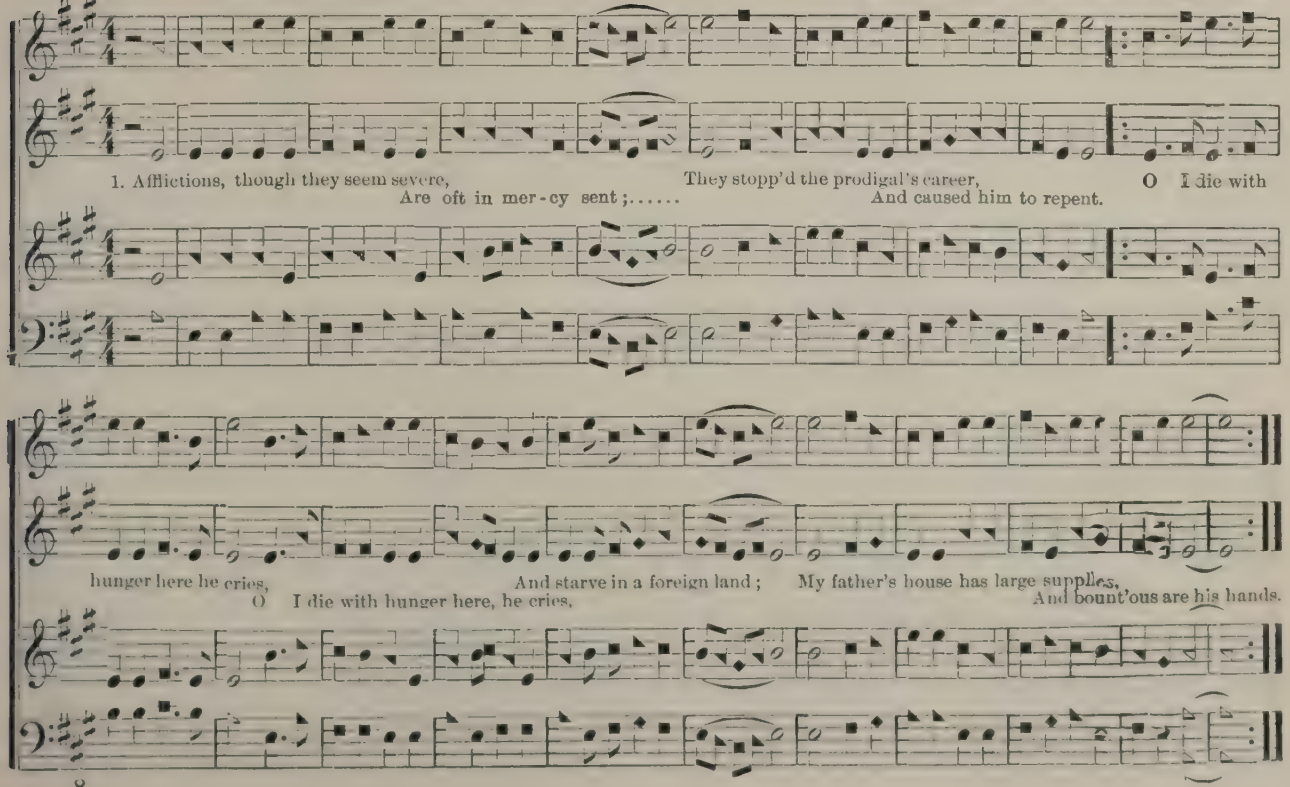
Set to music by Eld. E. Dumas in 1856. Alto by W. M. C.

D. C. for Chorus.


1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain or death can en - ter there; Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
Chorus.—I'm go - ing home to Christ a - bove, I'm go - ing to the Christian's rest, To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky, When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

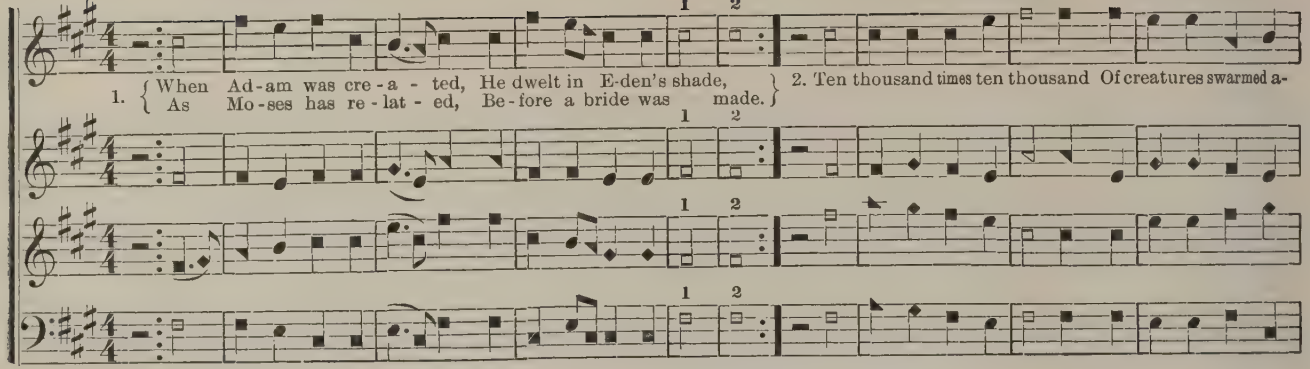
THE LAST WORDS OF COPERNICUS.

For the organ. By Miss Sarah Lancaster. Alto, Miss Minnie Floyd.


Ye golden lamps of heav'n, farewell,
With all.... your feeble light,
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
And thou, refulgent
And thou, etc.
orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed..... Thou refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.
And thou, refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, etc.
1
2

1. Afflictions, though they seem severe,
Are oft in mer-cy sent;.....
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
O I die with
hunger here he cries,
And starve in a foreign land;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bount'ous are his hands.
O I die with hunger here, he cries,

EDMONDS.*

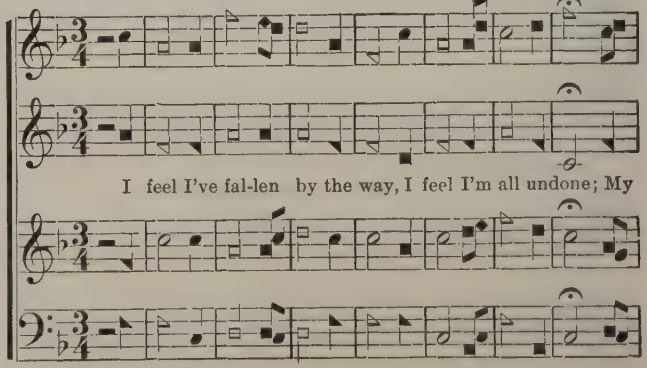
Eld. E. Dumas. Alto, F. M. Roney.

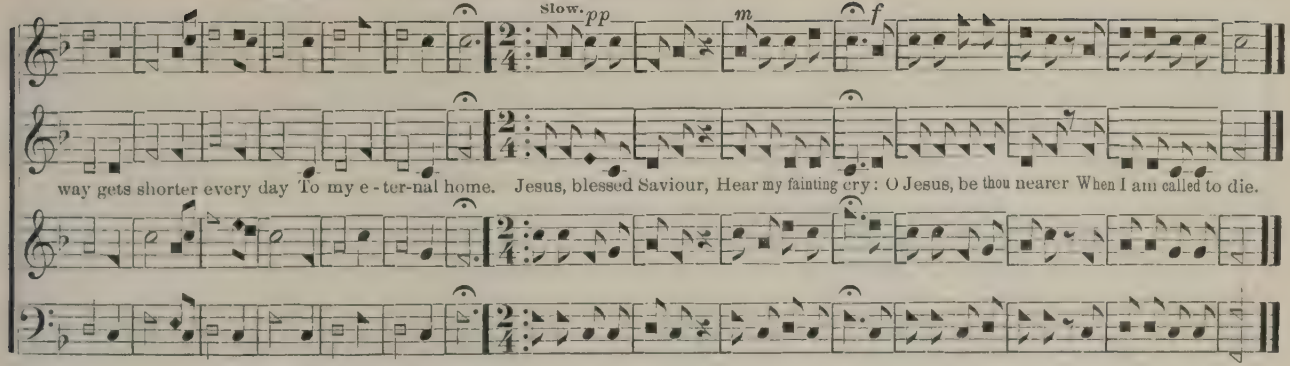

1. { When Ad-am was cre-a-ted, He dwelt in E-den's shade,
{ As Mo-ses has re-lat-ed, Be-fore a bride was made.
2. Ten thousand times ten thousand Of creatures swarmed a-
round..... Before a bride was form-ed, Or a-ny mate was found.

* In honor of Troup Edmonds.

FALLEN BY THE WAY.

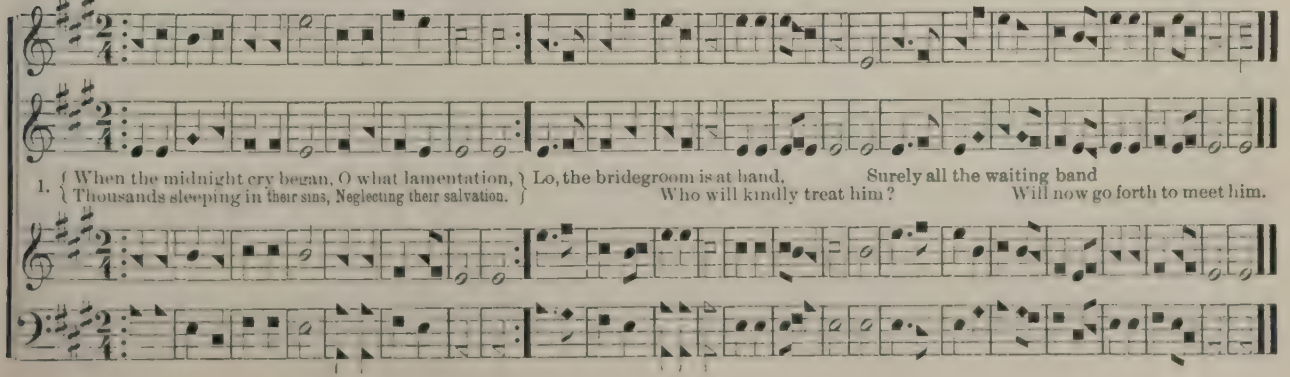
W. R. McCoy.




Slow.
pp
m
f
way gets shorter every day To my e - ter-nal home. Jesus, blessed Saviour, Hear my fainting cry: O Jesus, be thou nearer When I am called to die.

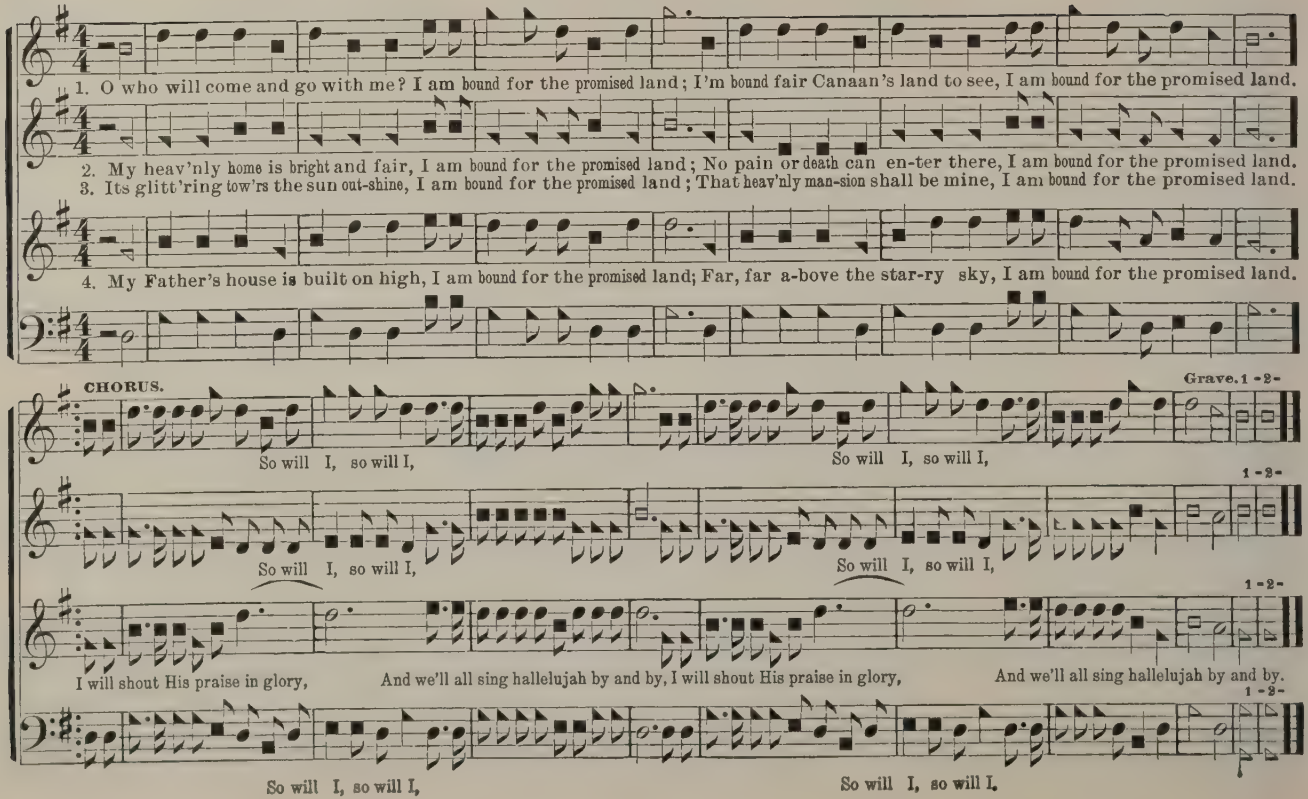
THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

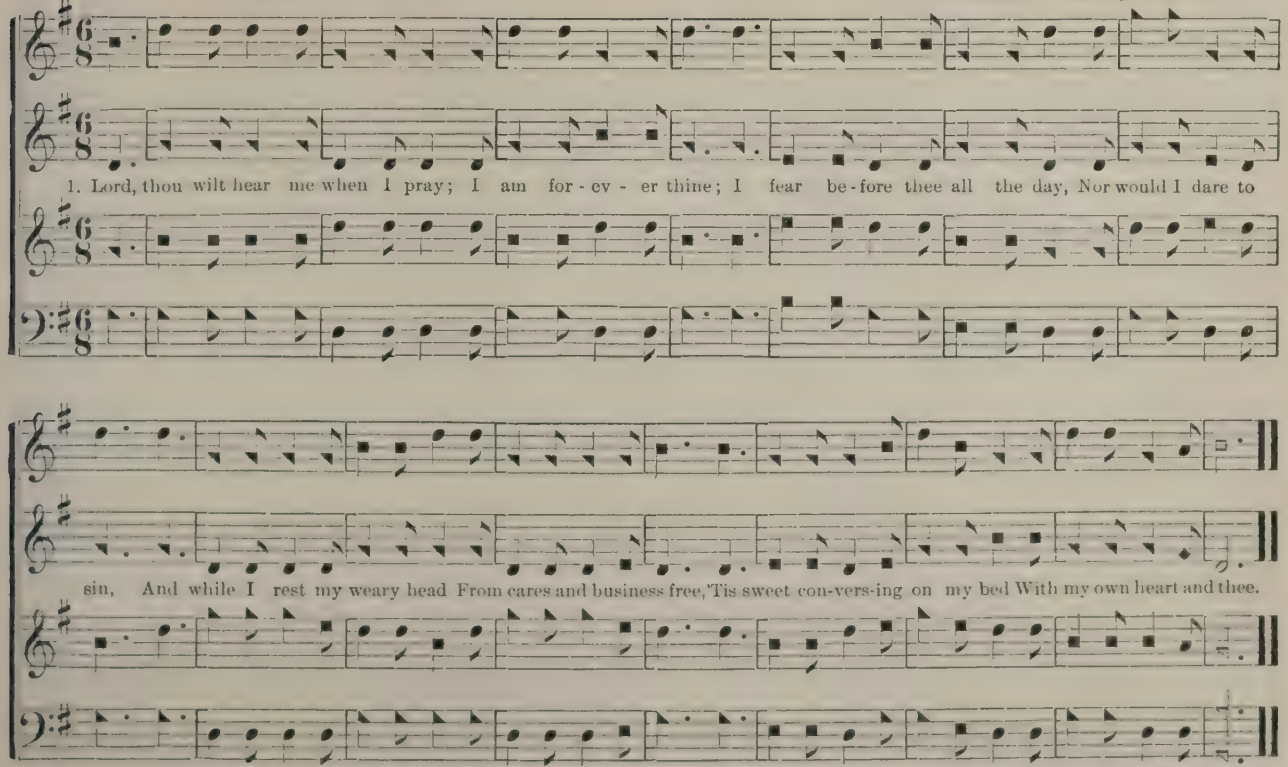
Alto, W. M. C.


1. { When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation, } Lo, the bridegroom is at hand, Surely all the waiting band
{ Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation. } Who will kindly treat him? Will now go forth to meet him.

I WILL SHOUT AND SING IN GLORY.

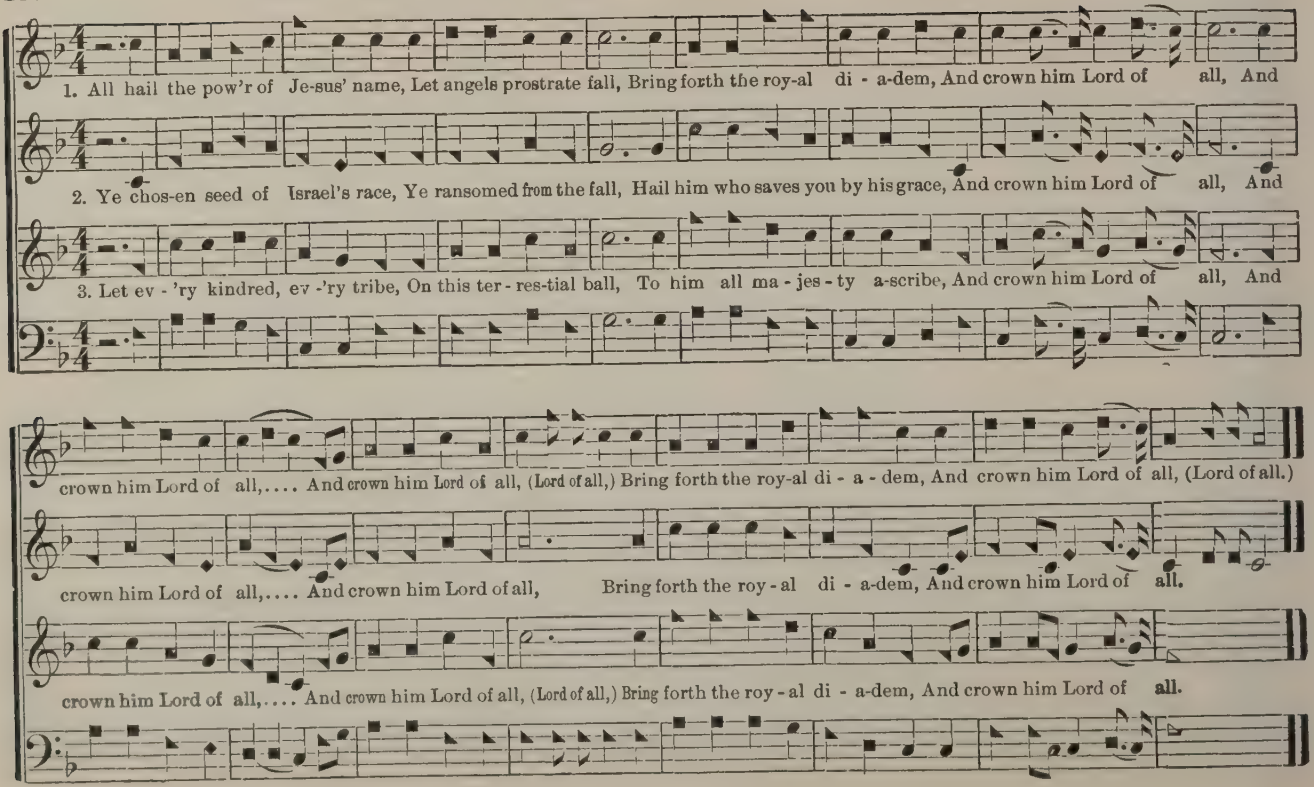
T. J. Allen.


1. O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land; I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am bound for the promised land.
2. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I am bound for the promised land; No pain or death can en-ter there, I am bound for the promised land.
3. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, I am bound for the promised land; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine, I am bound for the promised land.
4. My Father's house is built on high, I am bound for the promised land; Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky, I am bound for the promised land.
CHORUS.
Grave. 1-2-
So will I, so will I,
So will I, so will I,
1-2-
So will I, so will I,
So will I, so will I,
1-2-
I will shout His praise in glory,
And we'll all sing hallelujah by and by, I will shout His praise in glory,
And we'll all sing hallelujah by and by.
1-2-
So will I, so will I,
So will I, so will I.


1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for - ev - er thine; I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to
sin, And while I rest my weary head From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet con-vers-ing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

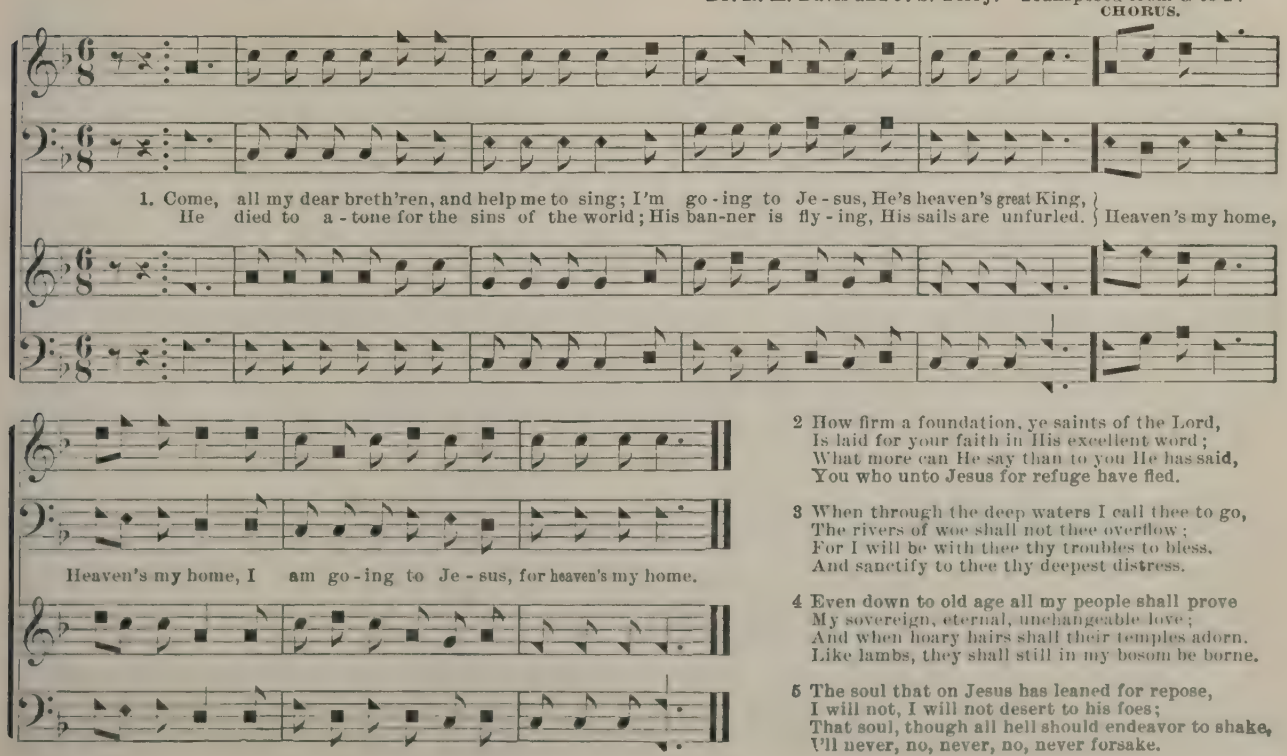
CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, And
2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, And
3. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev -'ry tribe, On this ter - res-tial ball, To him all ma - jes - ty a-scribe, And crown him Lord of all, And
crown him Lord of all,.... And crown him Lord of all, (Lord of all,) Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, (Lord of all.)
crown him Lord of all,.... And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all,.... And crown him Lord of all, (Lord of all,) Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

HEAVEN'S MY HOME. 11s.

Dr. R. H. Davis and J. S. Terry. Transposed from G to F.


CHORUS.
1. Come, all my dear breth'ren, and help me to sing; I'm go - ing to Je - sus, He's heaven's great King,
He died to a - tone for the sins of the world; His ban-ner is fly - ing, His sails are unfurled.
Heaven's my home,
Heaven's my home, I am go - ing to Je - sus, for heaven's my home.

2 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

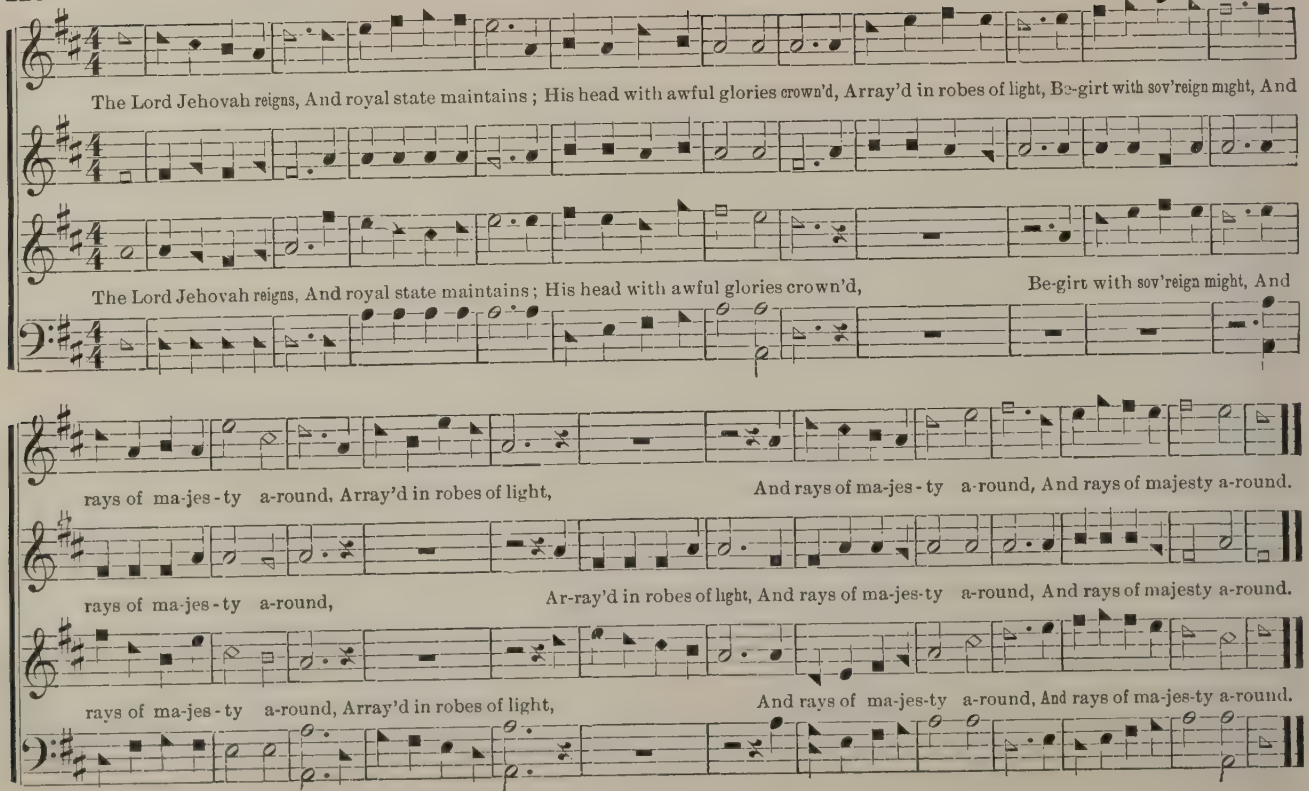
3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

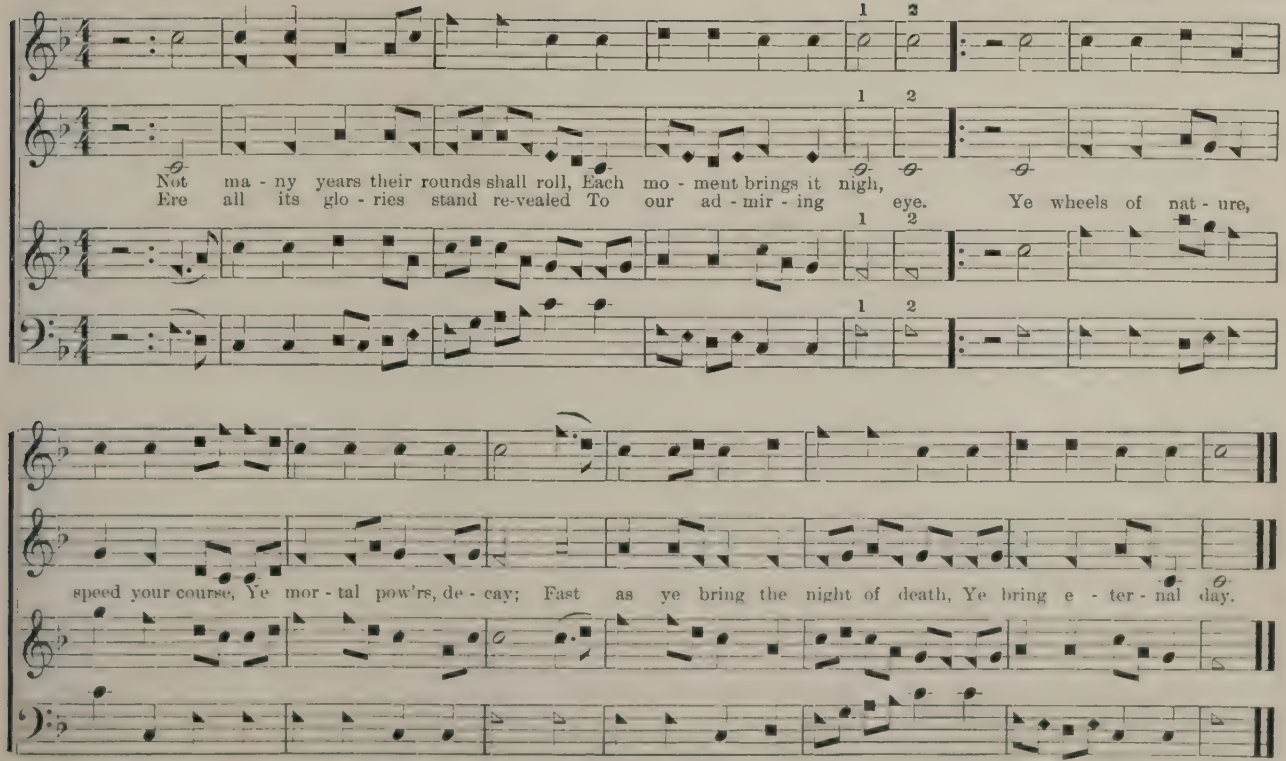
THE LORD JEHOVAH REIGNS.

B. F. White. Alto, W. M. Cooper.


The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains ; His head with awful glories crown'd, Array'd in robes of light, Be-girt with sov'reign might, And
The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains ; His head with awful glories crown'd, Be-girt with sov'reign might, And
rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, Array'd in robes of light, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, And rays of majesty a-round.
rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, Ar-ray'd in robes of light, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, And rays of majesty a-round.
rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, Array'd in robes of light, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round.

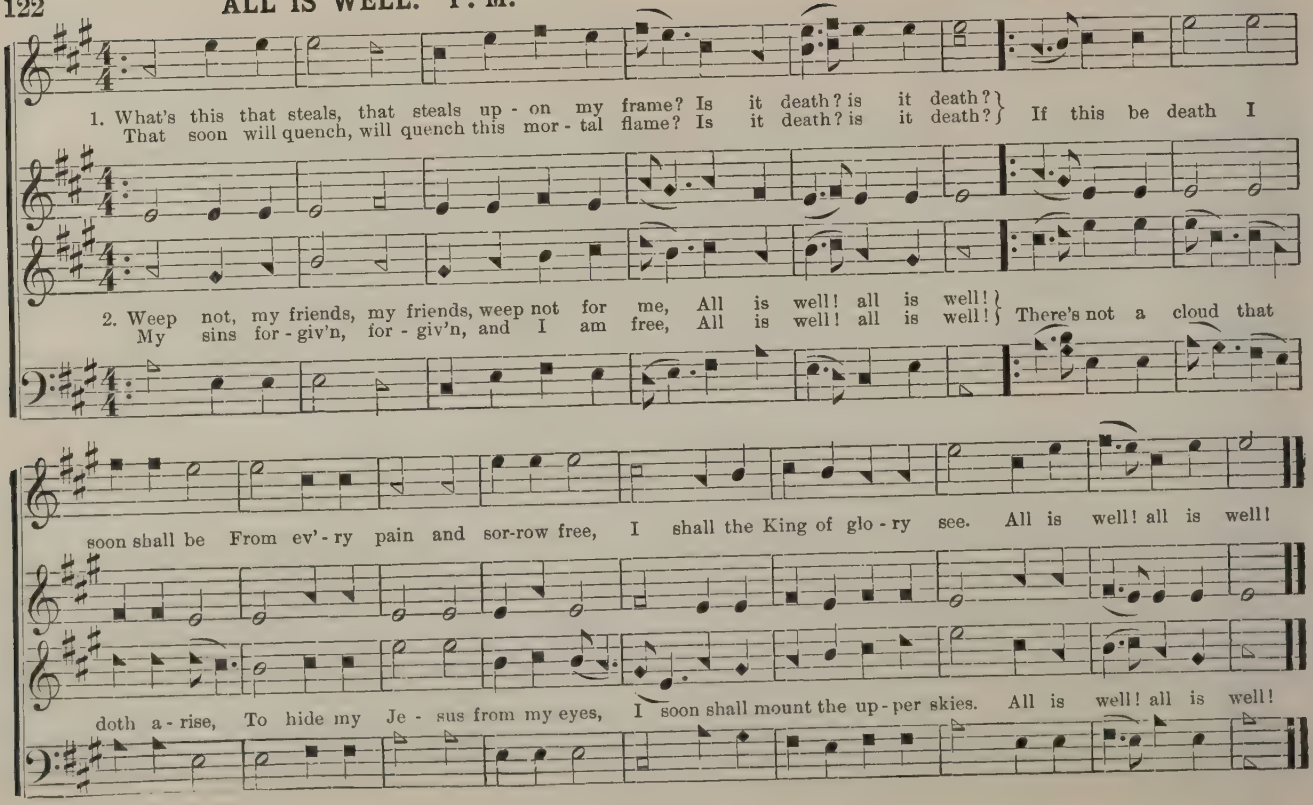
FLORENCE. C. M.

Dr. T. W. Carter. Alto by W. M. C.


1 2
Not ma - ny years their rounds shall roll, Each mo - ment brings it nigh,
Ere all its glo - ries stand re-vealed To our ad - mir - ing eye. Ye wheels of nat - ure,
speed your course, Ye mor - tal pow'rs, de - cay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day.

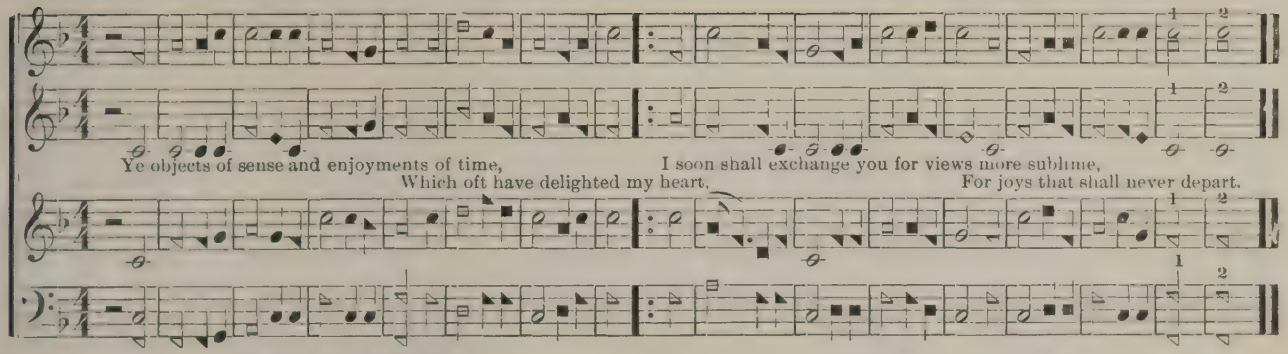
ALL IS WELL. P. M.

J. T. White. Alto by W. M. C.


1. What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame? Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this mor - tal flame? Is it death? is it death?
If this be death I
2. Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me, All is well! all is well!
My sins for - giv'n, for - giv'n, and I am free, All is well! all is well!
There's not a cloud that
soon shall be From ev'-ry pain and sor-row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see. All is well! all is well!
doth a - rise, To hide my Je - sus from my eyes, I soon shall mount the up - per skies. All is well! all is well!

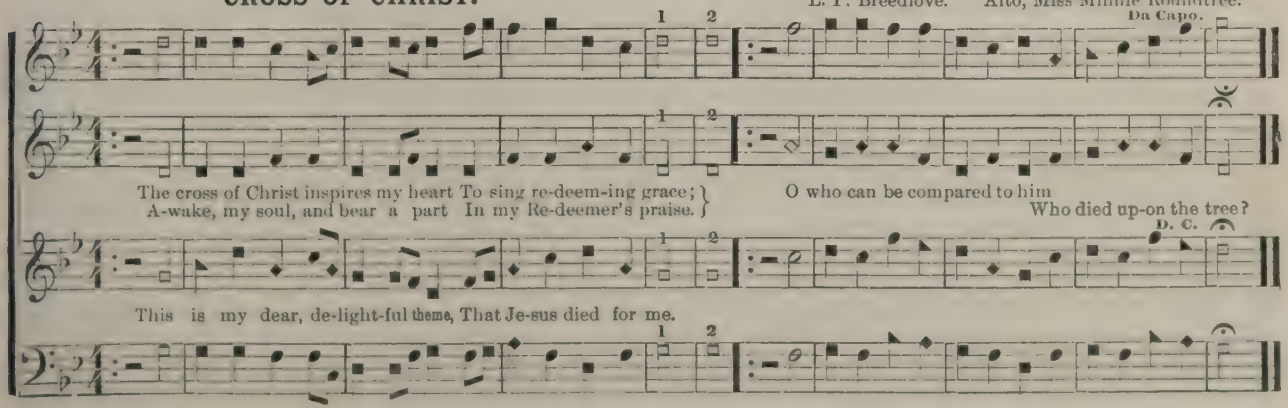
THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

E. J. King. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.


Ye objects of sense and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
For joys that shall never depart.

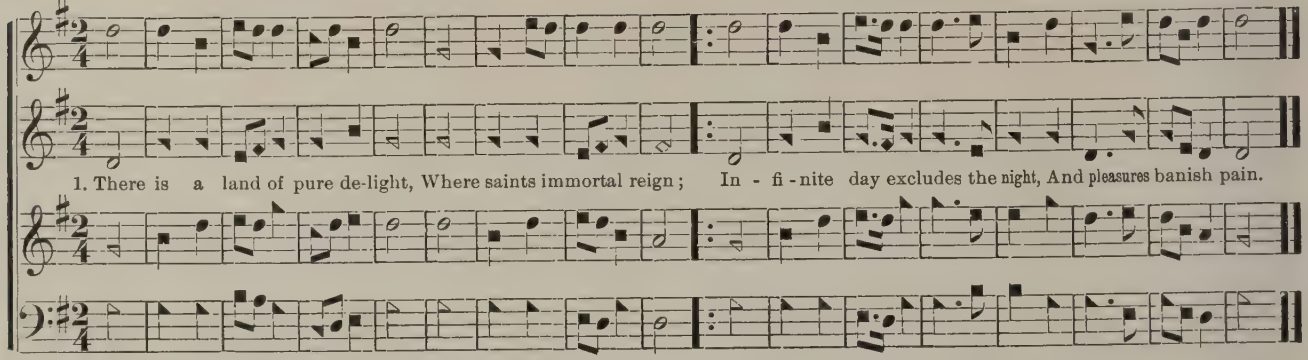
CROSS OF CHRIST.

L. P. Breedlove. Alto, Miss Minnie Roundtree.


Da Capo.
The cross of Christ inspires my heart To sing re-deem-ing grace;
A-wake, my soul, and bear a part In my Re-deemer's praise.
O who can be compared to him
Who died up-on the tree?
D. C.
This is my dear, de-light-ful theme, That Je-sus died for me.

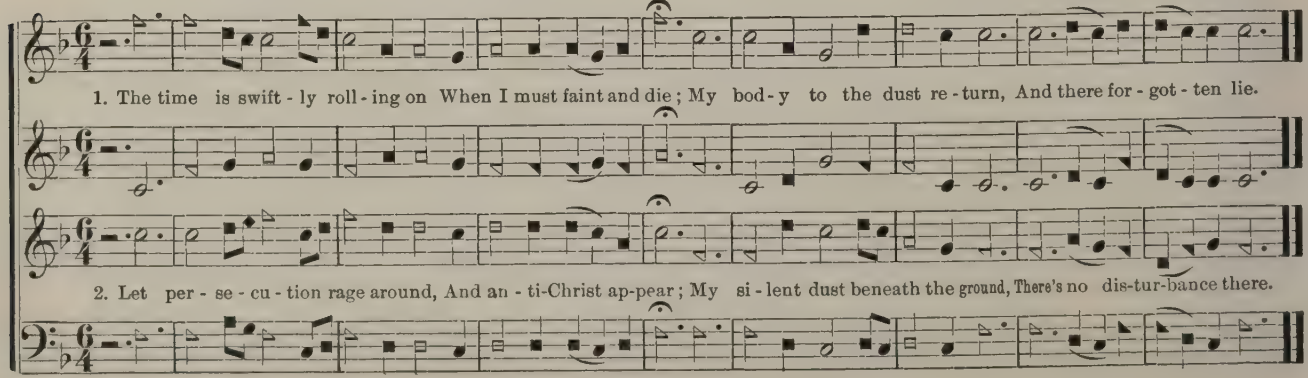
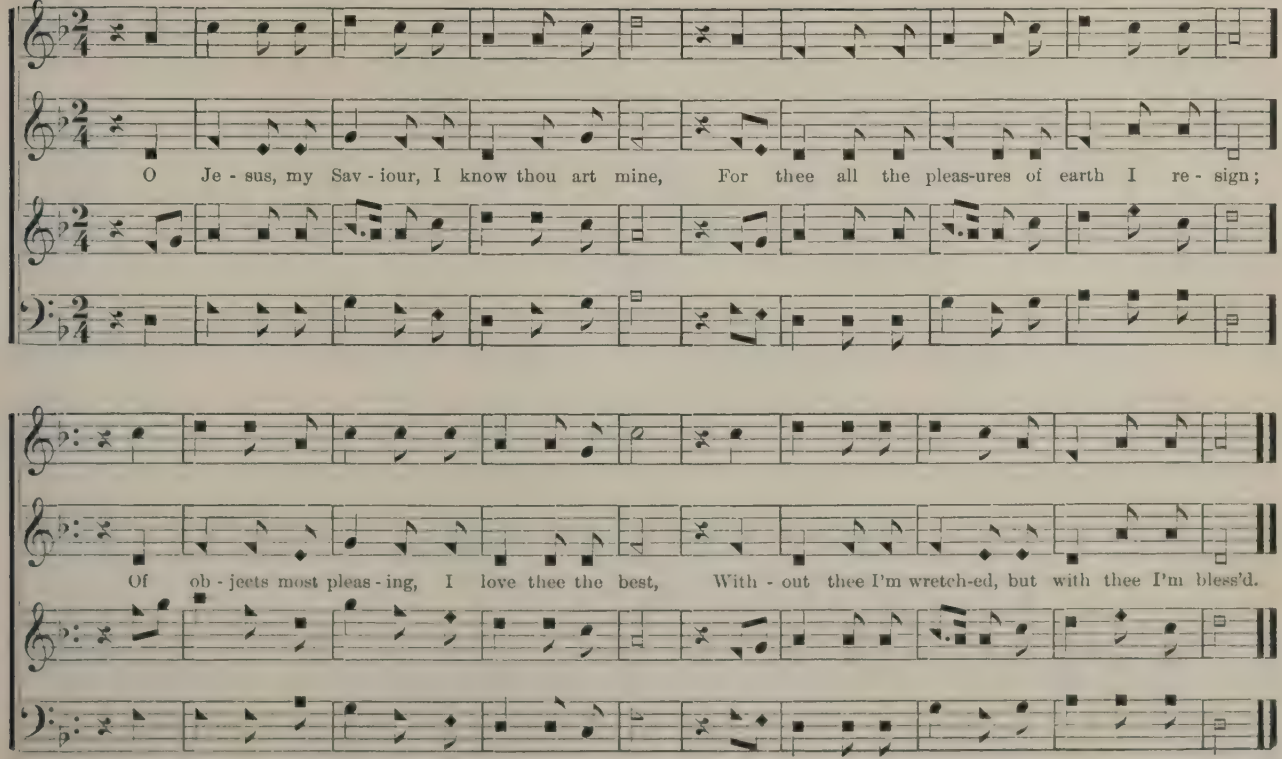
HEAVENLY LAND.

1857. R. F. M. Mann. Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.



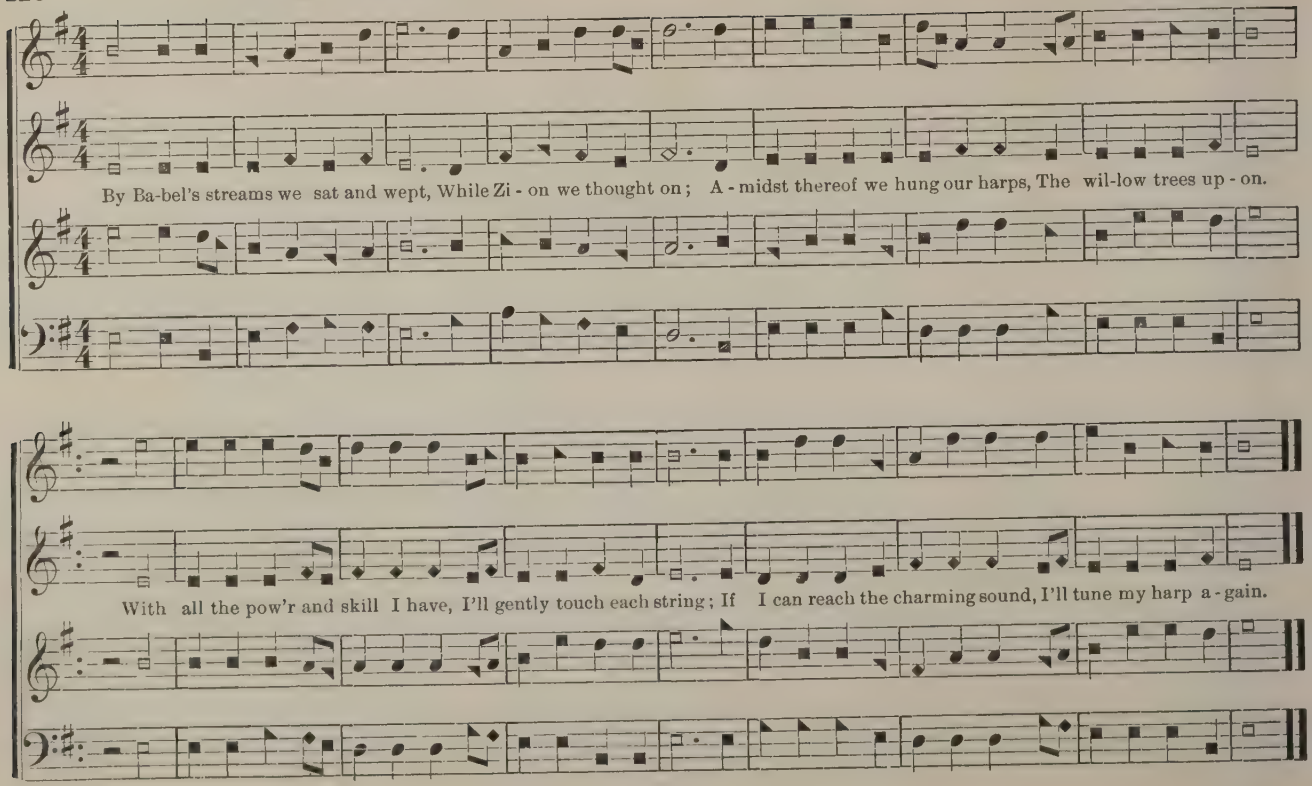
THE DYING MINISTER.

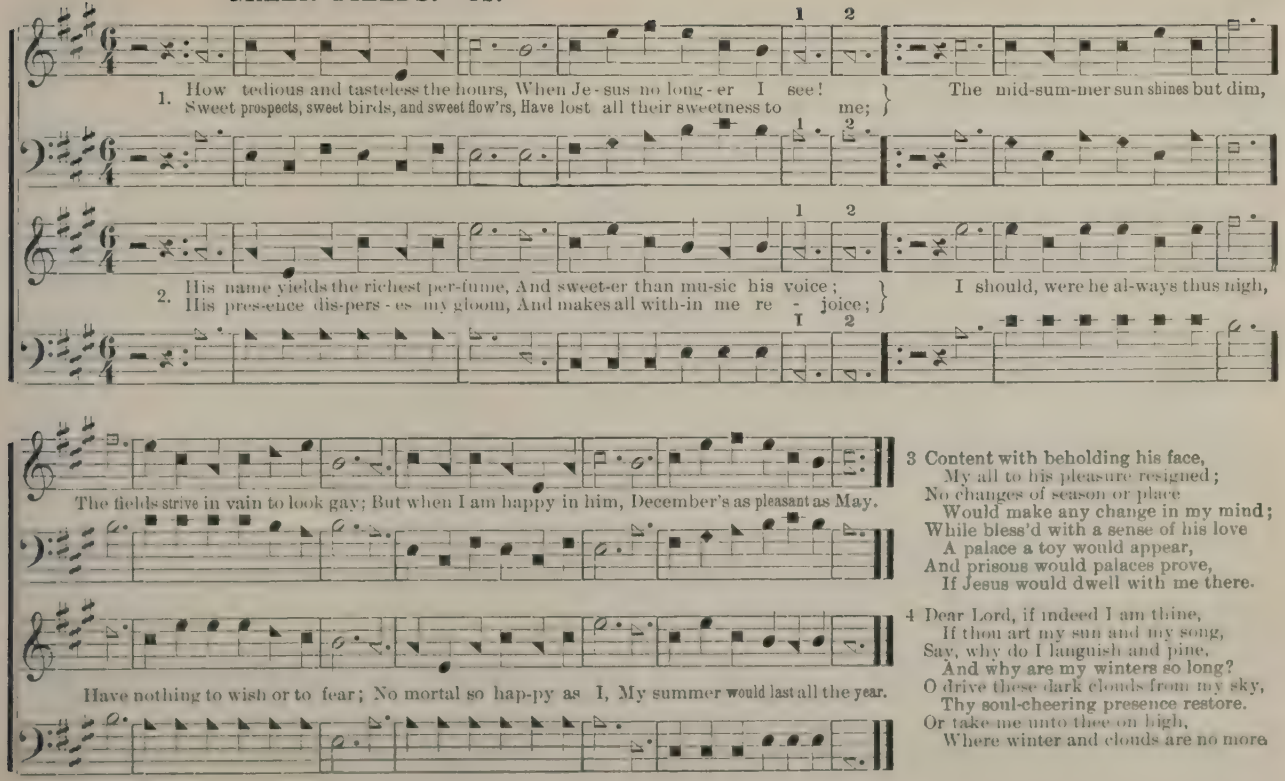
Eld. E. Dumas. Alto, W. M. C.


1. The time is swift - ly roll - ing on When I must faint and die; My bod - y to the dust re - turn, And there for - got - ten lie.
2. Let per - se - cu - tion rage around, And an - ti-Christ ap-pear; My si - lent dust beneath the ground, There's no dis-tur-bance there.

O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I know thou art mine, For thee all the pleas-ures of earth I re - sign;
Of ob - jects most pleas - ing, I love thee the best, With - out thee I'm wretch-ed, but with thee I'm bless'd.

BABEL'S STREAMS. C. M.

Alto by W. R. McCoy.


By Ba-bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi - on we thought on; A - midst thereof we hung our harps, The wil-low trees up - on.
With all the pow'r and skill I have, I'll gently touch each string; If I can reach the charming sound, I'll tune my harp a - gain.

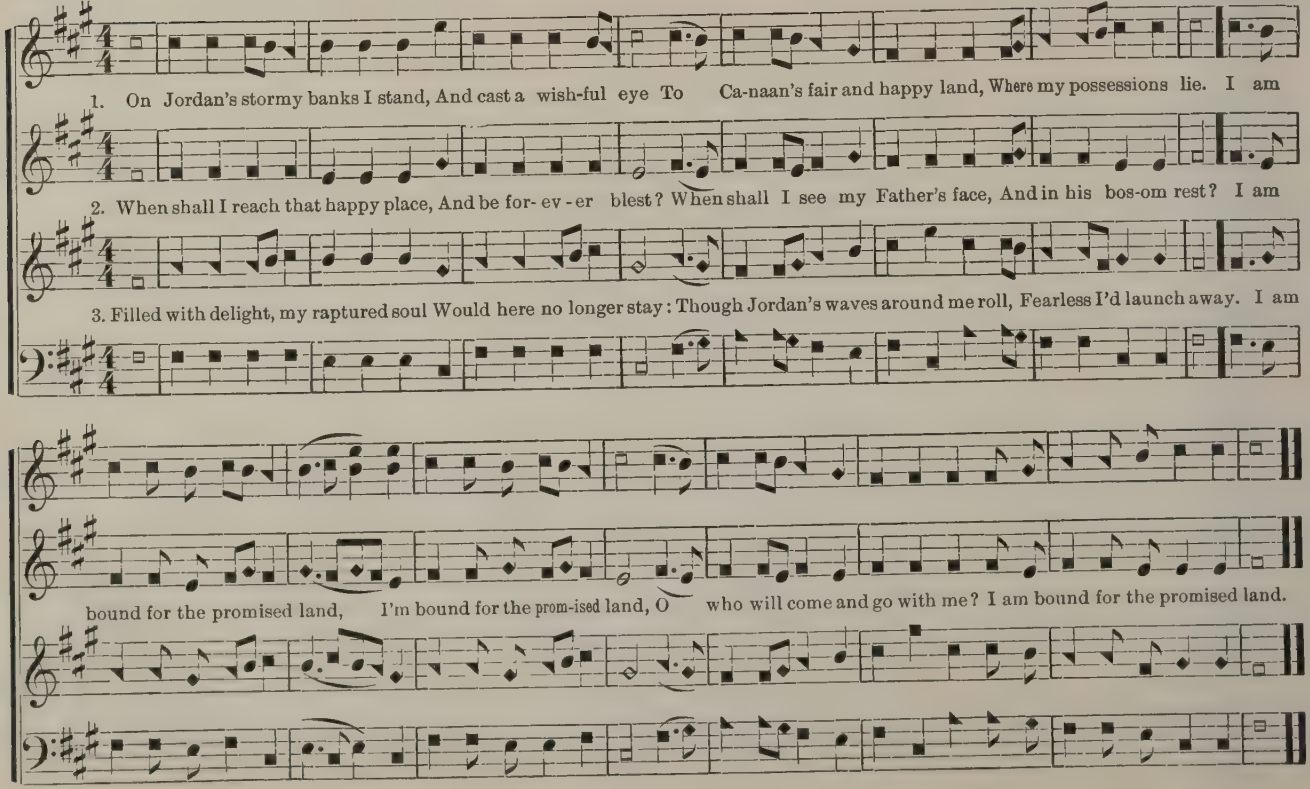

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je - sus no long - er I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me;
The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim,
2. His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic his voice;
His pres-ence dis-pers - es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice;
I should, were he al-ways thus nigh,
The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.
Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.

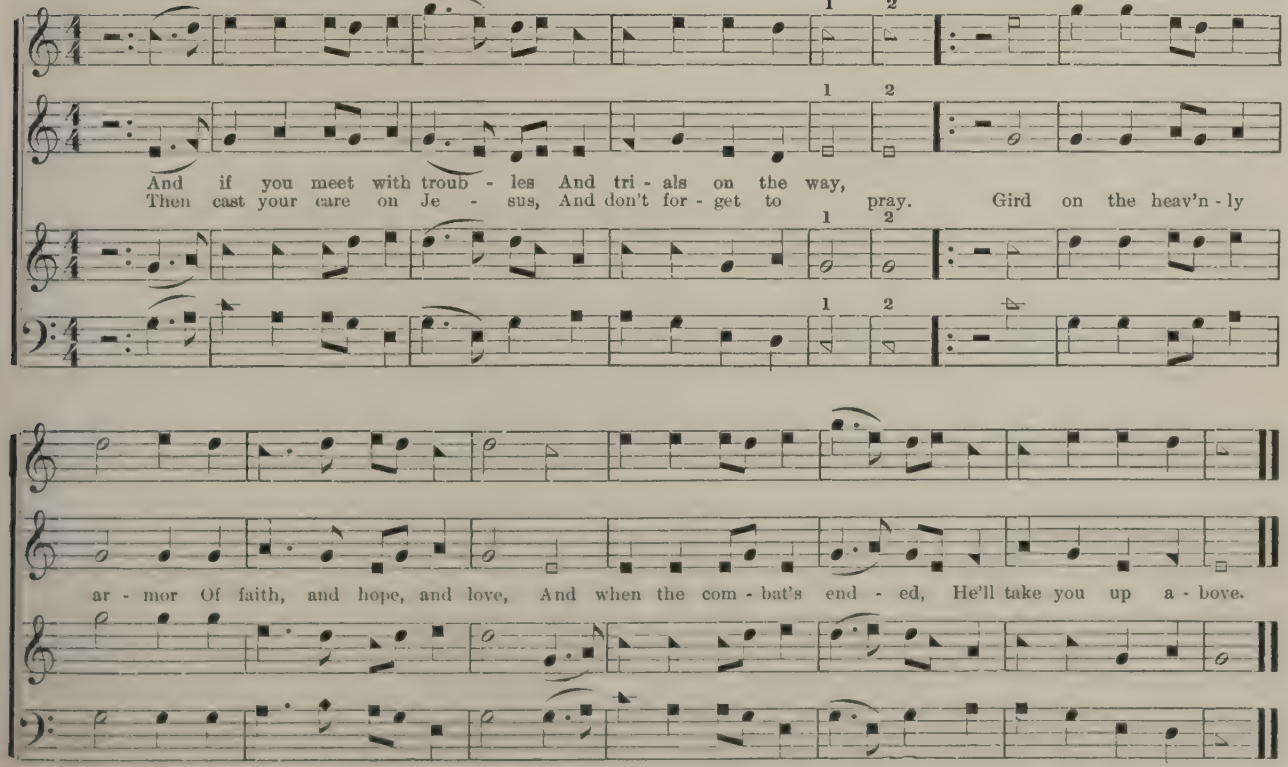
3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore.
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more

THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

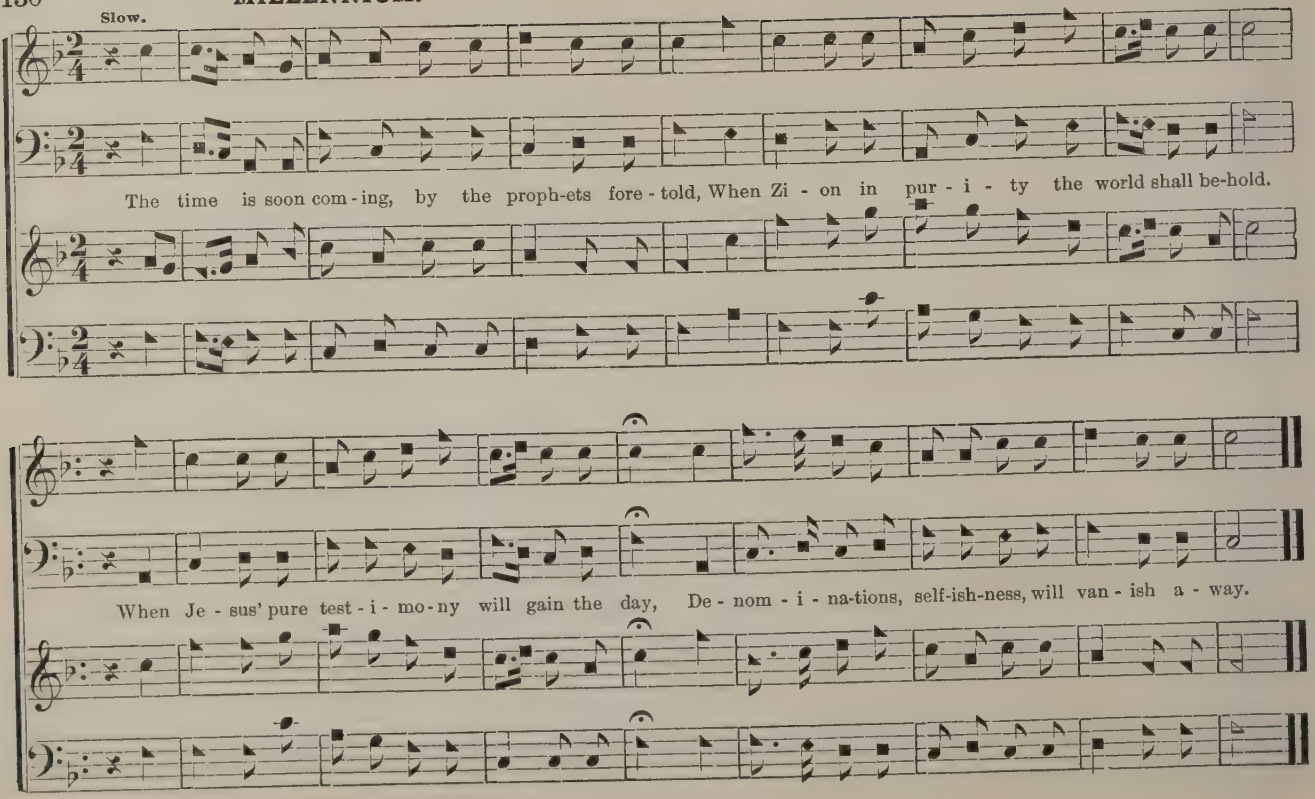
Miss M. Durnam. Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.


CHORUS.
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. I am
2. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for- ev - er blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bos-om rest? I am
3. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay: Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away. I am
bound for the promised land, I'm bound for the prom-ised land, O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.


And if you meet with troub - les And tri - als on the way,
Then cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray. Gird on the heav'n - ly
ar - mor Of faith, and hope, and love, And when the com - bat's end - ed, He'll take you up a - bove.

MILLENNIUM.

Alto by W. R. McCoy.


Slow.
The time is soon com-ing, by the proph-ets fore-told, When Zi-on in pur-i-ty the world shall be-hold.
When Je-sus' pure test-i-mo-ny will gain the day, De-nom-i-na-tions, self-ish-ness, will van-ish a-way.

MESSIAH. C. M.

D. C.

He comes! he comes! to judge the world, Aloud th' archangel cries, } Th' affrighted nations hear the sound, And upward lift their eyes;
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies; }

The slumb'ring tenants of the ground In liv - ing ar-mies rise.

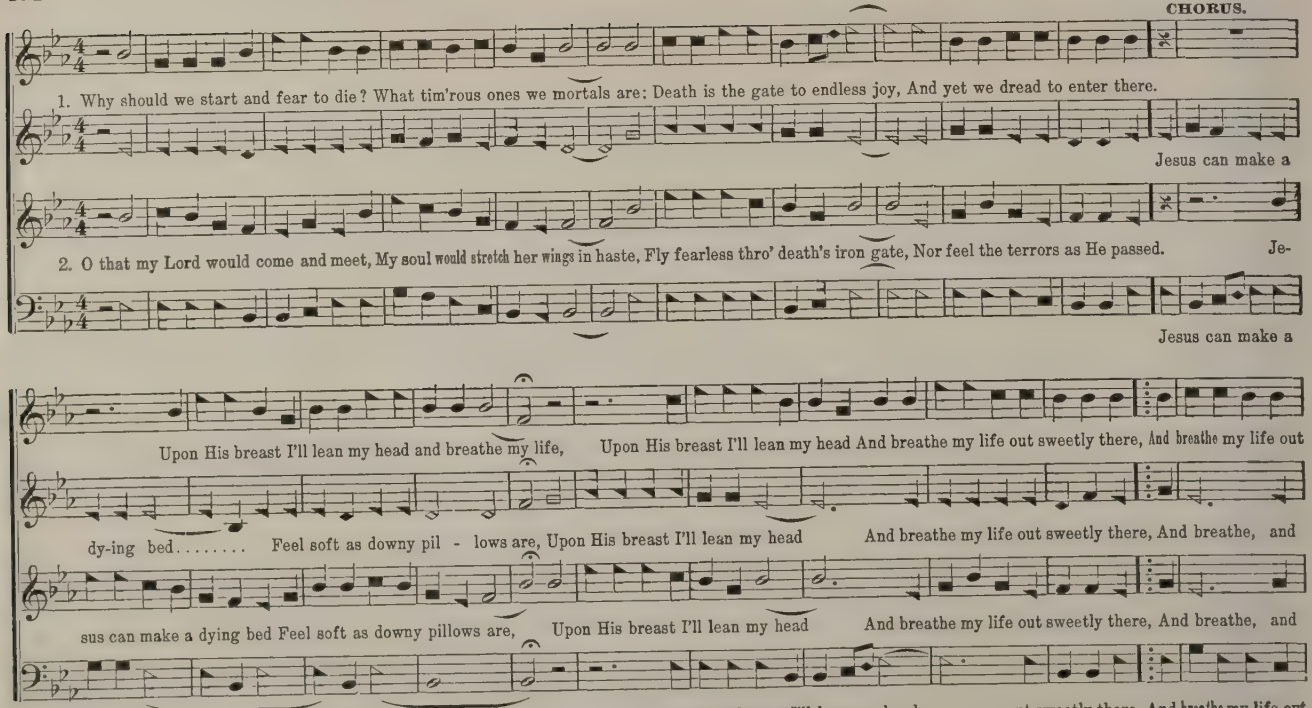
INVOCATION.

Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, } Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Rise, my soul, and haste away
Rise from transitory things To heav'n, thy native place; } Time shall soon this earth remove; To seats prepared above.

REPOSE IN JESUS.

* Rev. P. M. Calaway. W. M. Cooper, March 12, 1906.


CHORUS.
1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous ones we mortals are: Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
Jesus can make a
2. O that my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as He passed.
Je-
Jesus can make a
Upon His breast I'll lean my head and breathe my life, Upon His breast I'll lean my head And breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe my life out
dy-ing bed..... Feel soft as downy pil - lows are, Upon His breast I'll lean my head And breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe, and
sus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, Upon His breast I'll lean my head And breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe, and
dy-ing bed ..... feel soft..... Upon His breast I'll lean my head.. out sweetly there, And breathe my life out

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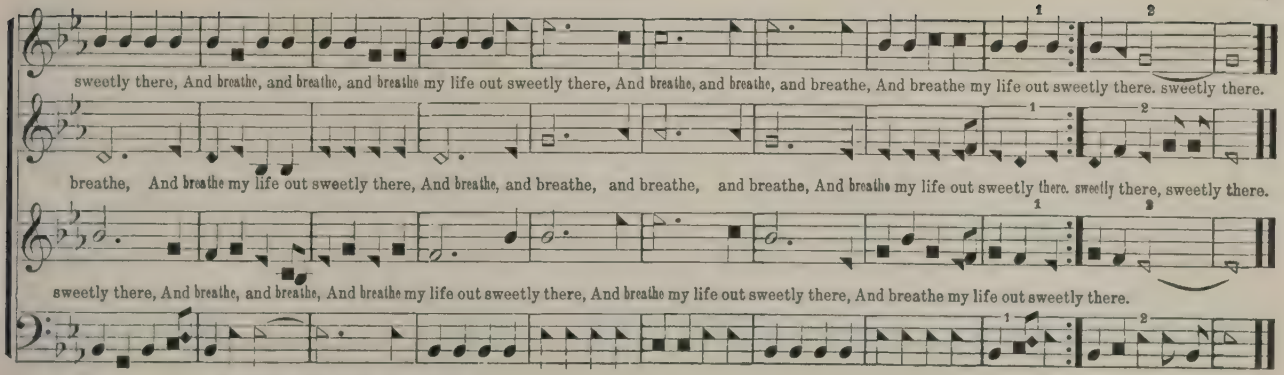
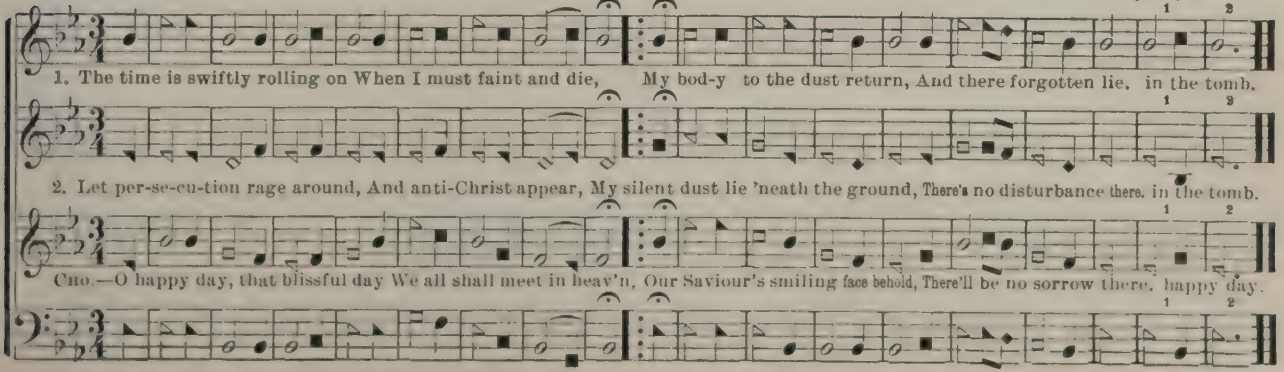
* The author of the music
To the little song above,
Was prompted to compose it,
And to-day he says he owes it
To the lasting recollection
Of a man he loved to love.—*H. C. C.*

REPOSE IN JESUS. Concluded.


sweetly there, And breathe, and breathe, and breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there. sweetly there.
breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe, and breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there. sweetly there, sweetly there.
sweetly there, And breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

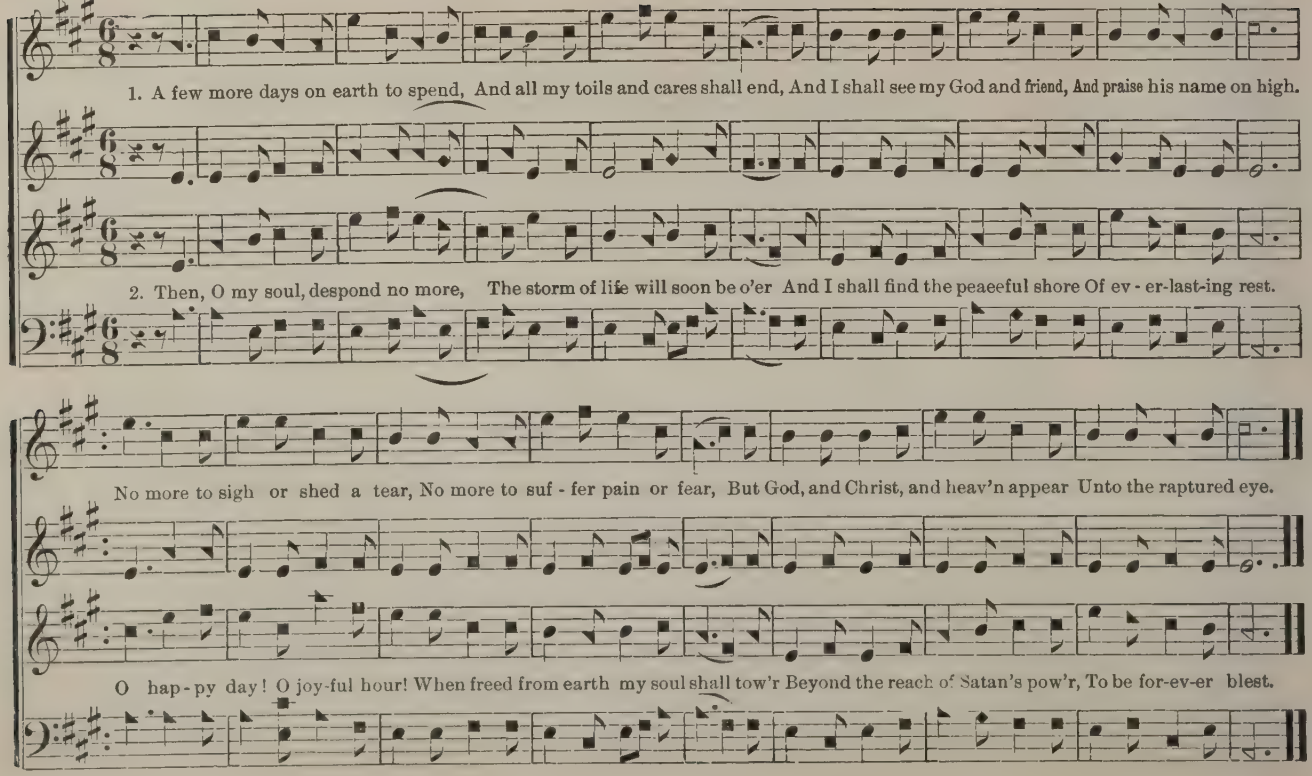
DECLINING DAYS.

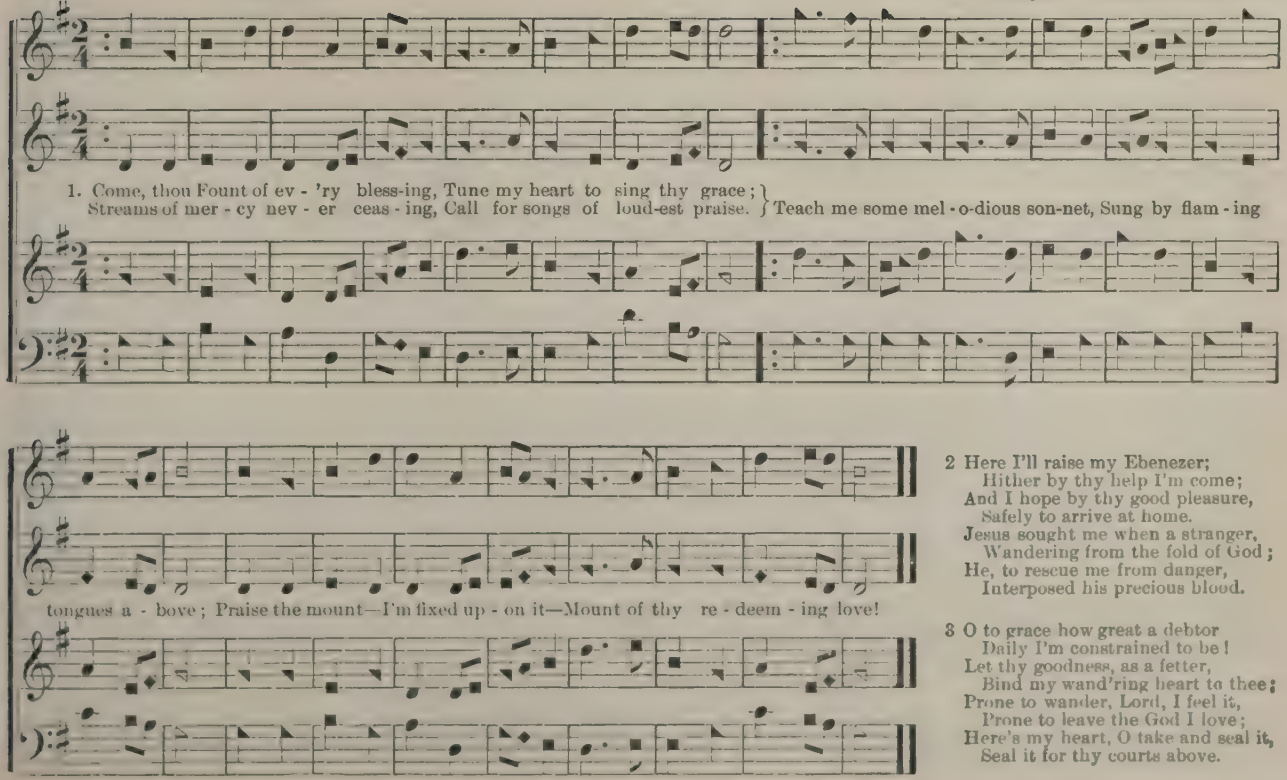
B. P. Poyner, 1906.


1. The time is swiftly rolling on When I must faint and die, My bod-y to the dust return, And there forgotten lie. in the tomb.
2. Let per-se-cu-tion rage around, And anti-Christ appear, My silent dust lie 'neath the ground, There's no disturbance there. in the tomb.
Cho.—O happy day, that blissful day We all shall meet in heav'n, Our Saviour's smiling face behold, There'll be no sorrow there. happy day.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high.
2. Then, O my soul, despond no more, The storm of life will soon be o'er And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ev - er-last-ing rest.
No more to sigh or shed a tear, No more to suf - fer pain or fear, But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear Unto the raptured eye.
O hap - py day! O joy-ful hour! When freed from earth my soul shall tow'r Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for-ev-er blest.

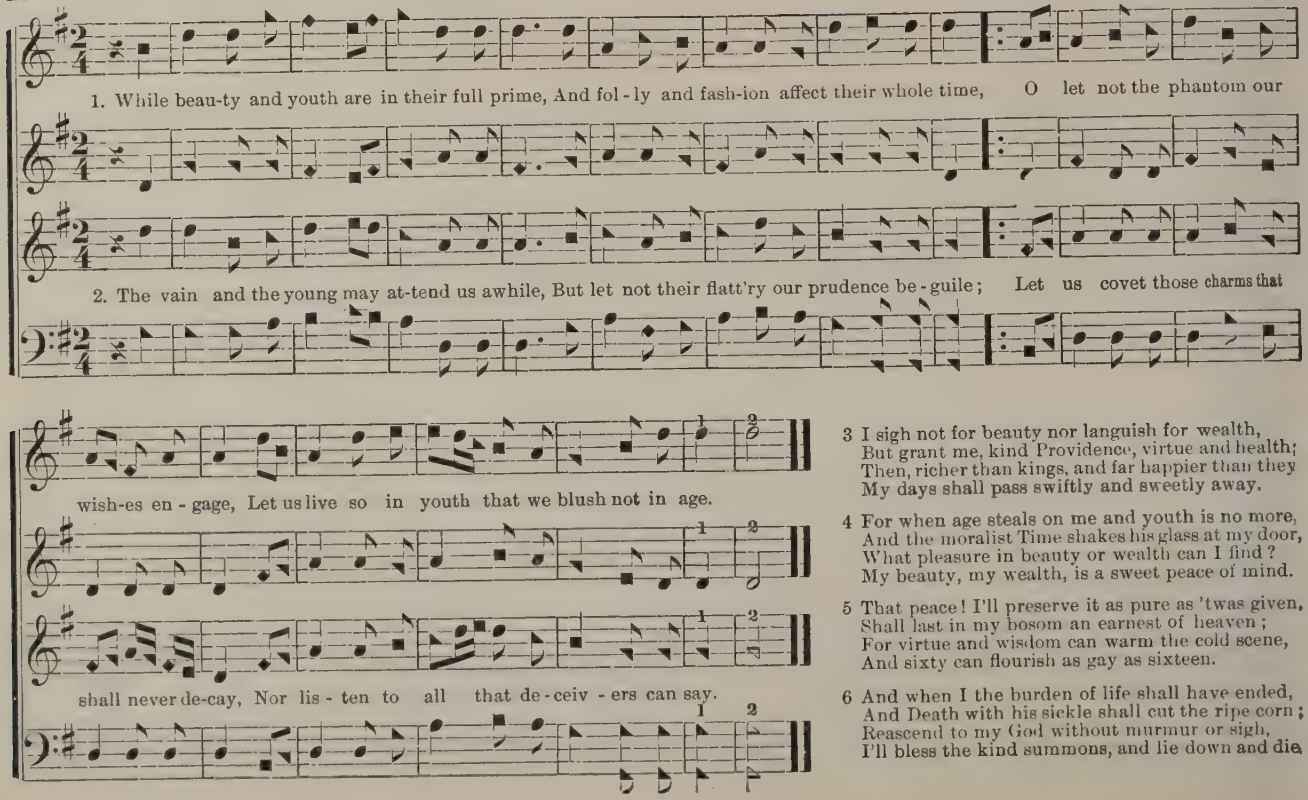

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
Teach me some mel - o-dious son-net, Sung by flam - ing
tongues a - bove; Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of thy re - deem - ing love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

MORALITY 10s, 11s, 11s.

Alto, W. M. Cooper.


1. While beau-ty and youth are in their full prime, And fol-ly and fash-ion affect their whole time, O let not the phantom our
2. The vain and the young may at-tend us awhile, But let not their flatt'ry our prudence be-guile; Let us covet those charms that
wish-es en-gage, Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.
shall never de-cay, Nor lis-ten to all that de-ceiv-ers can say.
1
2

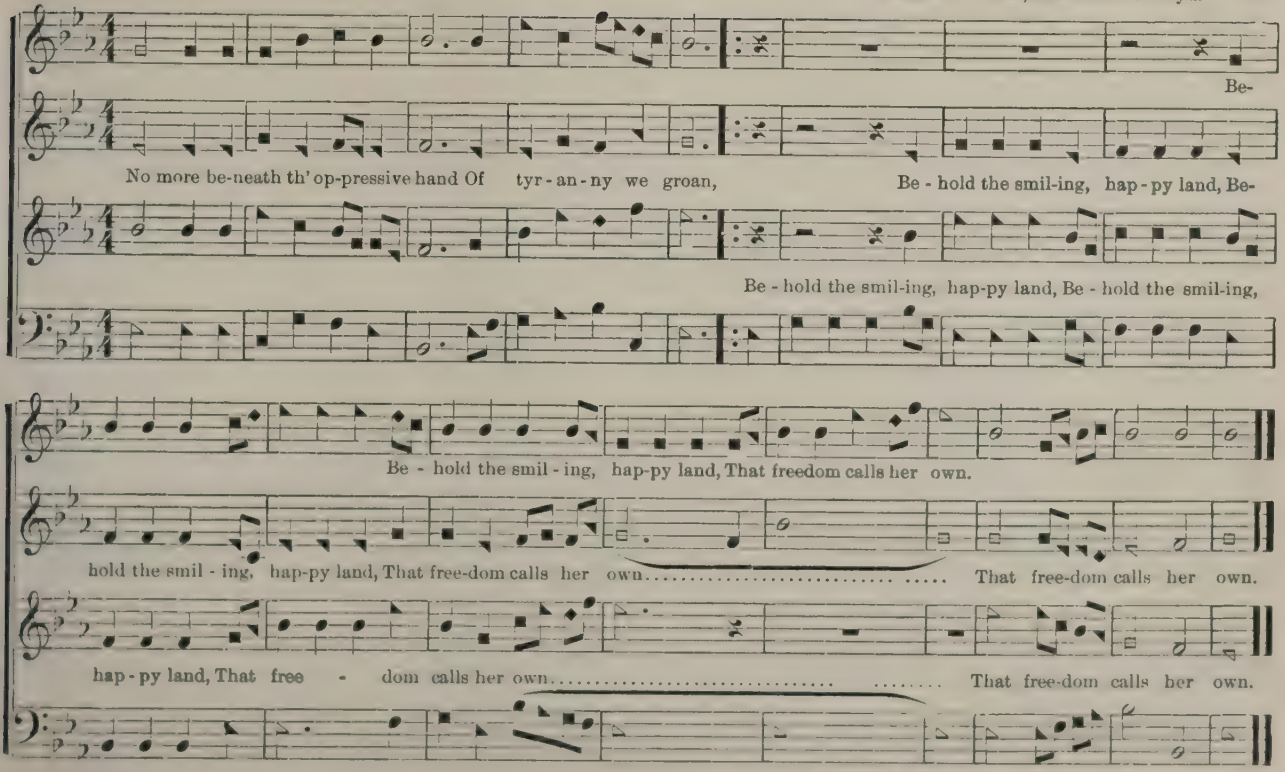
3 I sigh not for beauty nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then, richer than kings, and far happier than they
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given,
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

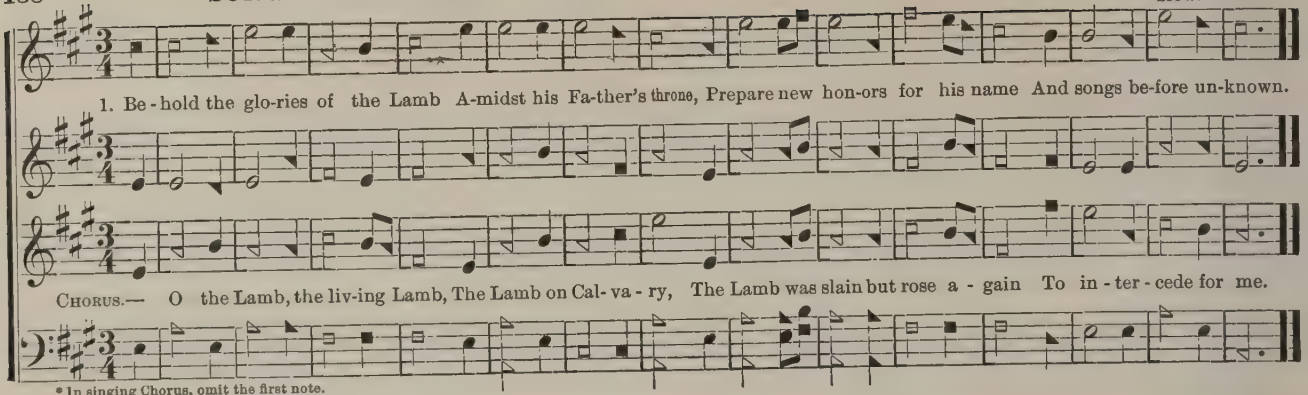
6 And when I the burden of life shall have ended,
And Death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn;
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

LIBERTY. C. M.

Stevens. Alto, Miss Minnie Floyd.

Be-
No more be-neath th' op-pressive hand Of tyr-an-ny we groan,
Be - hold the smil-ing, hap-py land, Be-
Be - hold the smil-ing, hap-py land, Be - hold the smil-ing,
Be - hold the smil - ing, hap-py land, That freedom calls her own.
hold the smil - ing, hap-py land, That free-dom calls her own.....
That free-dom calls her own.
hap - py land, That free - dom calls her own.....
That free-dom calls her own.

SONG TO THE LAMB.* C. M.

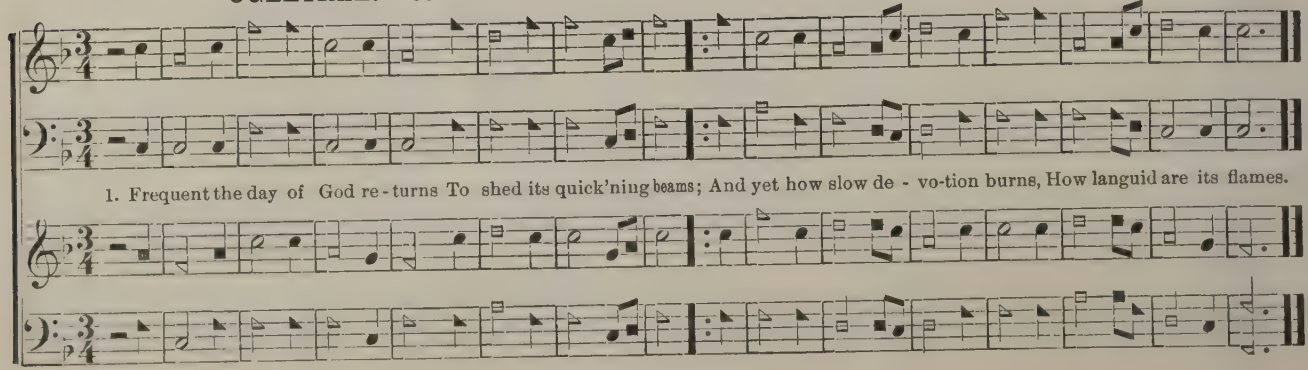
D. P. White.
Slow. - - -

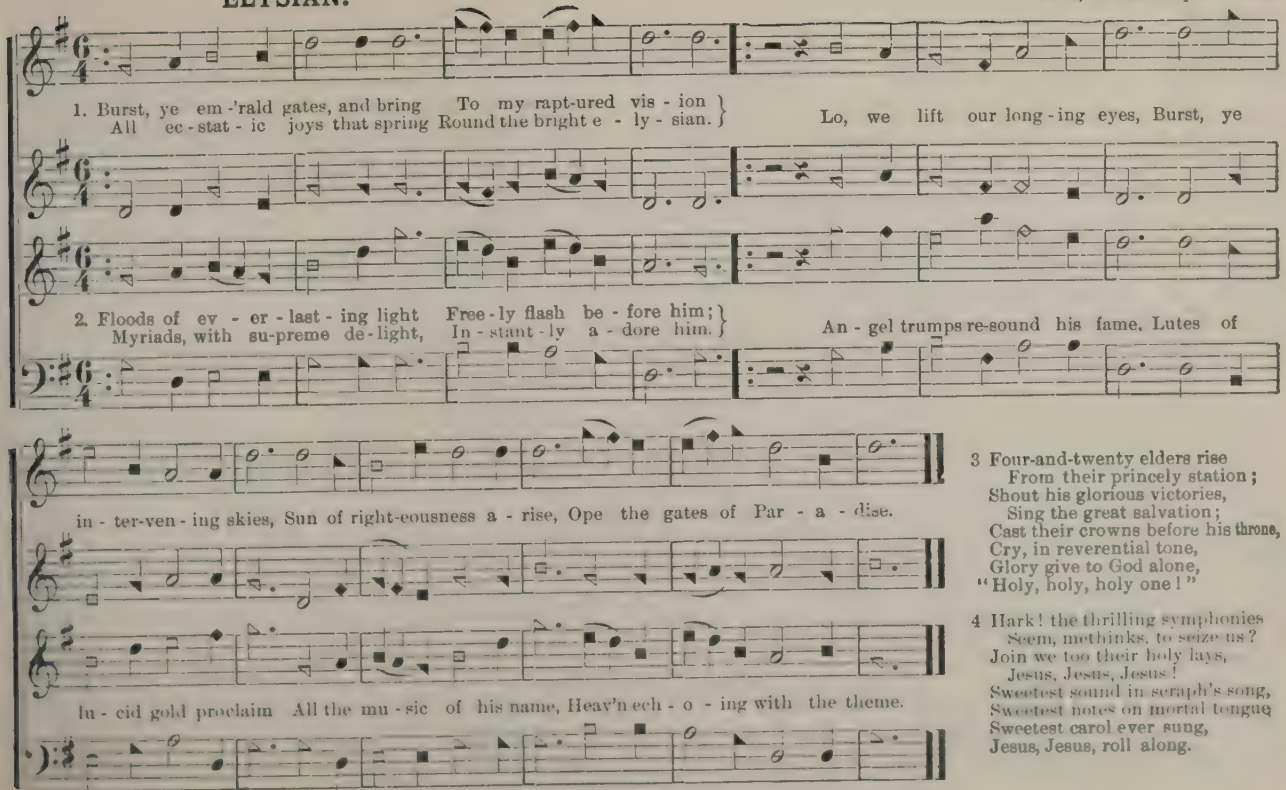

1. Be - hold the glo-ries of the Lamb A-midst his Fa-ther's throne, Prepare new hon-ors for his name And songs be-fore un-known.
Chorus.— O the Lamb, the liv-ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal- va - ry, The Lamb was slain but rose a - gain To in - ter - cede for me.

* In singing Chorus, omit the first note.

OGLETREE. C. M.

S. M. Brown. Alto, Miss Leila Underwood.

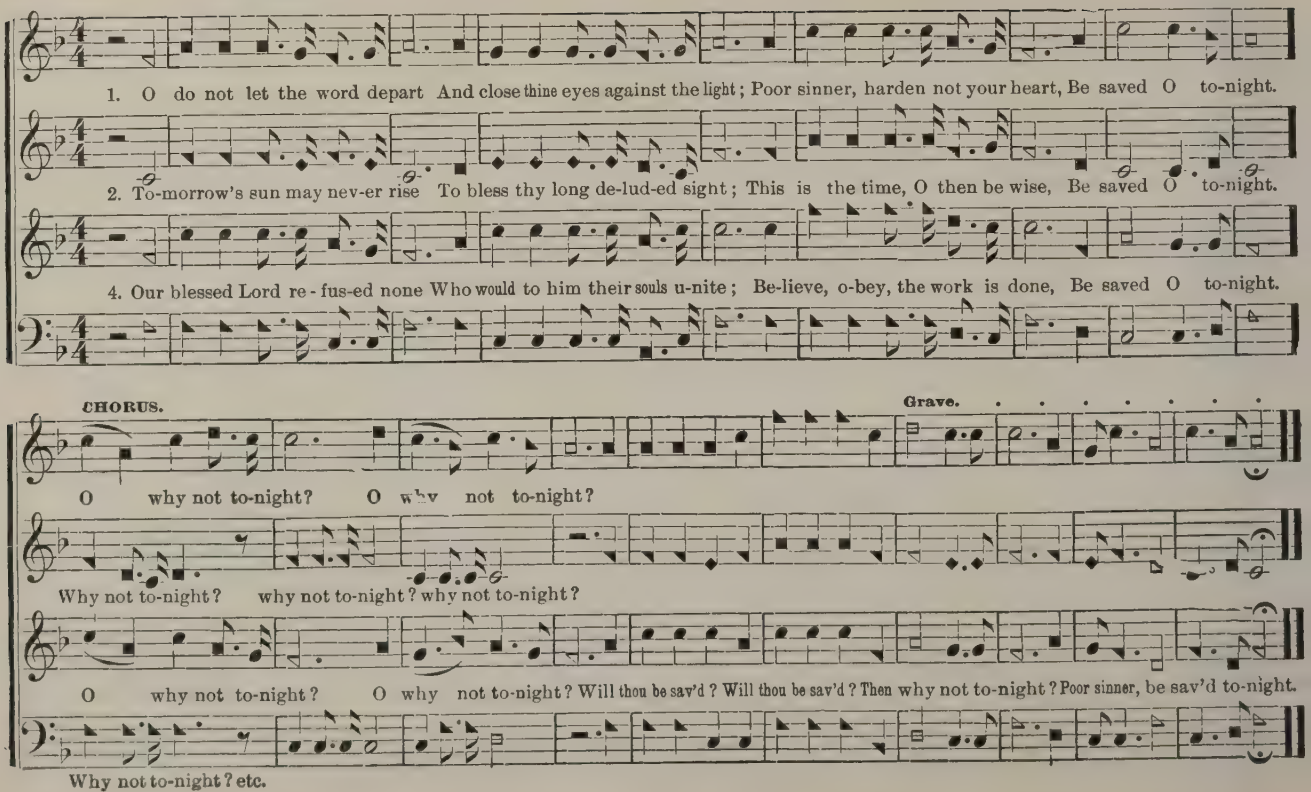


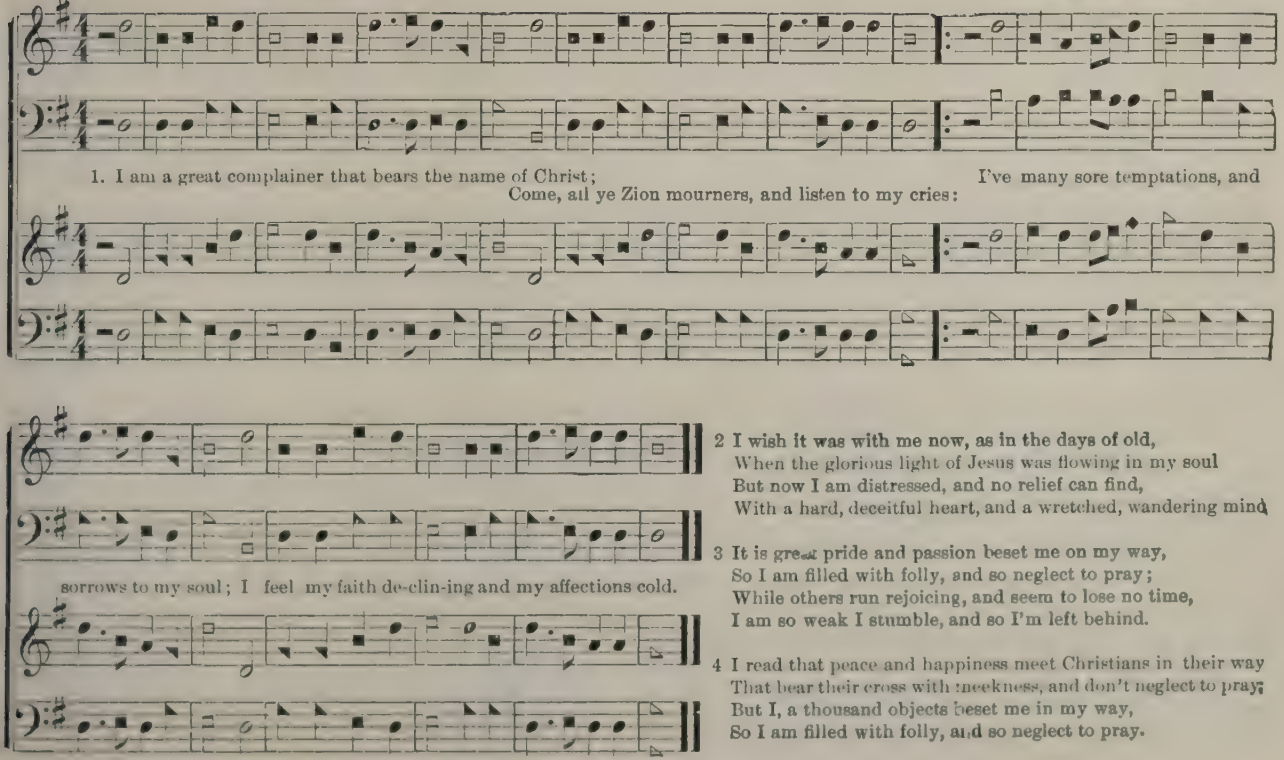

1. Burst, ye em-'rald gates, and bring To my rapt-ured vis-ion
All ec-stat-ic joys that spring Round the bright e-ly-sian.
Lo, we lift our long-ing eyes, Burst, ye
2. Floods of ev-er-last-ing light Free-ly flash be-fore him;
Myriads, with su-preme de-light, In-stant-ly a-dore him.
An-gel trumps re-sound his fame, Lutes of
in-ter-ven-ing skies, Sun of right-eousness a-rise, Ope the gates of Par-a-dise.
lu-cid gold proclaim All the mu-sic of his name, Heav'n ech-o-ing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone,
"Holy, holy, holy one!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us?
Join we too their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, roll along.

BE SAVED TO-NIGHT.

W. M. Cooper.

1. O do not let the word depart And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your heart, Be saved O to-night.
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved O to-night.
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-ed none Who would to him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved O to-night.
CHORUS.
Grave.
O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
Why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
O why not to-night? O why not to-night? Will thou be sav'd? Will thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night? Poor sinner, be sav'd to-night.
Why not to-night? etc.

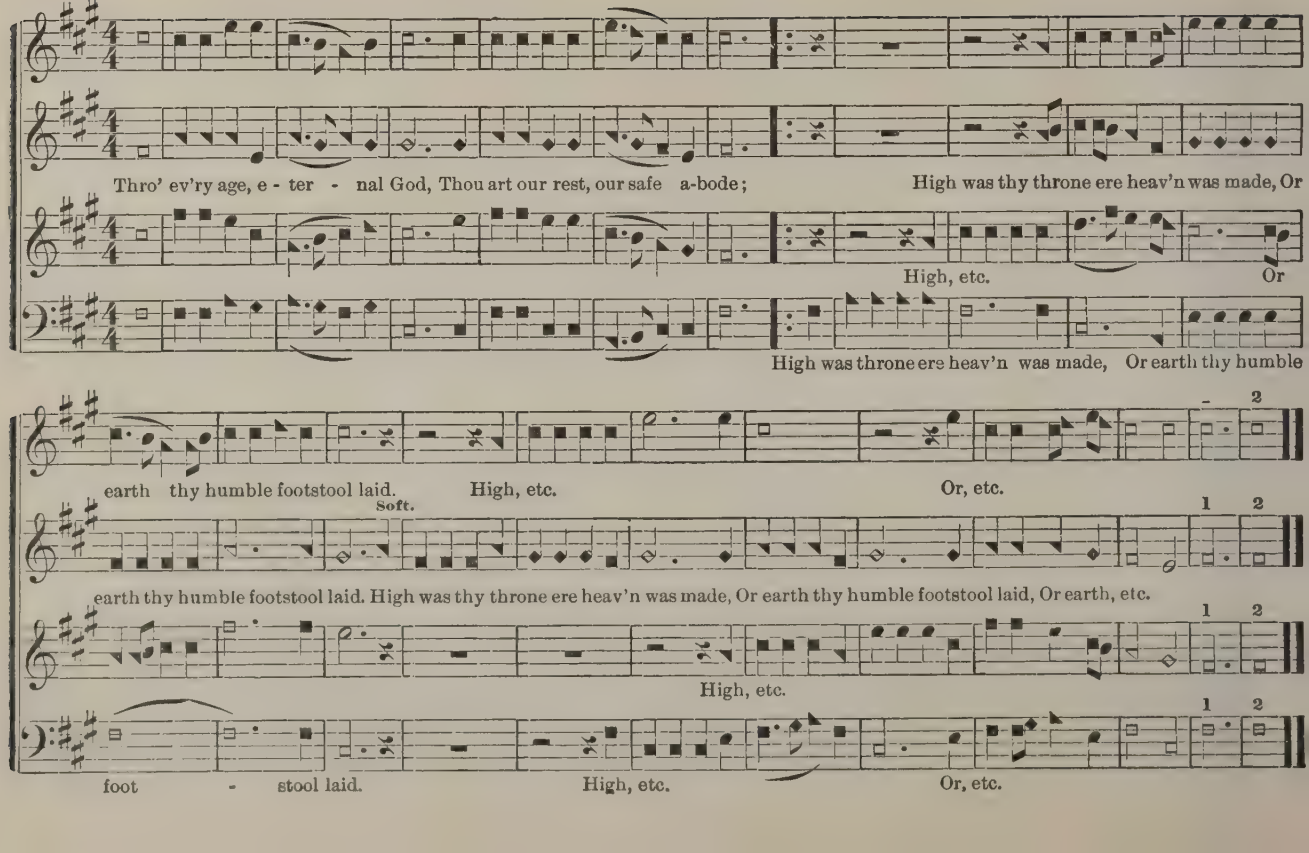

1. I am a great complainer that bears the name of Christ; I've many sore temptations, and
Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries:
sorrows to my soul; I feel my faith de-clin-ing and my affections cold.

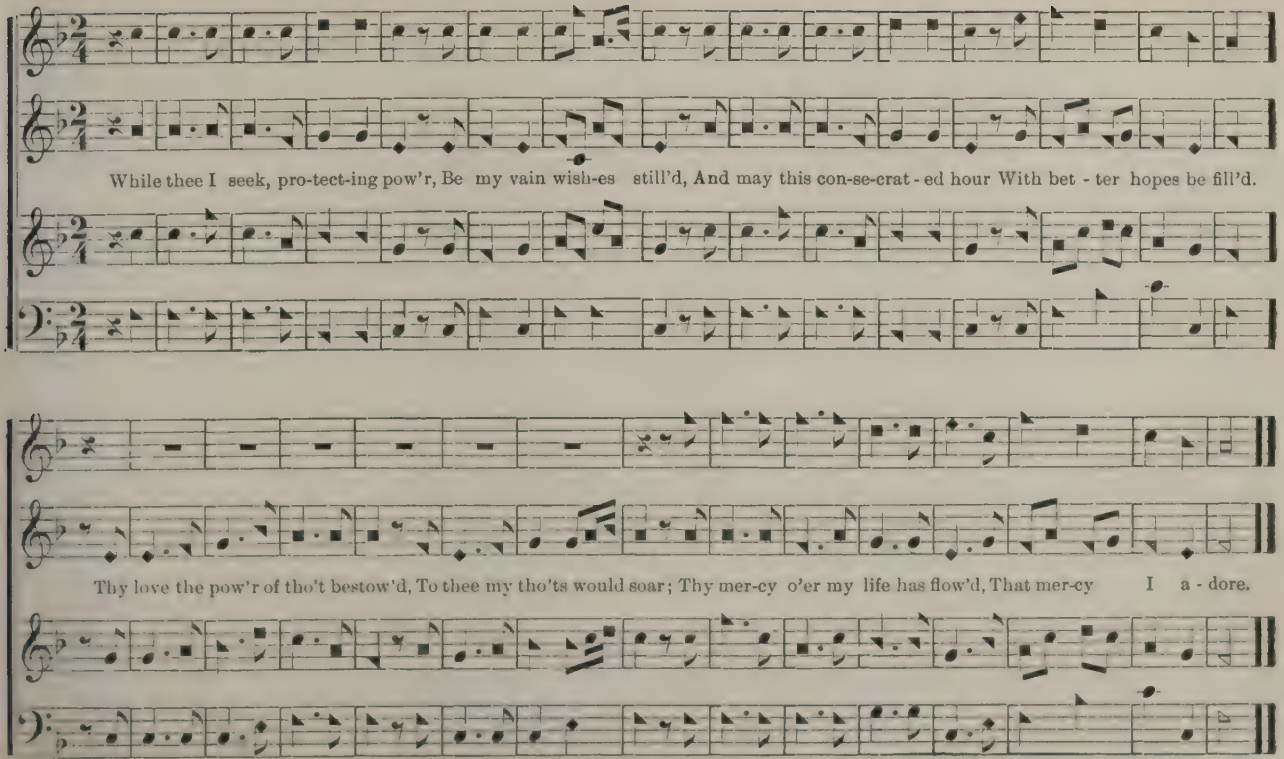
2 I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched, wandering mind

3 It is great pride and passion beset me on my way,
So I am filled with folly, and so neglect to pray;
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

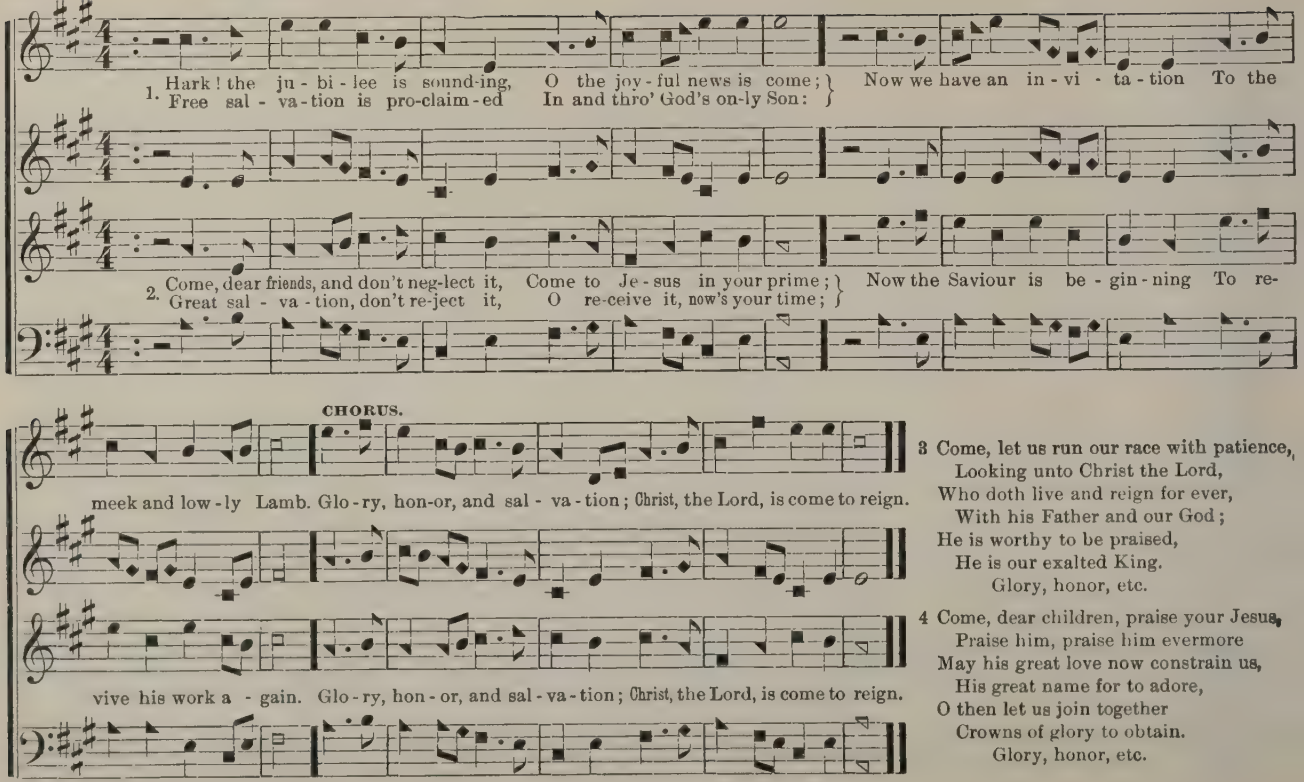
4 I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way
That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray;
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way,
So I am filled with folly, and so neglect to pray.

STRATFIELD. C. M.


Thro' ev'ry age, e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a-bode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or
High, etc.
Or
High was throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble
earth thy humble footstool laid.
High, etc.
Or, etc.
Soft.
earth thy humble footstool laid. High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid, Or earth, etc.
High, etc.
foot - stool laid.
High, etc.
Or, etc.


While thee I seek, pro-tect-ing pow'r, Be my vain wish-es still'd, And may this con-se-crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestow'd, To thee my tho'ts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-cy I a - dore.

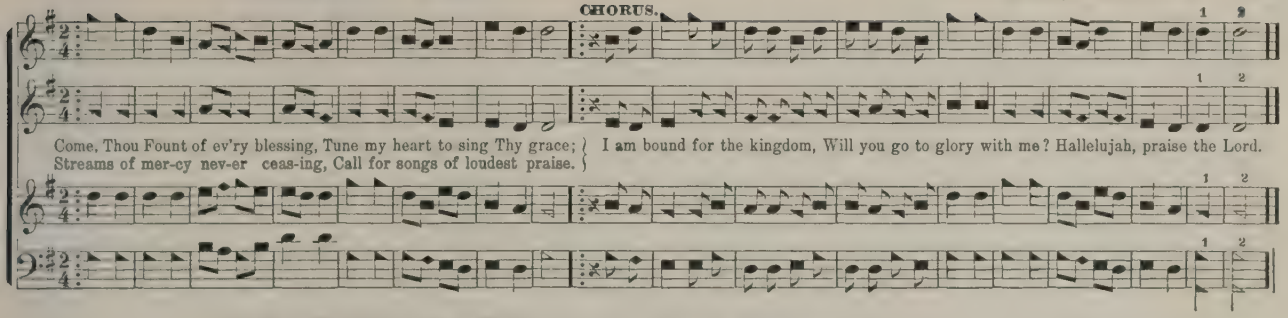
JUBILEE. P. M.


1. Hark! the ju - bi - lee is sound-ing, O the joy-ful news is come; Now we have an in - vi - ta - tion To the
Free sal - va - tion is pro-claim-ed In and thro' God's on-ly Son:
2. Come, dear friends, and don't neg-lect it, Come to Je - sus in your prime; Now the Saviour is be - gin - ning To re-
Great sal - va - tion, don't re-ject it, O re-ceive it, now's your time;
CHORUS.
meek and low-ly Lamb. Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal - va - tion; Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.
vive his work a - gain. Glo-ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion; Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

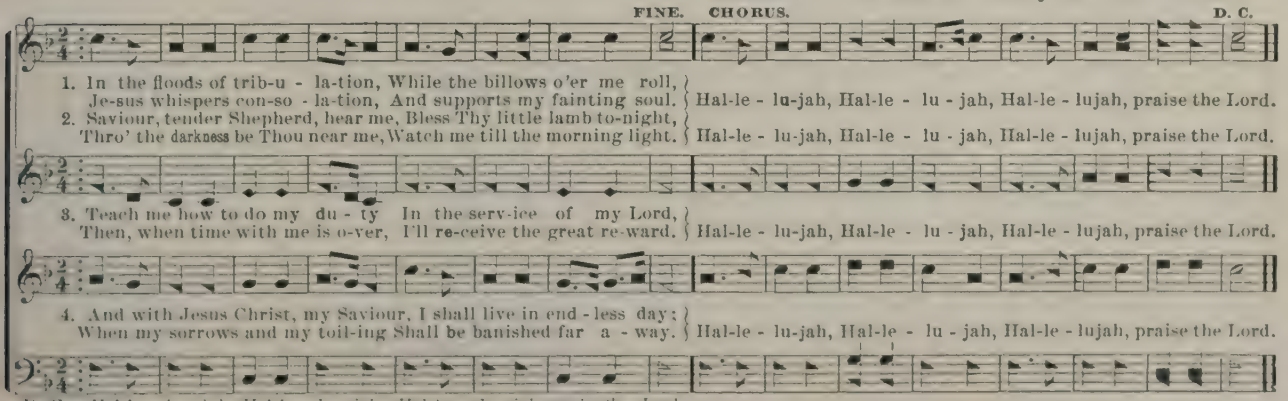
3 Come, let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honor, etc.

4 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore,
O then let us join together
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honor, etc.

STREAMS OF MERCY.


CHORUS.
1
2
Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

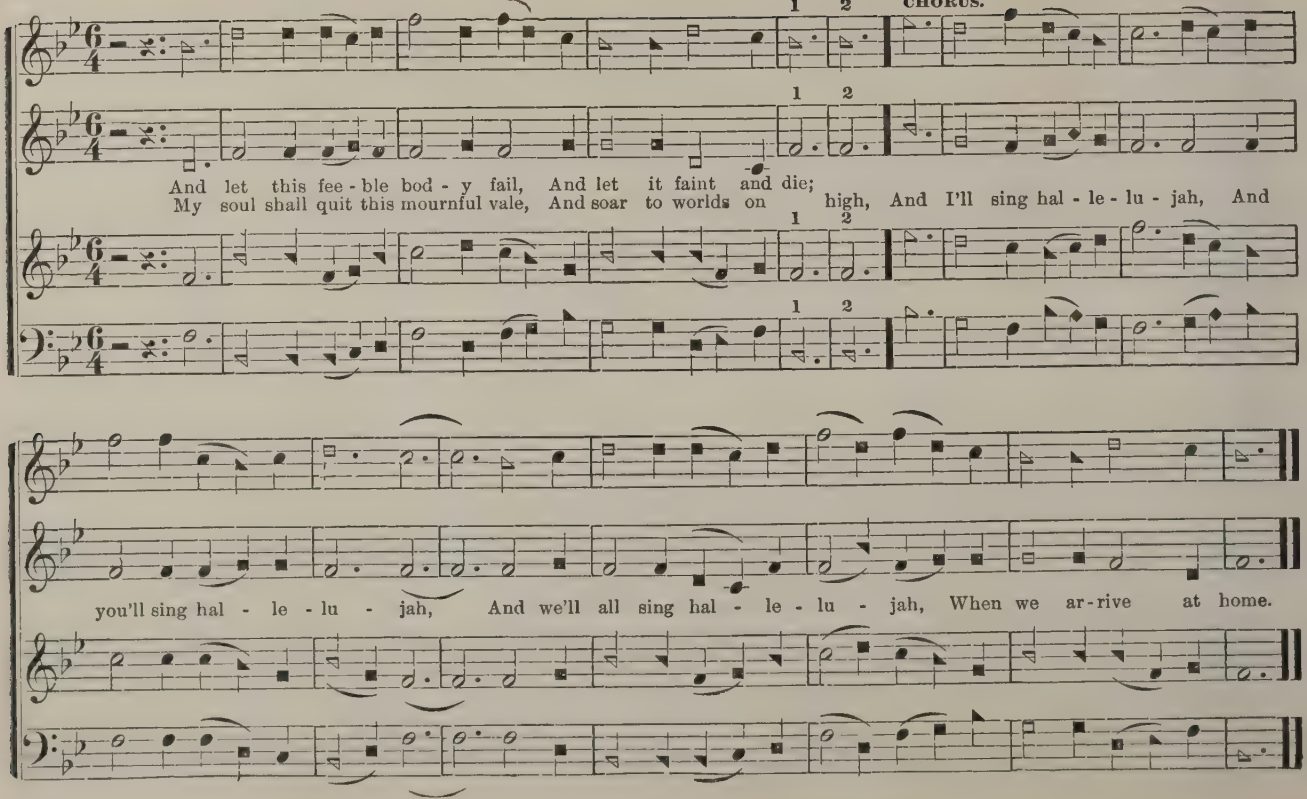
THE CHILD'S PRAYER. 8, 7. (Sweet Affliction.)

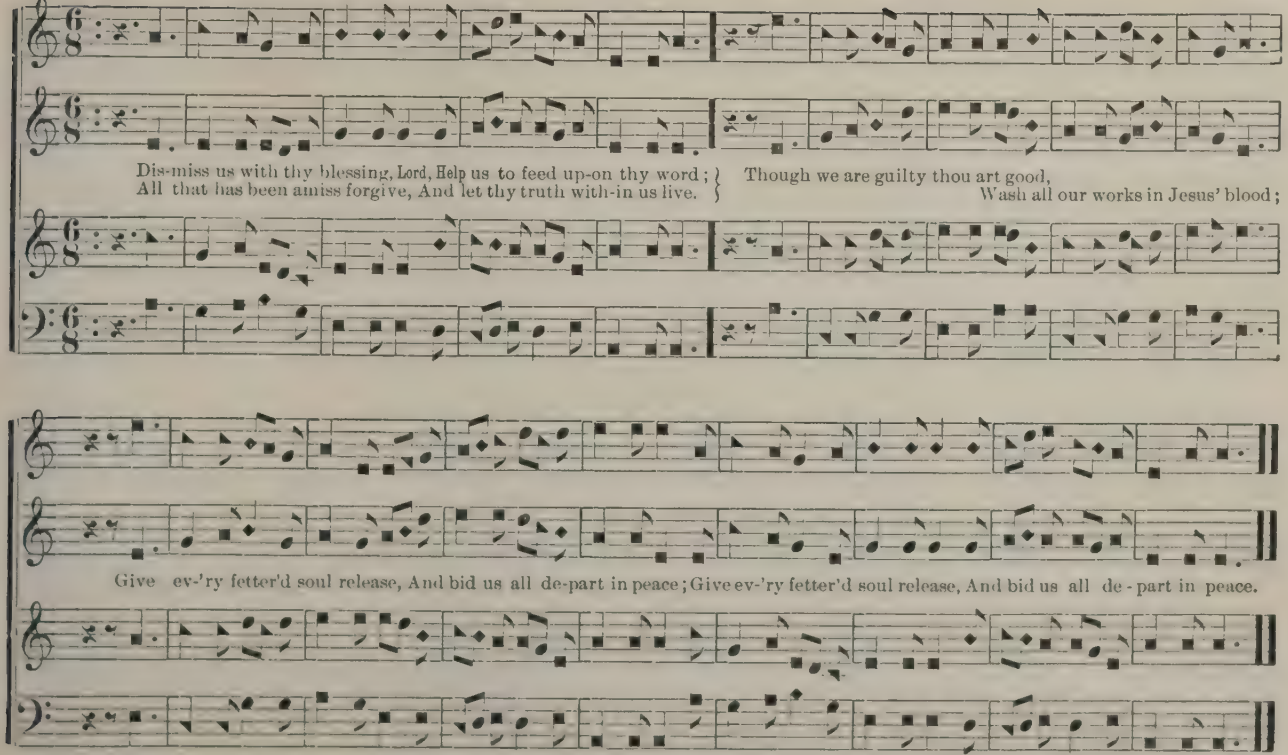
Alt. Mrs. R. D. Blackshear. Arr. by Miss Ora V. Turner.

FINE.
CHORUS.
D. C.
1. In the floods of trib-u - la-tion, While the billows o'er me roll,
Je-sus whispers con-so - la-tion, And supports my fainting soul.
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lujah, praise the Lord.
2. Saviour, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Watch me till the morning light.
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lujah, praise the Lord.
3. Teach me how to do my du - ty In the serv-ice of my Lord,
Then, when time with me is o-ver, I'll re-ceive the great re-ward.
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lujah, praise the Lord.
4. And with Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I shall live in end - less day;
When my sorrows and my toil-ing Shall be banished far a - way.
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lujah, praise the Lord.

D. C.—*Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.*

HALLELUJAH. C. M.

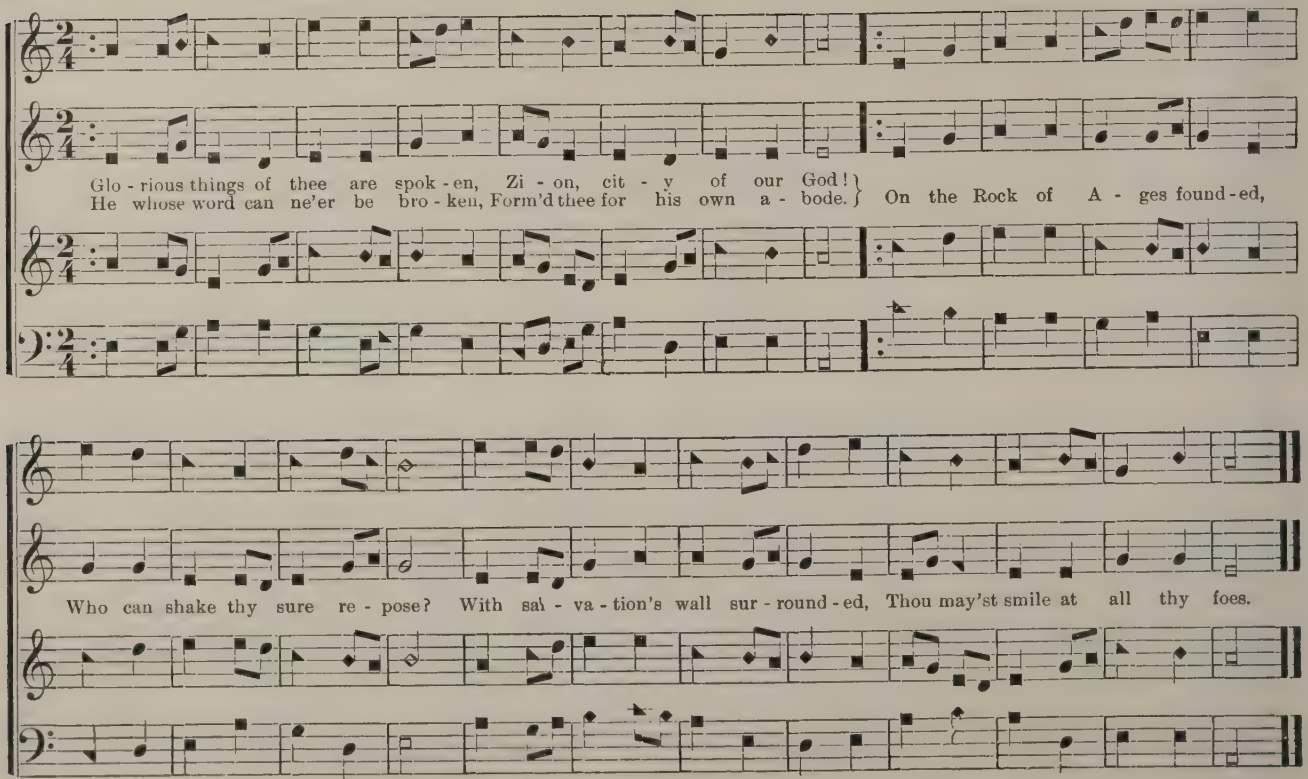
Alto by B. P. Poyner.

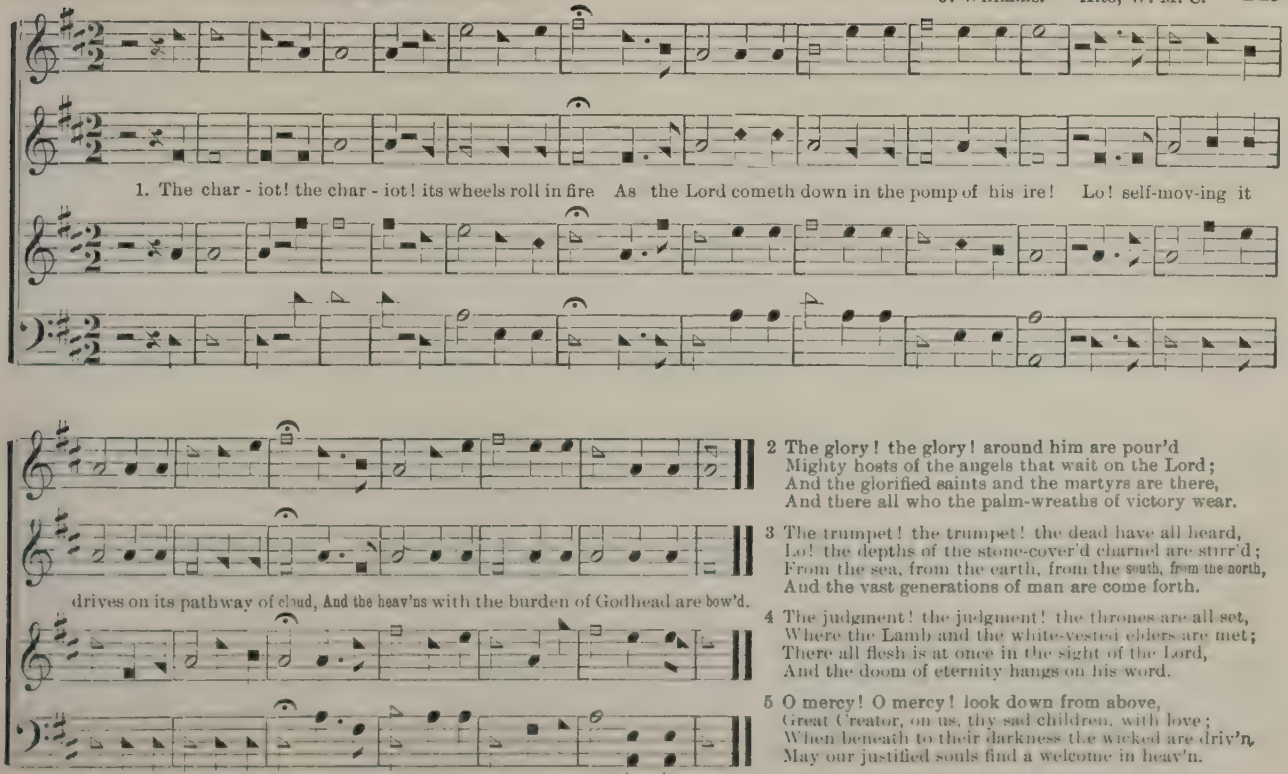

1 2
CHORUS.
And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high, And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And
you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, When we ar-rive at home.


Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up-on thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive, And let thy truth with-in us live.
Though we are guilty thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give ev-'ry fetter'd soul release, And bid us all de-part in peace; Give ev-'ry fetter'd soul release, And bid us all de-part in peace.

JEFFERSON.

Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.


Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed,
Who can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

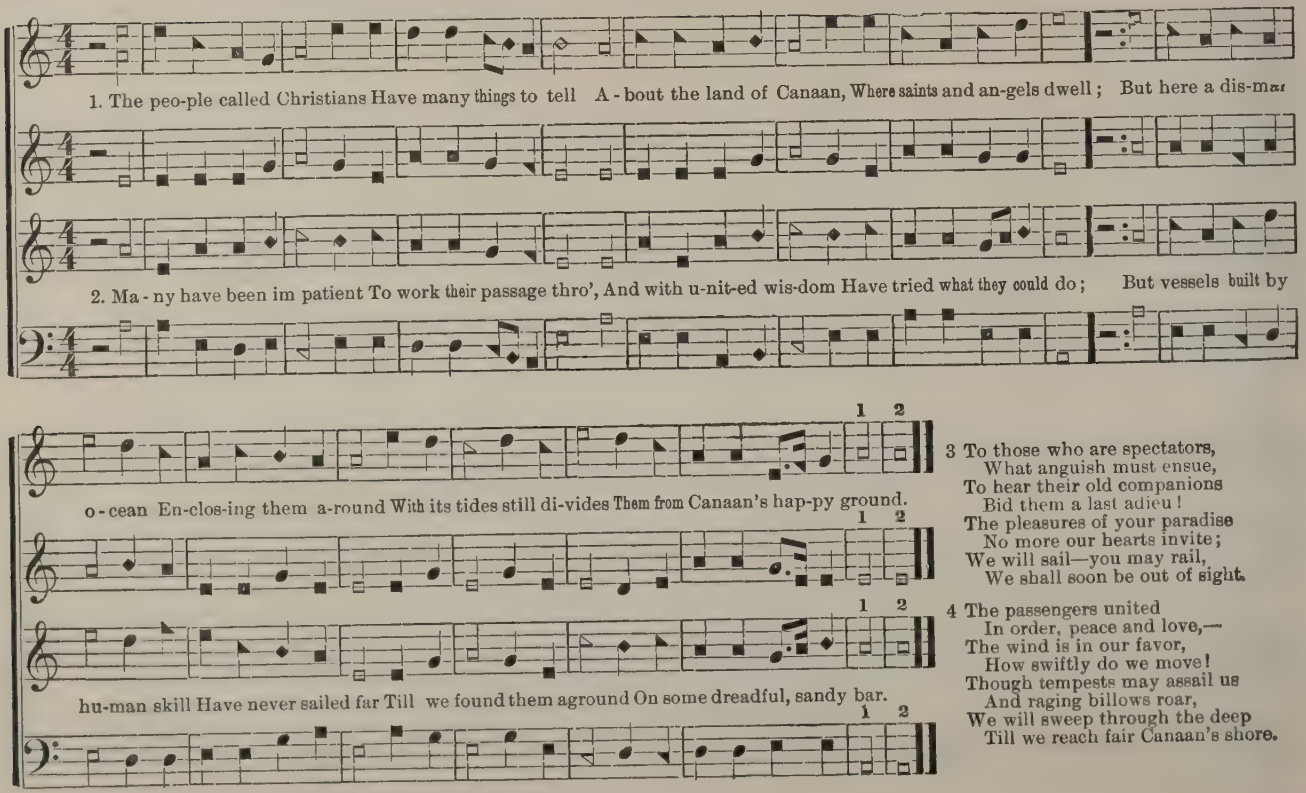

1. The char - iot! the char - iot! its wheels roll in fire As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire! Lo! self-mov-ing it
drives on its pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.

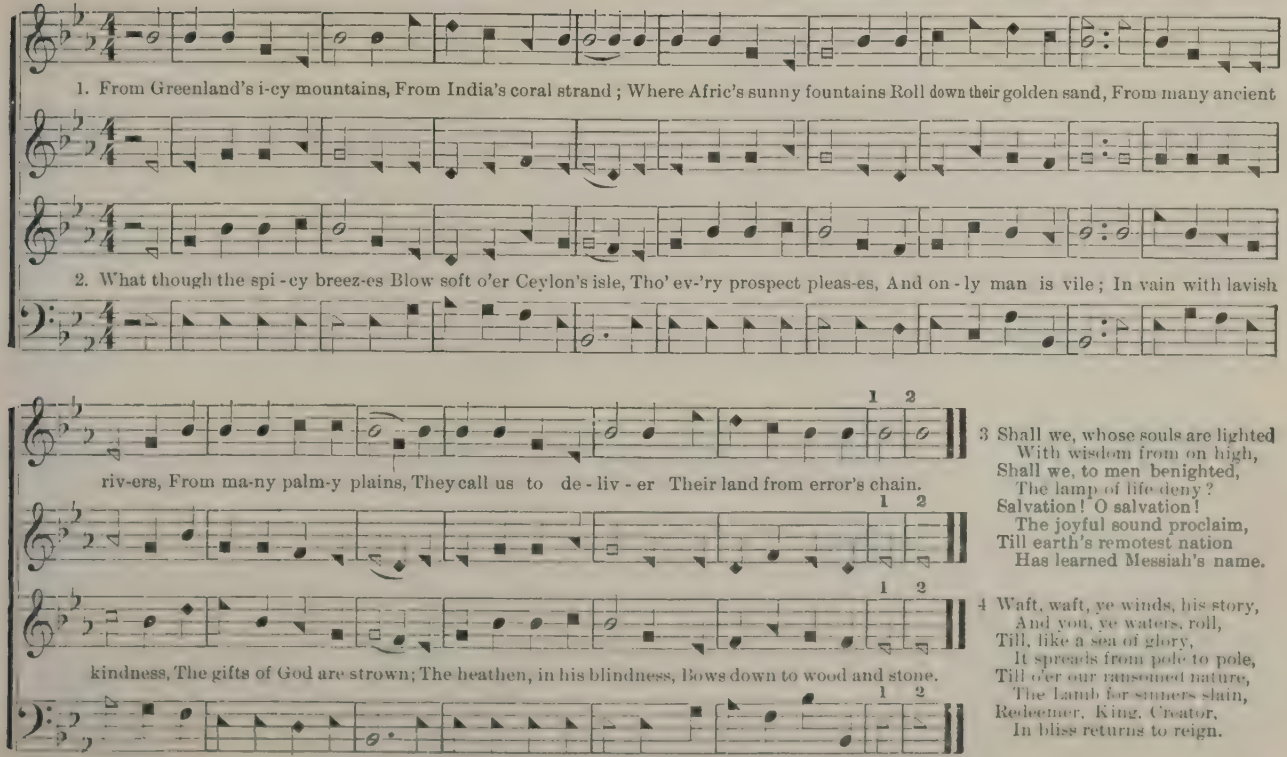

1. The peo-ple called Christians Have many things to tell A - bout the land of Canaan, Where saints and an-gels dwell; But here a dis-ma
2. Ma - ny have been im patient To work their passage thro', And with u-nit-ed wis-dom Have tried what they could do; But vessels built by
1 2
o - cean En-clos-ing them a-round With its tides still di-vides Them from Canaan's hap-py ground.
1 2
1 2
hu-man skill Have never sailed far Till we found them aground On some dreadful, sandy bar.
1 2

3 To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

4 The passengers united
In order, peace and love,—
The wind is in our favor,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Treble by James Langston. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

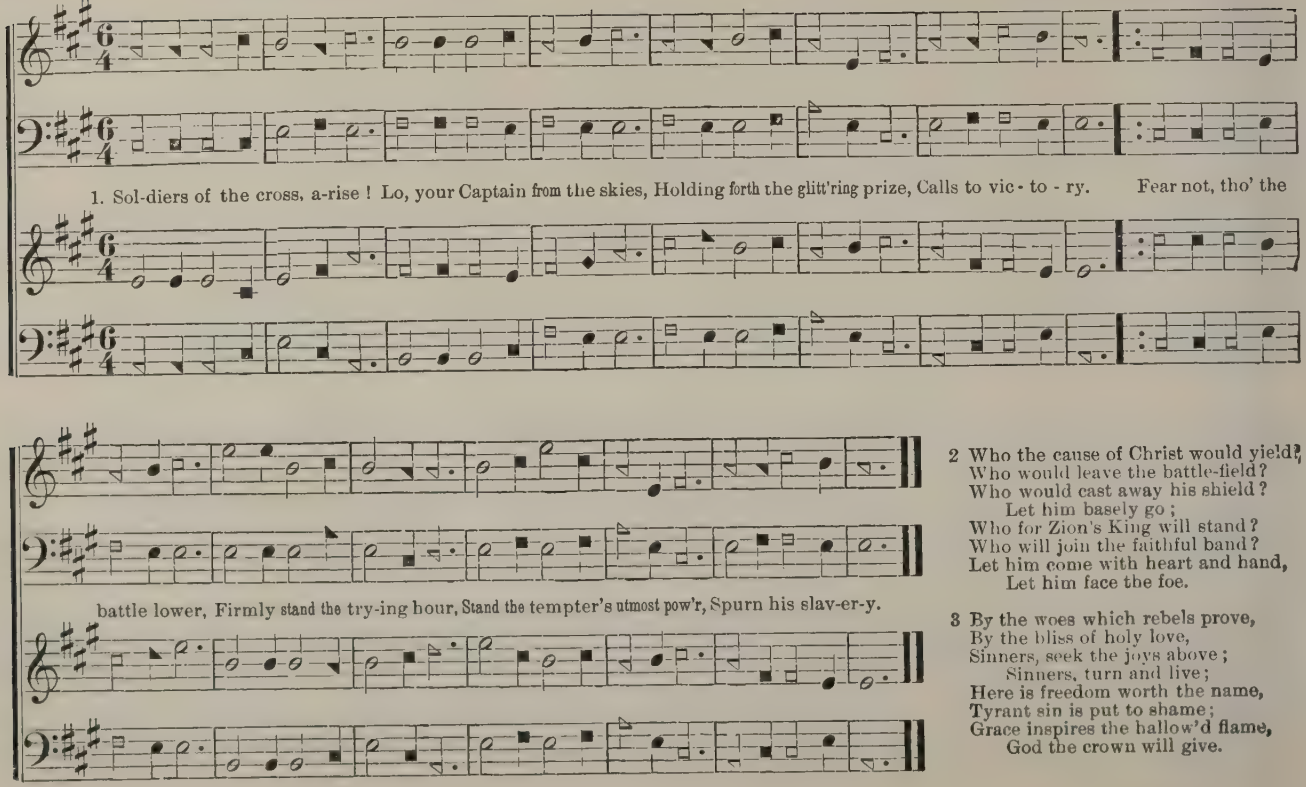

1. From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many ancient
2. What though the spi-cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev-'ry prospect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile; In vain with lavish
riv-ers, From ma-ny palm-y plains, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.
kindness, The gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
1 2

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Alto, Miss Julia Sellers.

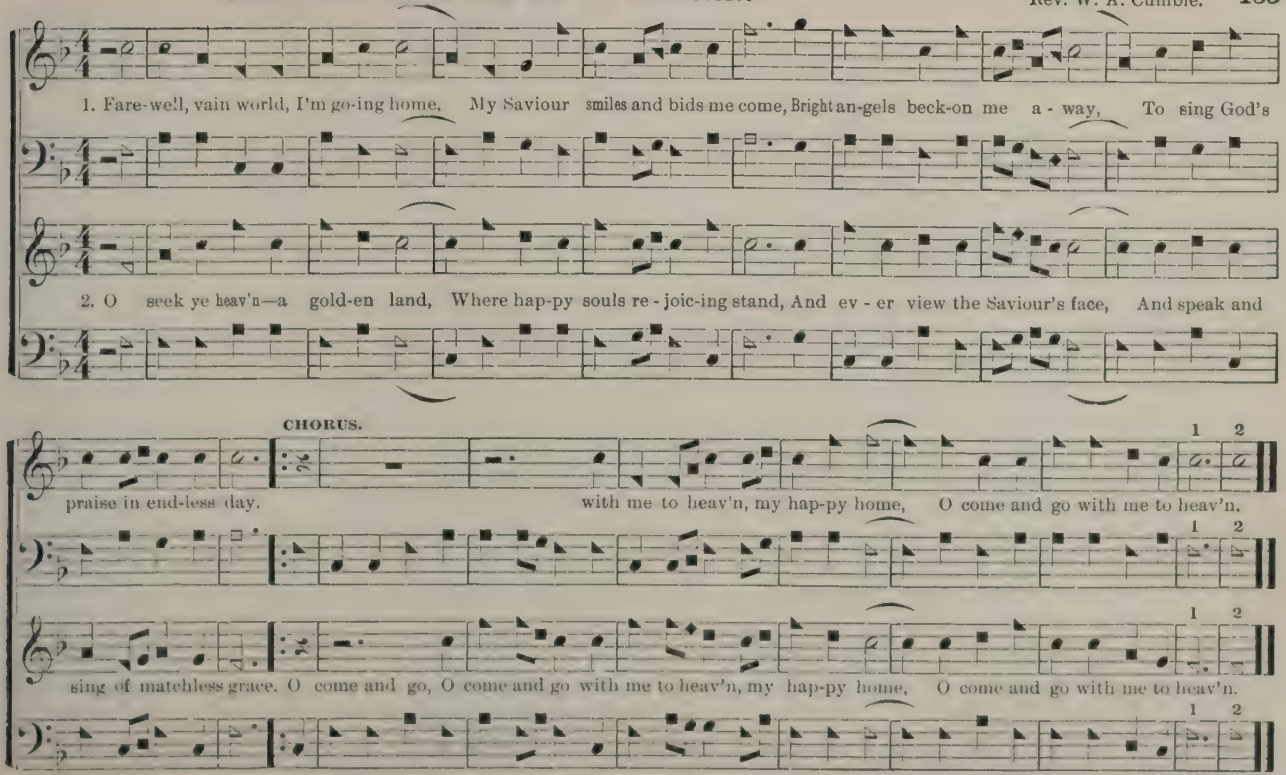

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise ! Lo, your Captain from the skies, Holding forth the glitt'ring prize, Calls to vic - to - ry. Fear not, tho' the
battle lower, Firmly stand the try-ing hour, Stand the tempter's utmost pow'r, Spurn his slav-er-y.

2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?
Let him basely go;
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

3 By the woes which rebels prove,
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above;
Sinners, turn and live;
Here is freedom worth the name,
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame,
God the crown will give.

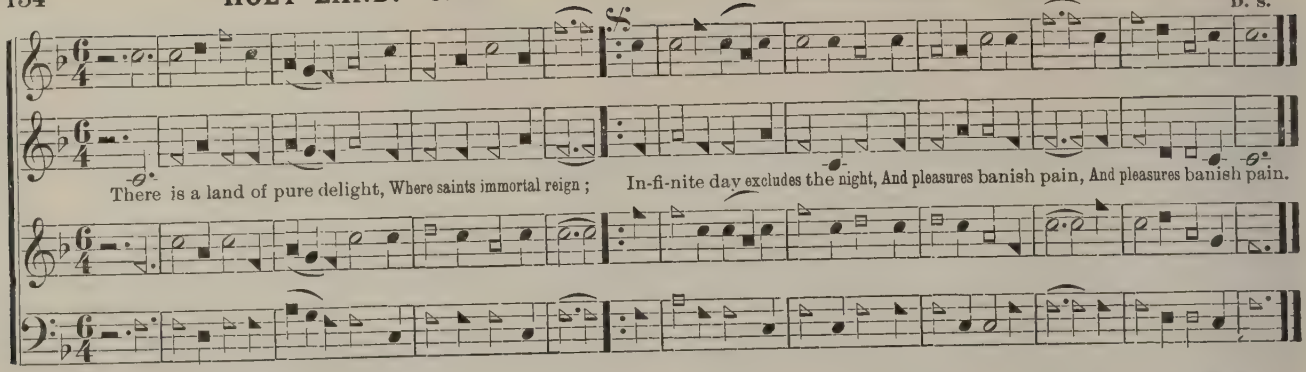
COME AND GO WITH ME TO HEAVEN.

Rev. W. A. Cumbie.


1. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go-ing home, My Saviour smiles and bids me come, Bright an-gels beck-on me a - way, To sing God's
2. O seek ye heav'n—a gold-en land, Where hap-py souls re - joic-ing stand, And ev - er view the Saviour's face, And speak and
CHORUS.
praise in end-less day. with me to heav'n, my hap-py home, O come and go with me to heav'n.
sing of matchless grace. O come and go, O come and go with me to heav'n, my hap-py home, O come and go with me to heav'n.
1 2

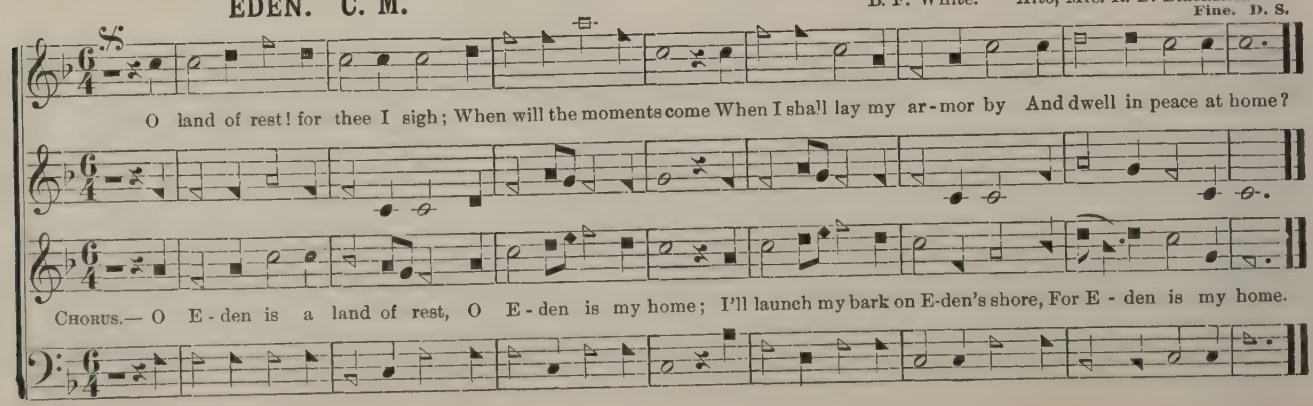
HOLY LAND. C. M.

R. F. M. Mann, 1869. Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.

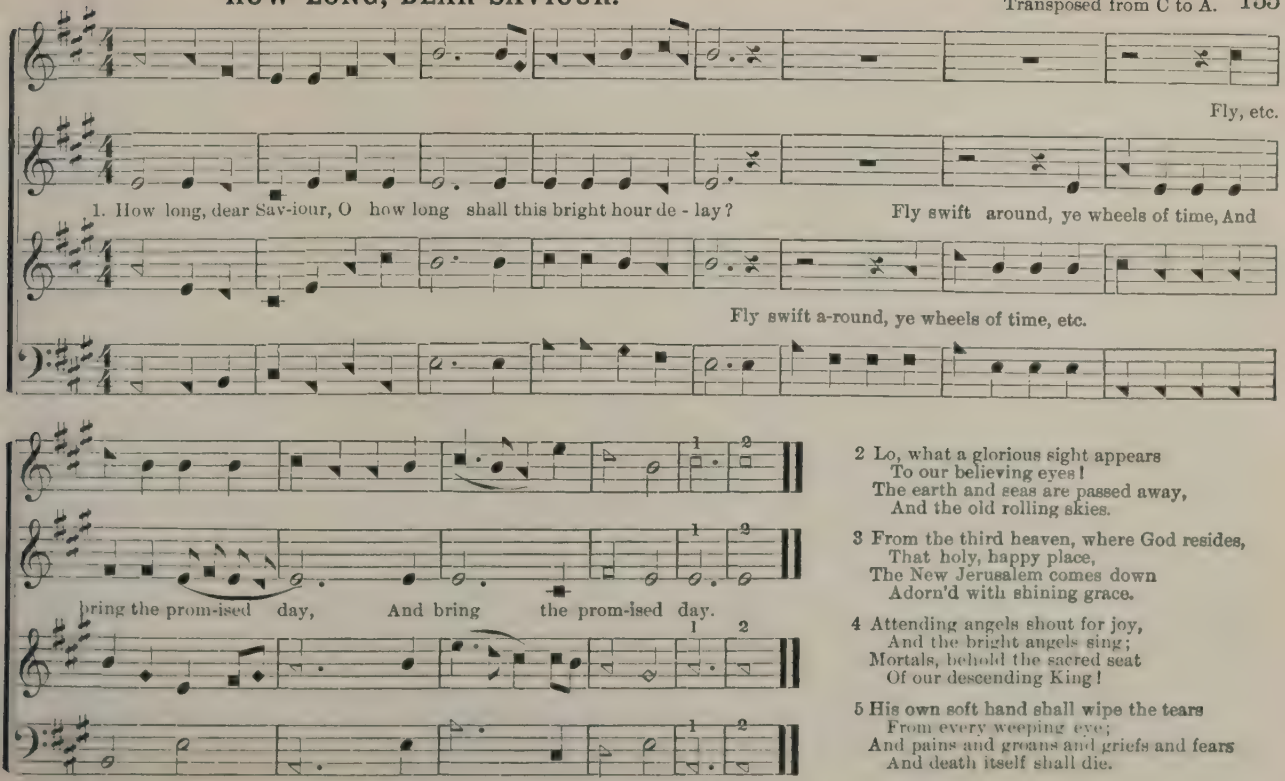

D. S.
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ;
In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain.

EDEN. C. M.

B. F. White. Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.


Fine. D. S.
O land of rest! for thee I sigh; When will the moments come When I shall lay my ar-mor by And dwell in peace at home?
Chorus.— O E-den is a land of rest, O E-den is my home; I'll launch my bark on E-den's shore, For E-den is my home.

HOW LONG, DEAR SAVIOUR.


Fly, etc.
1. How long, dear Sav-iour, O how long shall this bright hour de - lay?
Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, And
Fly swift a-round, ye wheels of time, etc.
bring the prom-ised day, And bring the prom-ised day.

2 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

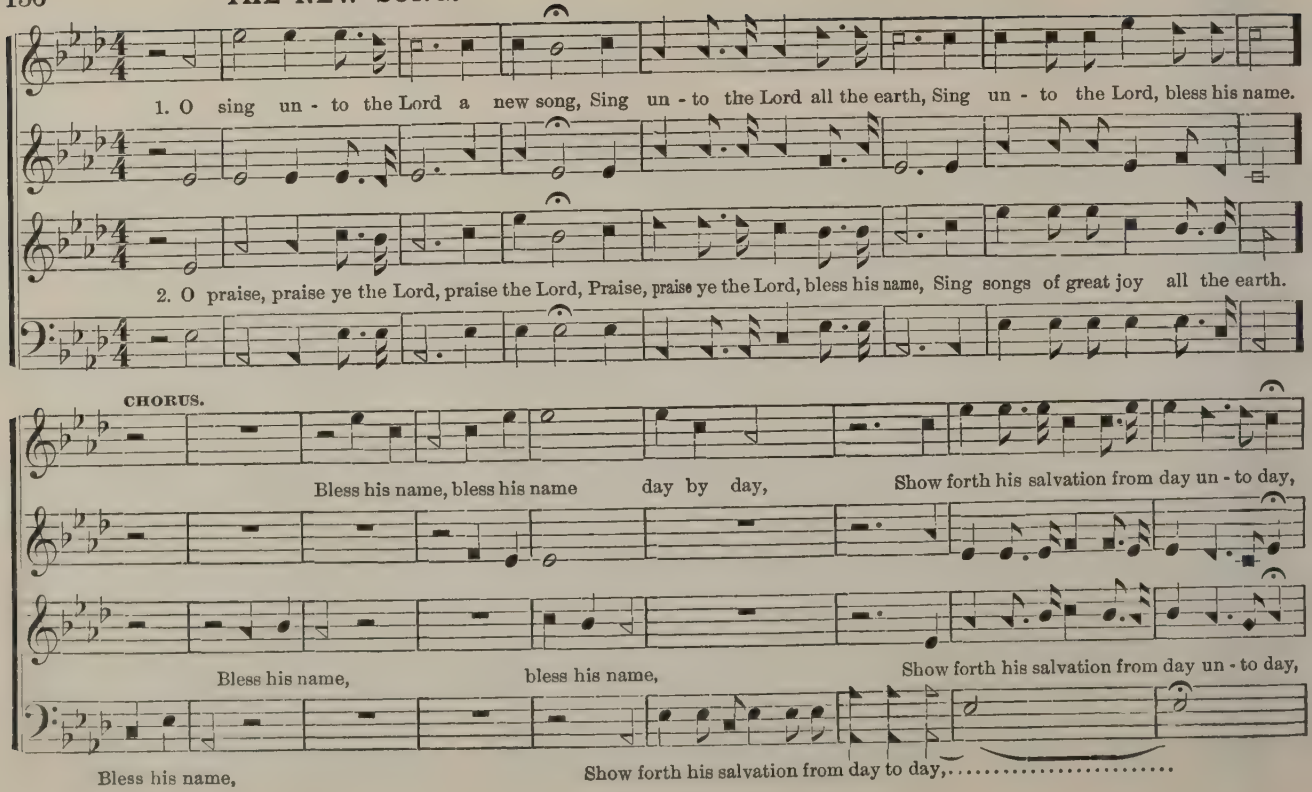
3 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

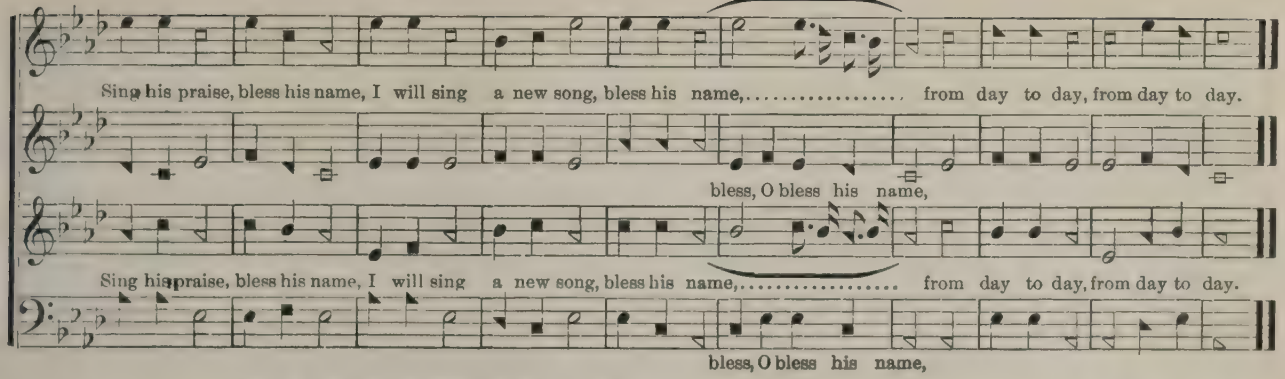
4 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright angels sing;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of our descending King!

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die.

THE NEW SONG.

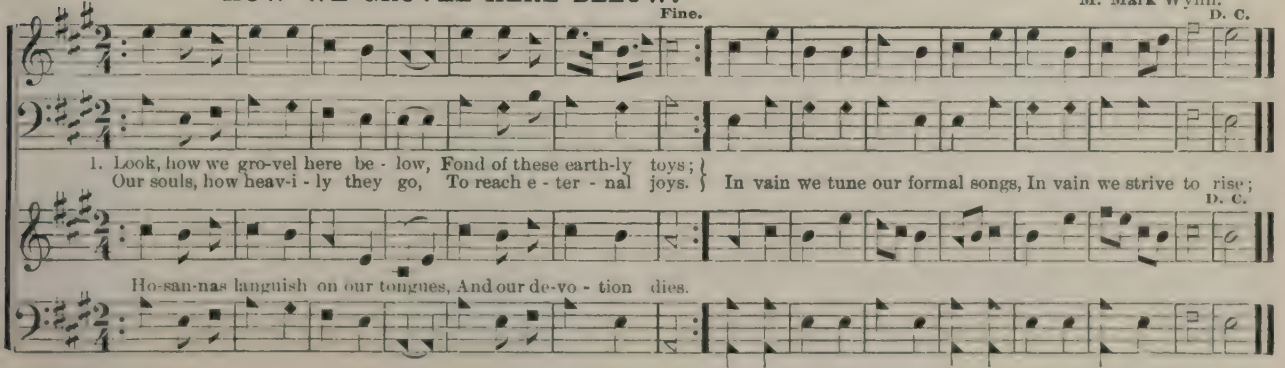
W. M. Cooper.


1. O sing un - to the Lord a new song, Sing un - to the Lord all the earth, Sing un - to the Lord, bless his name.
2. O praise, praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise, praise ye the Lord, bless his name, Sing songs of great joy all the earth.
CHORUS.
Bless his name, bless his name day by day, Show forth his salvation from day un - to day,
Bless his name, bless his name, Show forth his salvation from day un - to day,
Bless his name, Show forth his salvation from day to day,.....


Sing his praise, bless his name, I will sing a new song, bless his name,..... from day to day, from day to day.
bless, O bless his name,
Sing his praise, bless his name, I will sing a new song, bless his name,..... from day to day, from day to day.
bless, O bless his name,

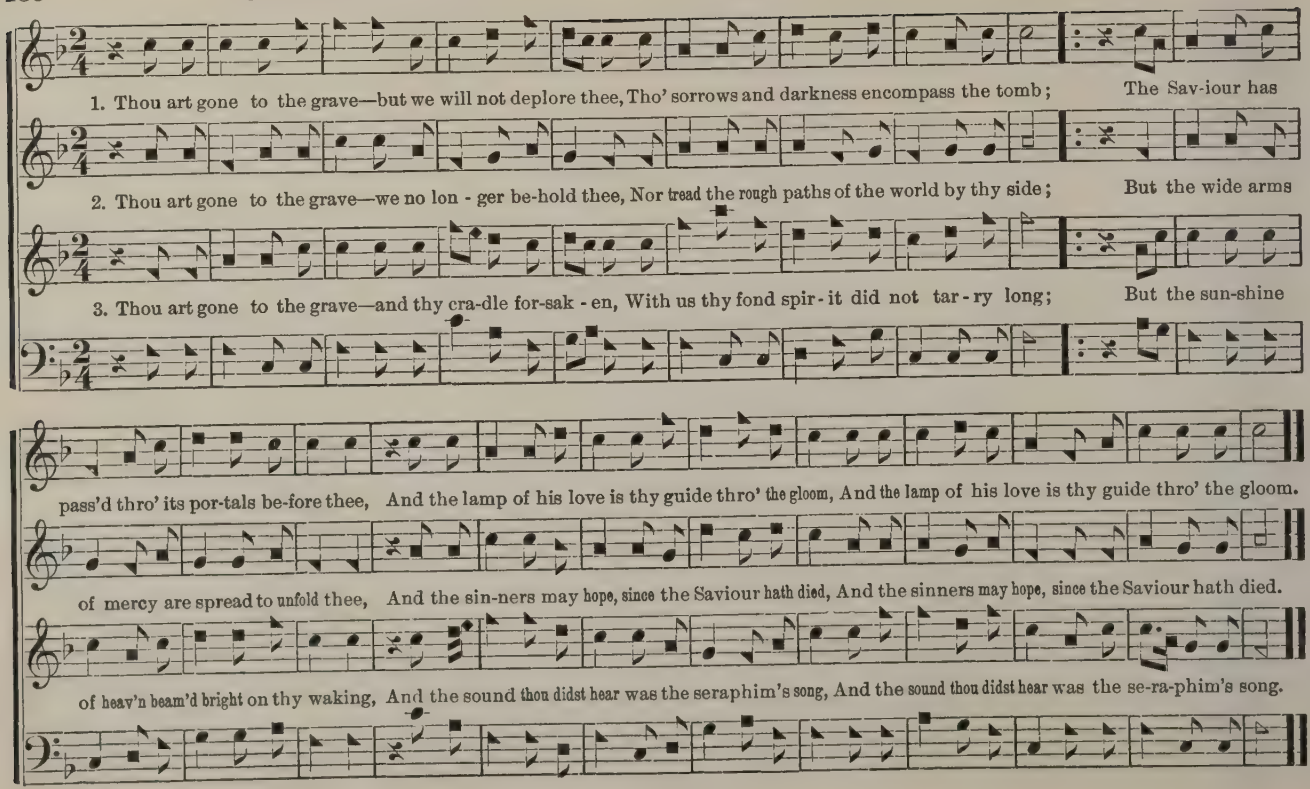
HOW WE GROVEL HERE BELOW.

M. Mark Wynn.


Fine.
D. C.
1. Look, how we gro-vel here be - low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
Our souls, how heav-i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
D. C.
Ho-san-nas languish on our tongues, And our de-vo - tion dies.

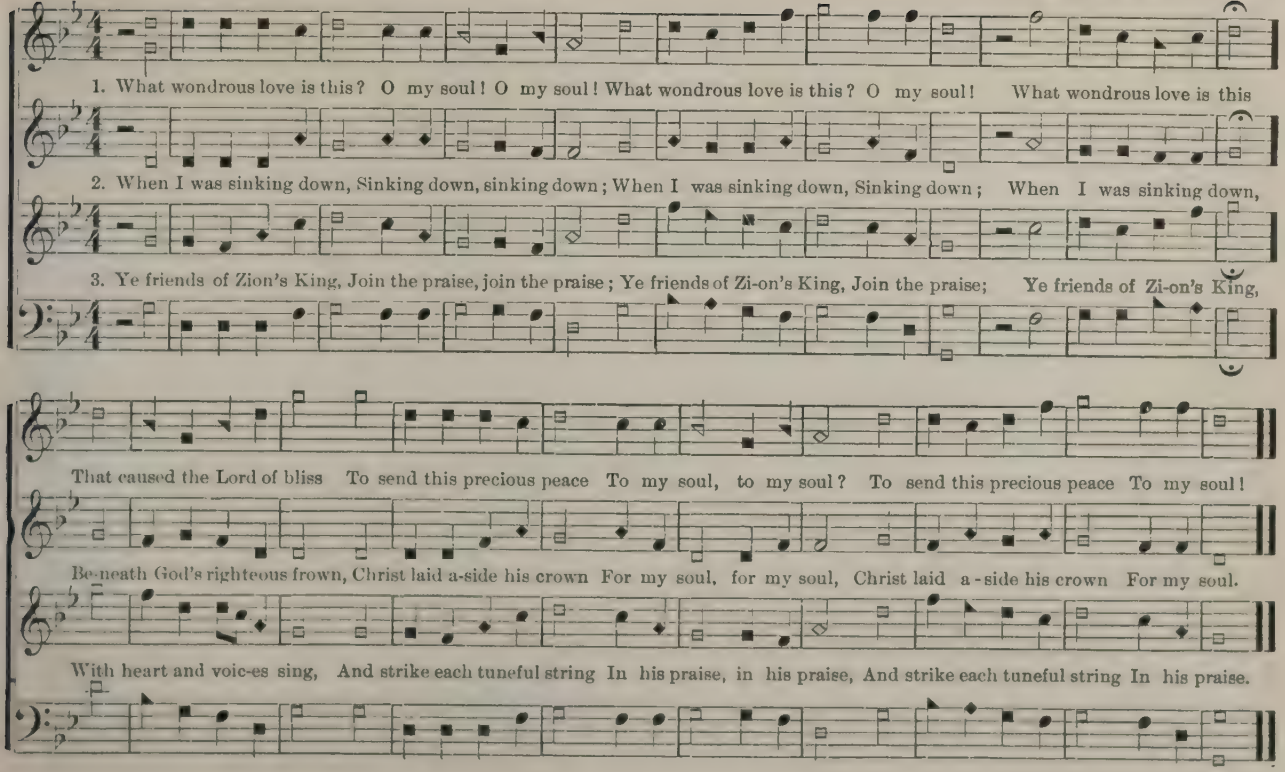
FUNERAL THOUGHT.

Caldwell.

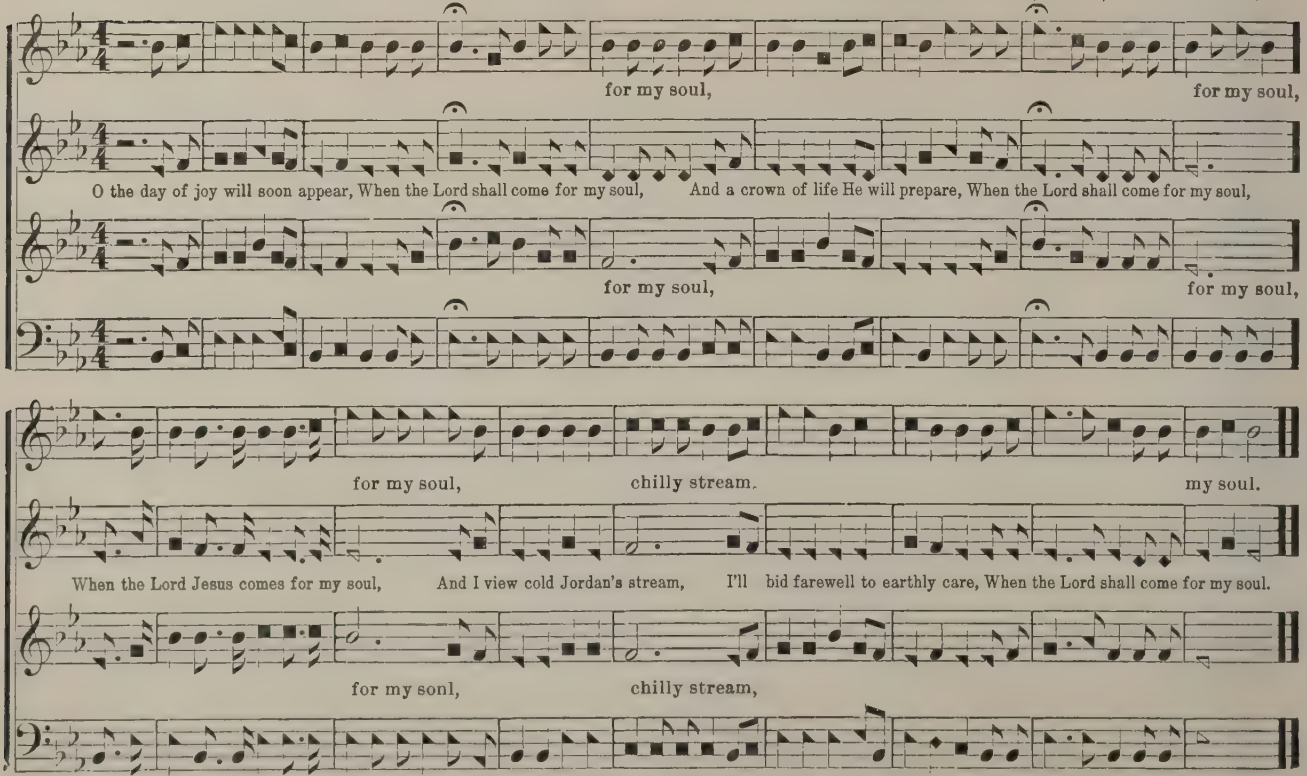

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee, Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; The Sav-iour has
2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no lon - ger be-hold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms
3. Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cra-dle for-sak - en, With us thy fond spir - it did not tar - ry long; But the sun-shine
pass'd thro' its por-tals be-fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
of mercy are spread to unfold thee, And the sin-ners may hope, since the Saviour hath died, And the sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.
of heav'n beam'd bright on thy waking, And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song, And the sound thou didst hear was the se-ra-phim's song.

WONDROUS LOVE. P. M.

Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

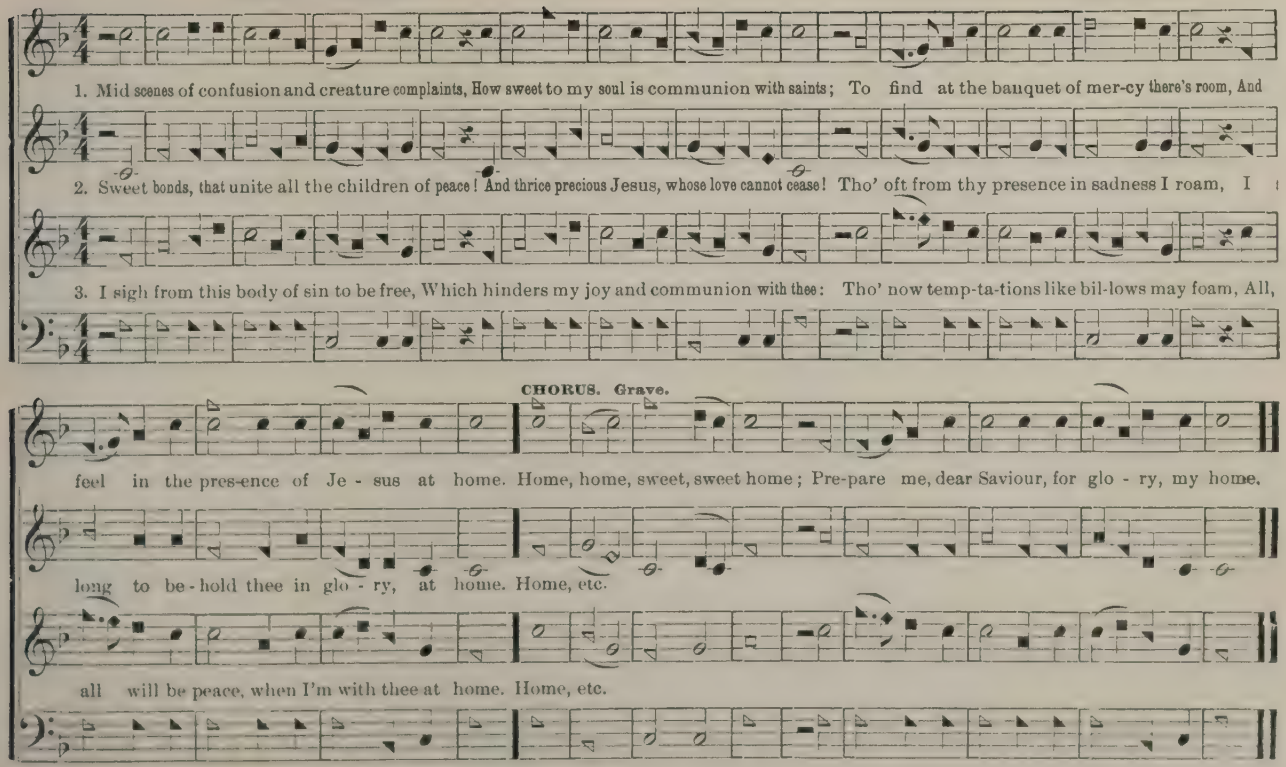

1. What wondrous love is this? O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is this? O my soul! What wondrous love is this
2. When I was sinking down, Sinking down, sinking down; When I was sinking down, Sinking down; When I was sinking down,
3. Ye friends of Zion's King, Join the praise, join the praise; Ye friends of Zi-on's King, Join the praise; Ye friends of Zi-on's King,
That caused the Lord of bliss To send this precious peace To my soul, to my soul? To send this precious peace To my soul!
Be-neath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a-side his crown For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side his crown For my soul.
With heart and voic-es sing, And strike each tuneful string In his praise, in his praise, And strike each tuneful string In his praise.

A CROWN OF LIFE FOR ME.

J. H. McDaniel, Banks, Ala. Jan. 1910.

for my soul, for my soul,
O the day of joy will soon appear, When the Lord shall come for my soul, And a crown of life He will prepare, When the Lord shall come for my soul,
for my soul, for my soul,
for my soul, chilly stream. my soul.
When the Lord Jesus comes for my soul, And I view cold Jordan's stream, I'll bid farewell to earthly care, When the Lord shall come for my soul.
for my sonl, chilly stream,

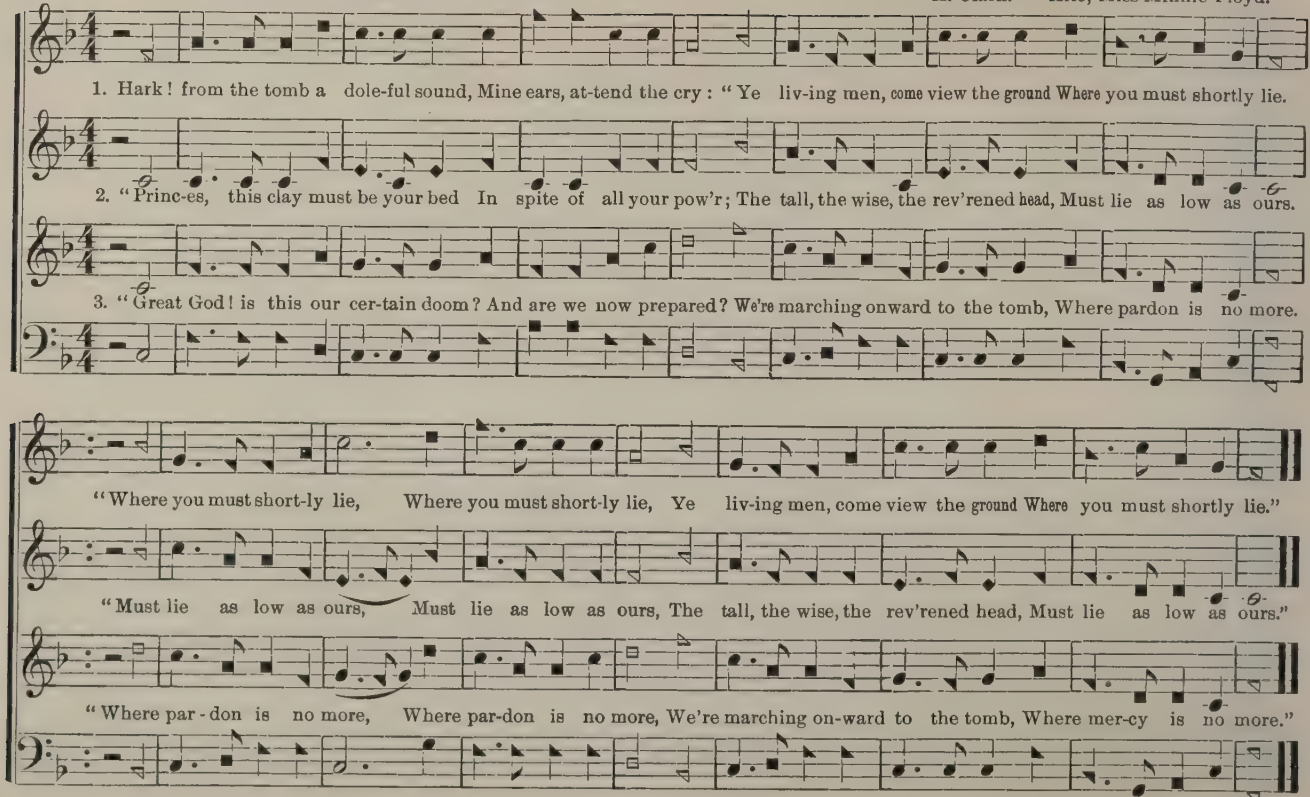
Inscribed to the honor of my beloved friend, T. J. Allen. [The Author.]

Copyright, 1910, by W. M. Cooper, Dothan, Ala.


1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room, And
2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease! Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam, I
3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with thee: Tho' now temp-ta-tions like bil-lows may foam, All,
CHORUS. Grave.
feel in the pres-ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.
long to be-hold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home, etc.
all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home. Home, etc.

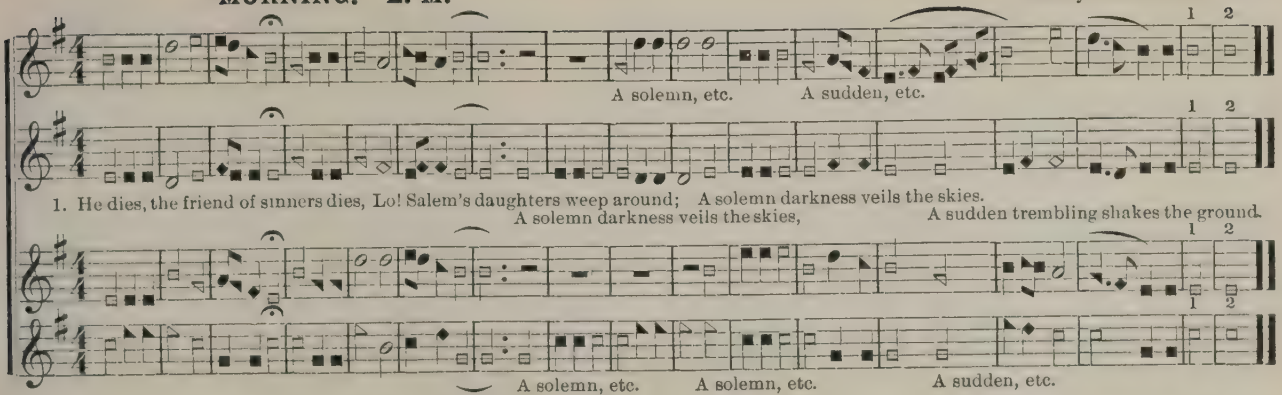
HARK! FROM THE TOMB.

A. Clark. Alto, Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. Hark! from the tomb a dole-ful sound, Mine ears, at-tend the cry: "Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
2. "Princ-es, this clay must be your bed In spite of all your pow'r; The tall, the wise, the rev'rened head, Must lie as low as ours.
3. "Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we now prepared? We're marching onward to the tomb, Where pardon is no more.
"Where you must short-ly lie, Where you must short-ly lie, Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie."
"Must lie as low as ours, Must lie as low as ours, The tall, the wise, the rev'rened head, Must lie as low as ours."
"Where par-don is no more, Where par-don is no more, We're marching on-ward to the tomb, Where mer-cy is no more."

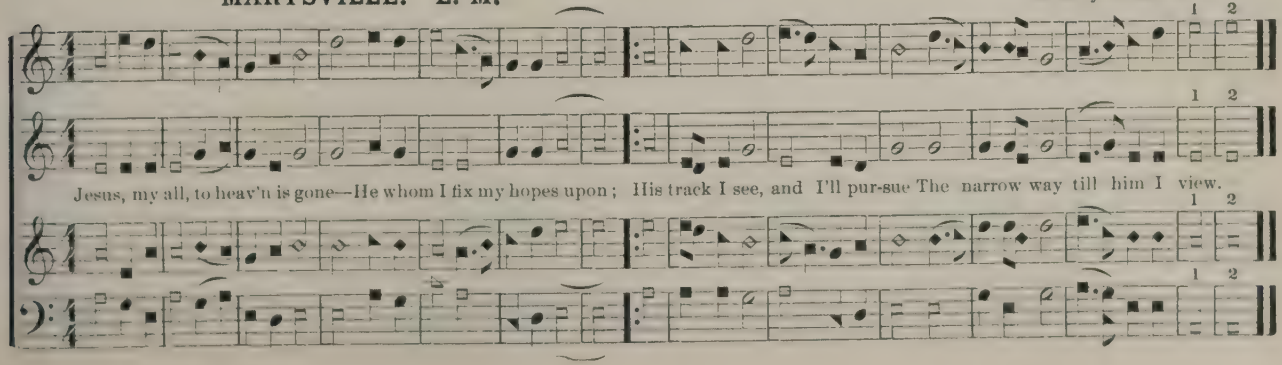
MORNING. L. M.

Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


A solemn, etc.
A sudden, etc.
1. He dies, the friend of sinners dies, Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies.
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
A solemn, etc.
A solemn, etc.
A sudden, etc.

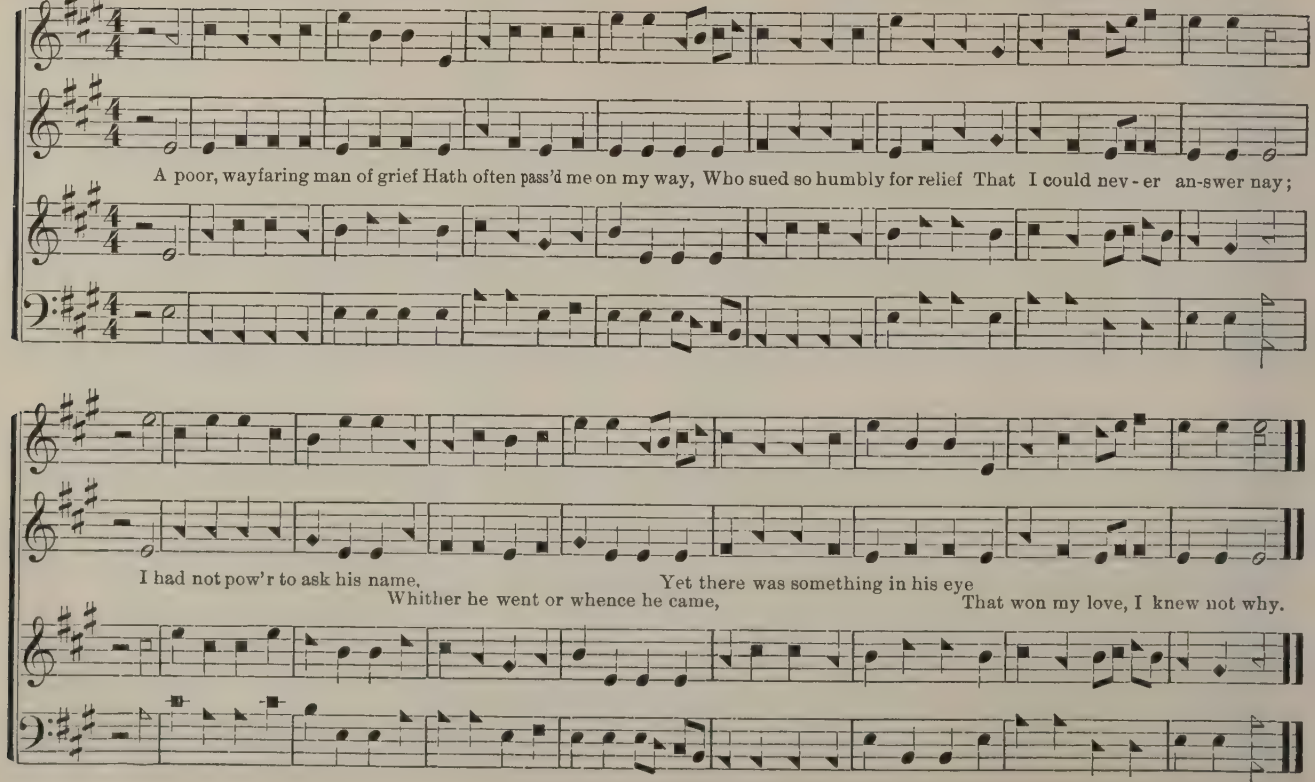
MARYSVILLE. L. M.

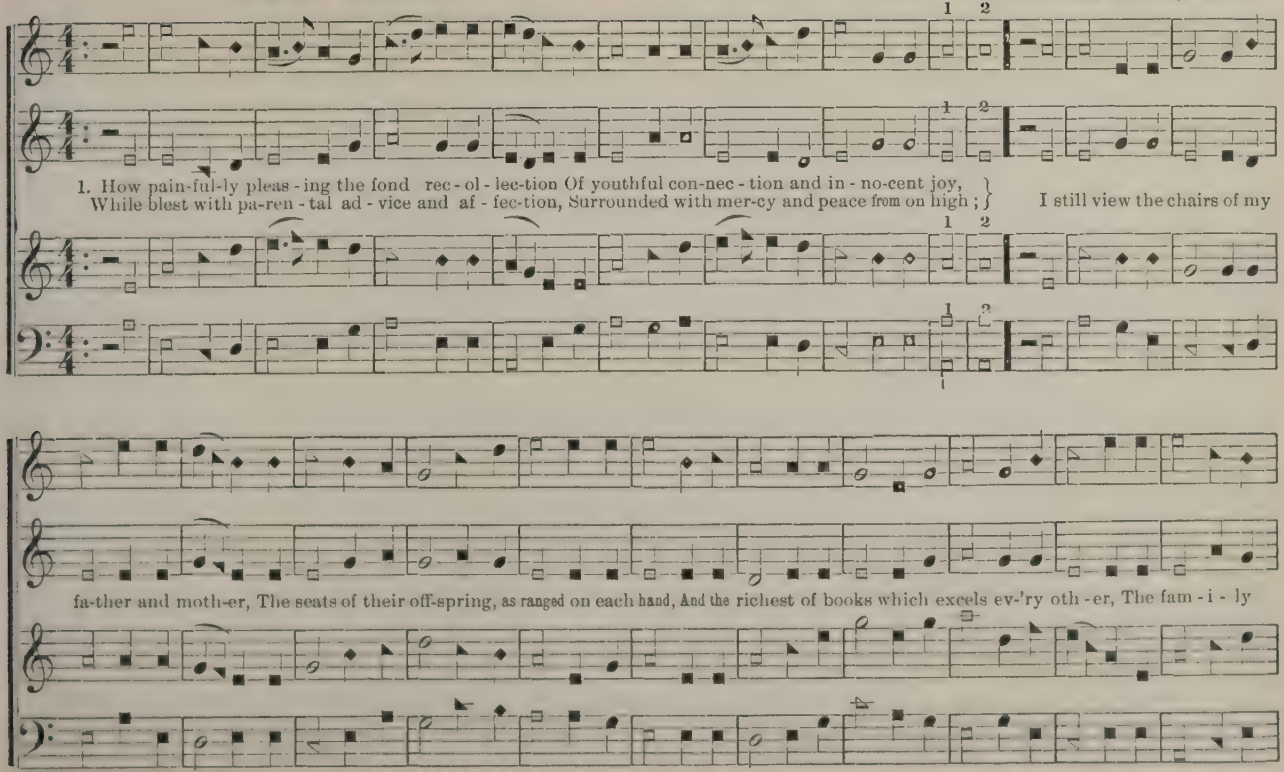
Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.



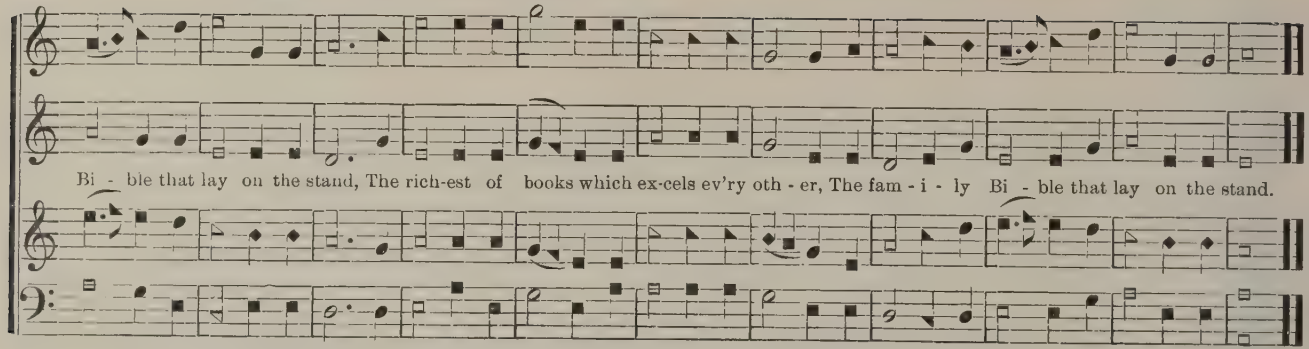
DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

Treble, J. T. White. Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.


A poor, wayfaring man of grief Hath often pass'd me on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief That I could nev - er an-swer nay;
I had not pow'r to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came, Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

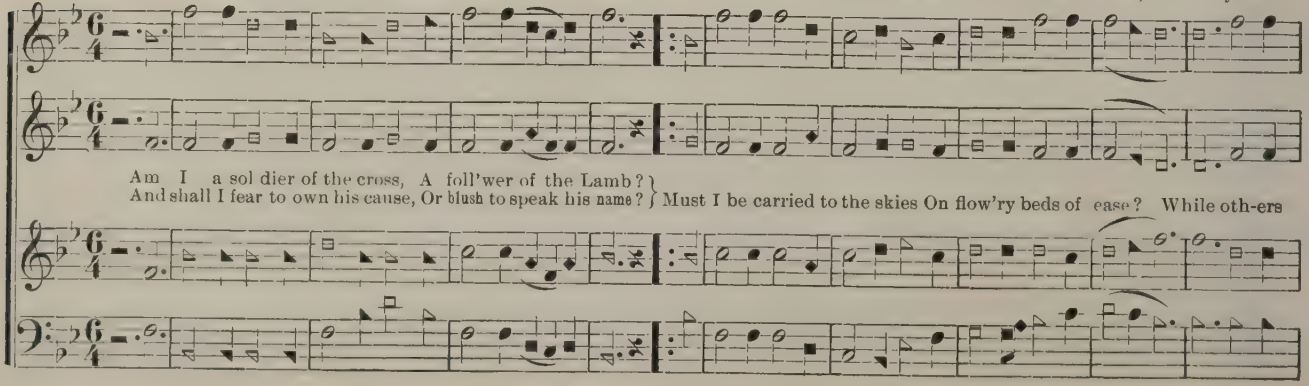
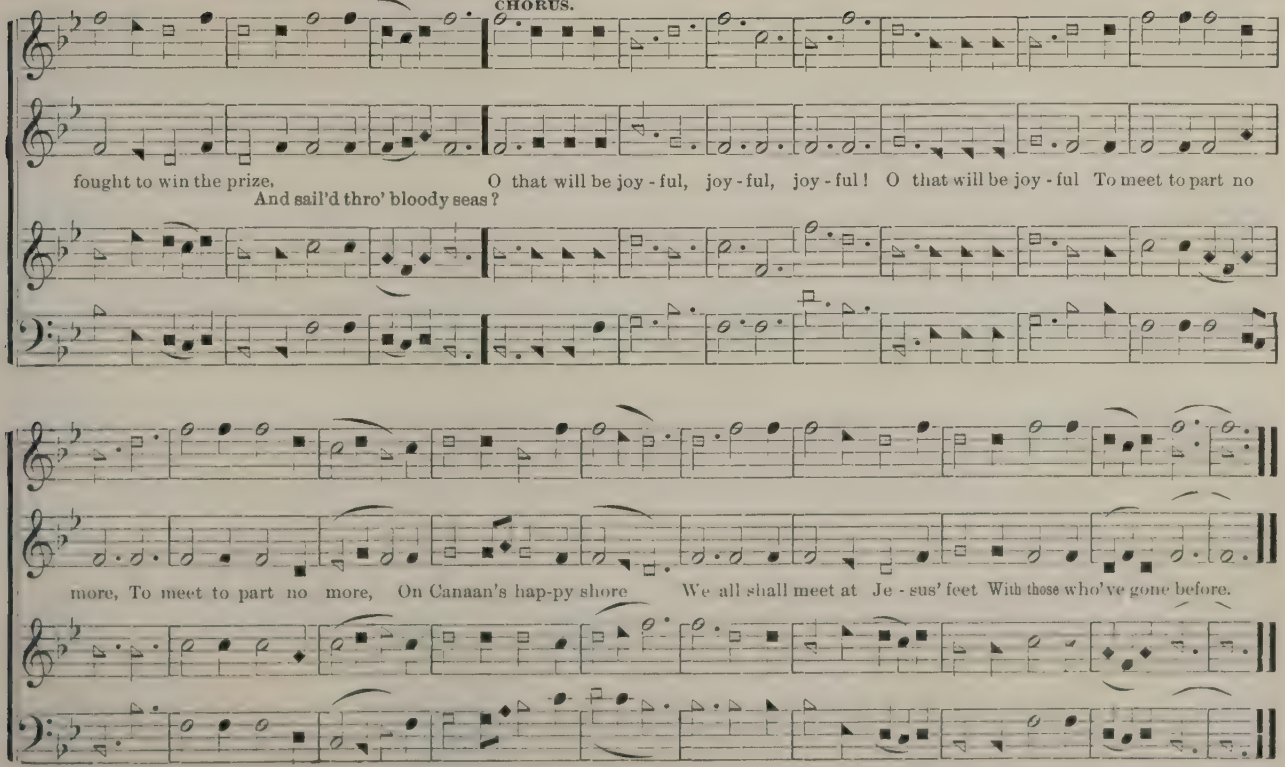

1. How pain-ful-ly pleas - ing the fond rec - ol - lec-tion Of youthful con-nec - tion and in - no-cent joy,
While blest with pa-ren - tal ad - vice and af - fec-tion, Surrounded with mer-cy and peace from on high ;
I still view the chairs of my
fa-ther and moth-er, The seats of their off-spring, as ranged on each hand, And the richest of books which excels ev-'ry oth - er, The fam - i - ly

FAMILY BIBLE. Concluded.

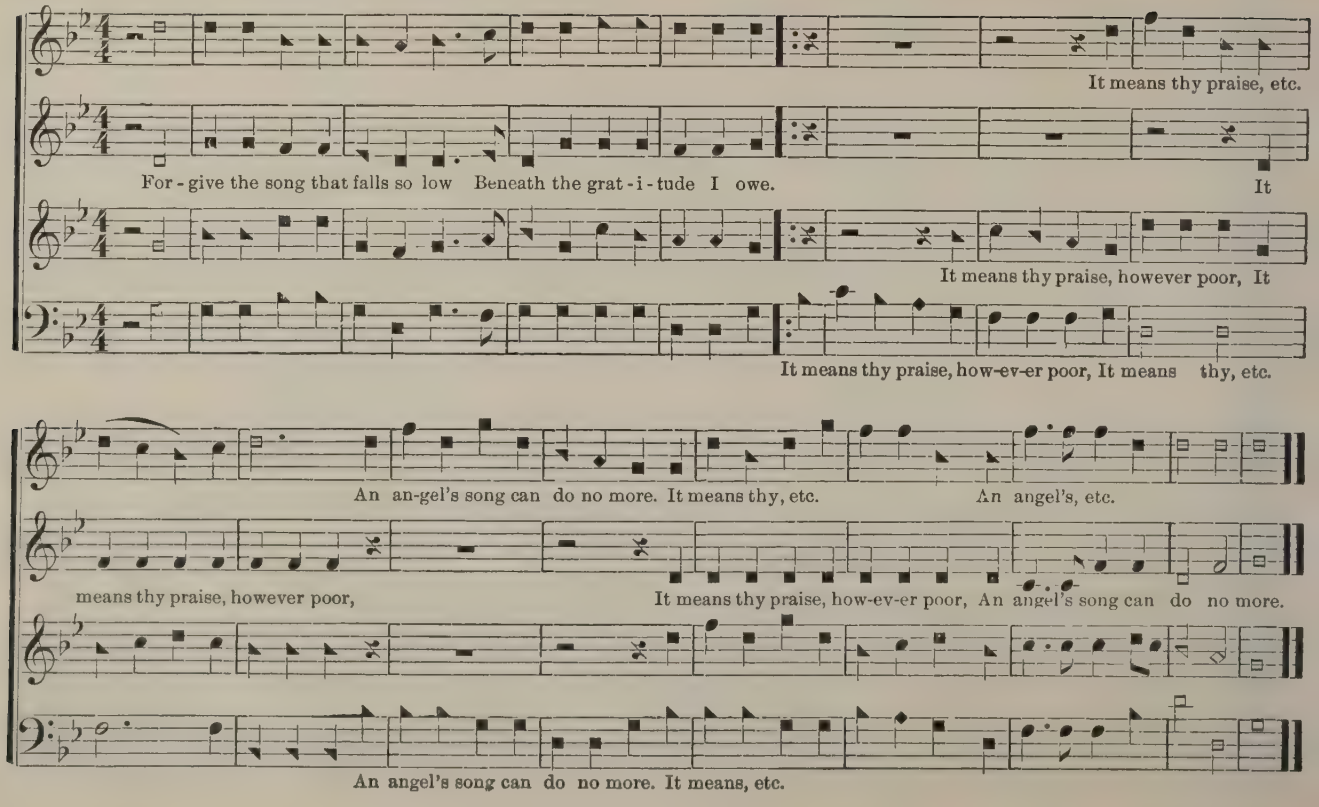


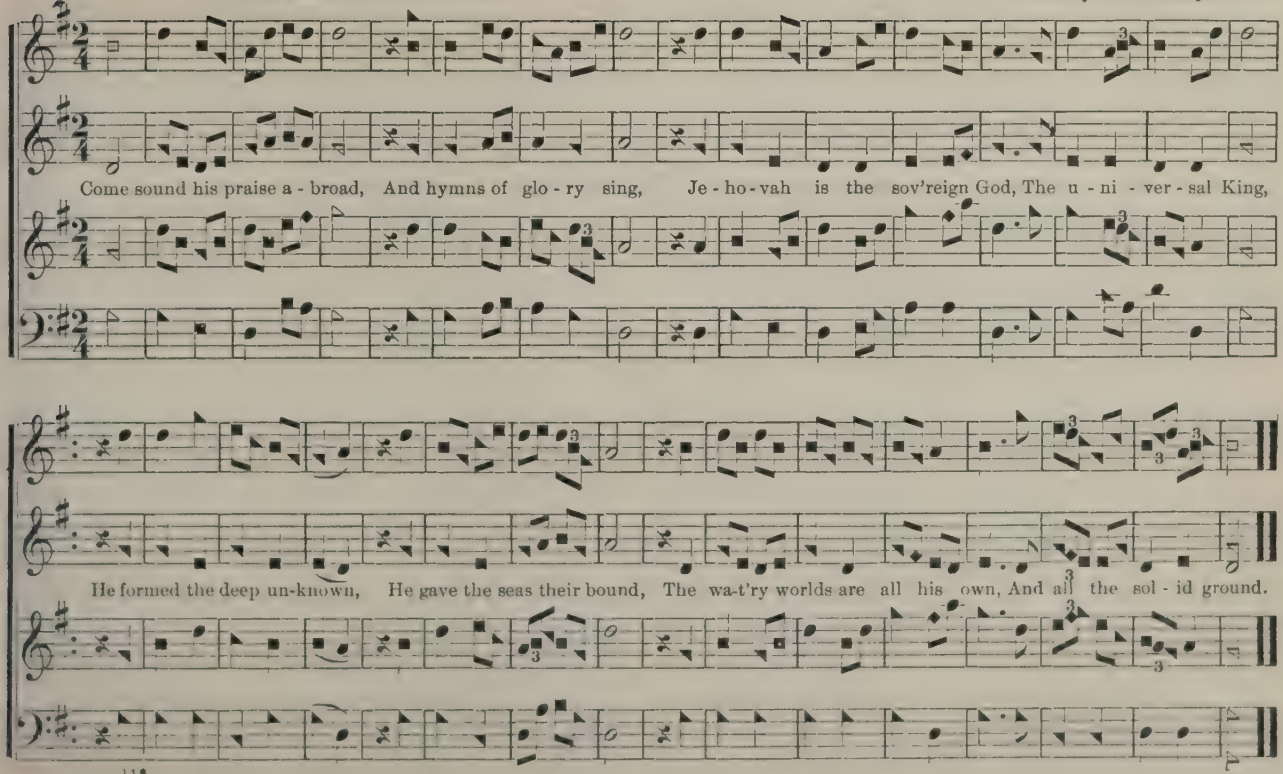
JOYFUL. C. M.

E. J King and B. F. White. Alto, B. P. Poyner.

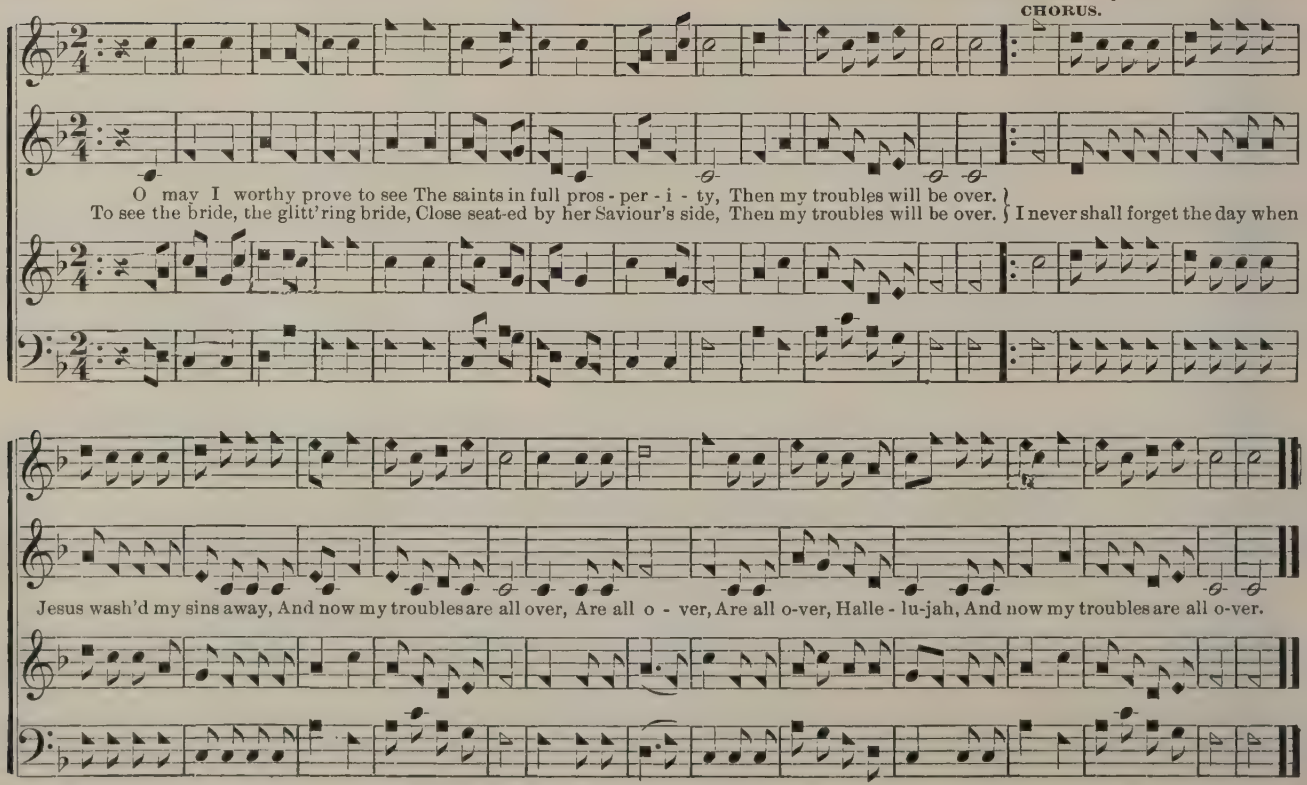
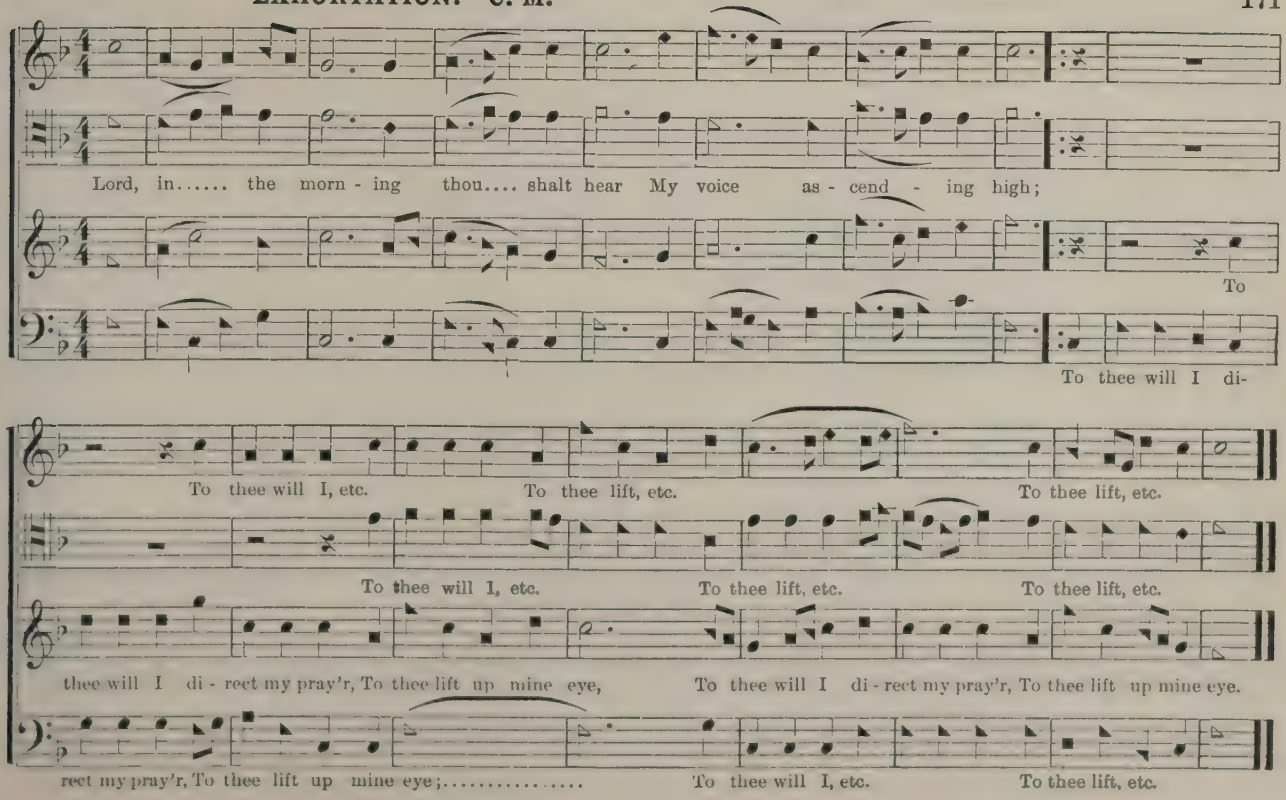

Am I a sol dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease? While oth-ers

CHORUS.
fought to win the prize.
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
O that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! O that will be joy - ful To meet to part no
more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap-py shore We all shall meet at Je - sus' feet With those who've gone before.

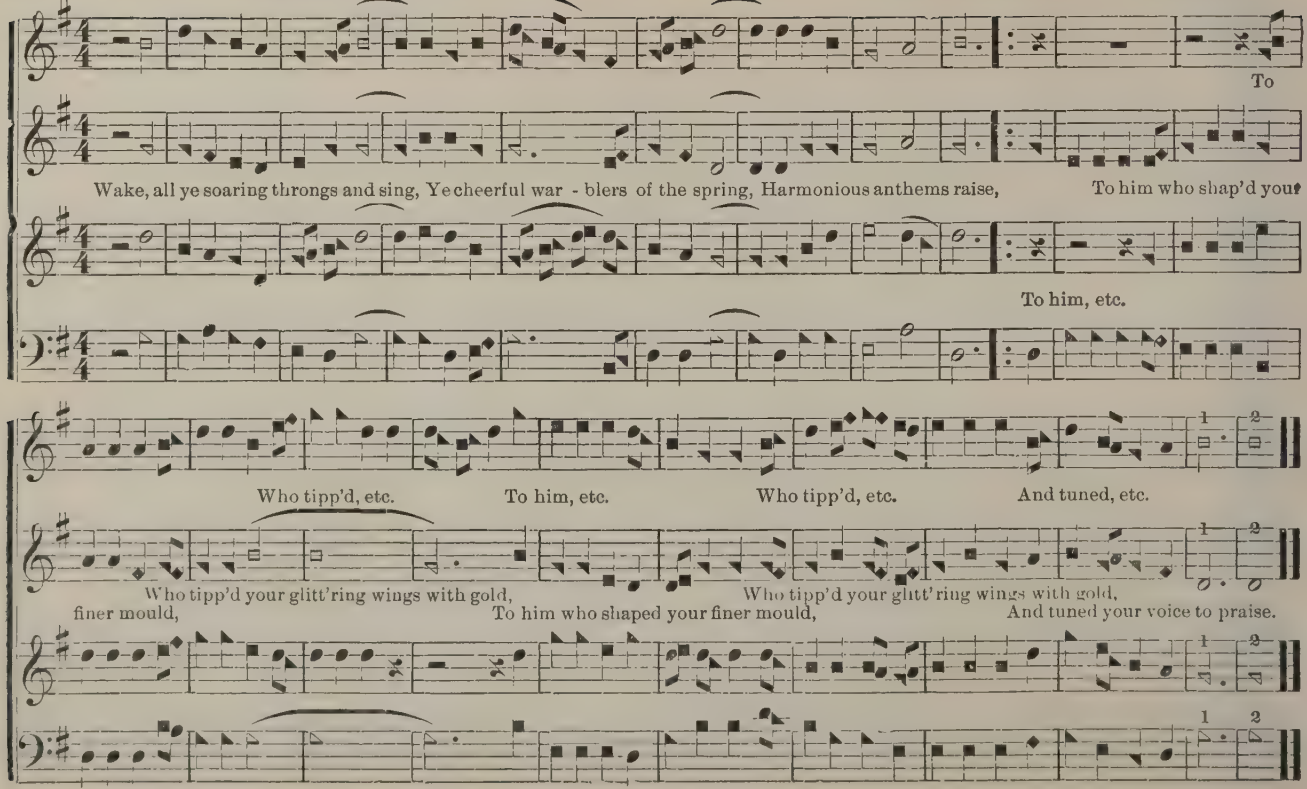
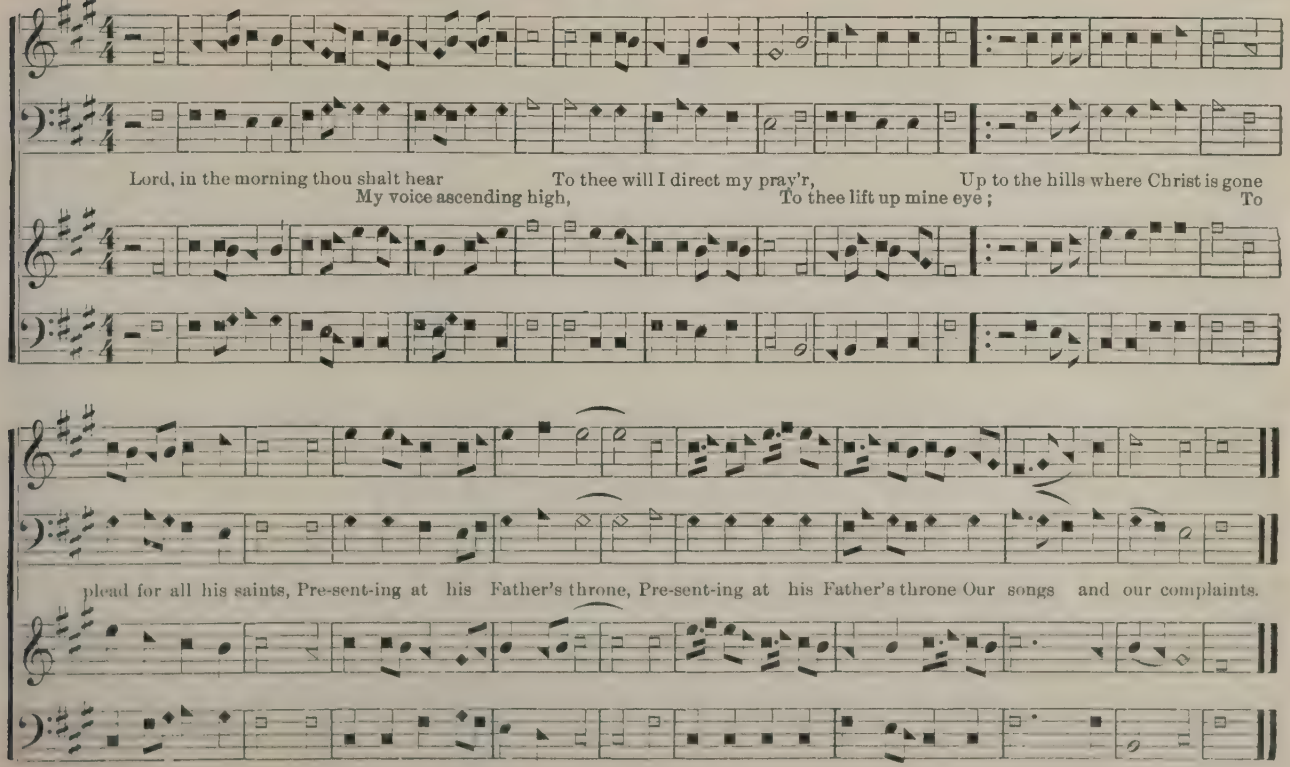
COWPER. L. M.


It means thy praise, etc.
For-give the song that falls so low Beneath the grat-i-tude I owe.
It
It means thy praise, however poor, It
It means thy praise, how-ev-er poor, It means thy, etc.
An an-gel's song can do no more. It means thy, etc.
An angel's, etc.
means thy praise, however poor,
It means thy praise, how-ev-er poor, An angel's song can do no more.
An angel's song can do no more. It means, etc.

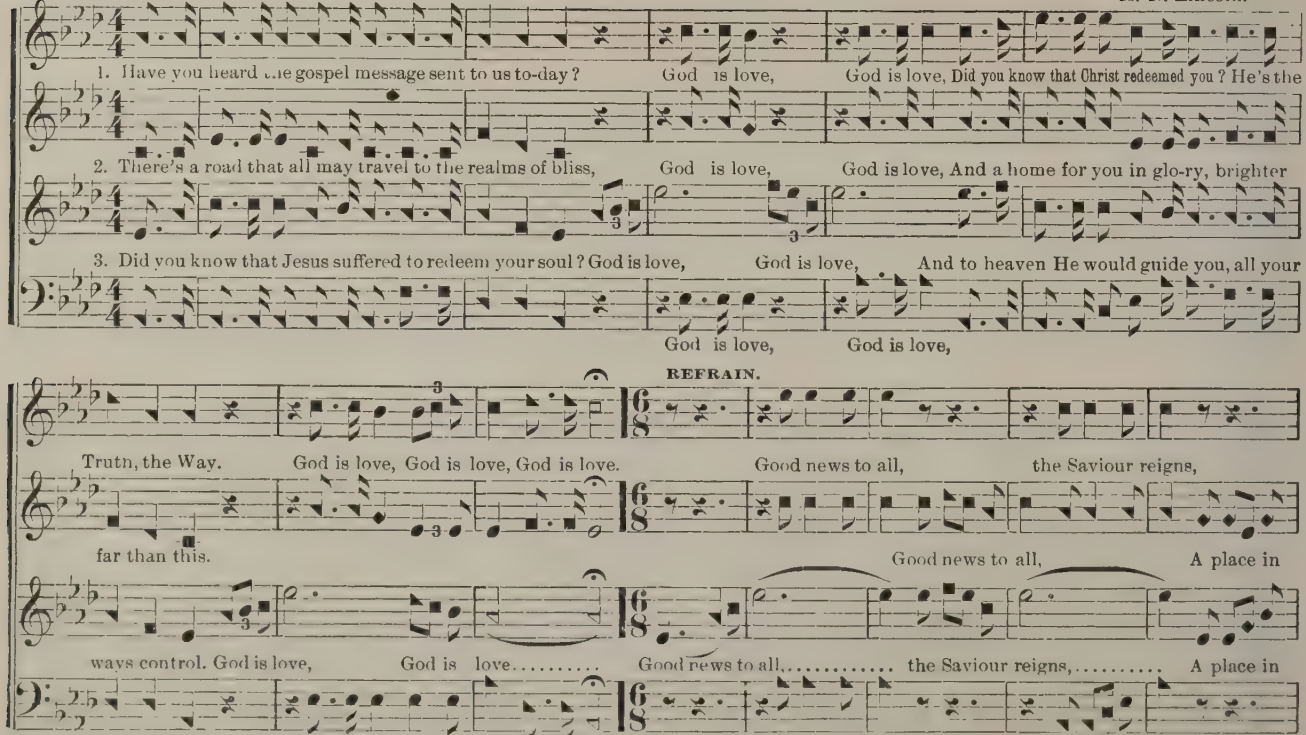

Come sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing, Je - ho - vah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King,
He formed the deep un-known, He gave the seas their bound, The wa-t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

EXHILARATION. L. M.

Dr. T. W. Carter. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

CHORUS.
O may I worthy prove to see The saints in full pros - per - i - ty, Then my troubles will be over.
To see the bride, the glitt'ring bride, Close seat-ed by her Saviour's side, Then my troubles will be over.
I never shall forget the day when
Jesus wash'd my sins away, And now my troubles are all over, Are all o - ver, Are all o-ver, Halle - lu-jah, And now my troubles are all o-ver.

Lord, in..... the morn - ing thou.... shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
To
To thee will I di-
To thee will I, etc.
To thee lift, etc.
To thee lift, etc.
To thee will I, etc.
To thee lift, etc.
To thee lift, etc.
thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye,
To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.
rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye;.....
To thee will I, etc.
To thee lift, etc.

Alto, Mrs. R. D. Blackshear.

To
Wake, all ye soaring throngs and sing, Ye cheerful war - blers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your
To him, etc.
1
2
Who tipp'd, etc.
To him, etc.
Who tipp'd, etc.
And tuned, etc.
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
finer mould,
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high,
To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye ;
Up to the hills where Christ is gone To
plead for all his saints, Pre-sent-ing at his Father's throne, Pre-sent-ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Have you heard the gospel message sent to us to-day? God is love, God is love, Did you know that Christ redeemed you? He's the
2. There's a road that all may travel to the realms of bliss, God is love, God is love, And a home for you in glo-ry, brighter
3. Did you know that Jesus suffered to redeem your soul? God is love, God is love, And to heaven He would guide you, all your
God is love, God is love,
REFRAIN.
Truth, the Way. God is love, God is love, God is love. Good news to all, the Saviour reigns,
far than this.
Good news to all, A place in
ways control. God is love, God is love..... Good news to all..... the Saviour reigns,..... A place in
God is love, God is love, God is love. Good news to all, the Saviour reigns,

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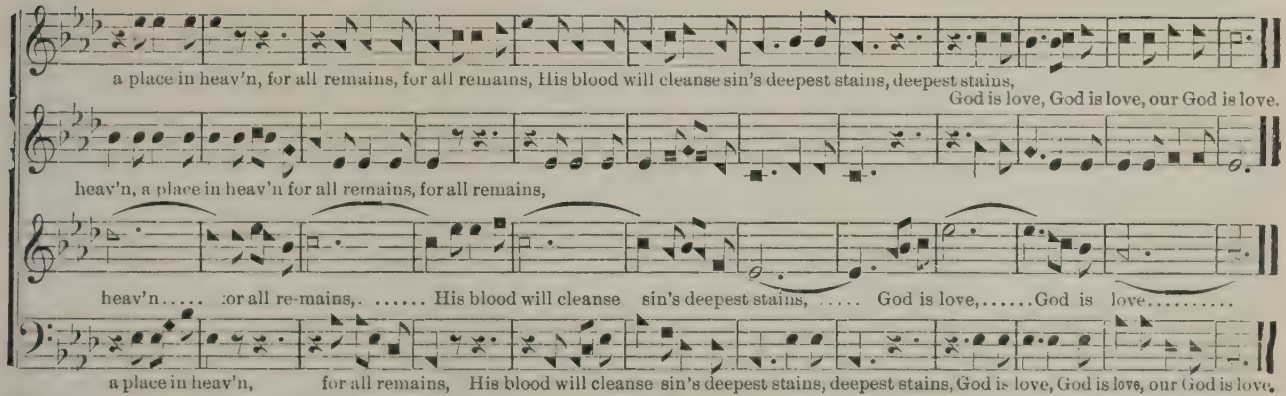
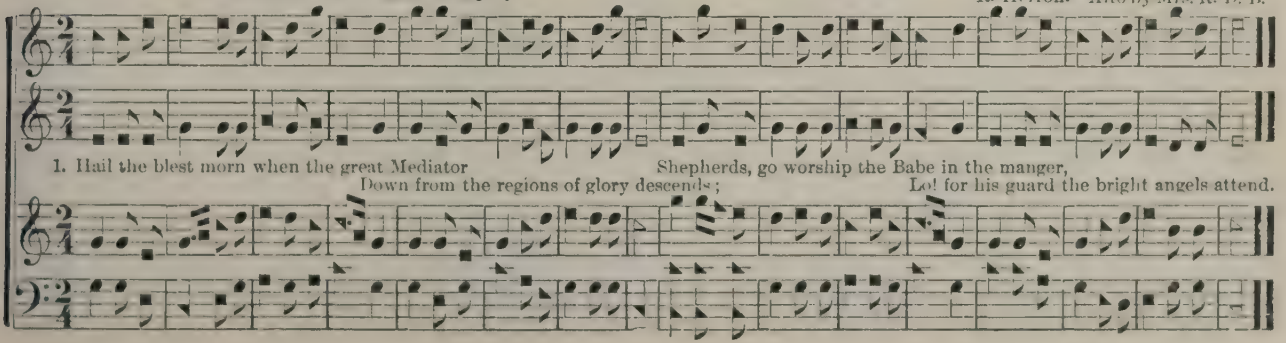

a place in heav'n, for all remains, for all remains, His blood will cleanse sin's deepest stains, deepest stains,
God is love, God is love, our God is love.
heav'n, a place in heav'n for all remains, for all remains,
heav'n..... for all re-mains,..... His blood will cleanse sin's deepest stains, ... God is love,.....God is love.....
a place in heav'n, for all remains, His blood will cleanse sin's deepest stains, deepest stains, God is love, God is love, our God is love.

STAR IN THE EAST.

R. Herron. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

RAGAN.

W. F. Moore, Oct. 12, 1869. Alto by B. P. Poyner.

CHORUS.

1. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home; I belong to this band, hallelujah,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come; I belong, etc.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, I belong to this band, hallelujah.

2. Sweet an-gels beck-on me a-way, I belong to this band, hallelujah,
To sing God's praise in endless day, I belong, etc.

Hal-le-lu-jah, etc.

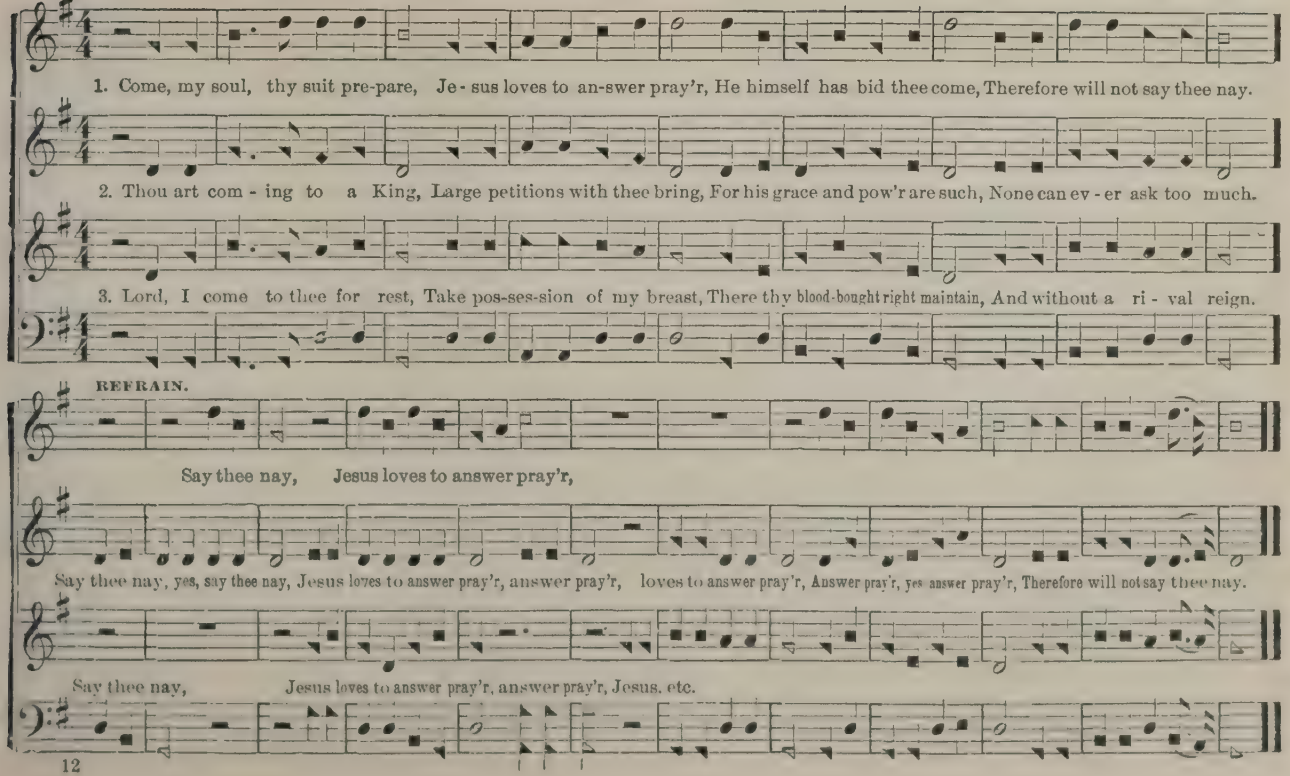
THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. P. M.

Eld. E. Dumas. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.
D. C. for Chorus.

1. How lost was my con-di-tion, Till Je-sus made me whole; There is but one Phy-si-cian Can cure a sin-sick soul.

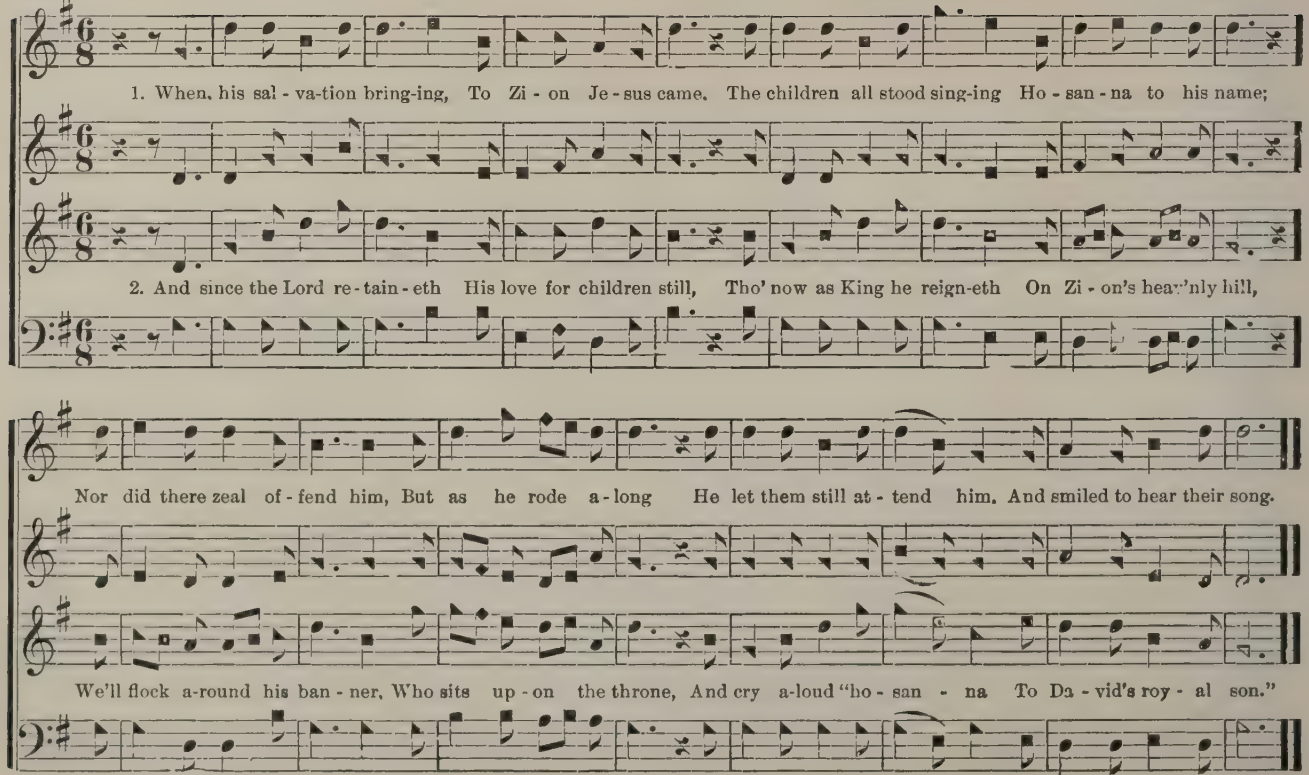
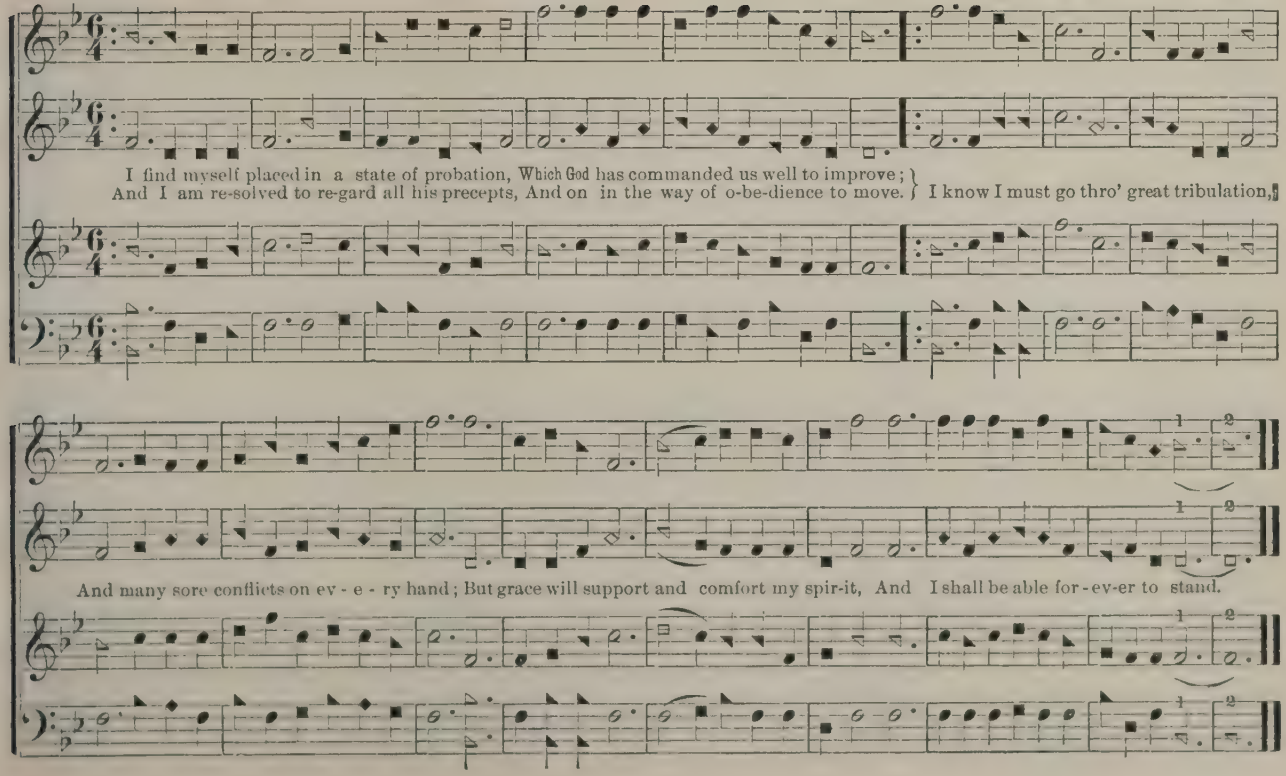
CHO.—Poor sin-ners, come to Je-sus, O come with-out de-lay, For Je-sus is in-vit-ing, O come, O come to-day.

2. Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave; To tell to all a-round me His wondrous pow'r to save.


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je - sus loves to an-swer pray'r, He himself has bid thee come, Therefore will not say thee nay.
2. Thou art com - ing to a King, Large petitions with thee bring, For his grace and pow'r are such, None can ev - er ask too much.
3. Lord, I come to thee for rest, Take pos-ses-sion of my breast, There thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a ri - val reign.
REFRAIN.
Say thee nay, Jesus loves to answer pray'r,
Say thee nay, yes, say thee nay, Jesus loves to answer pray'r, answer pray'r, loves to answer pray'r, Answer pray'r, yes answer pray'r, Therefore will not say thee nay.
Say thee nay, Jesus loves to answer pray'r, answer pray'r, Jesus. etc.

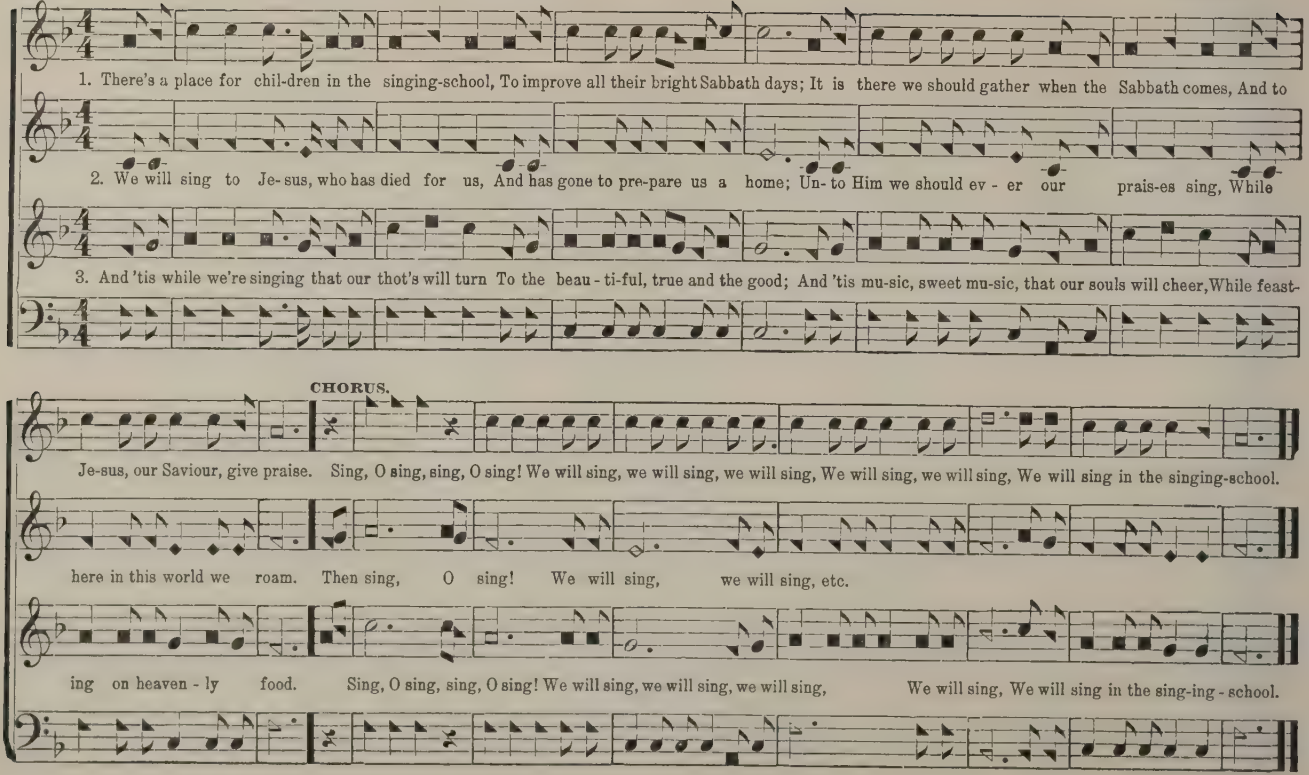
HOSANNA.

Alto by W. M. C.


1. When, his sal - va-tion bring-ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came. The children all stood sing-ing Ho - san - na to his name;
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for children still, Tho' now as King he reign-eth On Zi - on's heav'nly hill,
Nor did there zeal of - fend him, But as he rode a - long He let them still at - tend him. And smiled to hear their song.
We'll flock a-round his ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne, And cry a-loud "ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al son."

I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve;
And I am re-solved to re-gard all his precepts, And on in the way of o-be-dience to move.
I know I must go thro' great tribulation,
And many sore conflicts on ev - e - ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spir-it, And I shall be able for - ev-er to stand.

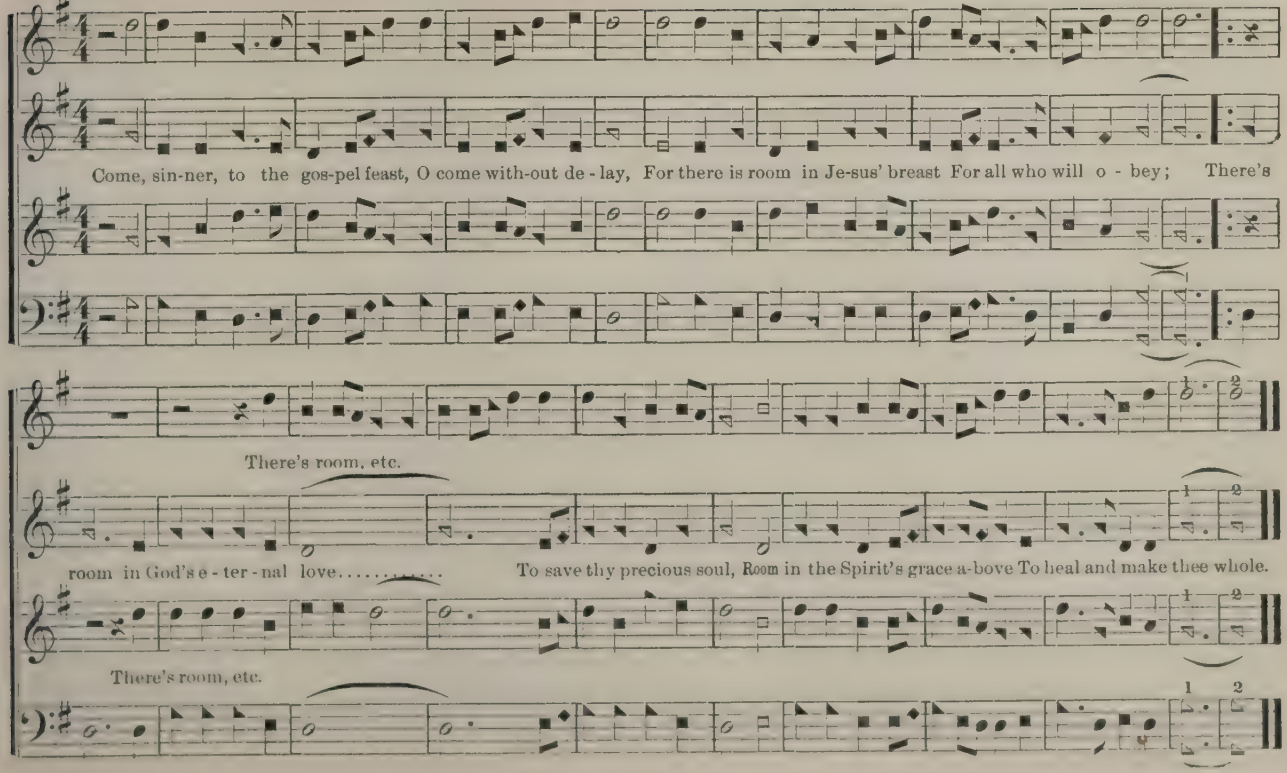
A PLACE FOR CHILDREN.

Arr. J. D. Compton.

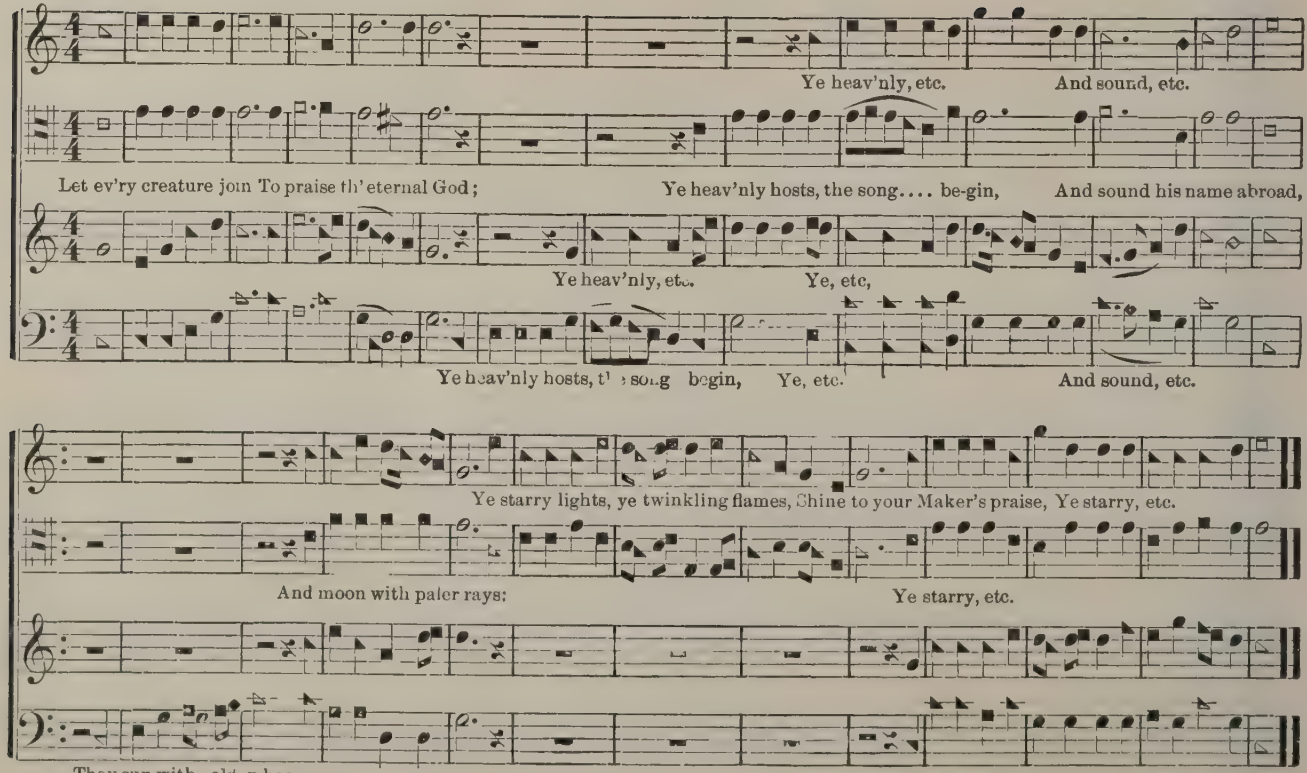

1. There's a place for chil-dren in the singing-school, To improve all their bright Sabbath days; It is there we should gather when the Sabbath comes, And to
2. We will sing to Je-sus, who has died for us, And has gone to pre-pare us a home; Un-to Him we should ev-er our prais-es sing, While
3. And 'tis while we're singing that our thot's will turn To the beau-ti-ful, true and the good; And 'tis mu-sic, sweet mu-sic, that our souls will cheer, While feast-
CHORUS.
Je-sus, our Saviour, give praise. Sing, O sing, sing, O sing! We will sing, we will sing, we will sing, We will sing, we will sing, We will sing in the singing-school.
here in this world we roam. Then sing, O sing! We will sing, we will sing, etc.
ing on heaven-ly food. Sing, O sing, sing, O sing! We will sing, we will sing, we will sing, We will sing, We will sing in the sing-ing-school.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

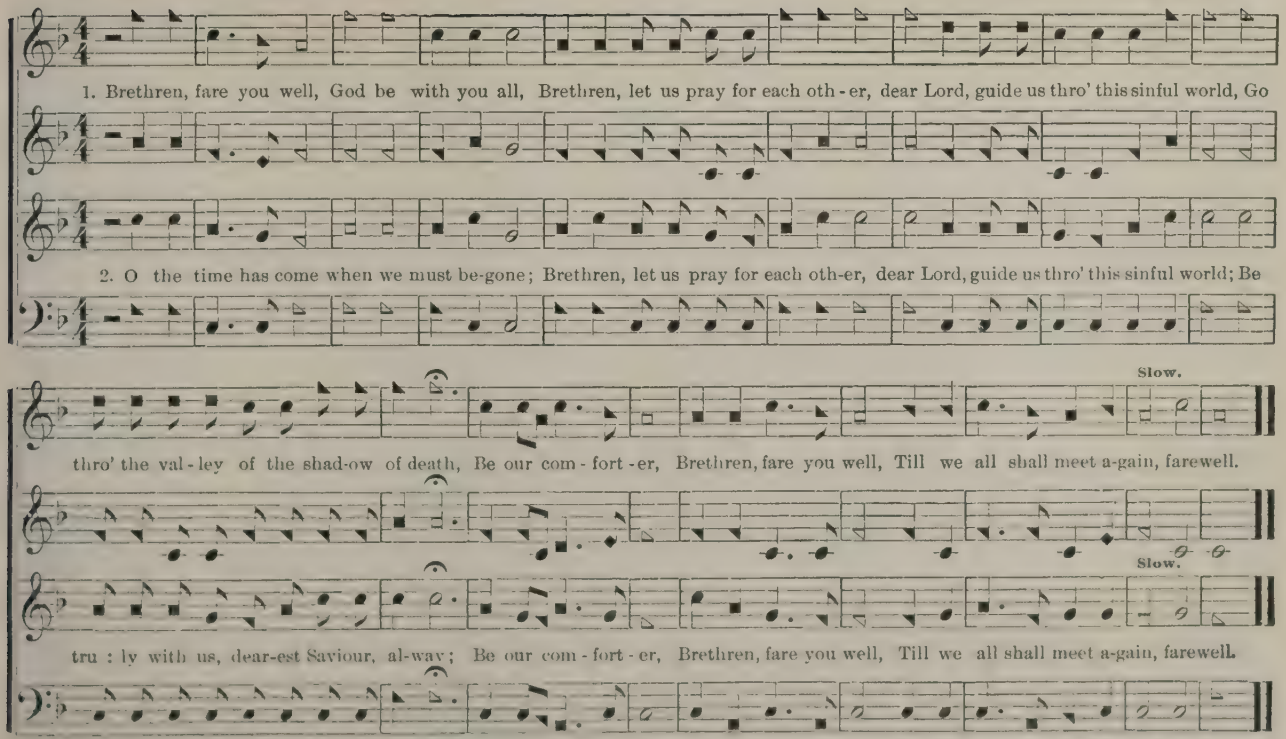
1902. J. M. Shaw. Alto, T. J. Allen.


Come, sin-ner, to the gos-pel feast, O come with-out de - lay, For there is room in Je-sus' breast For all who will o - bey; There's
There's room, etc.
room in God's e - ter - nal love.....
To save thy precious soul, Room in the Spirit's grace a-bove To heal and make thee whole.
There's room, etc.

NEWBURGH. S. M.


Ye heav'nly, etc.
And sound, etc.
Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song.... be-gin,
And sound his name abroad,
Ye heav'nly, etc.
Ye, etc,
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
Ye, etc.
And sound, etc.
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise, Ye starry, etc.
And moon with paler rays;
Ye starry, etc.
Thou sun with golden beams.

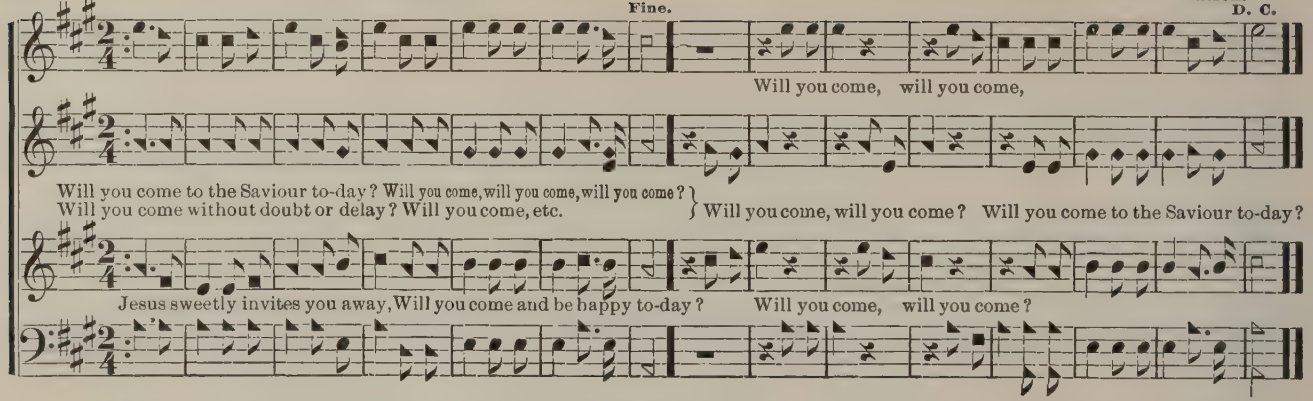
FAREWELL.

(Pace.*) W. M. Cooper.

1. Brethren, fare you well, God be with you all, Brethren, let us pray for each oth - er, dear Lord, guide us thro' this sinful world, Go
2. O the time has come when we must be-gone; Brethren, let us pray for each oth-er, dear Lord, guide us thro' this sinful world; Be
Slow.
thro' the val - ley of the shad-ow of death, Be our com - fort - er, Brethren, fare you well, Till we all shall meet a-gain, farewell.
Slow.
tru : ly with us, dear-est Saviour, al-way; Be our com - fort - er, Brethren, fare you well, Till we all shall meet a-gain, farewell.

* This song is most *affectionately* inscribed to my brother, N. Pace and companion Newton, Ala. Having lived more than three score years and ten—a life well spent in the Master's service—they are now awaiting the summons. "Come into the mansions of glory."

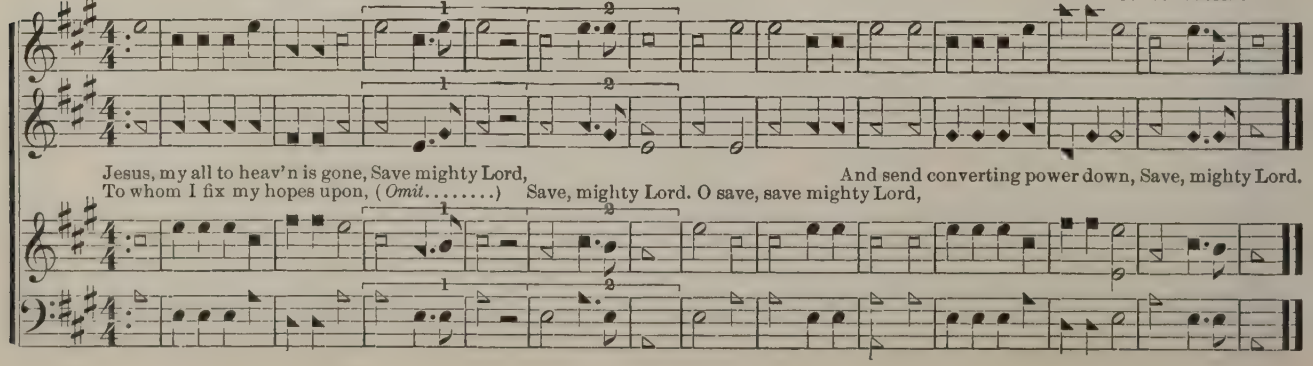
WILL YOU COME?

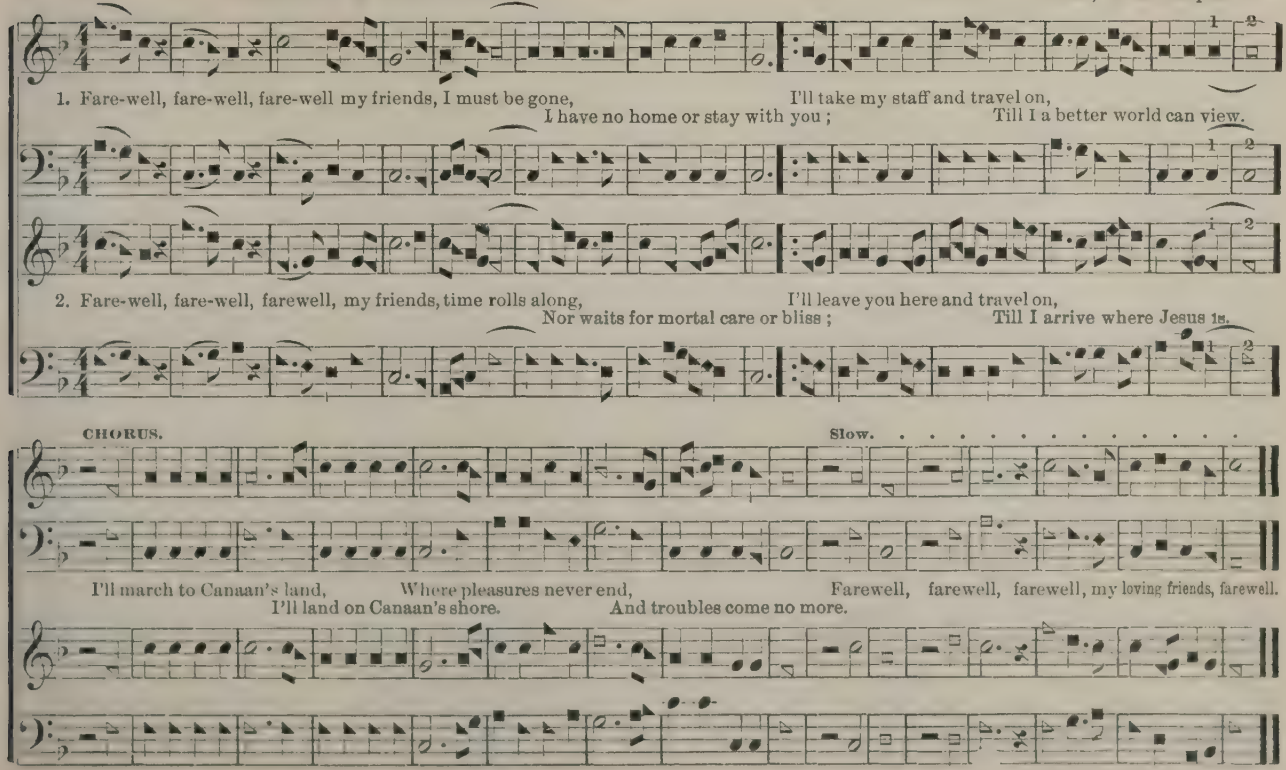
J. W. Watson.

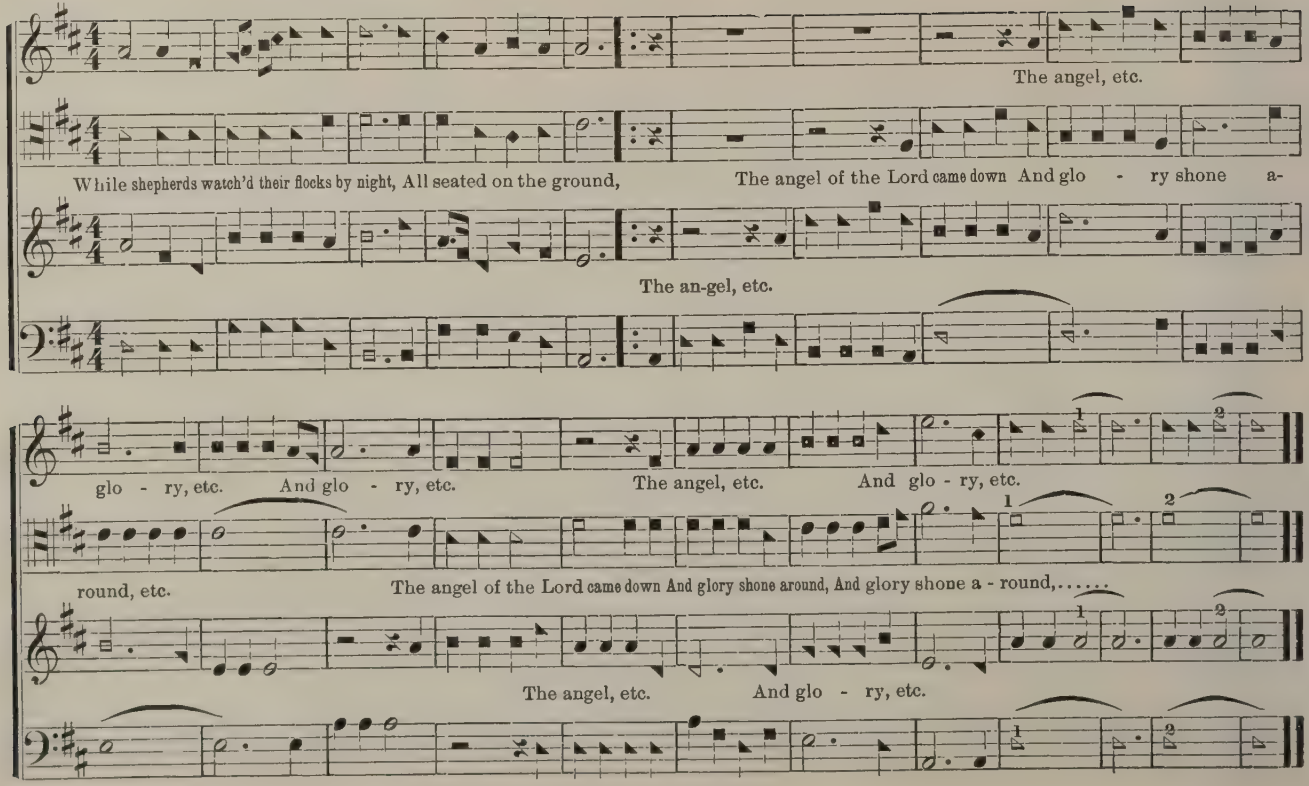

Fine.
D. C.
Will you come, will you come,
Will you come to the Saviour to-day? Will you come, will you come, will you come?
Will you come without doubt or delay? Will you come, etc.
Will you come, will you come? Will you come to the Saviour to-day?
Jesus sweetly invites you away, Will you come and be happy to-day?
Will you come, will you come?

LORD, SAVE.

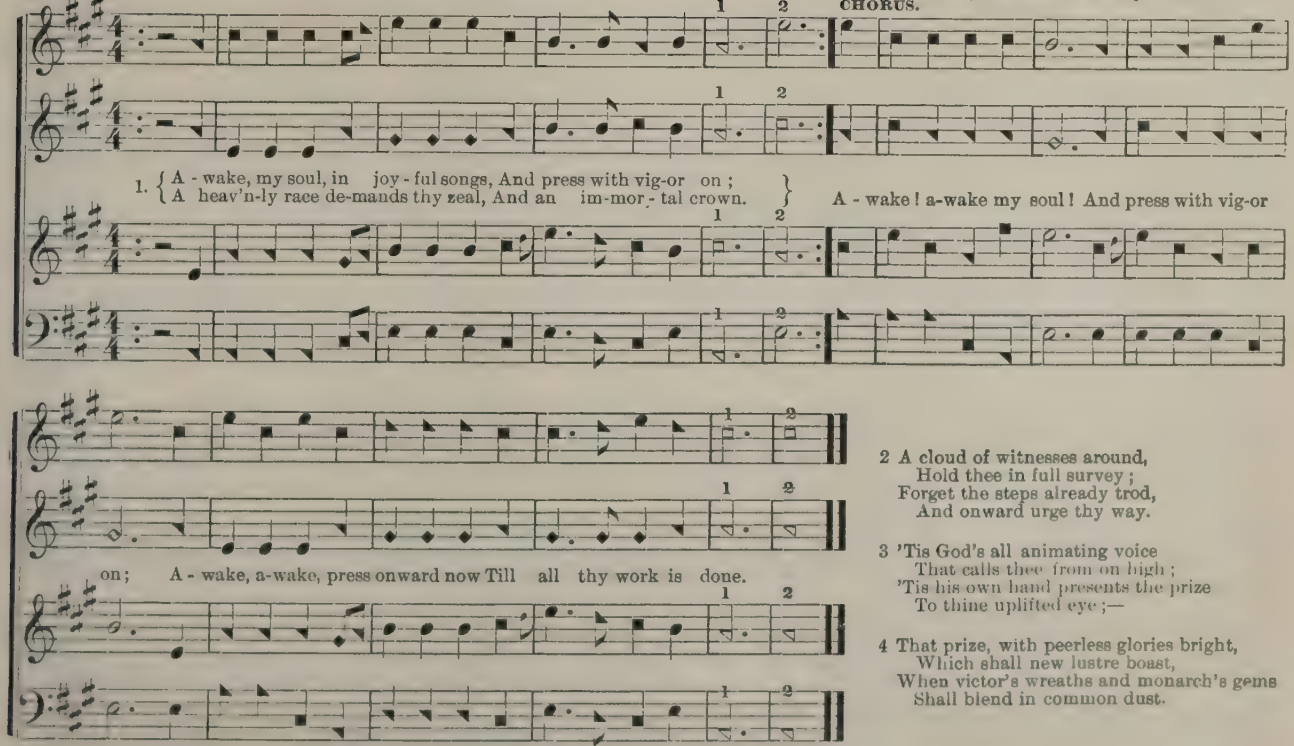
J. W. Watson.


1
2
Jesus, my all to heav'n is gone, Save mighty Lord,
And send converting power down, Save, mighty Lord.
To whom I fix my hopes upon, (Omit.....) Save, mighty Lord. O save, save mighty Lord,

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

1. Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you ; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a better world can view.
2. Fare-well, fare-well, farewell, my friends, time rolls along, Nor waits for mortal care or bliss ; I'll leave you here and travel on, Till I arrive where Jesus is.
CHORUS.
Slow.
I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore. Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

The angel, etc.
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down And glo - ry shone a-
The an-gel, etc.
glo - ry, etc. And glo - ry, etc.
The angel, etc. And glo - ry, etc.
round, etc.
The angel of the Lord came down And glory shone around, And glory shone a - round,.....
The angel, etc. And glo - ry, etc.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RACE.


CHORUS.
1. { A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful songs, And press with vig-or on ;
{ A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor - tal crown. }
A - wake ! a-wake my soul ! And press with vig-or
on ; A - wake, a-wake, press onward now Till all thy work is done.

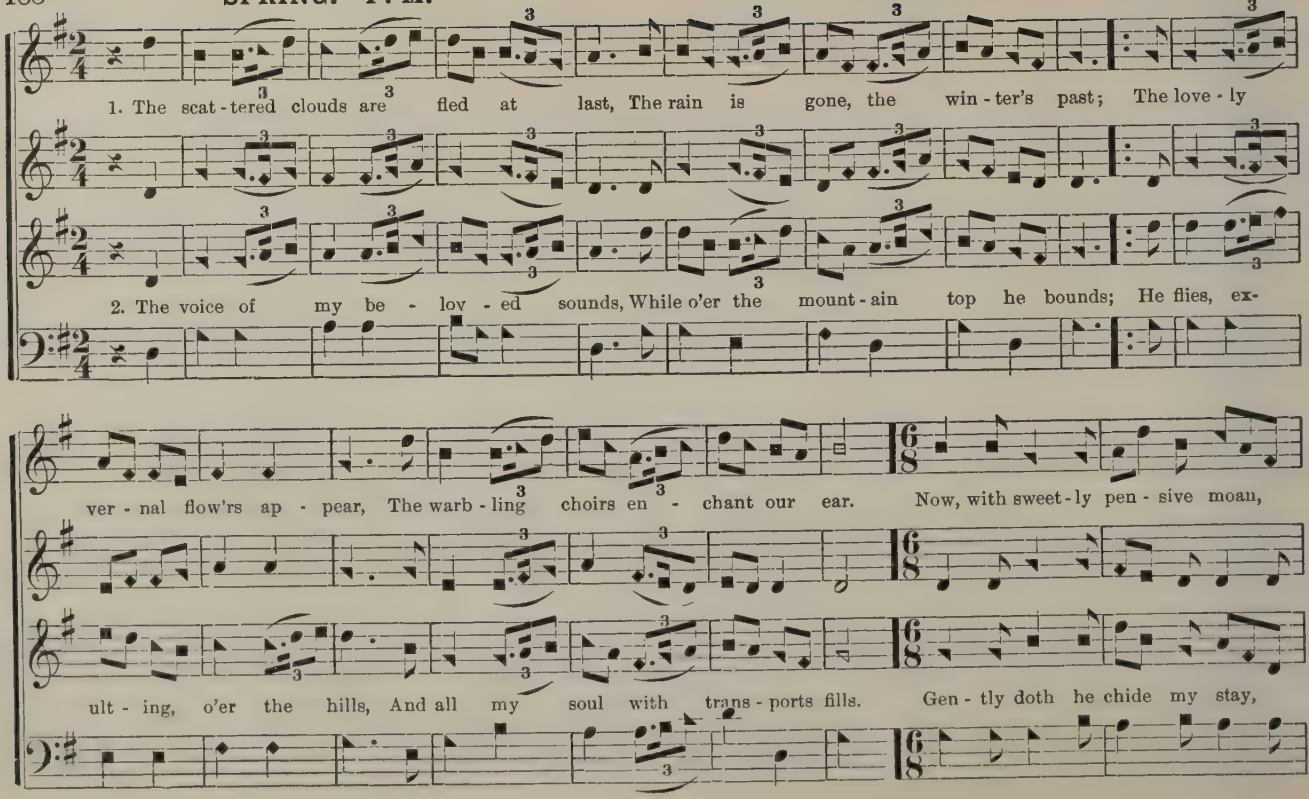
2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

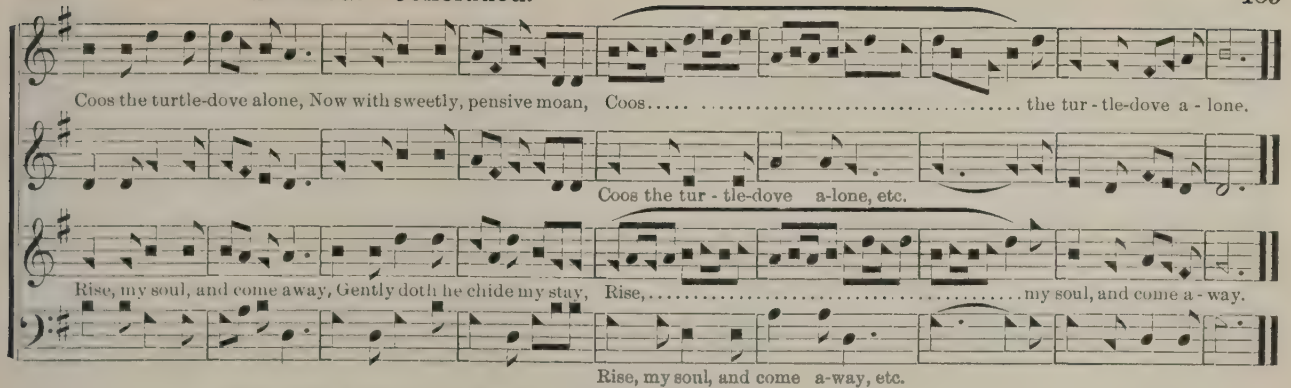
3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye ;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.

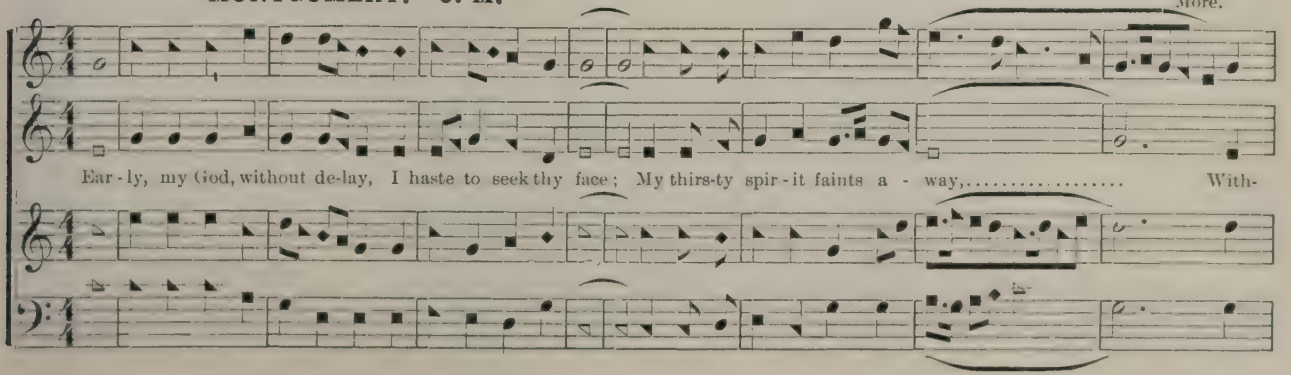
Tenor, as sung by the lamented Rev. Dr. A. L. Martin, a fearless, and one of the most powerful preachers of this age—sainted memory.

SPRING. P. M.

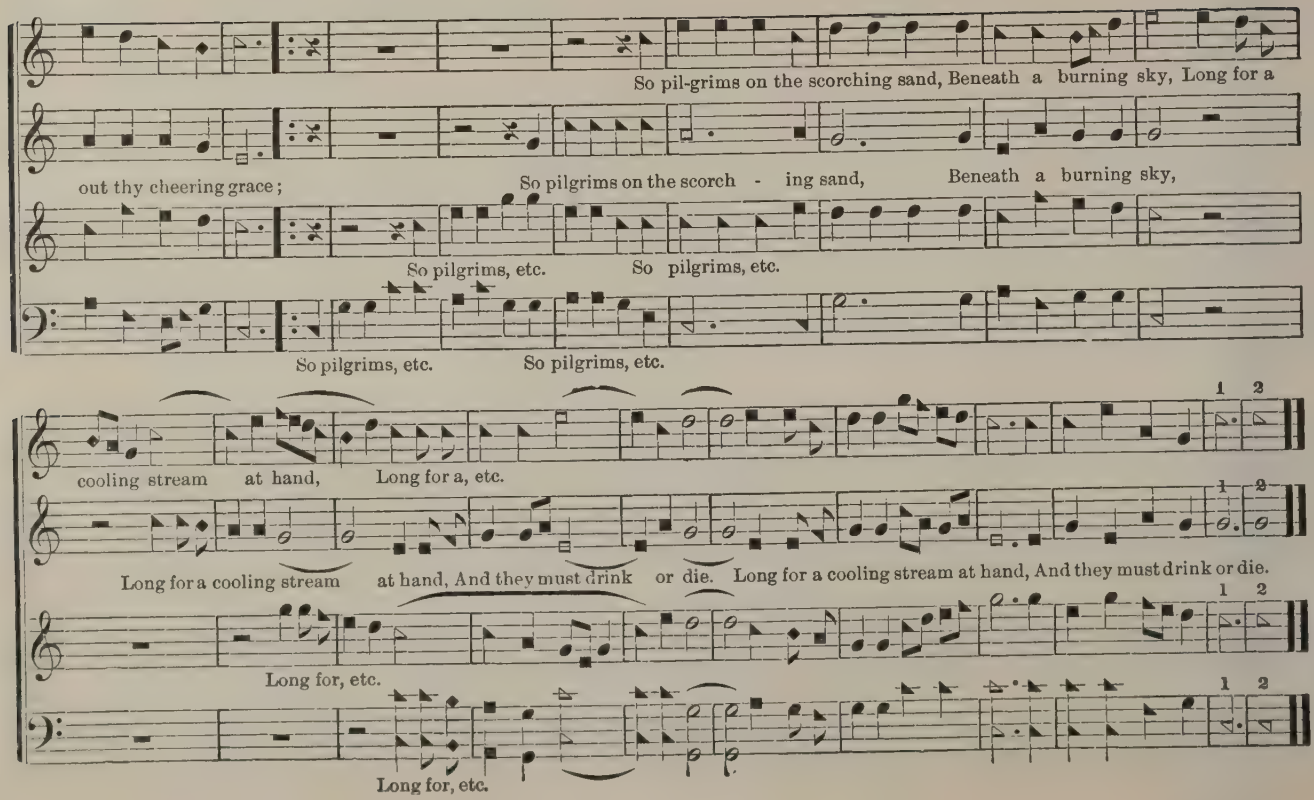
Alto by W. M. C.

1. The scat-tered clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win-ter's past; The love-ly
2. The voice of my be-lov-ed sounds, While o'er the mount-ain top he bounds; He flies, ex-
ver-nal flow'rs ap-pear, The warb-ling choirs en-chant our ear. Now, with sweet-ly pen-sive moan,
ult-ing, o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans-ports fills. Gen-tly doth he chide my stay,


Coos the turtle-dove alone, Now with sweetly, pensive moan, Coos..... ..... the tur - tle-dove a - lone.
Coos the tur - tle-dove a-lone, etc.
Rise, my soul, and come away, Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise,..... my soul, and come a - way.
Rise, my soul, and come a-way, etc.

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

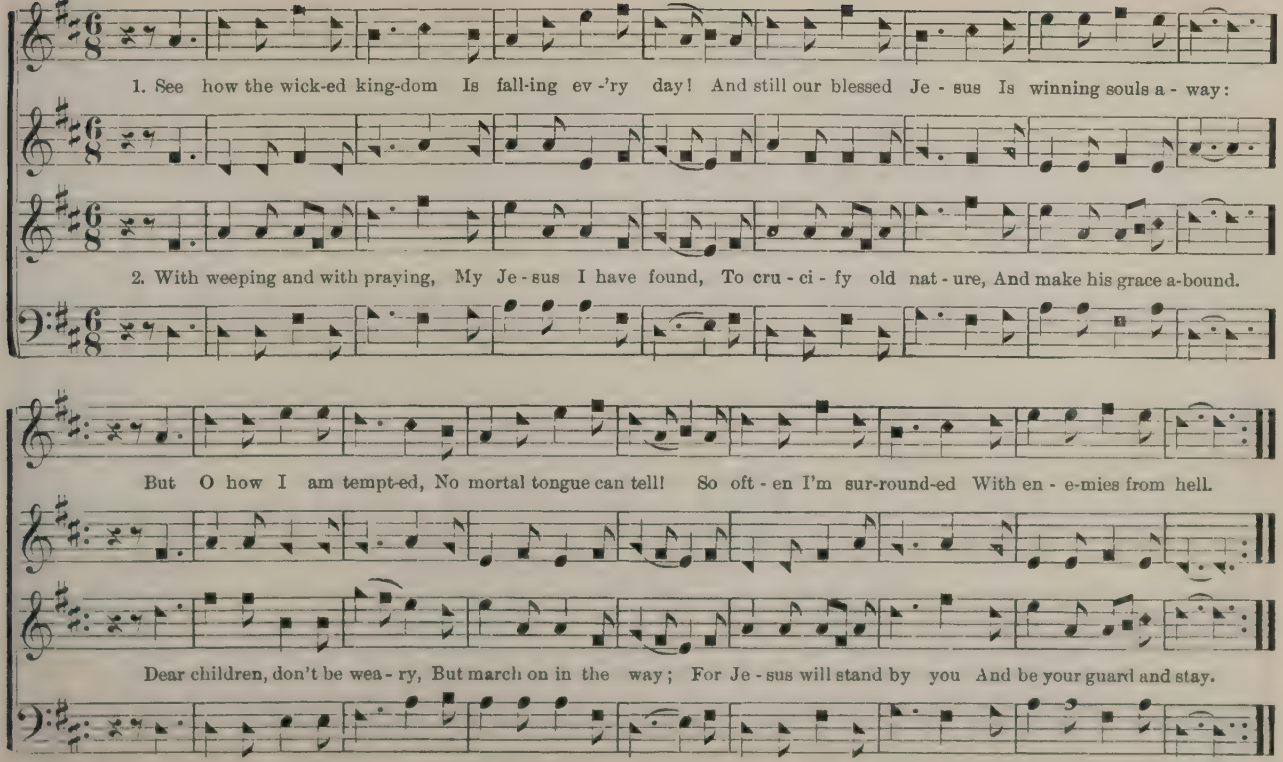


MONTGOMERY. Concluded.

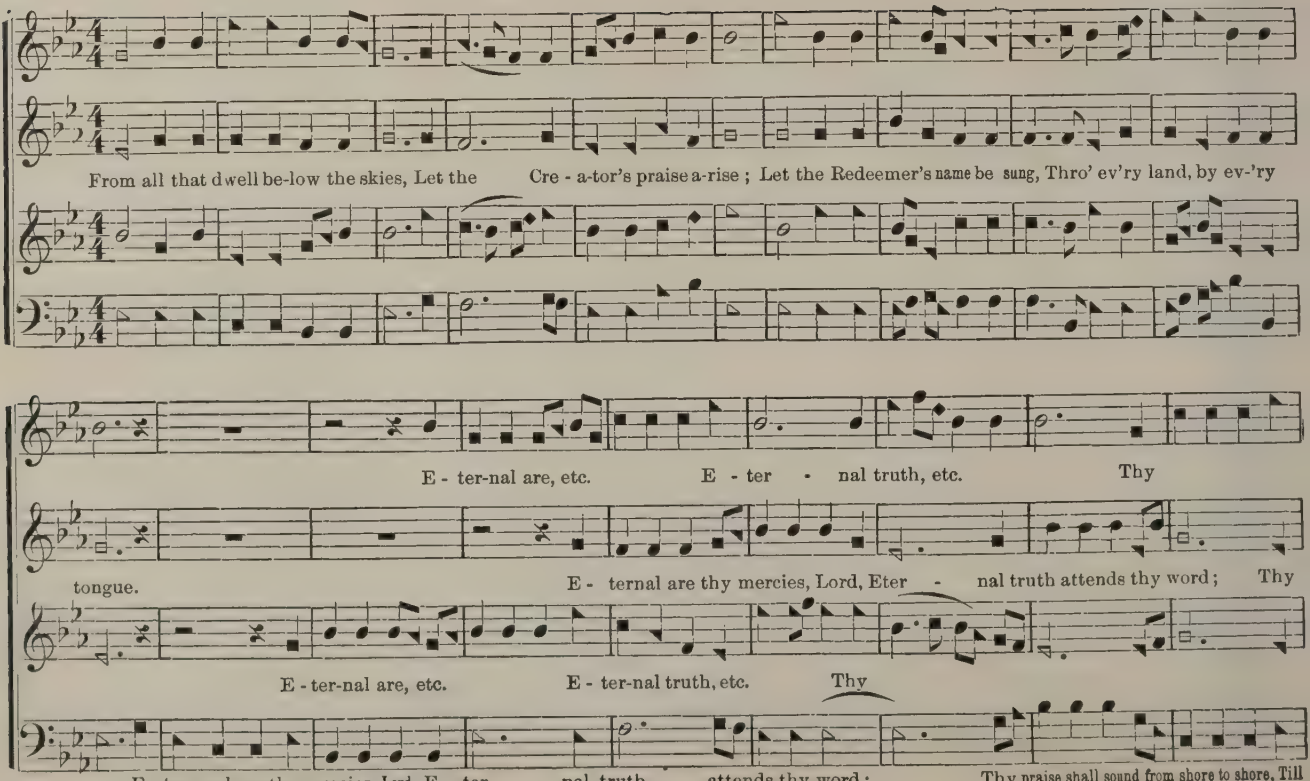

So pil-grims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a
out thy cheering grace;
So pilgrims on the scorch - ing sand, Beneath a burning sky,
So pilgrims, etc. So pilgrims, etc.
So pilgrims, etc. So pilgrims, etc.
1 2
cooling stream at hand, Long for a, etc.
Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die. Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
Long for, etc.
Long for, etc.

JESUS IS WINNING SOULS.

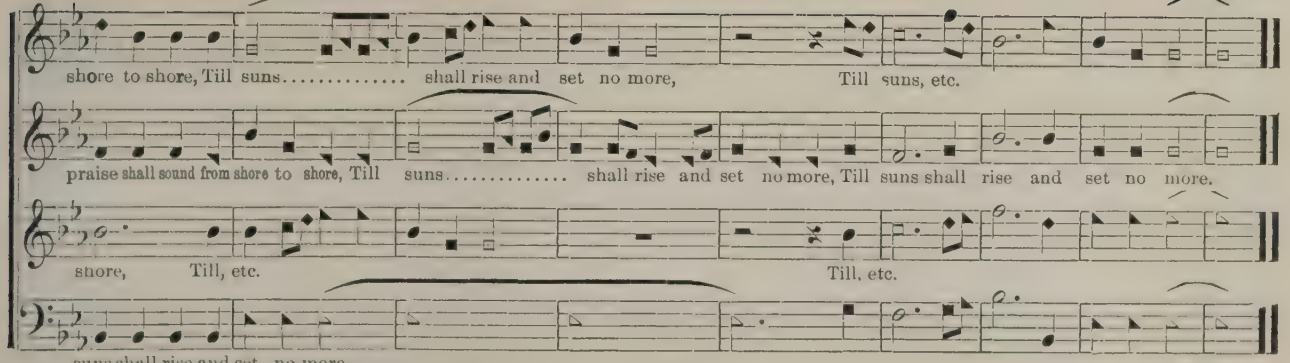
A. C. Clark 191


1. See how the wick-ed king-dom Is fall-ing ev -'ry day! And still our blessed Je - sus Is winning souls a - way:
2. With weeping and with praying, My Je - sus I have found, To cru - ci - fy old nat - ure, And make his grace a-bound.
But O how I am tempt-ed, No mortal tongue can tell! So oft - en I'm sur-round-ed With en - e-mies from hell.
Dear children, don't be wea - ry, But march on in the way; For Je - sus will stand by you And be your guard and stay.

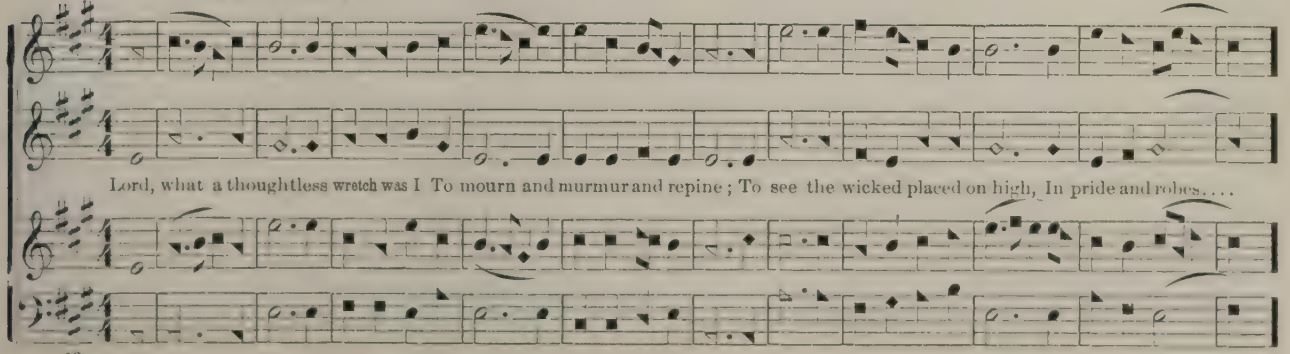
SCHENECTADY. L. M.

Shumway.

From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre - a-tor's praise a-rise ; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev-'ry
E - ter-nal are, etc. E - ter - nal truth, etc. Thy
tongue. E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eter - nal truth attends thy word ; Thy
E - ter-nal are, etc. E - ter-nal truth, etc. Thy
E - ter - nal are thy mercies. Lord. E - ter - nal truth attends thy word ;.... Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till

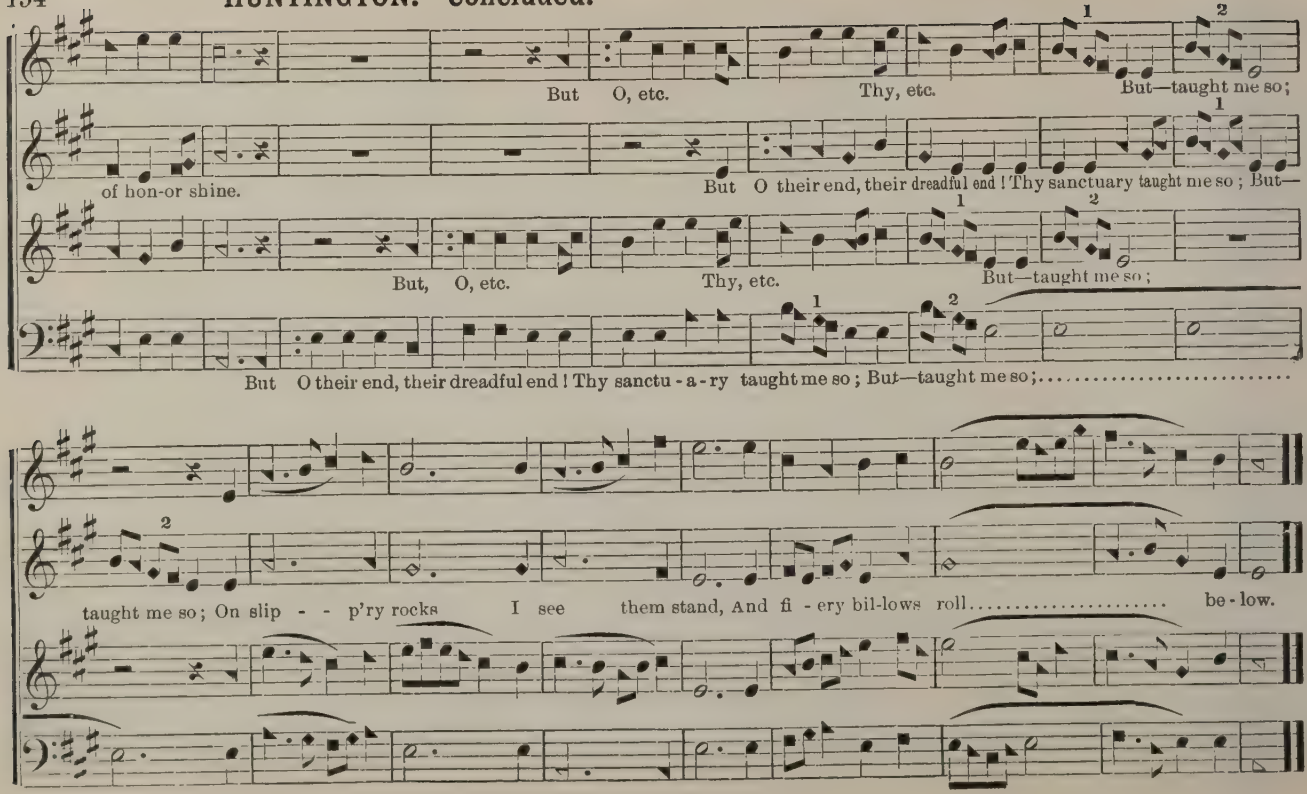
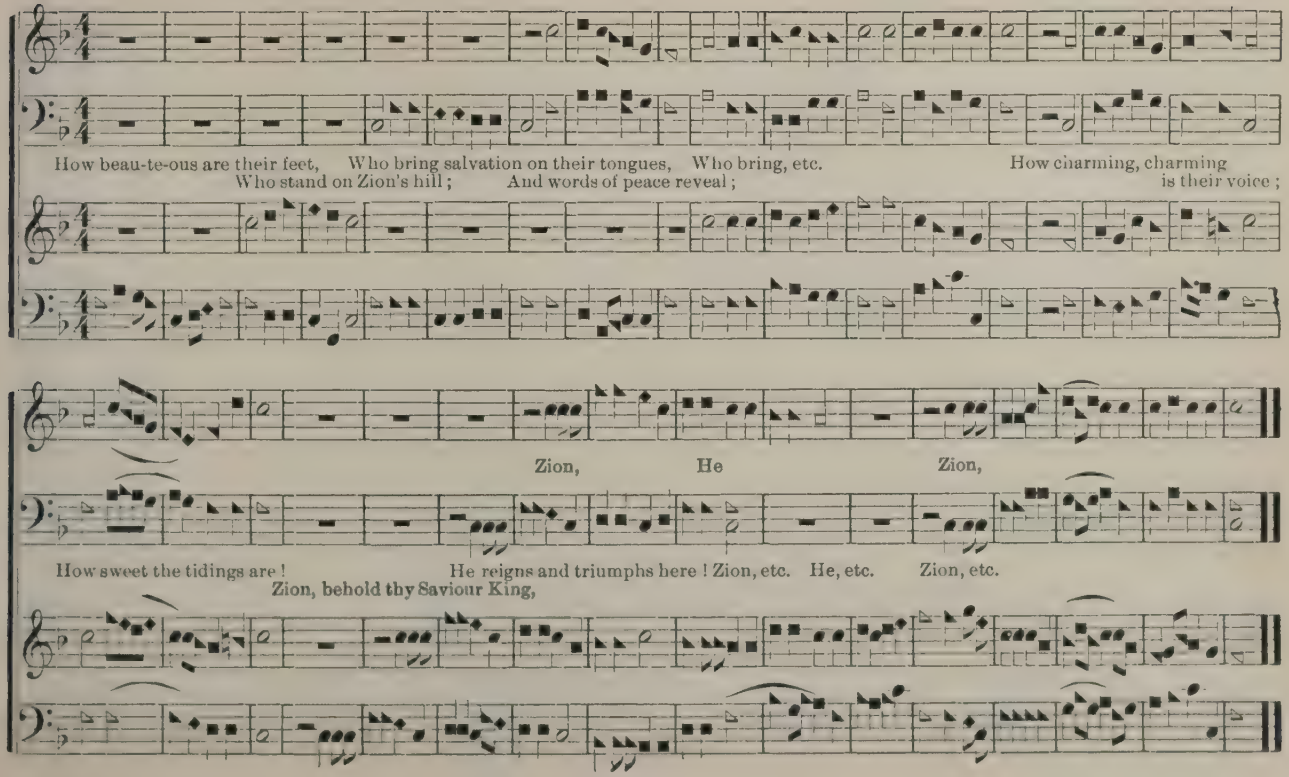
SCHENECTADY. Concluded.

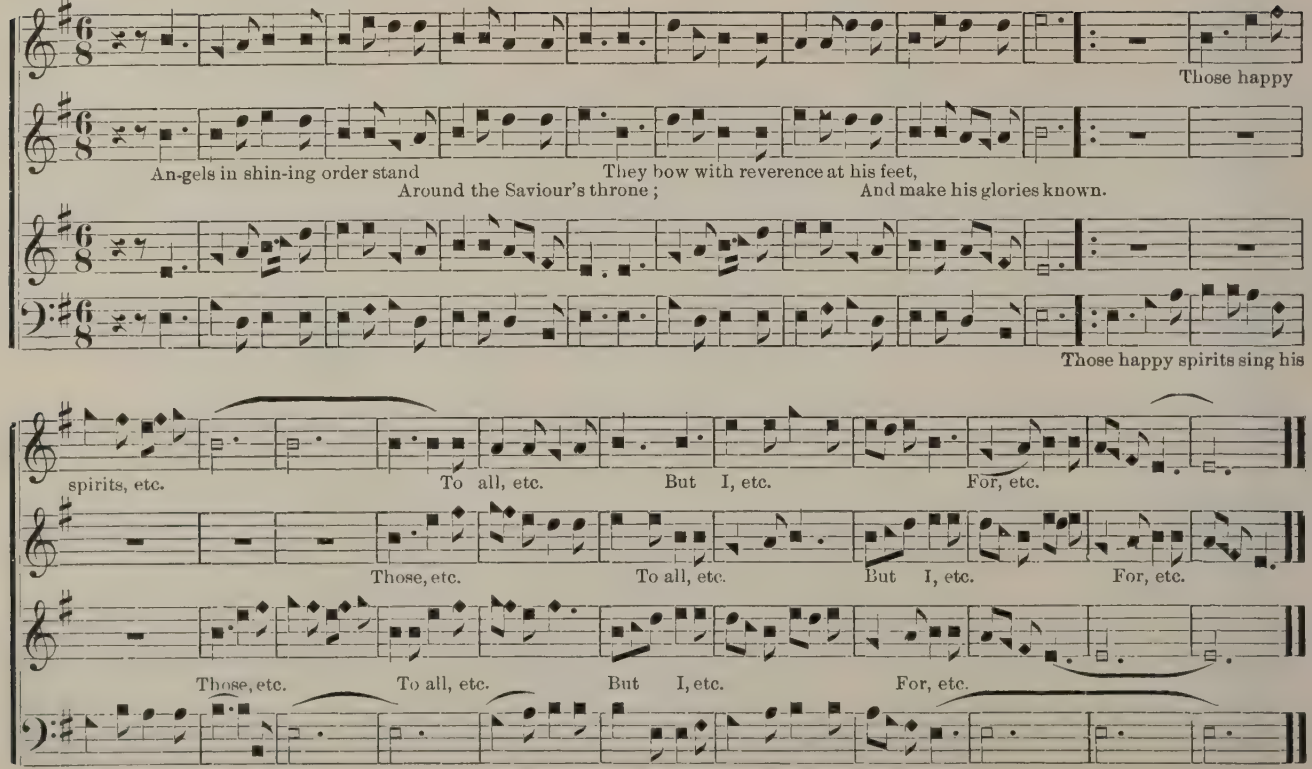

shore to shore, Till suns..... shall rise and set no more, Till suns, etc.
praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns..... shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
shore, Till, etc. Till, etc.
suns shall rise and set no more,.....

HUNTINGTON. L. M.



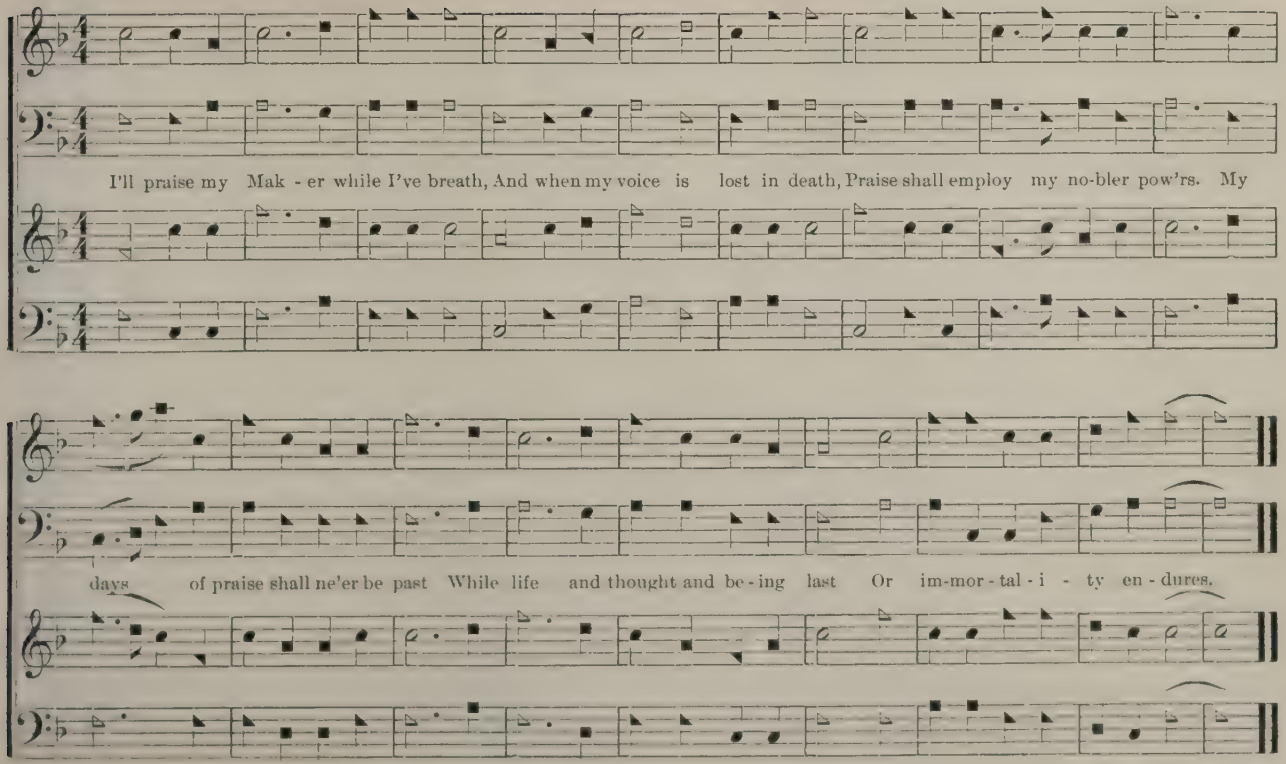
HUNTINGTON. Concluded.


But O, etc.
Thy, etc.
But—taught me so;
of hon-or shine.
But O their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so; But—
But, O, etc.
Thy, etc.
But—taught me so;
But O their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctu-a-ry taught me so; But—taught me so;
taught me so; On slip - - p'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - ery bil-lows roll be-low.

How beau-te-ous are their feet, Who bring salvation on their tongues, Who bring, etc.
Who stand on Zion's hill; And words of peace reveal;
How charming, charming is their voice;
Zion, He Zion,
How sweet the tidings are! He reigns and triumphs here! Zion, etc. He, etc. Zion, etc.
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,

ALABAMA. C. M.

Those happy
An-gels in shin-ing order stand
Around the Saviour's throne ;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his
spirits, etc.
To all, etc.
But I, etc.
For, etc.
Those, etc.
To all, etc.
But I, etc.
For, etc.
Those, etc.
To all, etc.
But I, etc.
For, etc.
praise, To all e - ter - ni - ty ;.....
But I can sing redeeming grace, For Jesus died for me.....

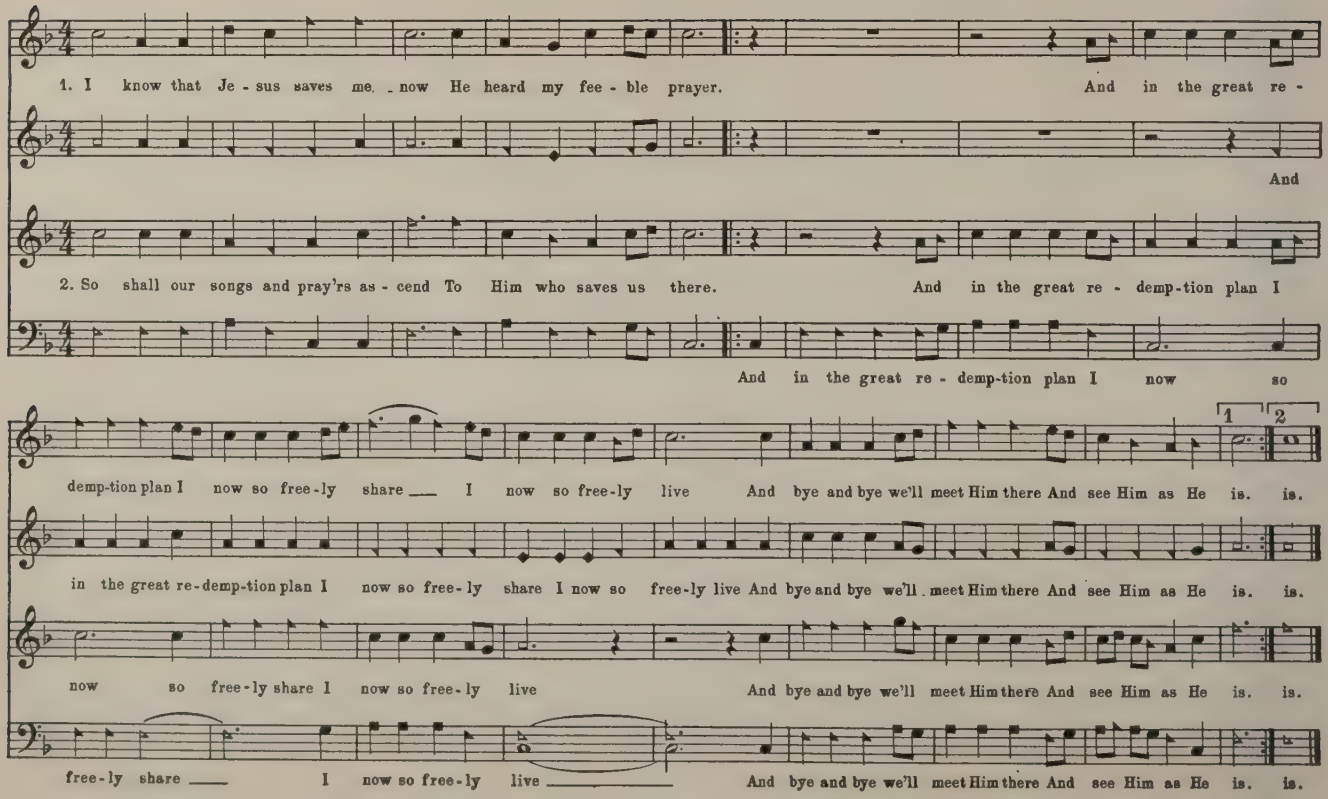
EDWARDS.

In honor of Edwards. Arr. by H. S. Woodward.

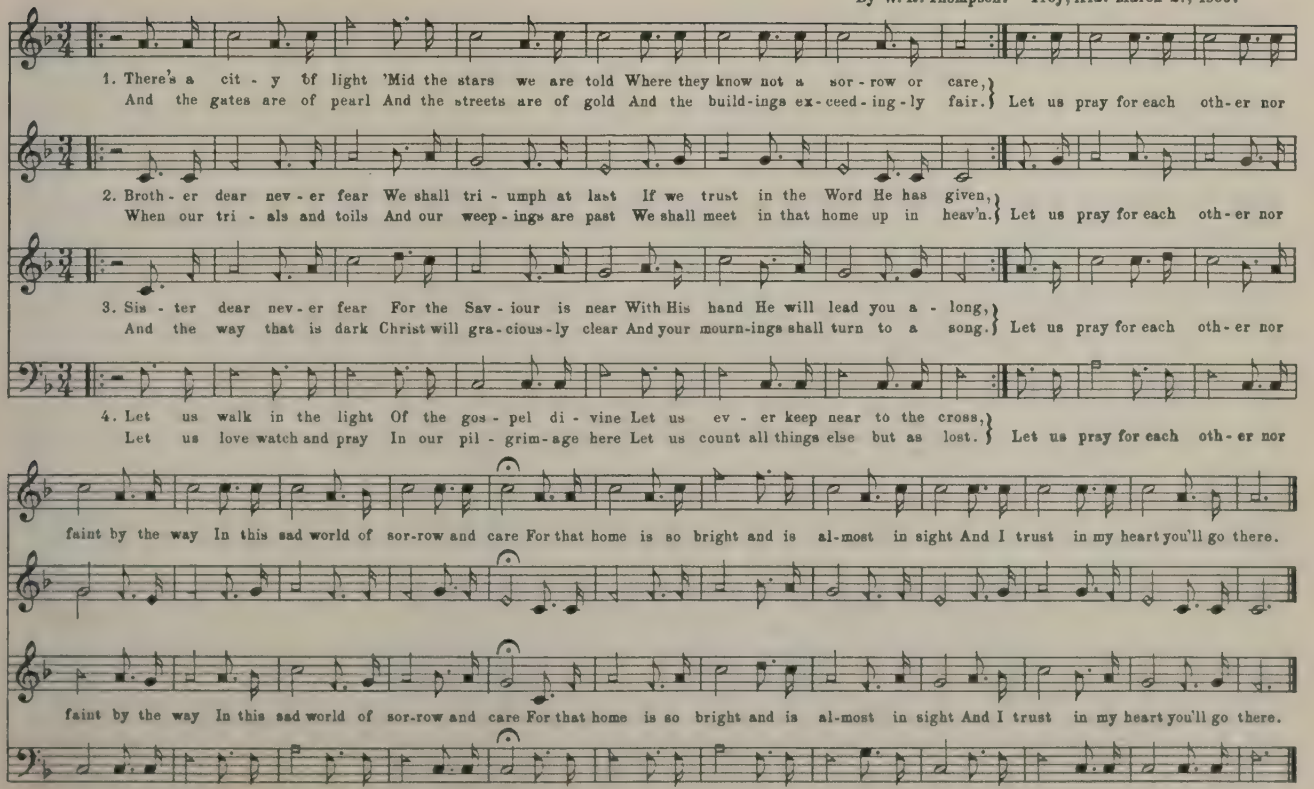

I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my no-bler pow'rs. My
days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and thought and be - ing last Or im-mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

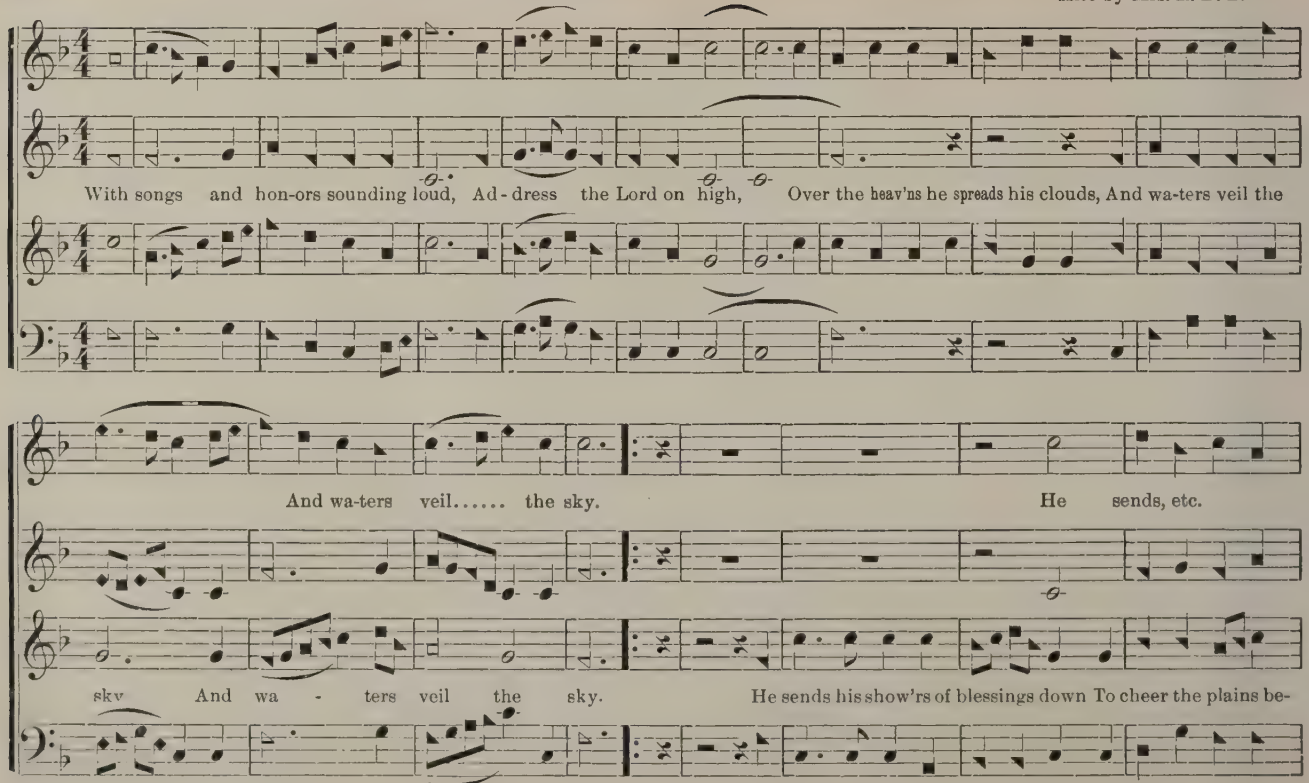
JESUS SAVES

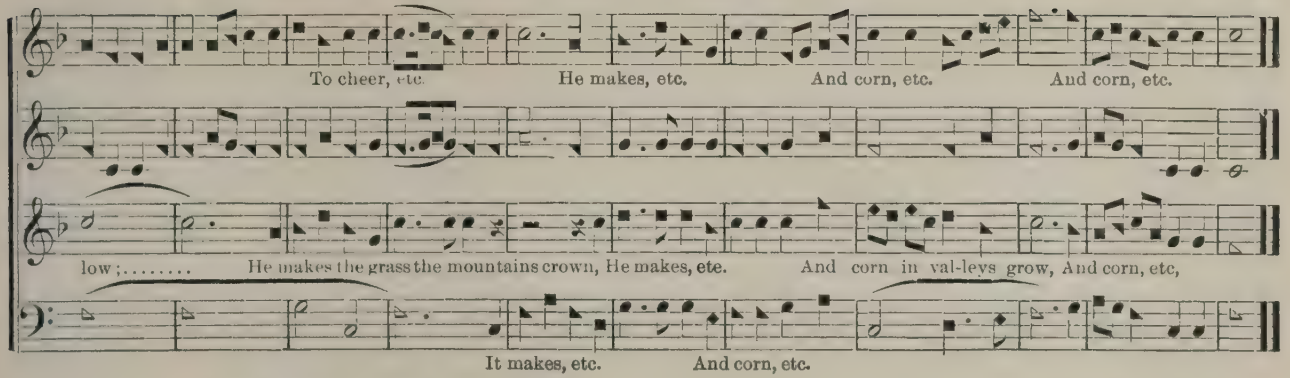
By J.W. Bassett. Troy, Ala. April 18, 1950


1. I know that Je - sus saves me, now He heard my fee - ble prayer. And in the great re -
And
2. So shall our songs and pray'rs as - cend To Him who saves us there. And in the great re - demp-tion plan I
And in the great re - demp-tion plan I now so
1
2
demp-tion plan I now so free-ly share I now so free-ly live And bye and bye we'll meet Him there And see Him as He is. is.
in the great re-demp-tion plan I now so free-ly share I now so free-ly live And bye and bye we'll meet Him there And see Him as He is. is.
now so free-ly share I now so free-ly live And bye and bye we'll meet Him there And see Him as He is. is.
free-ly share I now so free-ly live And bye and bye we'll meet Him there And see Him as He is. is.

CITY OF LIGHT.

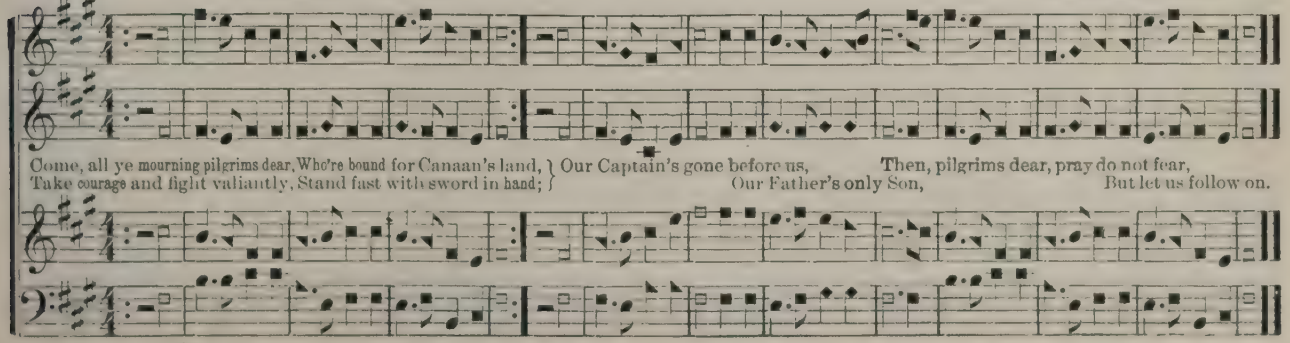
By W. R. Thompson. Troy, Ala. March 27, 1950.

1. There's a cit - y of light 'Mid the stars we are told Where they know not a sor - row or care,
And the gates are of pearl And the streets are of gold And the build-ings ex-ceed-ing-ly fair.
Let us pray for each oth-er nor
2. Broth - er dear nev - er fear We shall tri - umph at last If we trust in the Word He has given,
When our tri - als and toils And our weep - ings are past We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.
Let us pray for each oth-er nor
3. Sis - ter dear nev - er fear For the Sav - iour is near With His hand He will lead you a - long,
And the way that is dark Christ will gra-cious-ly clear And your mourn-ings shall turn to a song.
Let us pray for each oth-er nor
4. Let us walk in the light Of the gos - pel di - vine Let us ev - er keep near to the cross,
Let us love watch and pray In our pil - grim-age here Let us count all things else but as lost.
Let us pray for each oth-er nor
faint by the way In this sad world of sor-row and care For that home is so bright and is al-most in sight And I trust in my heart you'll go there.
faint by the way In this sad world of sor-row and care For that home is so bright and is al-most in sight And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

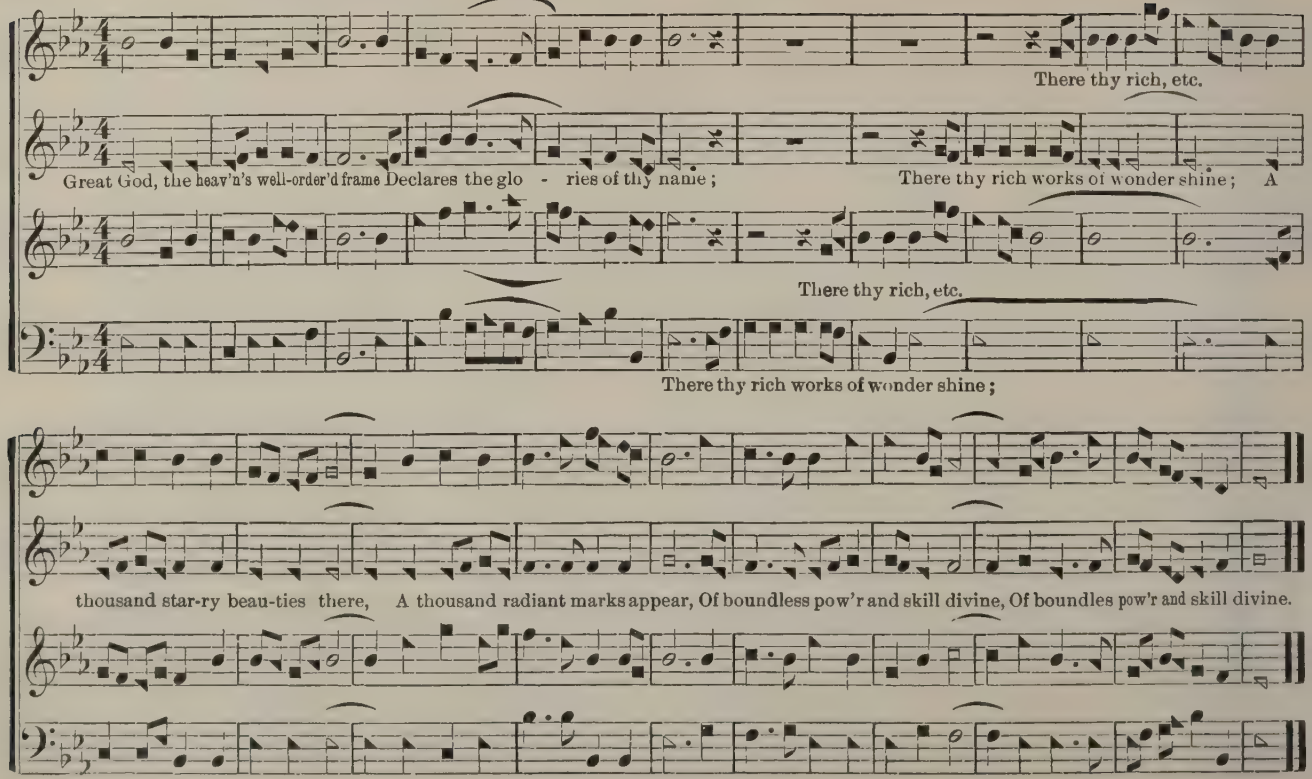
Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, Ad-dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds, And wa-ters veil the
And wa-ters veil..... the sky. He sends, etc.
sky And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of blessings down To cheer the plains be-


To cheer, etc.
He makes, etc.
And corn, etc.
And corn, etc.
low;.....
He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, etc.
And corn in val-leys grow, And corn, etc,
It makes, etc.
And corn, etc.

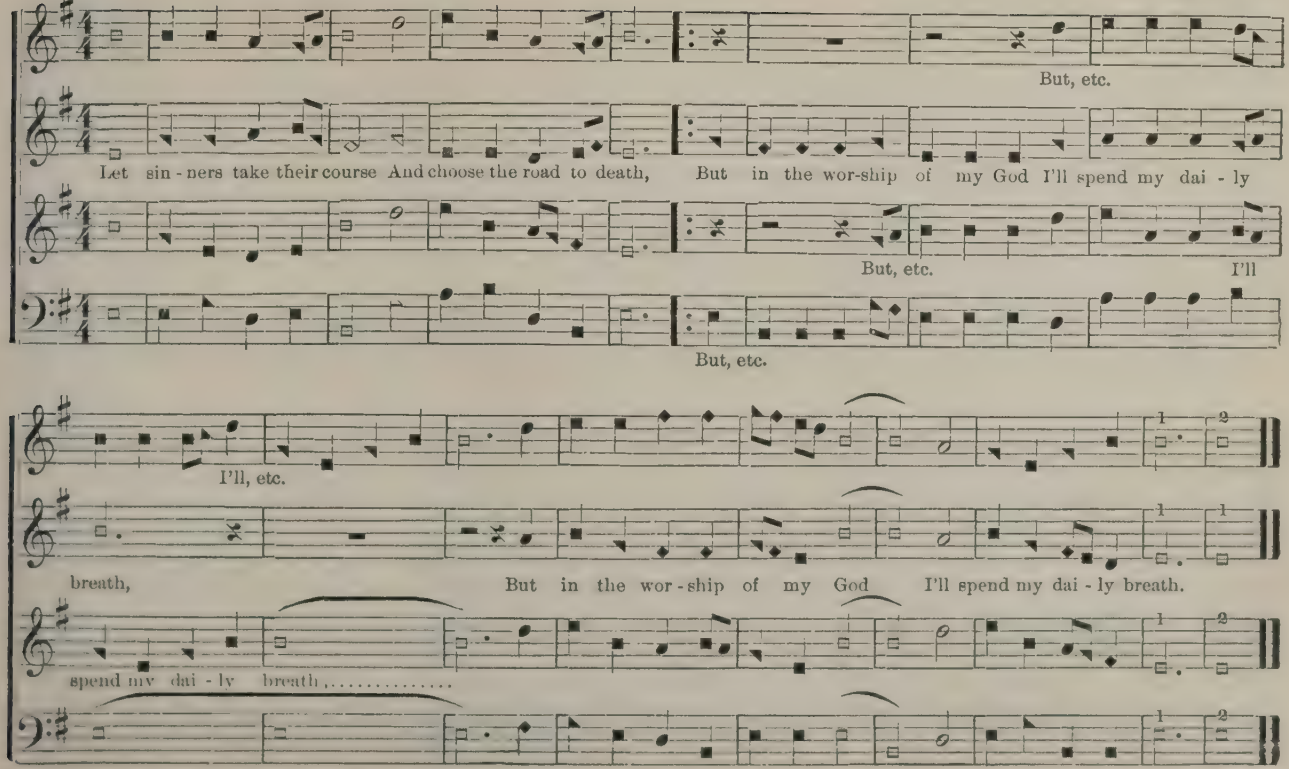
PILGRIM. C. M.

Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, Our Captain's gone before us, Then, pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; Our Father's only Son, But let us follow on.

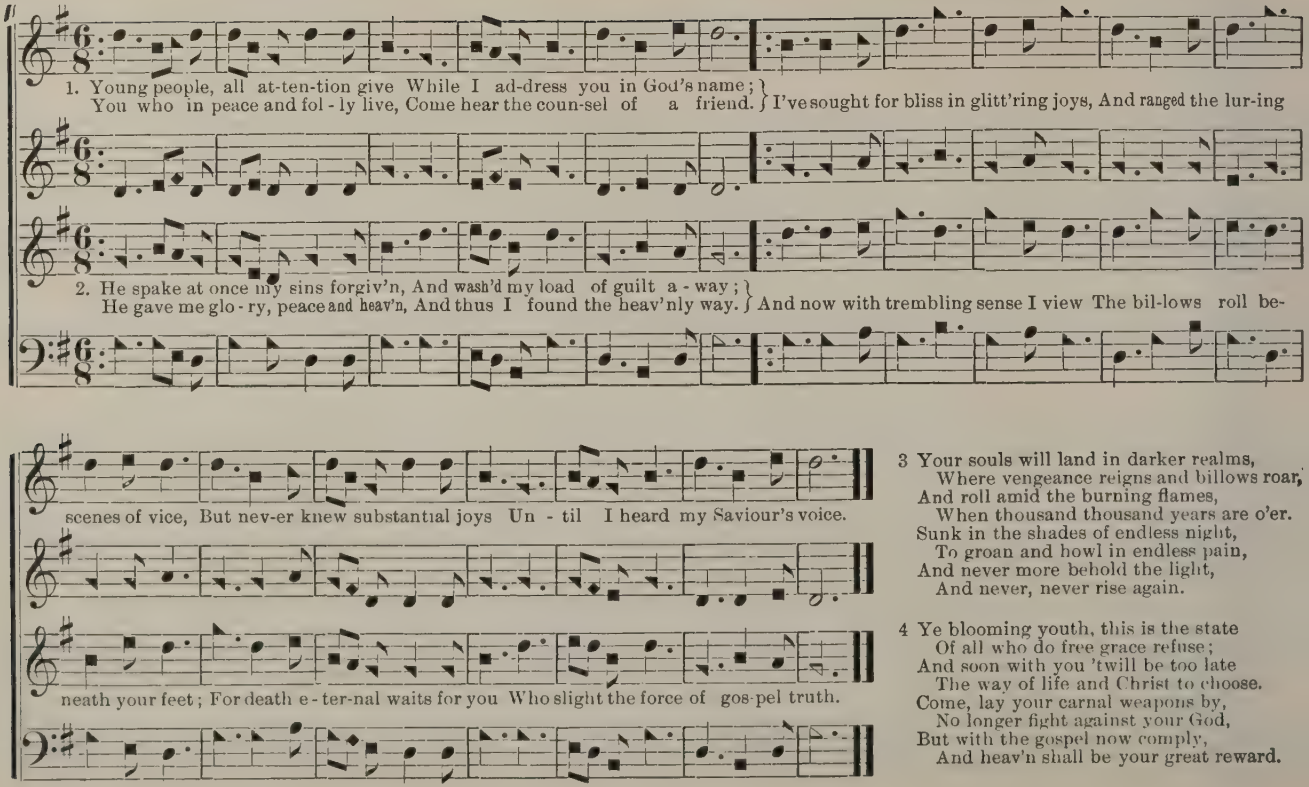

There thy rich, etc.
Great God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame Declares the glo - ries of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine; A
There thy rich, etc.
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
thousand star-ry beau-ties there, A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine, Of boundles pow'r and skill divine.

FLORIDA. S. M.


But, etc.
Let sin - ners take their course And choose the road to death,
But in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai - ly
But, etc.
I'll
But, etc.
I'll, etc.
1 2
breath,
But in the wor - ship of my God I'll spend my dai - ly breath.
1 1
spend my dai - ly breath,.....
1 2
1 2

MISSION.

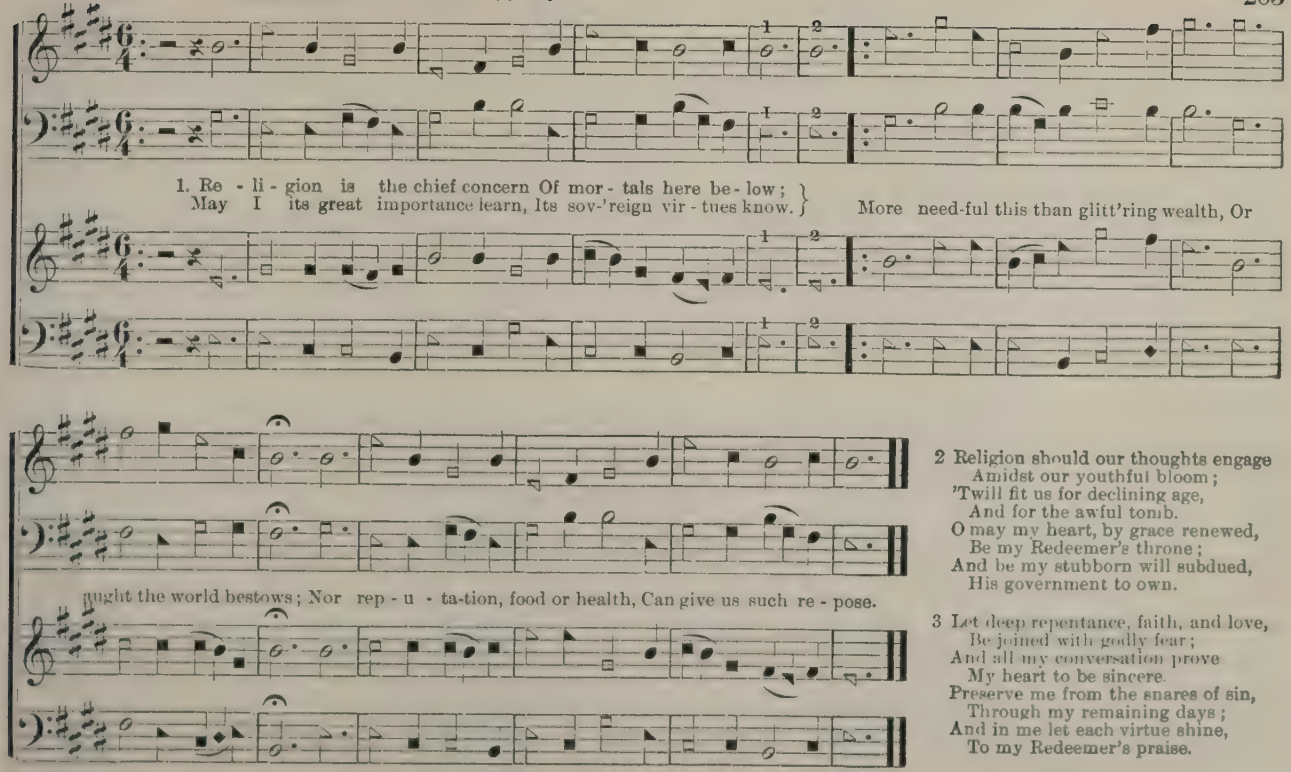
A. Grambling. Alto, B. P. Poyner.


1. Young people, all at-ten-tion give While I ad-dress you in God's name;
You who in peace and fol - ly live, Come hear the coun-sel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring joys, And ranged the lur-ing
2. He spake at once my sins forgiv'n, And wash'd my load of guilt a - way;
He gave me glo - ry, peace and heav'n, And thus I found the heav'nly way.
And now with trembling sense I view The bil-lows roll be-
scenes of vice, But nev-er knew substantial joys Un - til I heard my Saviour's voice.
neath your feet; For death e - ter-nal waits for you Who slight the force of gos-pel truth.

3 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

4 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life and Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God,
But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great reward.

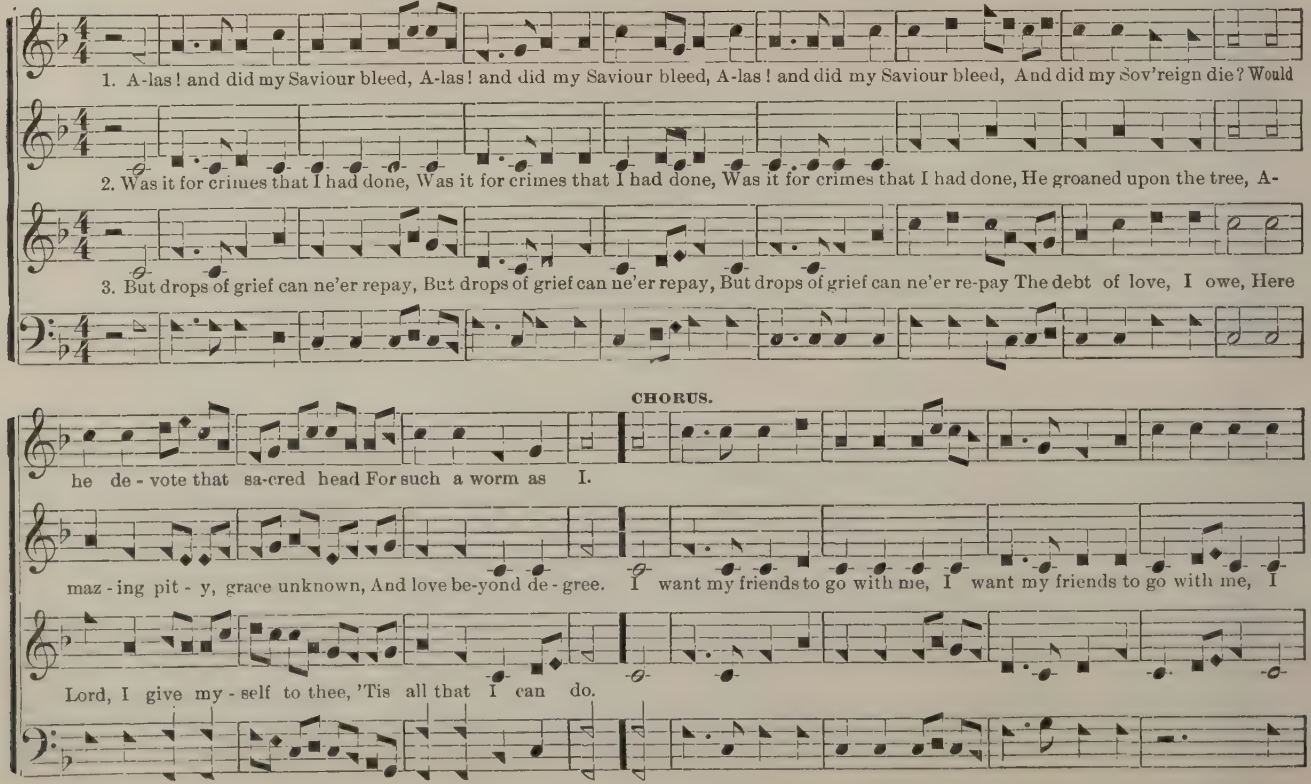
PLEASANT HILL. C. M.


1. Re - li - gion is the chief concern Of mor - tals here be - low;
May I its great importance learn, Its sov-'reign vir - tues know.
More need-ful this than glitt'ring wealth, Or
ought the world bestows; Nor rep - u - ta-tion, food or health, Can give us such re - pose.

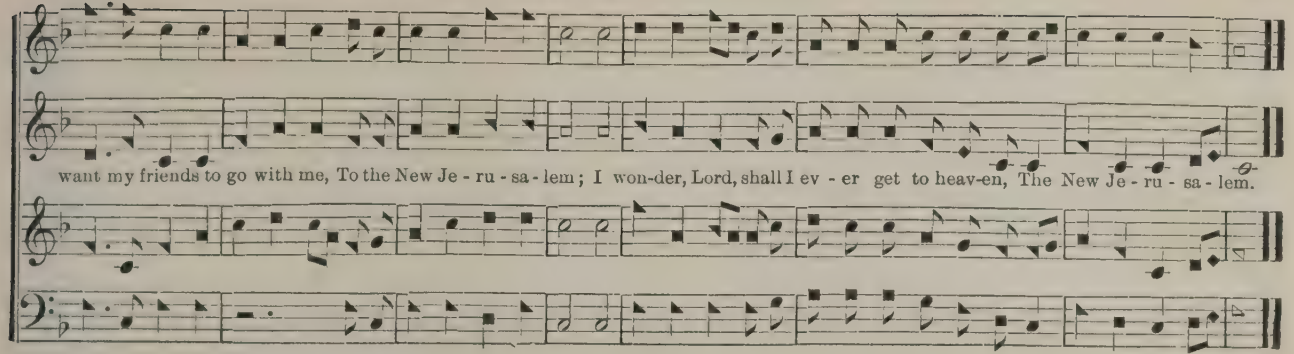
2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

3 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

COME, FRIENDS, GO WITH ME.

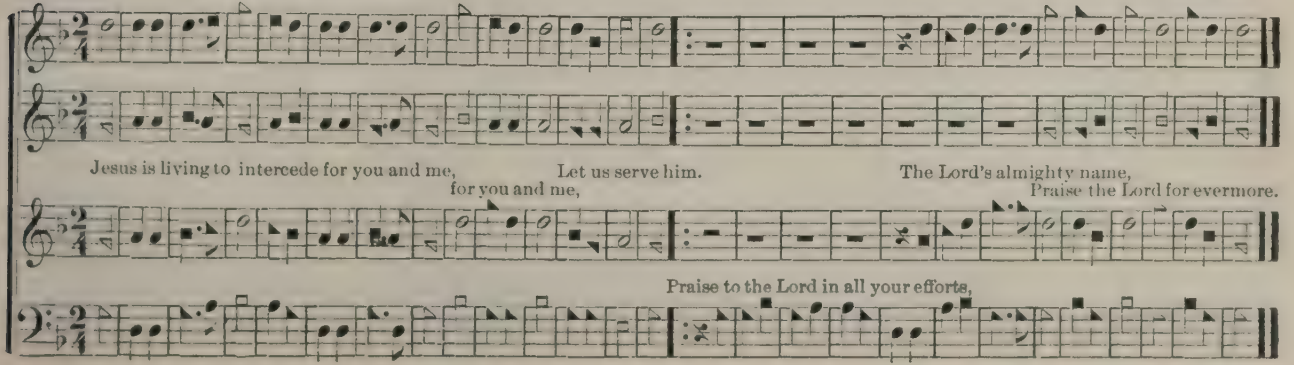
Author of Tenor unknown. Bass, Alto, and Treble W. M. C.

1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, Was it for crimes that I had done, Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree, A-
3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay, But drops of grief can ne'er repay, But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love, I owe, Here
CHORUS.
he de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I.
maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree. I want my friends to go with me, I want my friends to go with me, I
Lord, I give my - self to thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

COME, FRIENDS, GO WITH ME. Concluded.



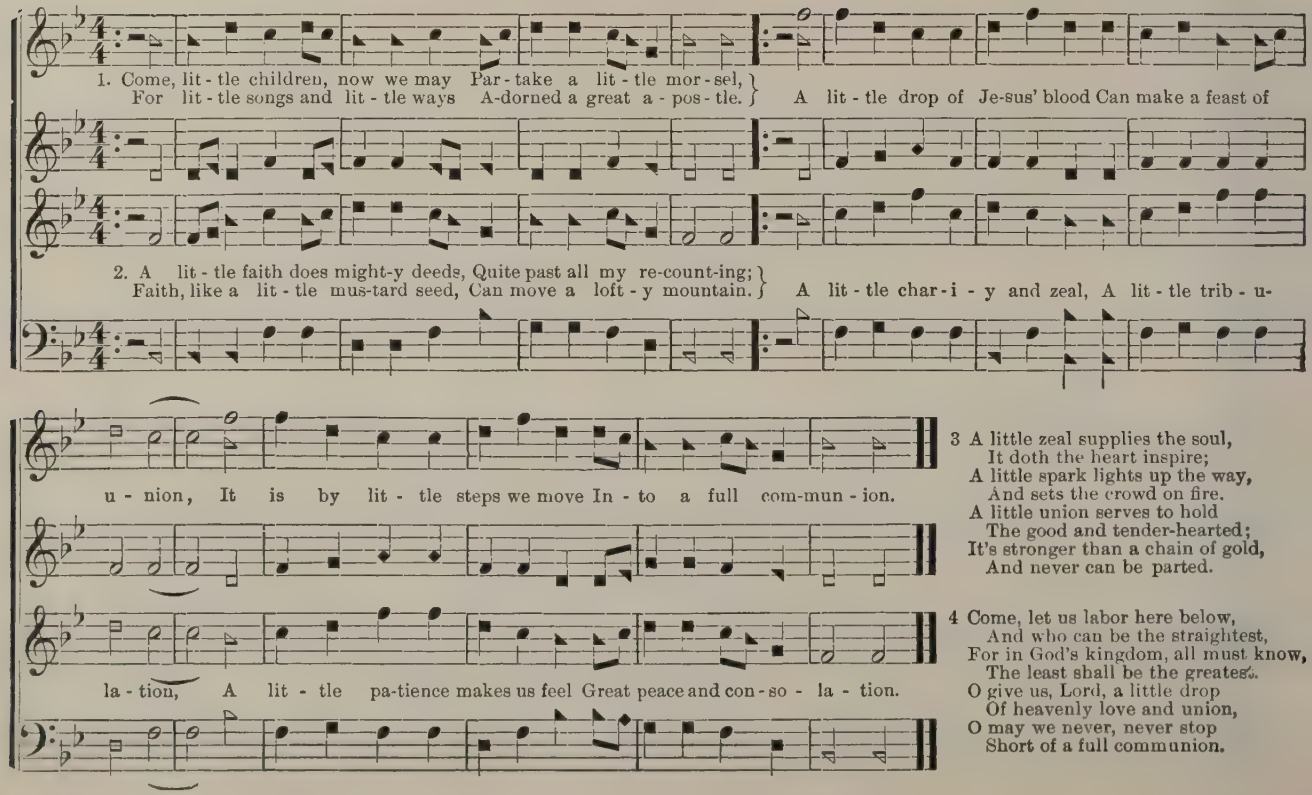
INTERCESSION.

A. J. Bundrick.


Jesus is living to intercede for you and me, Let us serve him. The Lord's almighty name,
for you and me, Praise the Lord for evermore.
Praise to the Lord in all your efforts,

LITTLE SONGS AND LITTLE WAYS.

Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

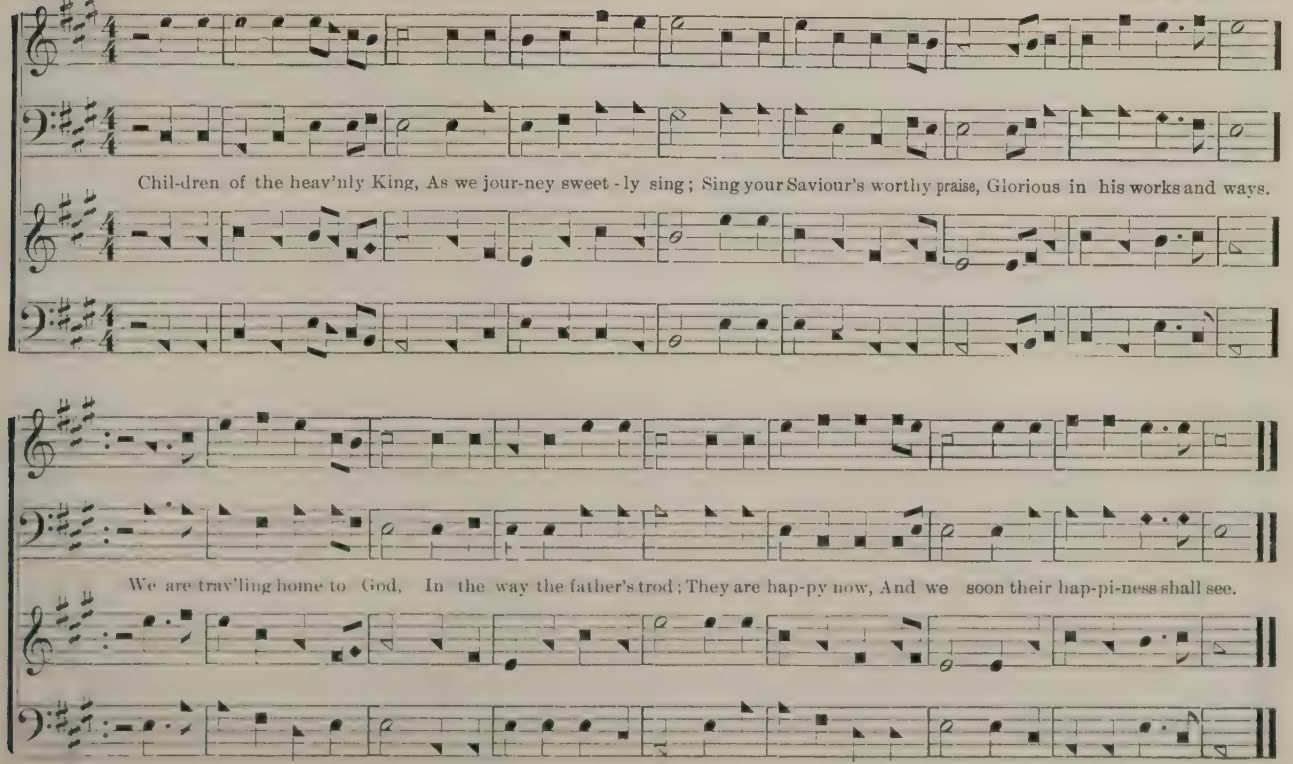

1. Come, lit - tle children, now we may Par - take a lit - tle mor - sel,
For lit - tle songs and lit - tle ways A-dorned a great a - pos - tle.
A lit - tle drop of Je-sus' blood Can make a feast of
2. A lit - tle faith does might-y deeds, Quite past all my re-count-ing;
Faith, like a lit - tle mus-tard seed, Can move a loft - y mountain.
A lit - tle char - i - y and zeal, A lit - tle trib - u -
u - nion, It is by lit - tle steps we move In - to a full com-mun - ion.
la - tion, A lit - tle pa-tience makes us feel Great peace and con - so - la - tion.

3 A little zeal supplies the soul,
It doth the heart inspire;
A little spark lights up the way,
And sets the crowd on fire.
A little union serves to hold
The good and tender-hearted;
It's stronger than a chain of gold,
And never can be parted.

4 Come, let us labor here below,
And who can be the straightest,
For in God's kingdom, all must know,
The least shall be the greatest.
O give us, Lord, a little drop
Of heavenly love and union,
O may we never, never stop
Short of a full communion.

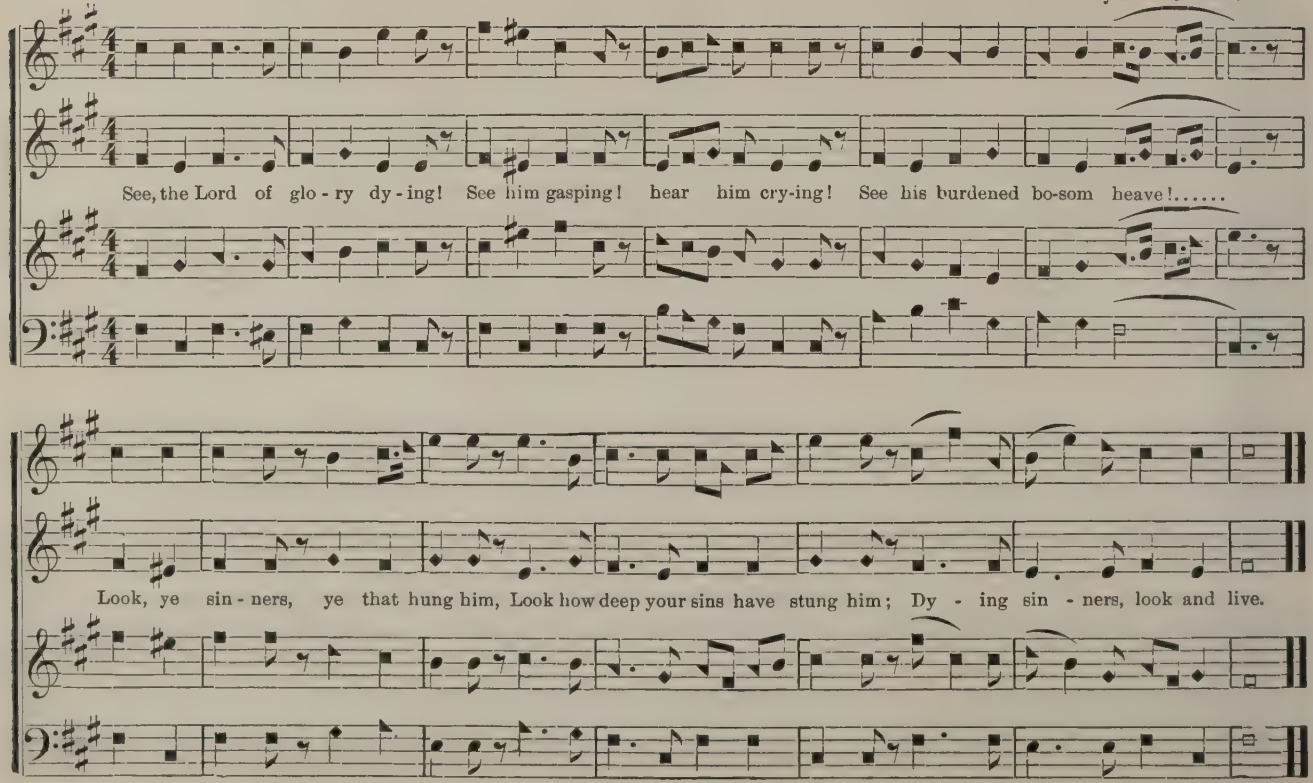
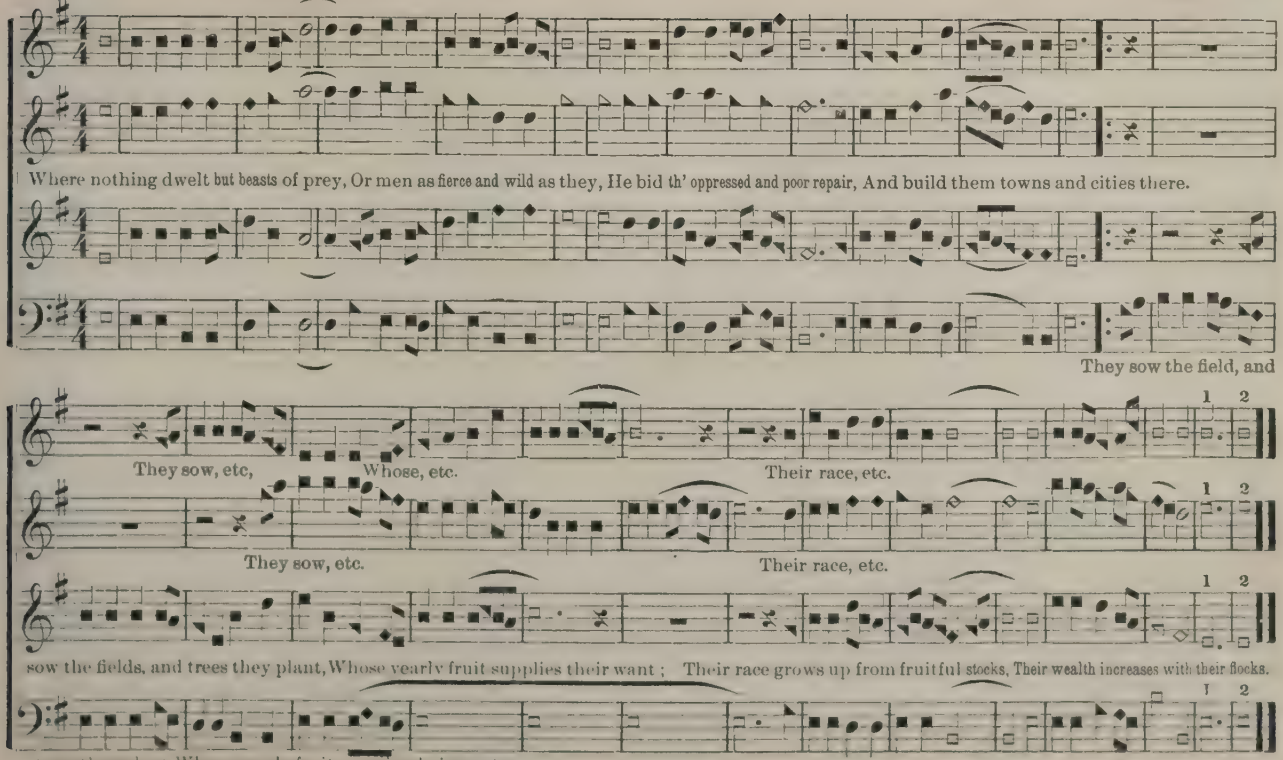
SING HIS PRAISE. 7s.

D. F. Stevens. 209

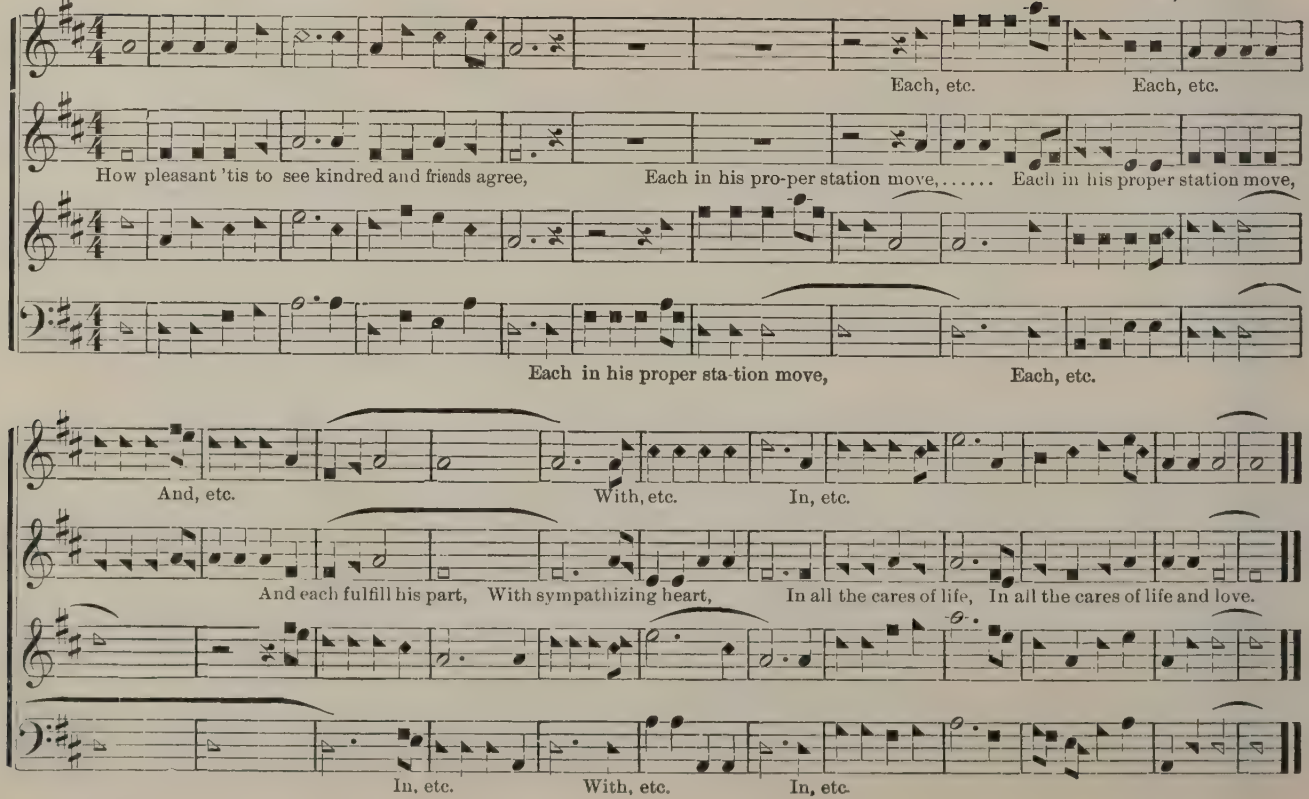

Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As we jour-ney sweet-ly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God, In the way the father's trod; They are hap-py now, And we soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

LOOK AND LIVE.

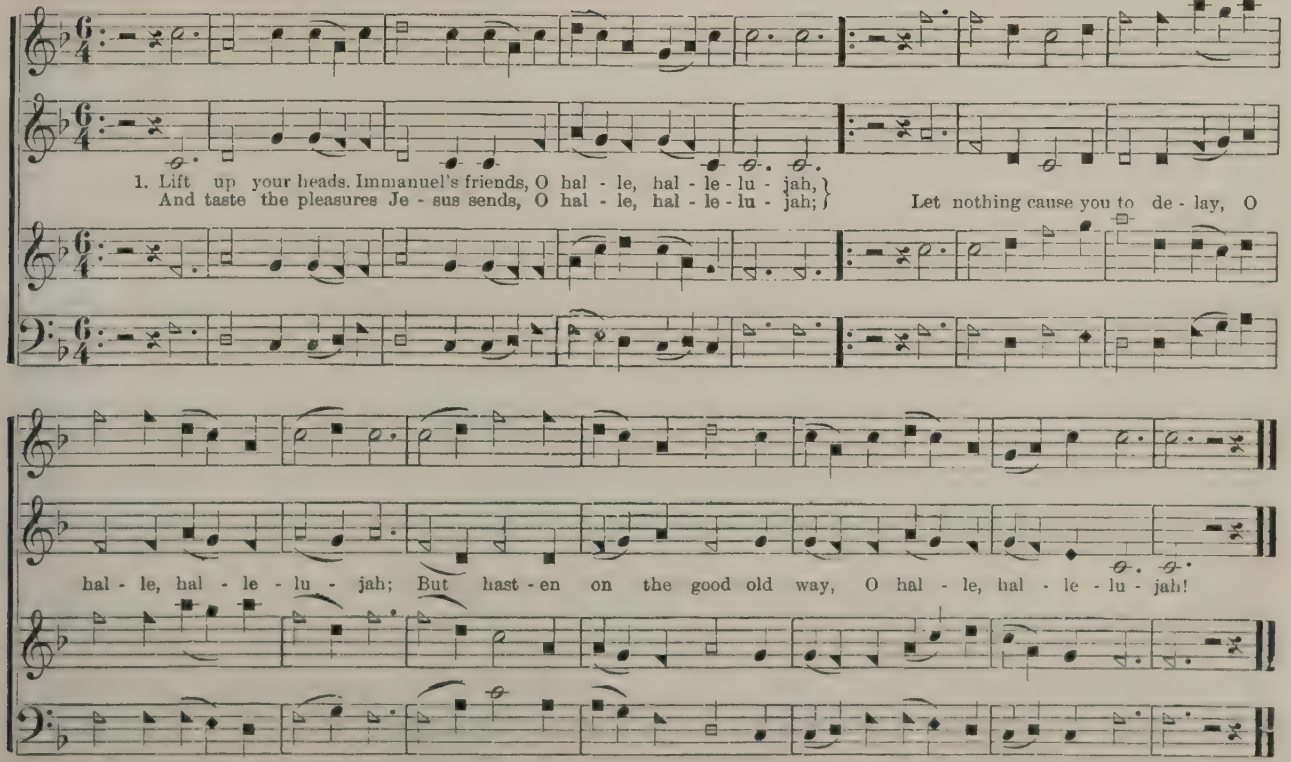
Alto by J. M. C. Shaw.


See, the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing! See him gasping! hear him cry-ing! See his burdened bo-som heave!.....
Look, ye sin - ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bid th' oppressed and poor repair, And build them towns and cities there.
They sow the field, and
1 2
They sow, etc,
Whose, etc.
Their race, etc.
1 2
They sow, etc.
Their race, etc.
1 2
sow the fields, and trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want ; Their race grows up from fruitful stocks, Their wealth increases with their flocks.
1 2
trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want ;.....

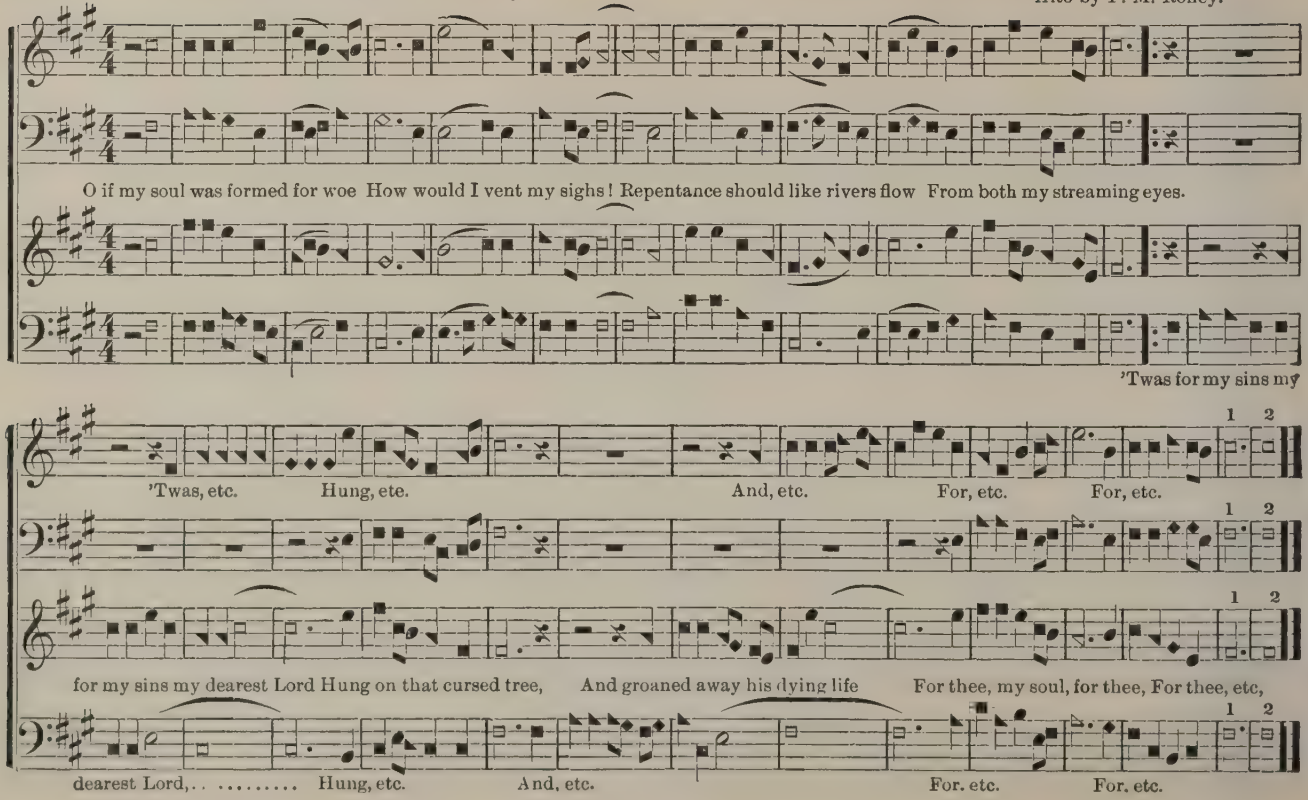
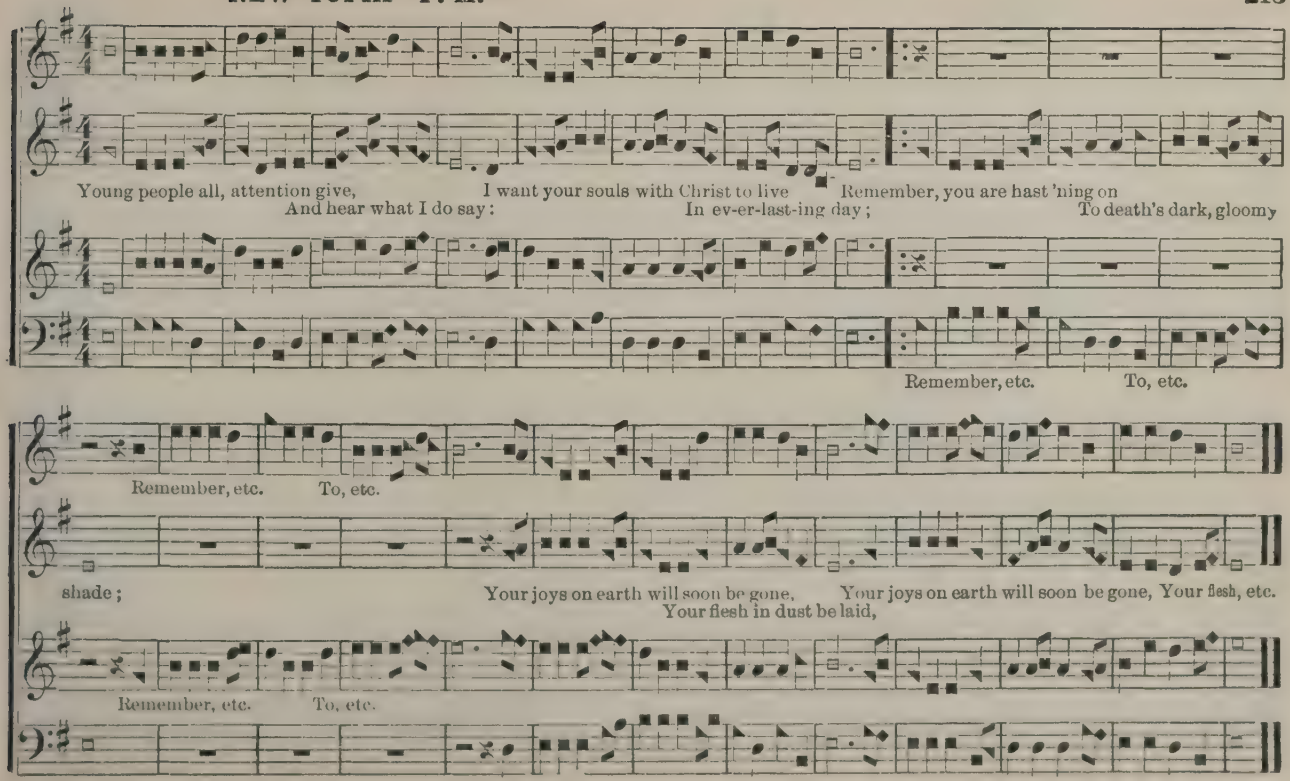
SHARON. P. M.

Alto, W. M. C.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

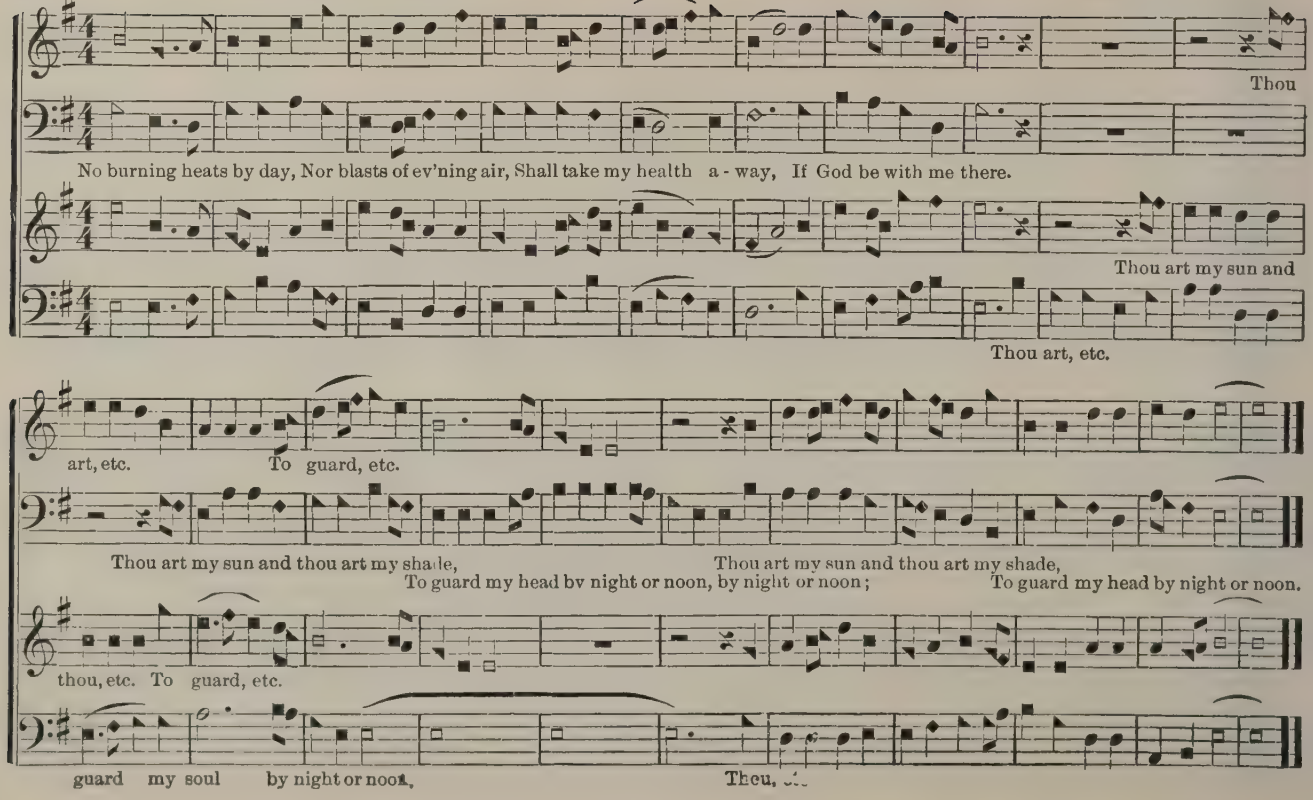
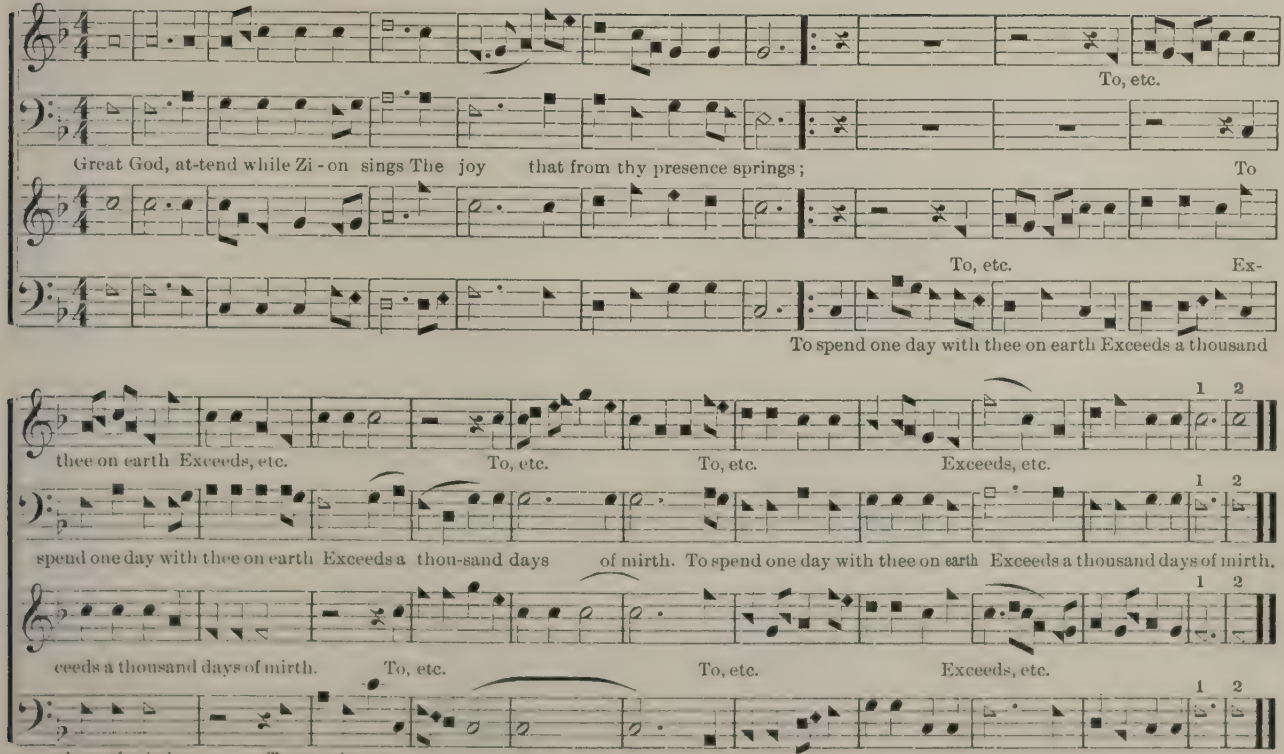
Alto by J. M. C. Shaw.


1. Lift up your heads. Immanuel's friends, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
And taste the pleasures Je - sus sends, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah;
Let nothing cause you to de - lay, O
hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah; But hast - en on the good old way, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!

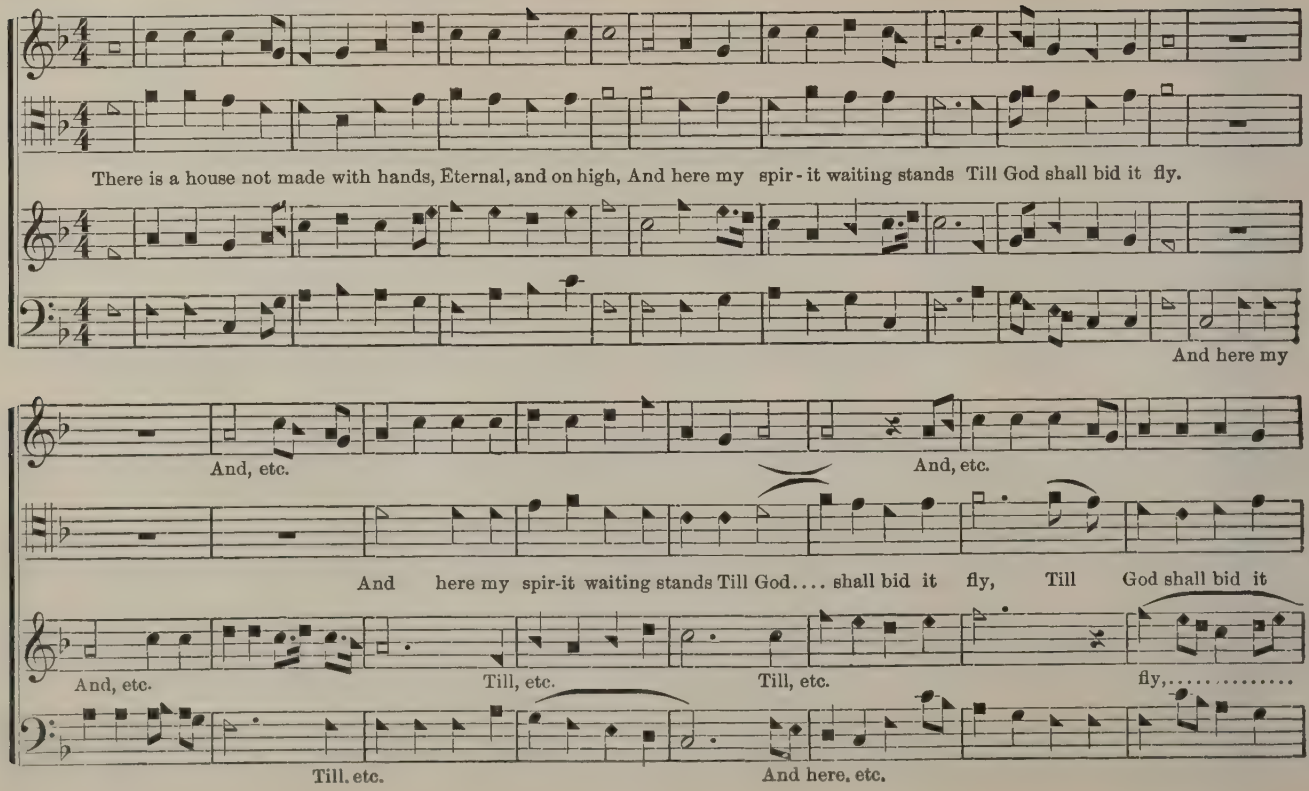
REPENTANCE. C. M.

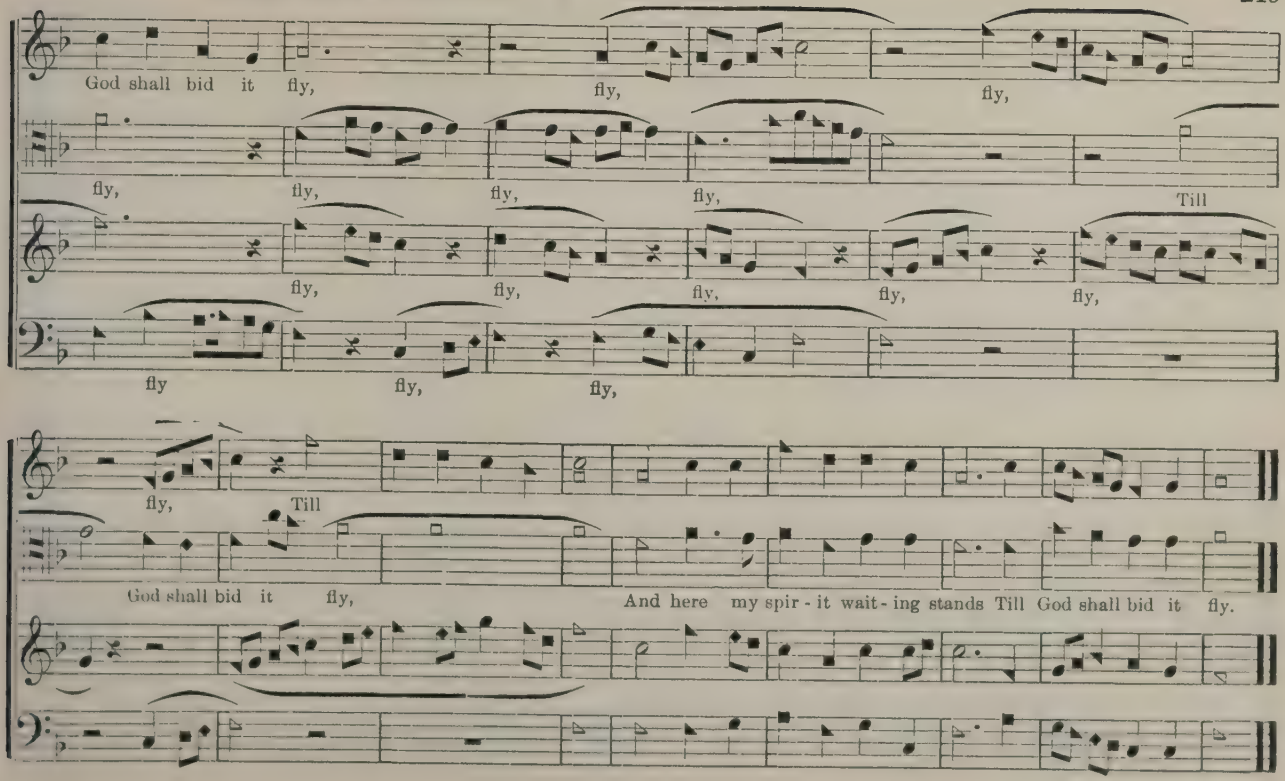
Alto by F. M. Roney.

O if my soul was formed for woe How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow From both my streaming eyes.
'Twas for my sins my
'Twas, etc. Hung, etc. And, etc. For, etc. For, etc.
1 2
for my sins my dearest Lord Hung on that cursed tree, And groaned away his dying life For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, etc,
dearest Lord,. . ..... Hung, etc. And, etc. For. etc. For. etc.

Young people all, attention give, I want your souls with Christ to live Remember, you are hast 'ning on
And hear what I do say: In ev-er-last-ing day; To death's dark, gloomy
Remember, etc. To, etc.
Remember, etc. To, etc.
shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh, etc.
Your flesh in dust be laid,
Remember, etc. To, etc.

DELIGHT. P. M.

Coan, Guilford, Conn.

Thou
No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of ev'ning air, Shall take my health a - way, If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun and
Thou art, etc.
art, etc.
To guard, etc.
Thou art my sun and thou art my shade,
To guard my head bv night or noon, by night or noon;
Thou art my sun and thou art my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.
thou, etc. To guard, etc.
guard my soul by night or noon,
Thou,

To, etc.
Great God, at-tend while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
To
To, etc.
Ex-
To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand
1 2
thee on earth Exceeds, etc.
To, etc.
To, etc.
Exceeds, etc.
spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thou-sand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
ceeds a thousand days of mirth.
To, etc.
To, etc.
Exceeds, etc.
days of mirth,
To spend, etc

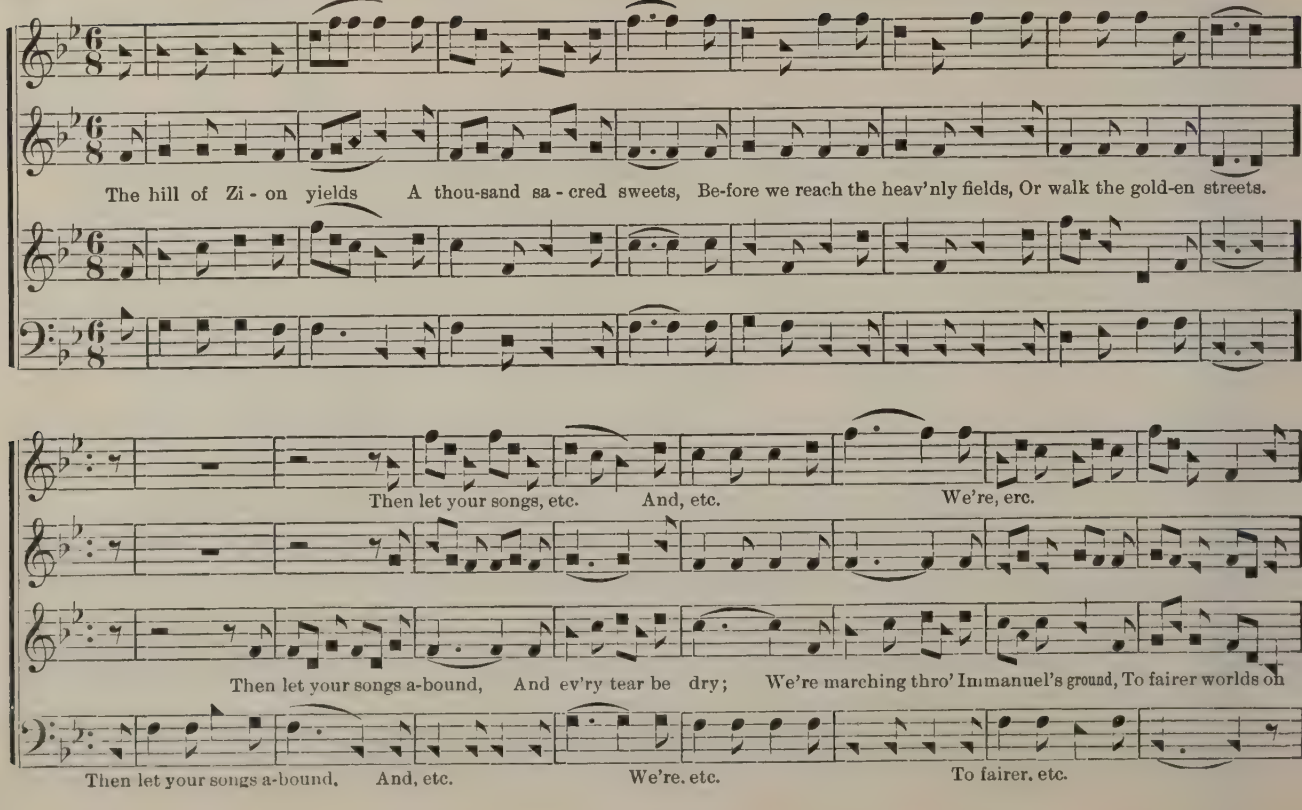
MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

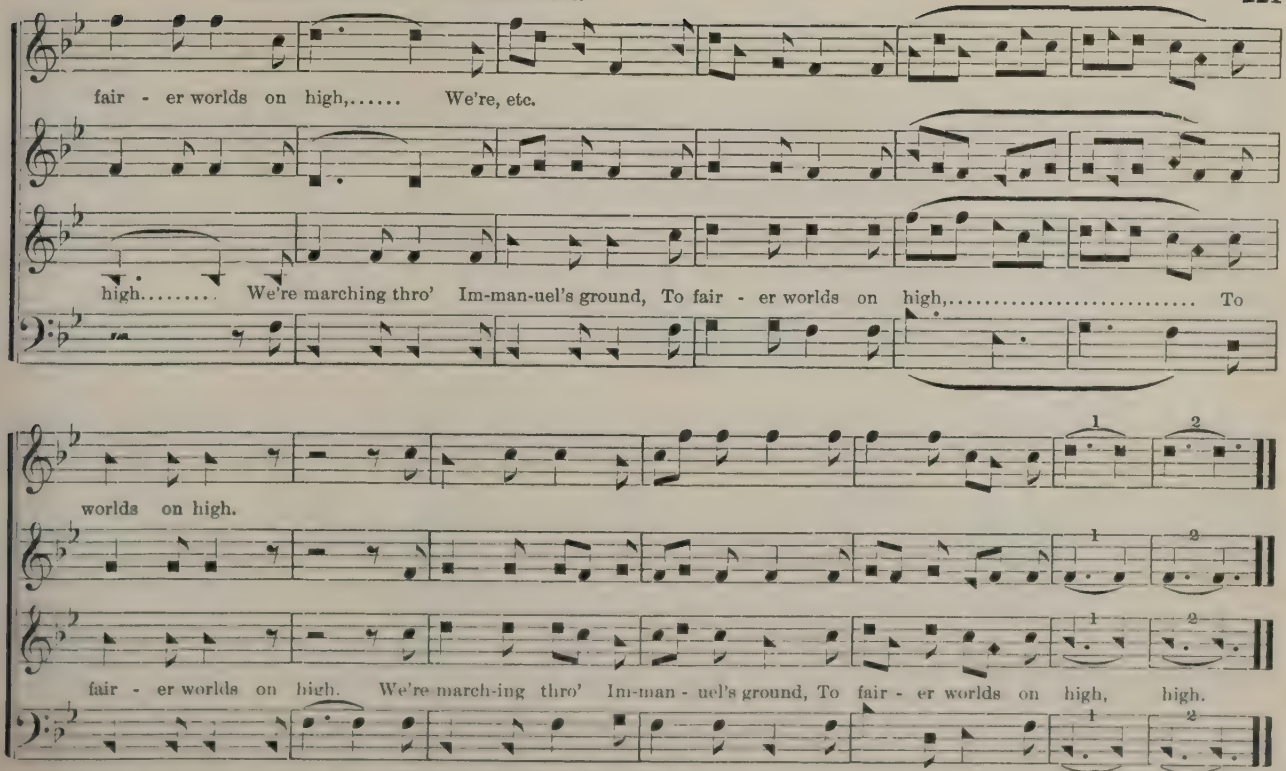

There is a house not made with hands, Eternal, and on high, And here my spir-it waiting stands Till God shall bid it fly.
And here my
And, etc.
And, etc.
And here my spir-it waiting stands Till God.... shall bid it fly, Till God shall bid it
And, etc.
Till, etc.
Till, etc.
fly,.....
Till, etc.
And here, etc.

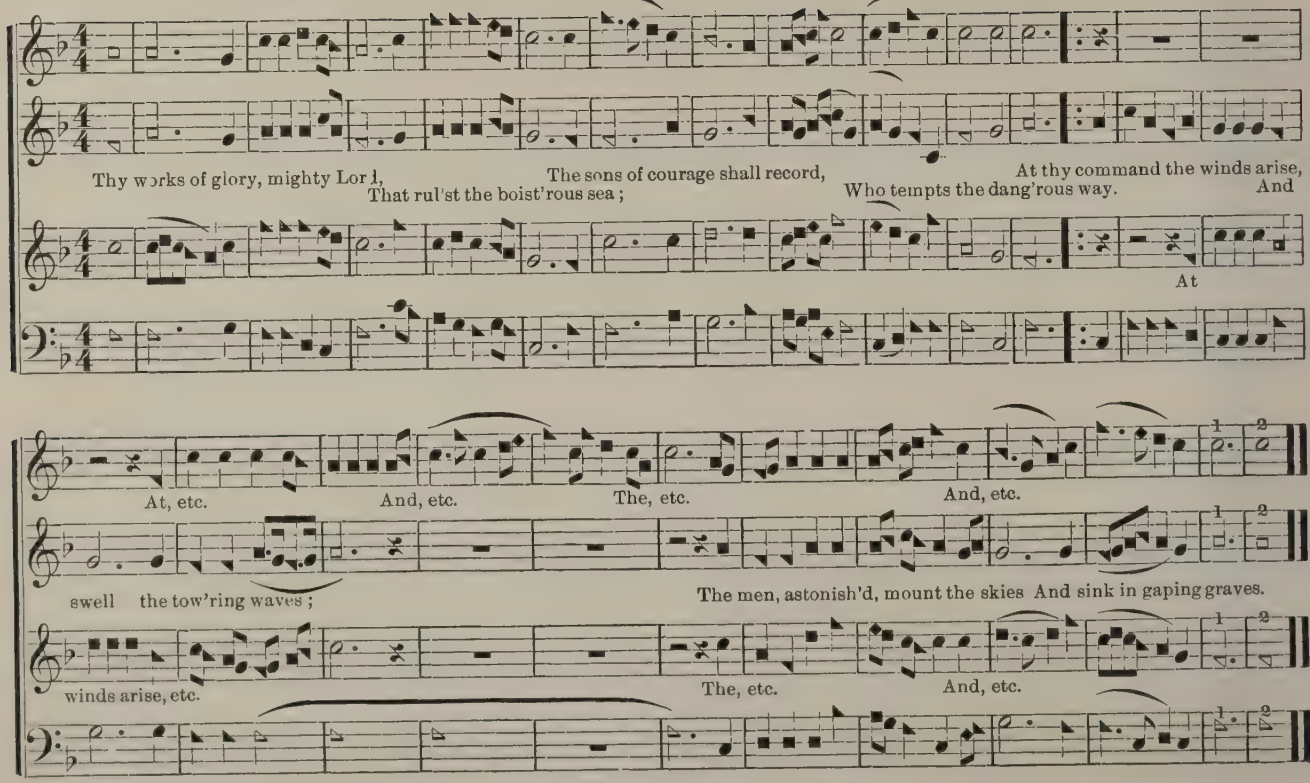

God shall bid it fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
Till
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly,
fly
fly,
fly,
Till
God shall bid it fly,
And here my spir - it wait - ing stands Till God shall bid it fly.

MOUNT ZION. S. M.

Brown. Trans. and Alto by B. P. Poyner.

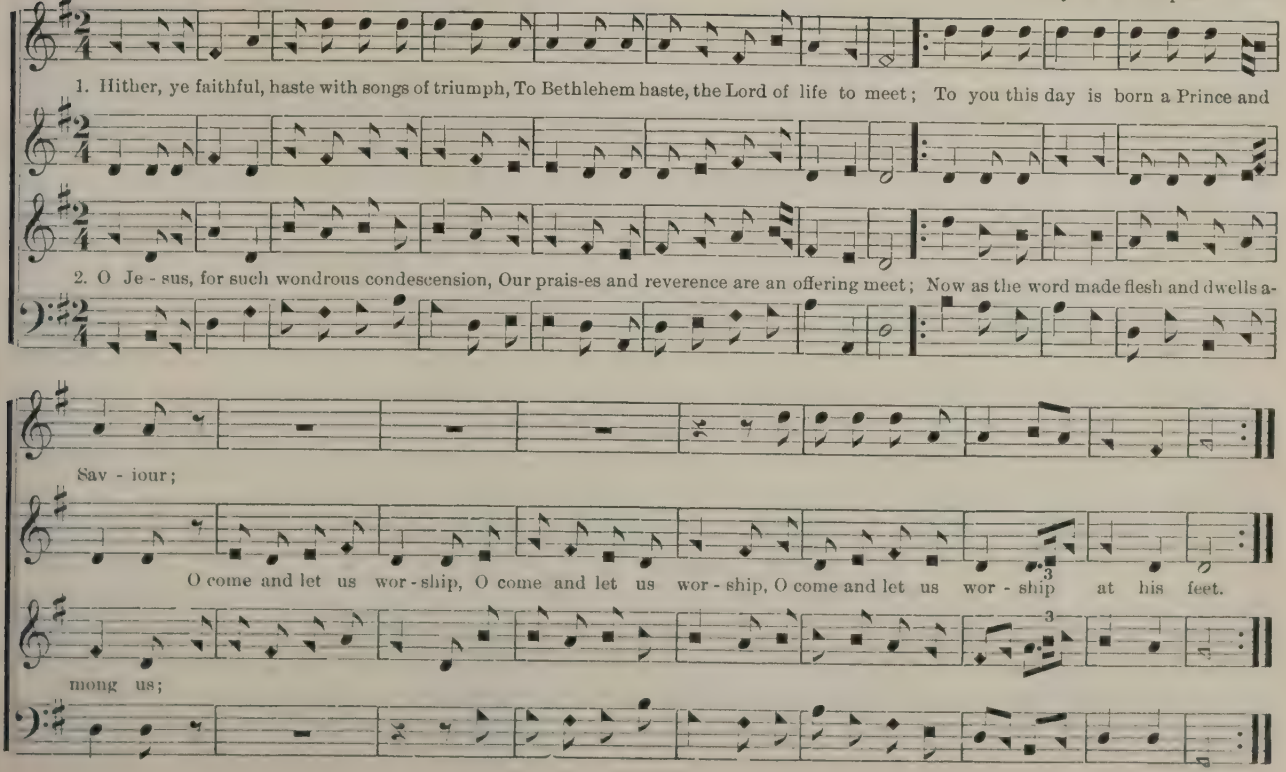

The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
Then let your songs, etc. And, etc. We're, erc.
Then let your songs a-bound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on
Then let your songs a-bound. And, etc. We're. etc. To fairer. etc.


fair - er worlds on high,..... We're, etc.
high..... We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,..... To
worlds on high.
fair - er worlds on high. We're march-ing thro' Im-man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high, high.

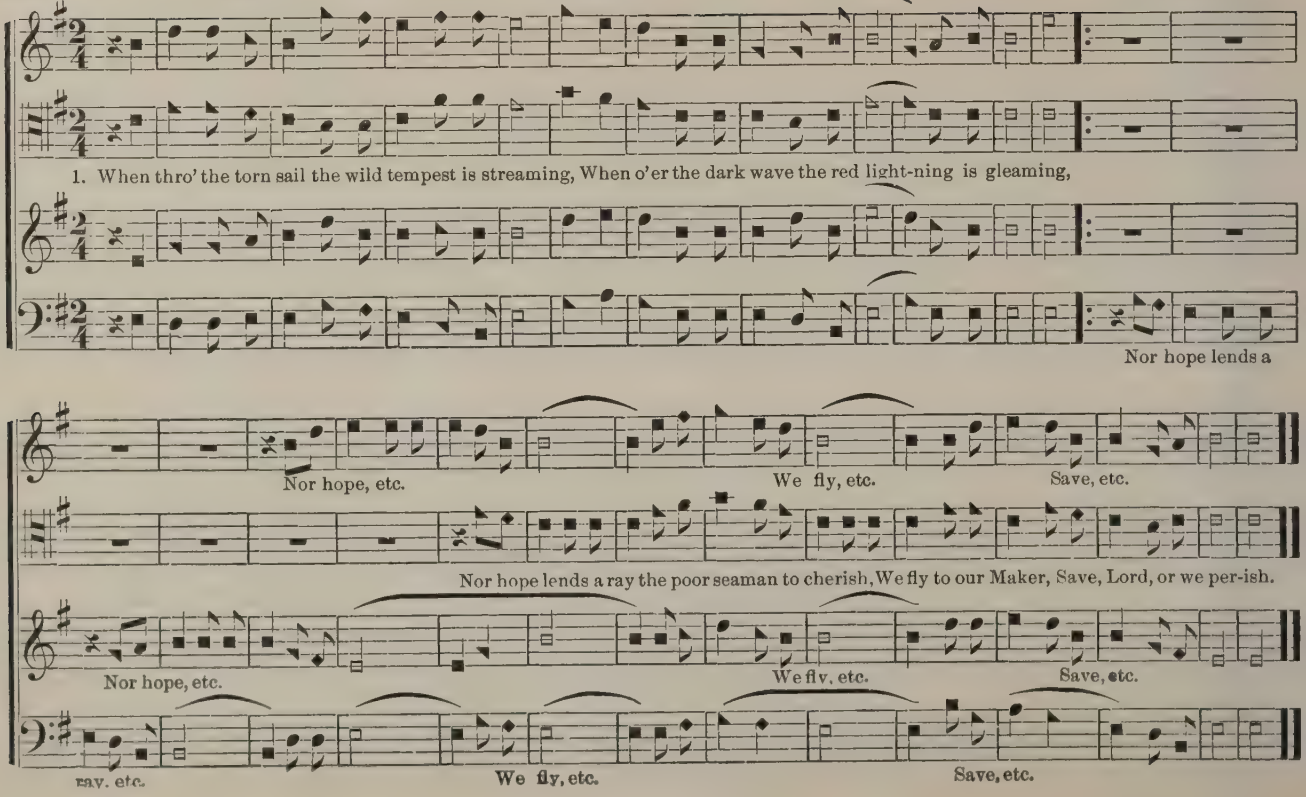

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rul'st the boist'rous sea;
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempts the dang'rous way.
At thy command the winds arise,
And
At
At, etc.
And, etc.
The, etc.
And, etc.
swell the tow'ring waves;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies And sink in gaping graves.
winds arise, etc.
The, etc.
And, etc.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.

Alto by W. M. Cooper.

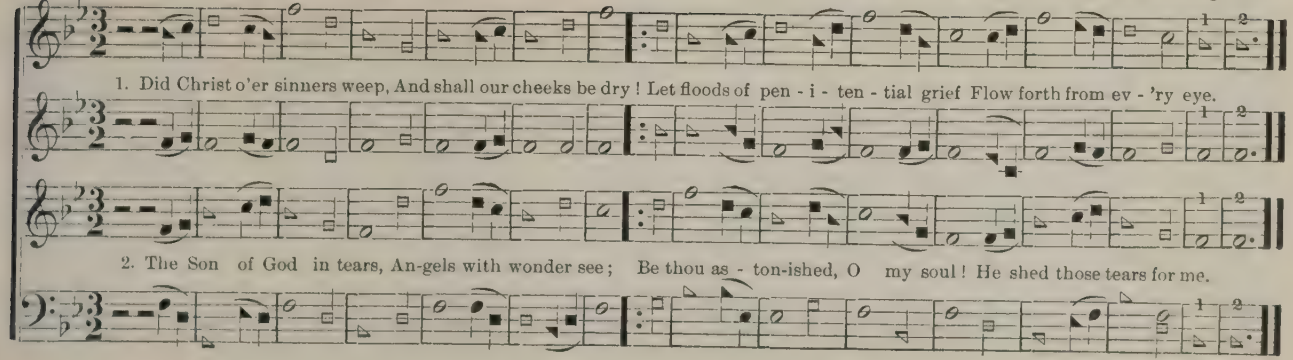

1. Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is born a Prince and
2. O Je - sus, for such wondrous condescension, Our prais-es and reverence are an offering meet; Now as the word made flesh and dwells a-
Sav - iour;
O come and let us wor - ship, O come and let us wor - ship, O come and let us wor - ship at his feet.
mong us;

SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH.

M. Mark Wynn.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red light-ning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a
Nor hope, etc.
We fly, etc.
Save, etc.
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we per-ish.
Nor hope, etc.
We fly, etc.
Save, etc.
ray, etc.
We fly, etc.
Save, etc.

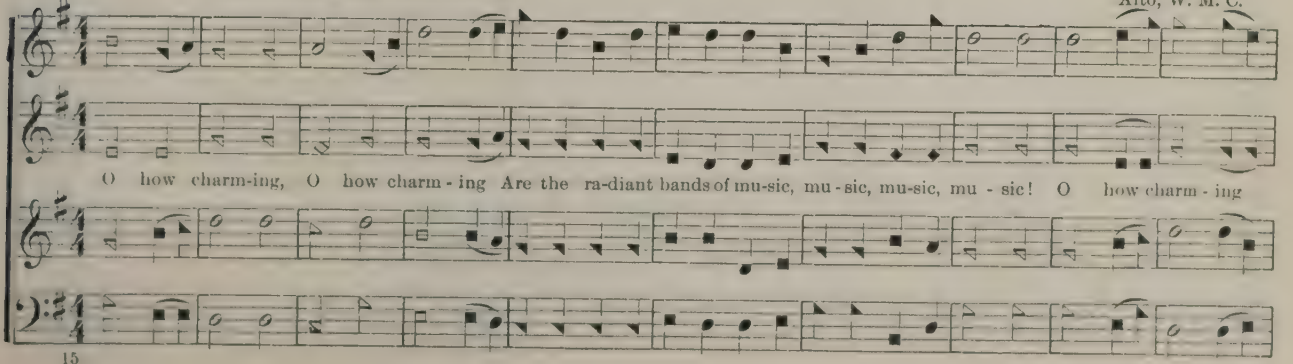
NEWRY. S. M.

Alto, W. M. C. M. C. H. Davis claims this song.

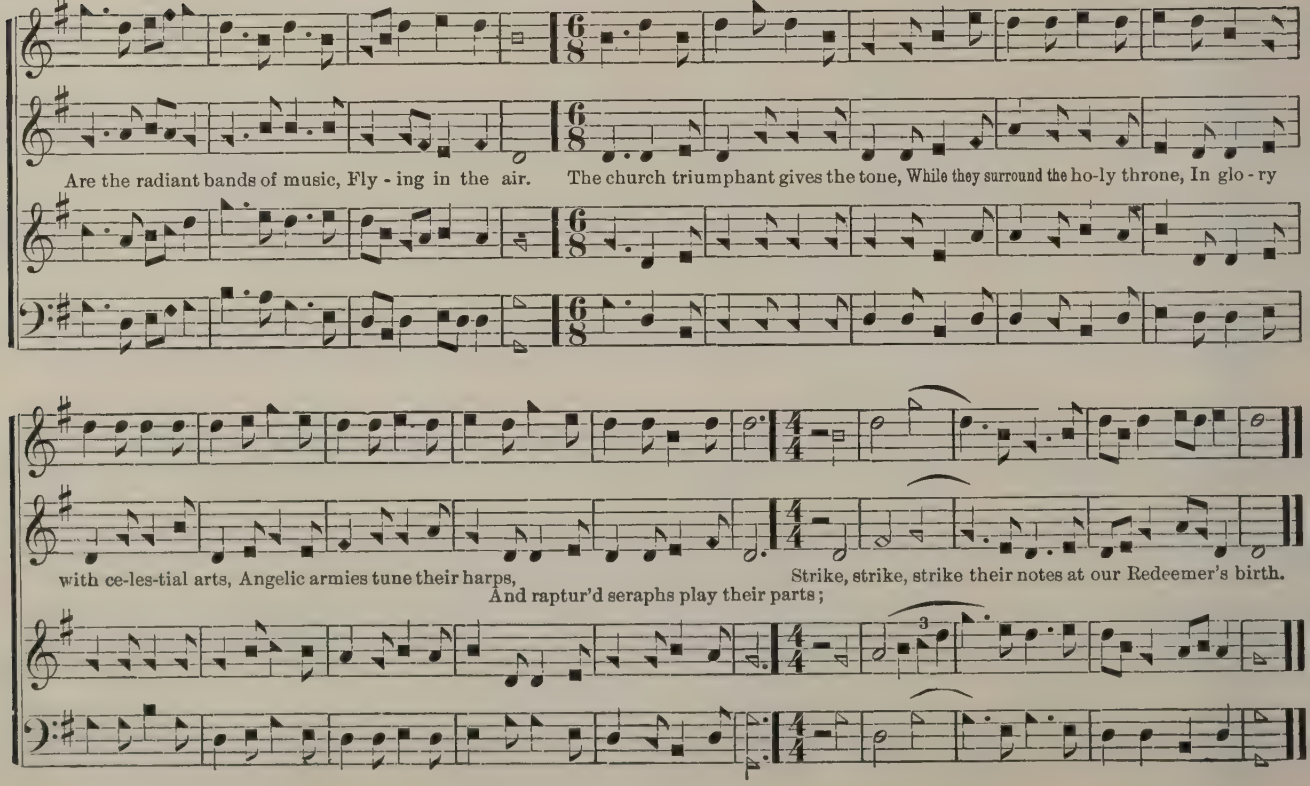

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry! Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
2. The Son of God in tears, An-gels with wonder see; Be thou as - ton-ished, O my soul! He shed those tears for me.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Alto, W. M. C.



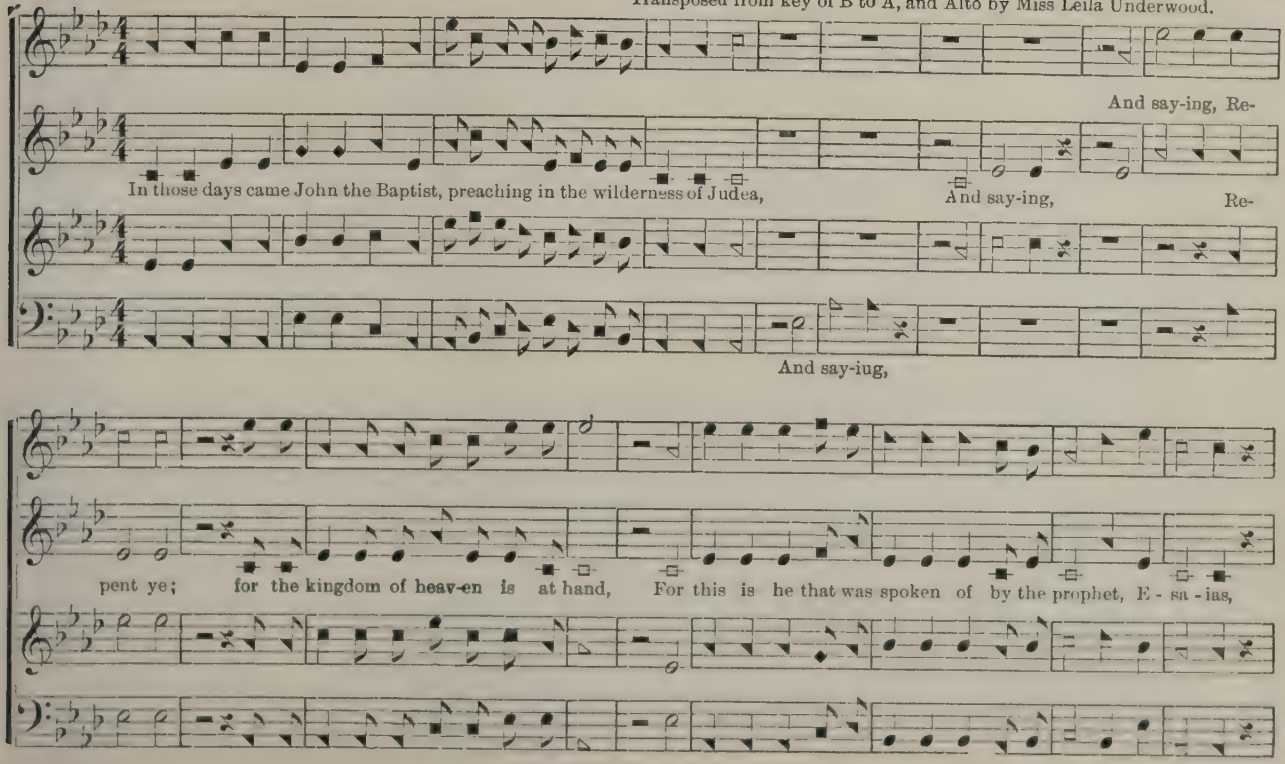
CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Concluded.

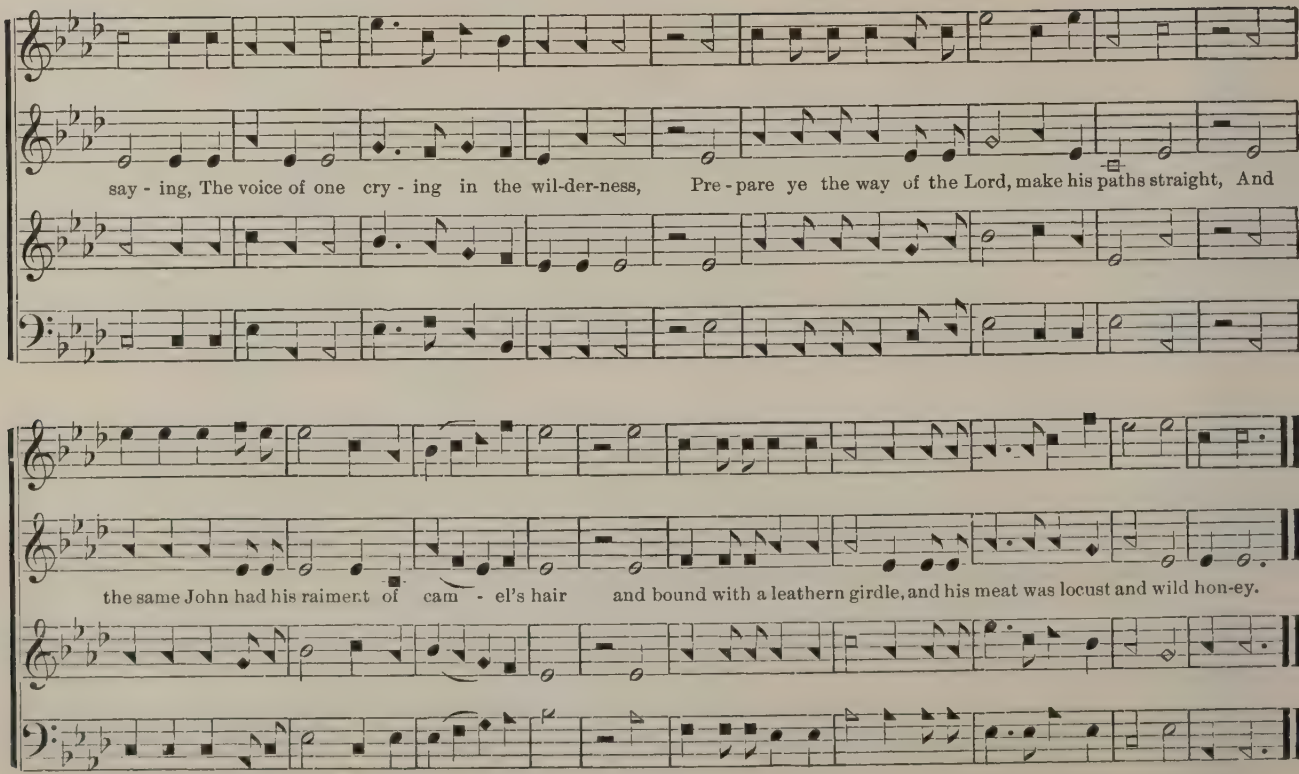

Are the radiant bands of music, Fly - ing in the air.
The church triumphant gives the tone, While they surround the ho-ly throne, In glo - ry
with ce-les-tial arts, Angelic armies tune their harps,
And raptur'd seraphs play their parts;
Strike, strike, strike their notes at our Redeemer's birth.

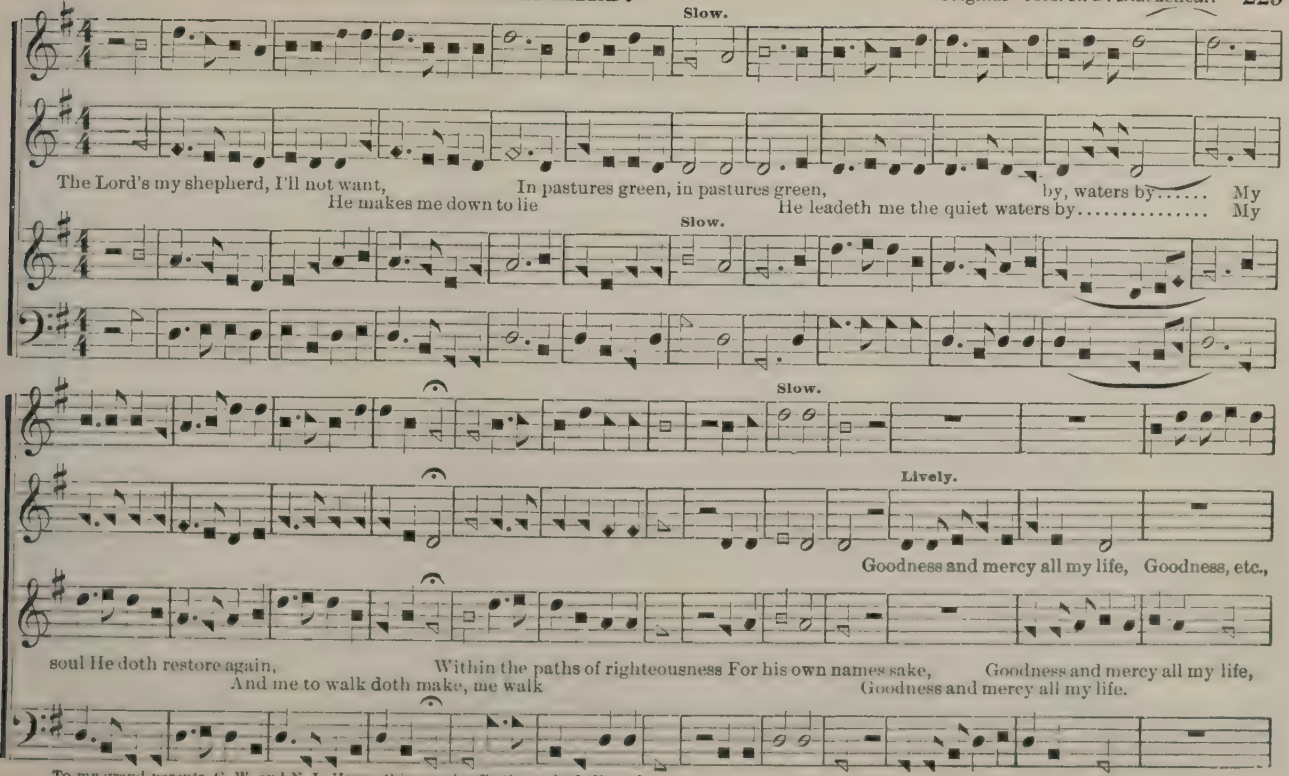
BAPTISMAL ANTHEM.

B. F. White.

Transposed from key of B to A, and Alto by Miss Leila Underwood.

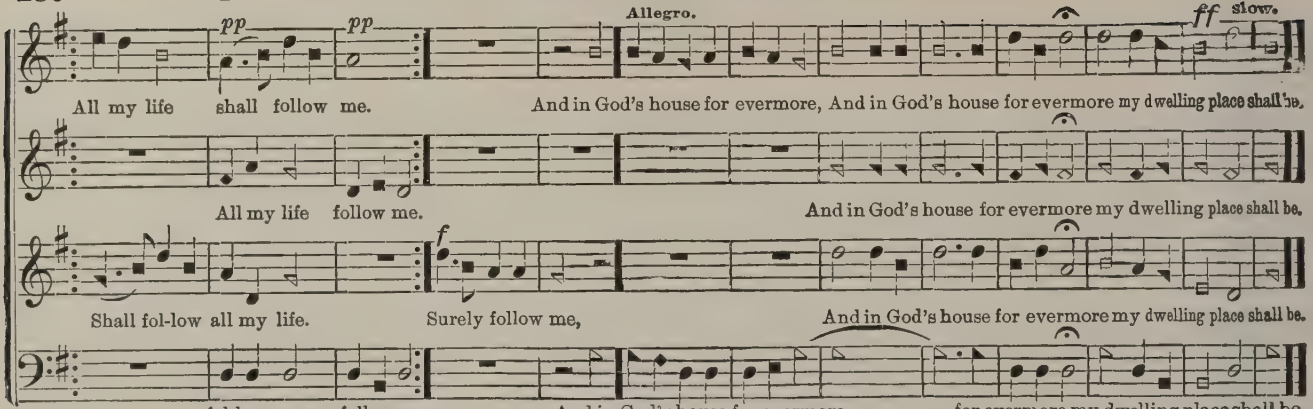

And say-ing, Re-
In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,
And say-ing,
Re-
And say-iug,
pent ye; for the kingdom of heav-en is at hand, For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet, E - sa - ias,


say - ing, The voice of one cry - ing in the wil-der-ness, Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight, And
the same John had his raiment of cam - el's hair and bound with a leathern girdle, and his meat was locust and wild hon-ey.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Slow.
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want, In pastures green, in pastures green, by, waters by..... My
He makes me down to lie He leadeth me the quiet waters by..... My
Slow.
Slow.
Lively.
Goodness and mercy all my life, Goodness, etc.,
soul He doth restore again, Within the paths of righteousness For his own names sake, Goodness and mercy all my life,
And me to walk doth make, me walk Goodness and mercy all my life.

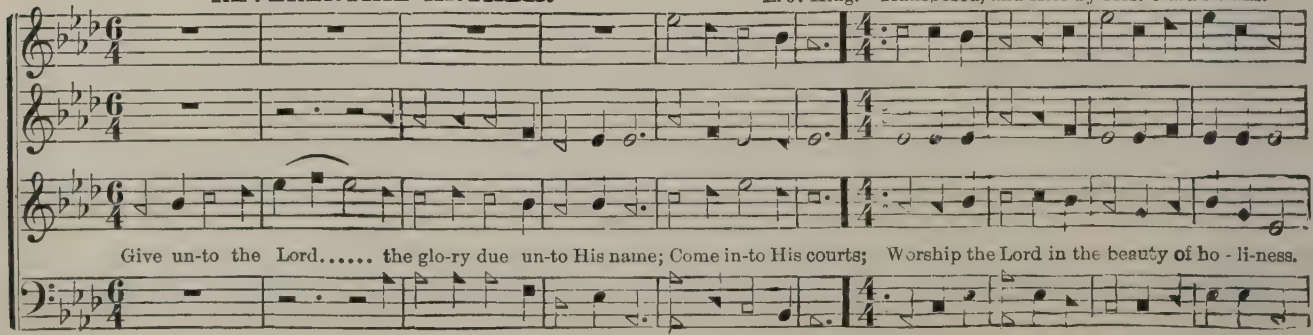
To my grand-parents, G. W. and N. L. Hayes, this song is affectionately dedicated.

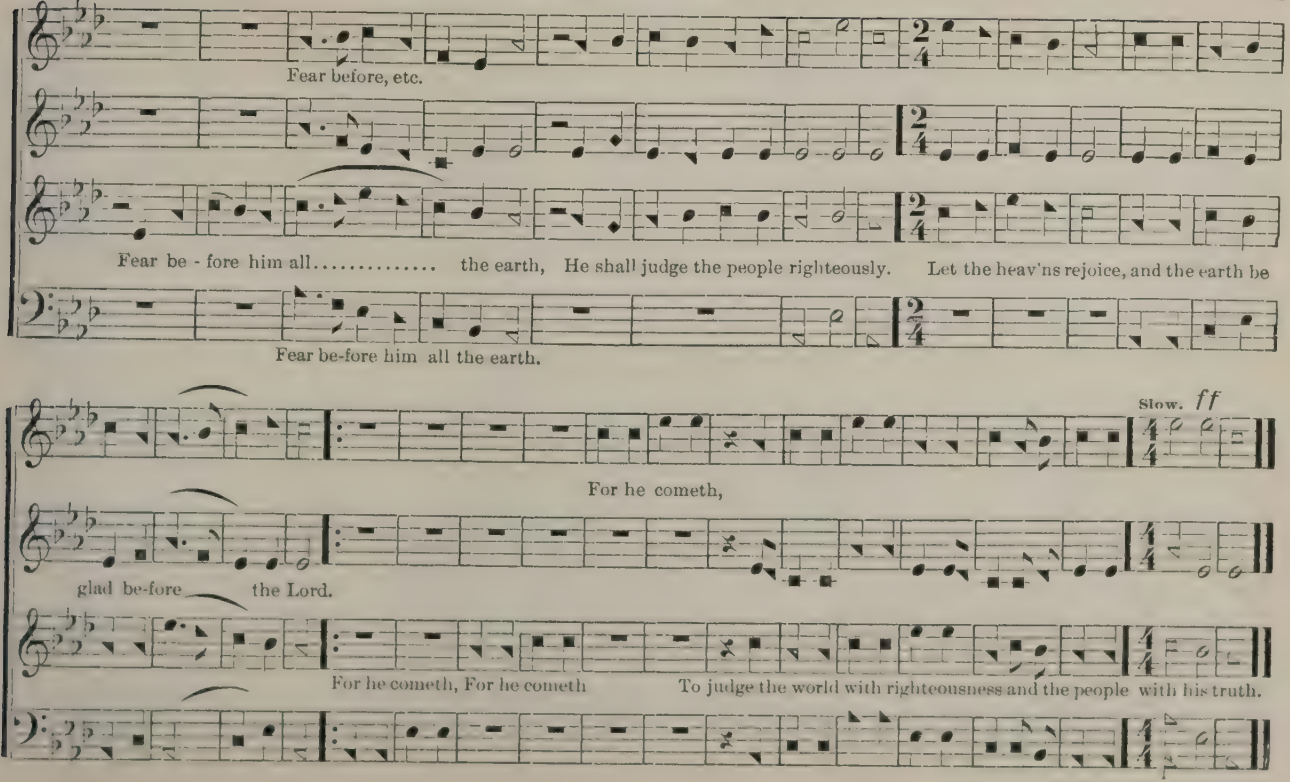
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.


Allegro.
pp
pp
ff slow.
All my life shall follow me.
And in God's house for evermore, And in God's house for evermore my dwelling place shall be.
All my life follow me.
And in God's house for evermore my dwelling place shall be.
f
Shall fol-low all my life.
Surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore my dwelling place shall be.
fol-low me, follow me.
And in God's house for evermore,..... for evermore my dwelling place shall be.

REVERENTIAL ANTHEM.

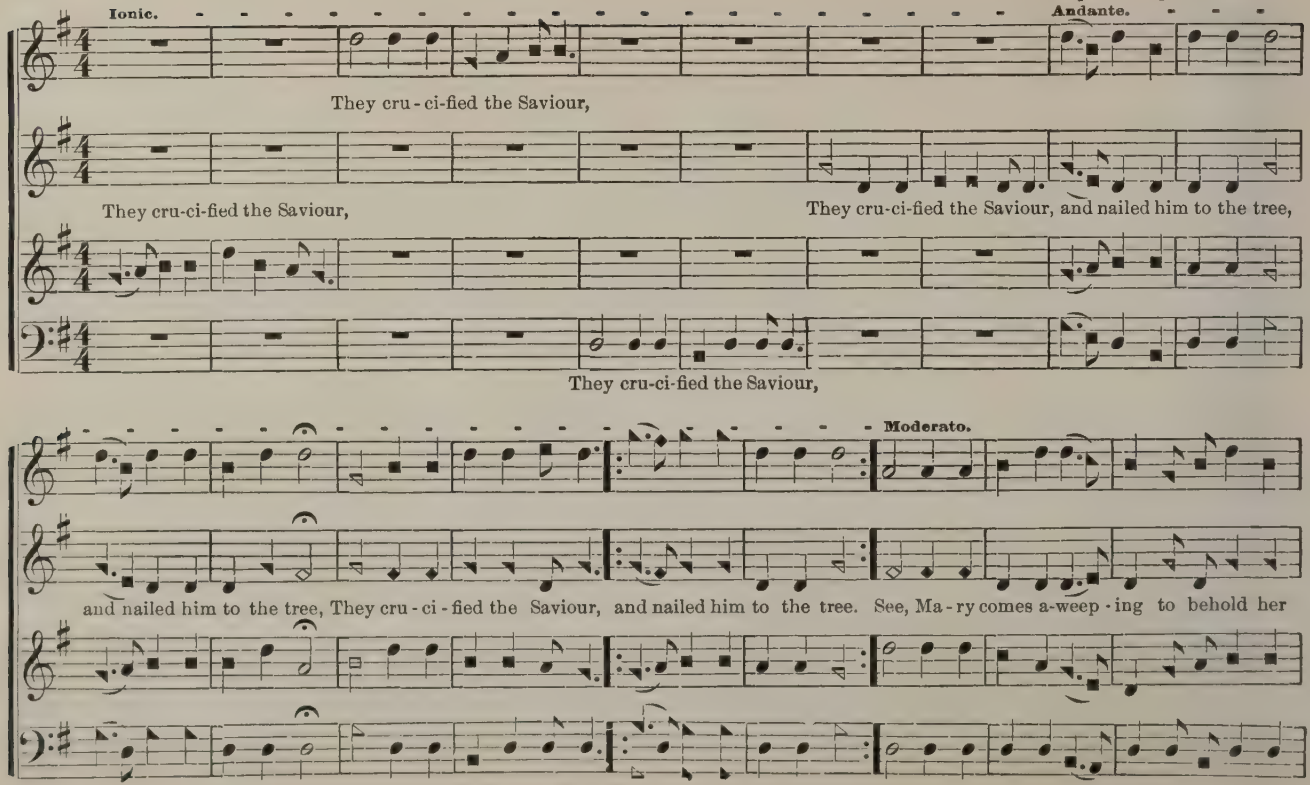
E. J. King. Transposed, and Alto by Mrs. Clara Atkins.

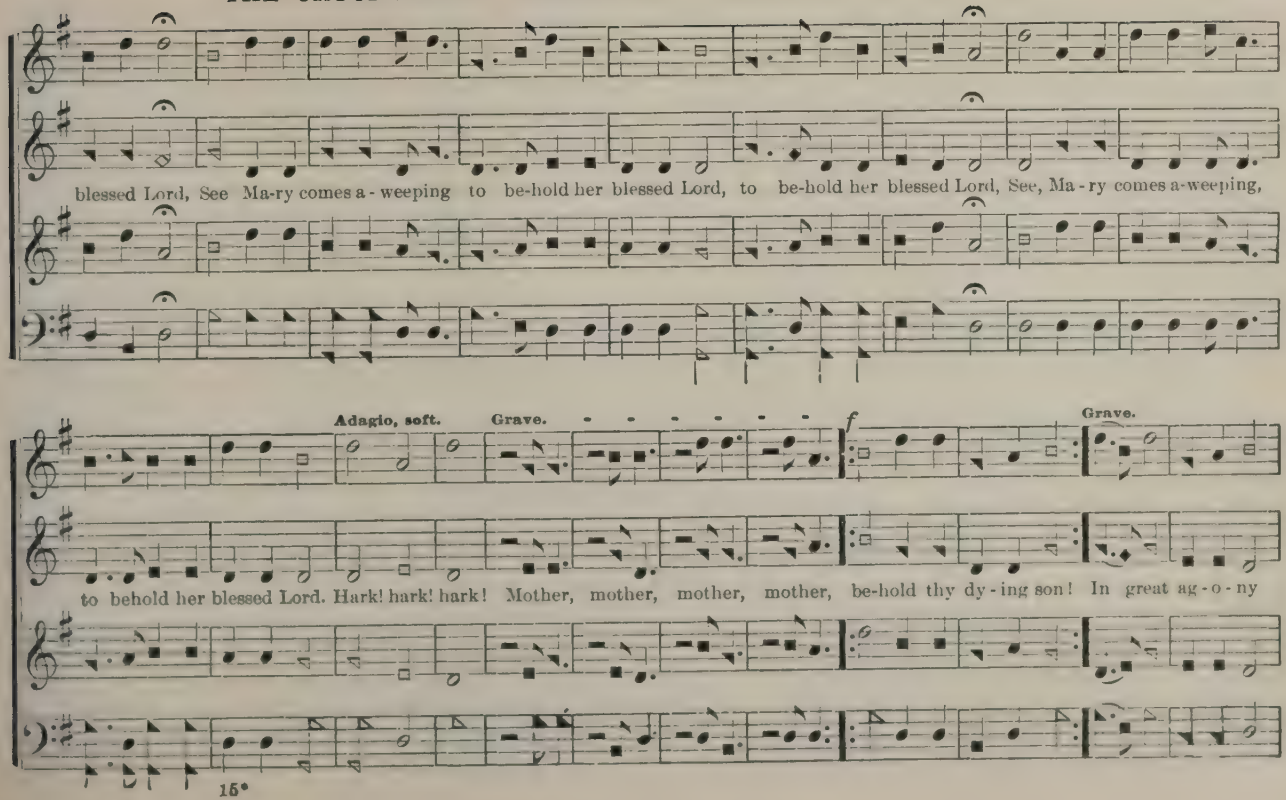



Fear before, etc.
Fear be - fore him all..... the earth, He shall judge the people righteously. Let the heav'ns rejoice, and the earth be
Fear be-fore him all the earth.
Slow. ff
For he cometh,
glad be-fore the Lord.
For he cometh, For he cometh To judge the world with righteousness and the people with his truth.

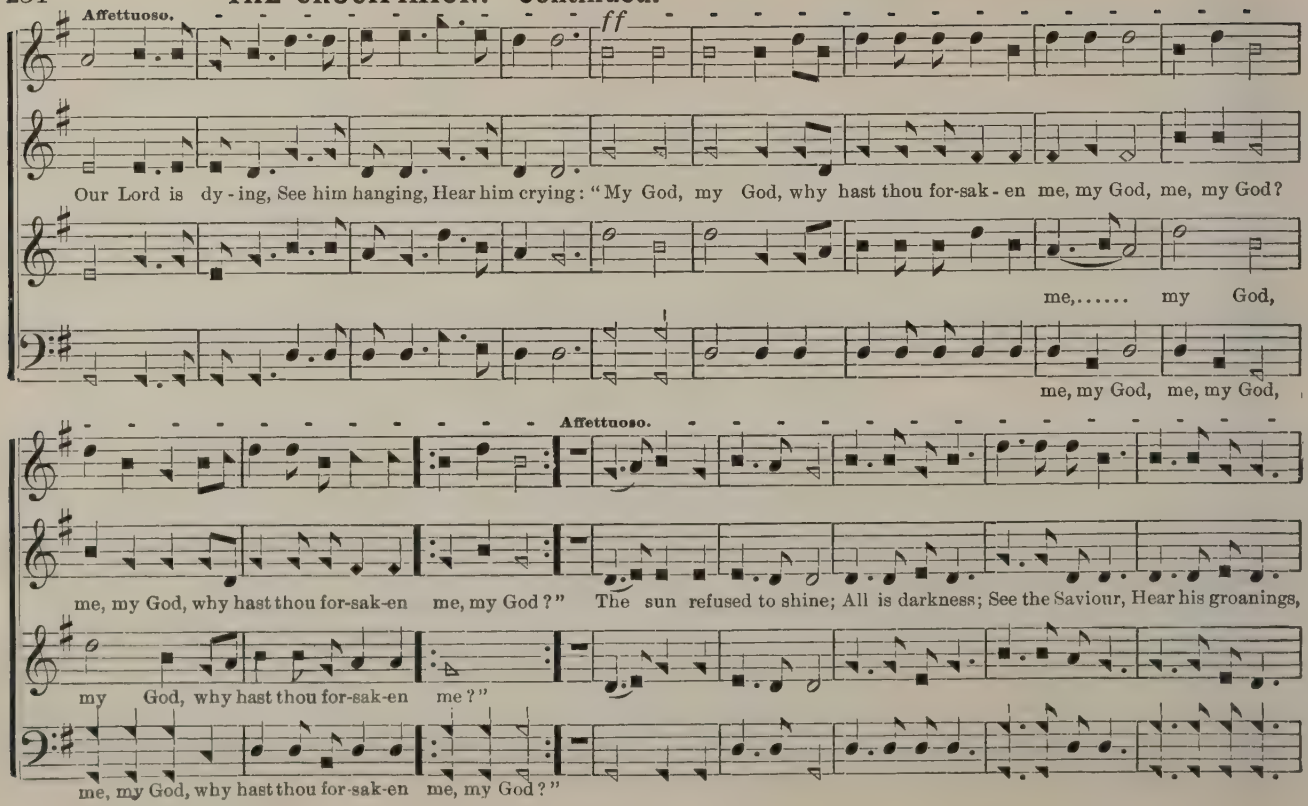
THE CRUCIFIXION.

W. M. Cooper. Aug. 16, 1902.

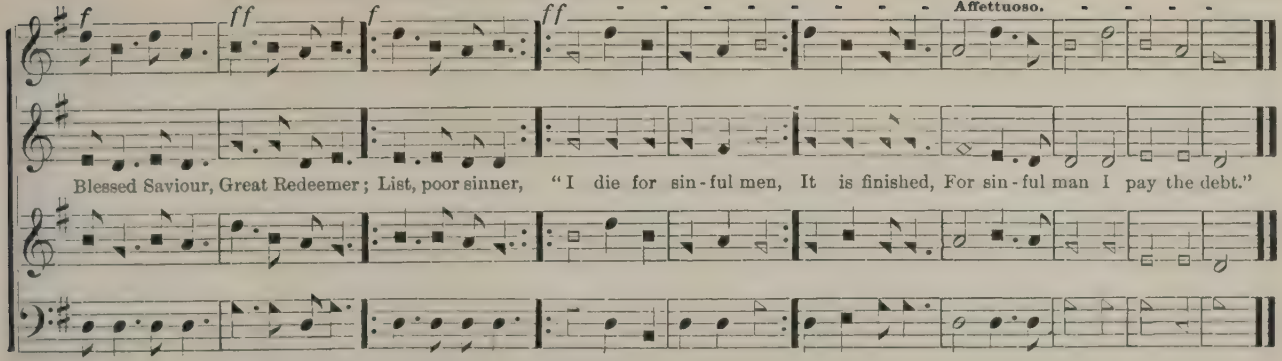

Ionic.
Andante.
They cru - ci-fied the Saviour,
They cru-ci-fied the Saviour,
They cru-ci-fied the Saviour, and nailed him to the tree,
They cru-ci-fied the Saviour,
Moderato.
and nailed him to the tree, They cru - ci - fied the Saviour, and nailed him to the tree. See, Ma - ry comes a-weep - ing to behold her


blessed Lord, See Ma-ry comes a-weeping to be-hold her blessed Lord, to be-hold her blessed Lord, See, Ma-ry comes a-weeping,
Adagio, soft.
Grave.
f
Grave.
to behold her blessed Lord. Hark! hark! hark! Mother, mother, mother, mother, be-hold thy dy-ing son! In great ag-o-ny
15*

THE CRUCIFIXION. Continued.


Affettuoso.
ff
Our Lord is dy - ing, See him hanging, Hear him crying: "My God, my God, why hast thou for-sak - en me, my God, me, my God?
me,..... my God,
me, my God, me, my God,
Affettuoso.
me, my God, why hast thou for-sak-en me, my God?" The sun refused to shine; All is darkness; See the Saviour, Hear his groanings,
my God, why hast thou for-sak-en me?"
me, my God, why hast thou for-sak-en me, my God?"

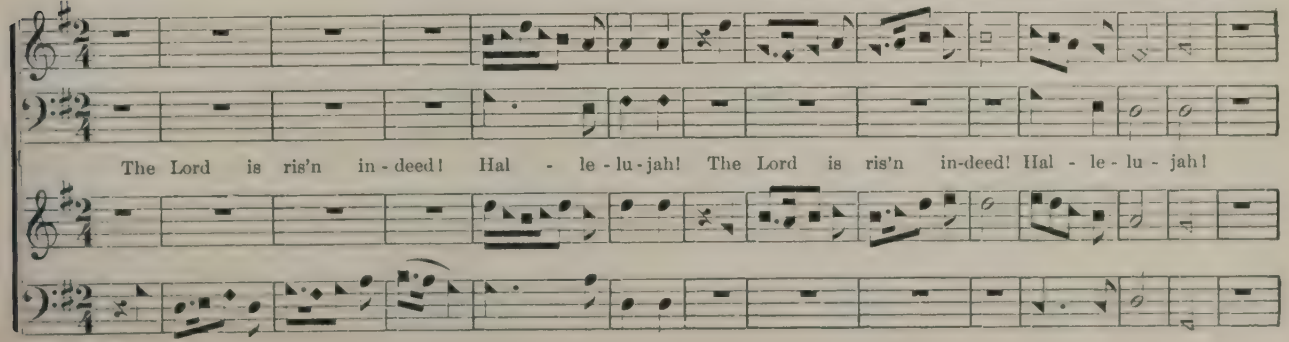
THE CRUCIFIXION. Concluded.

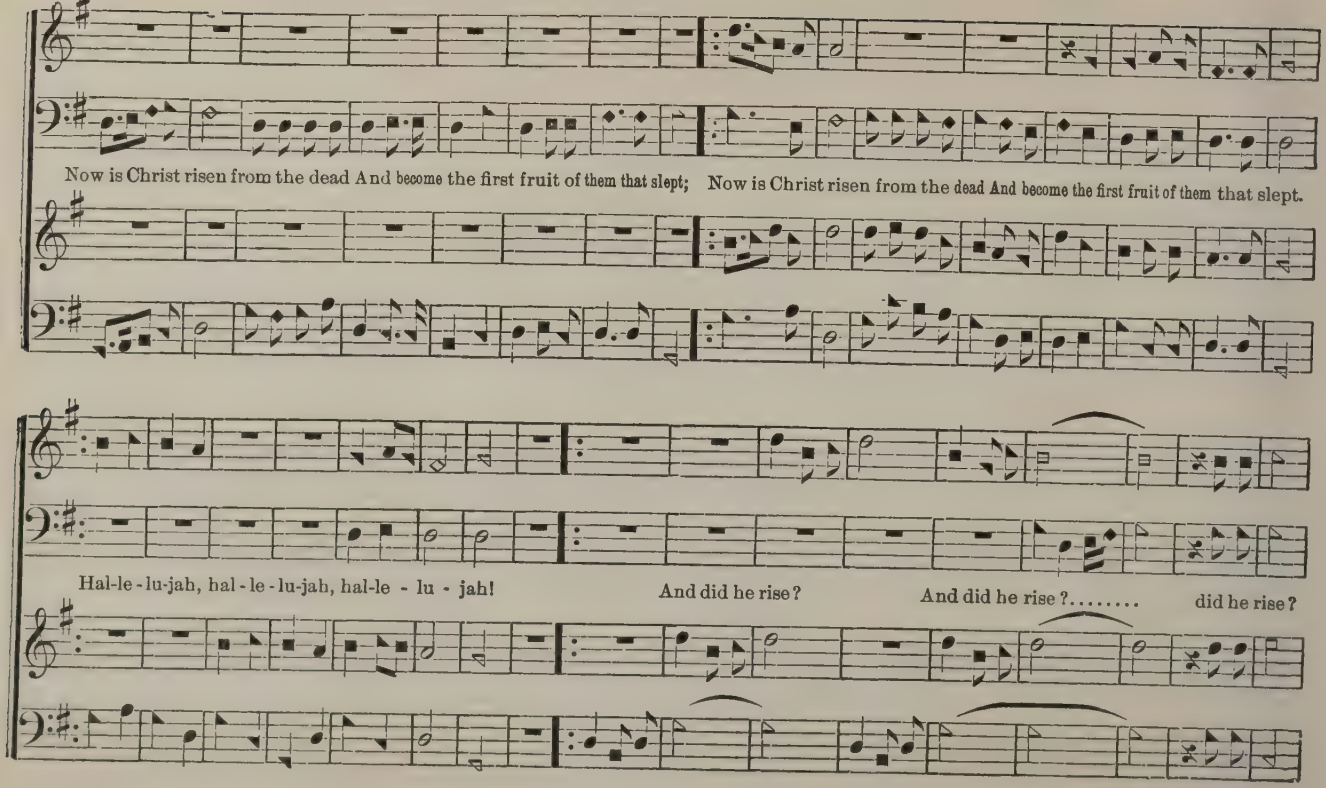
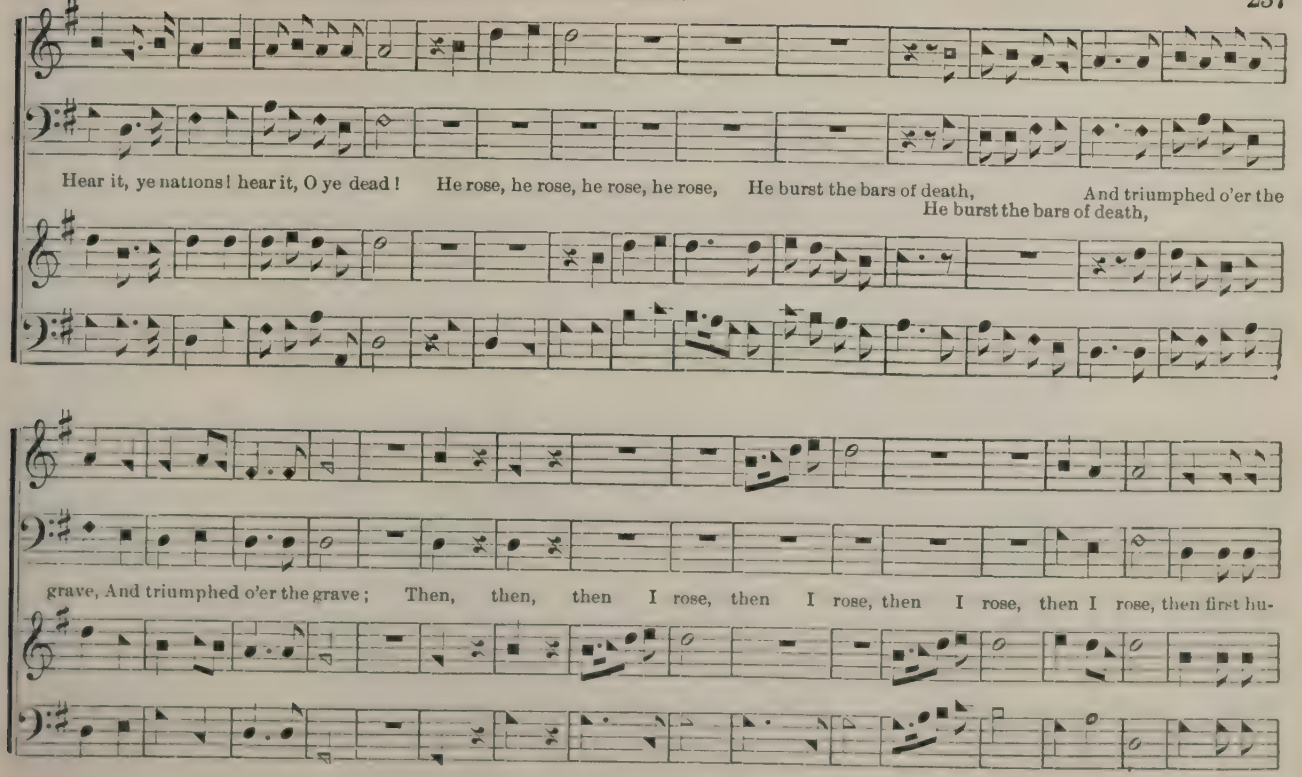

Affettuoso.
Blessed Saviour, Great Redeemer; List, poor sinner, "I die for sin-ful men, It is finished, For sin-ful man I pay the debt."

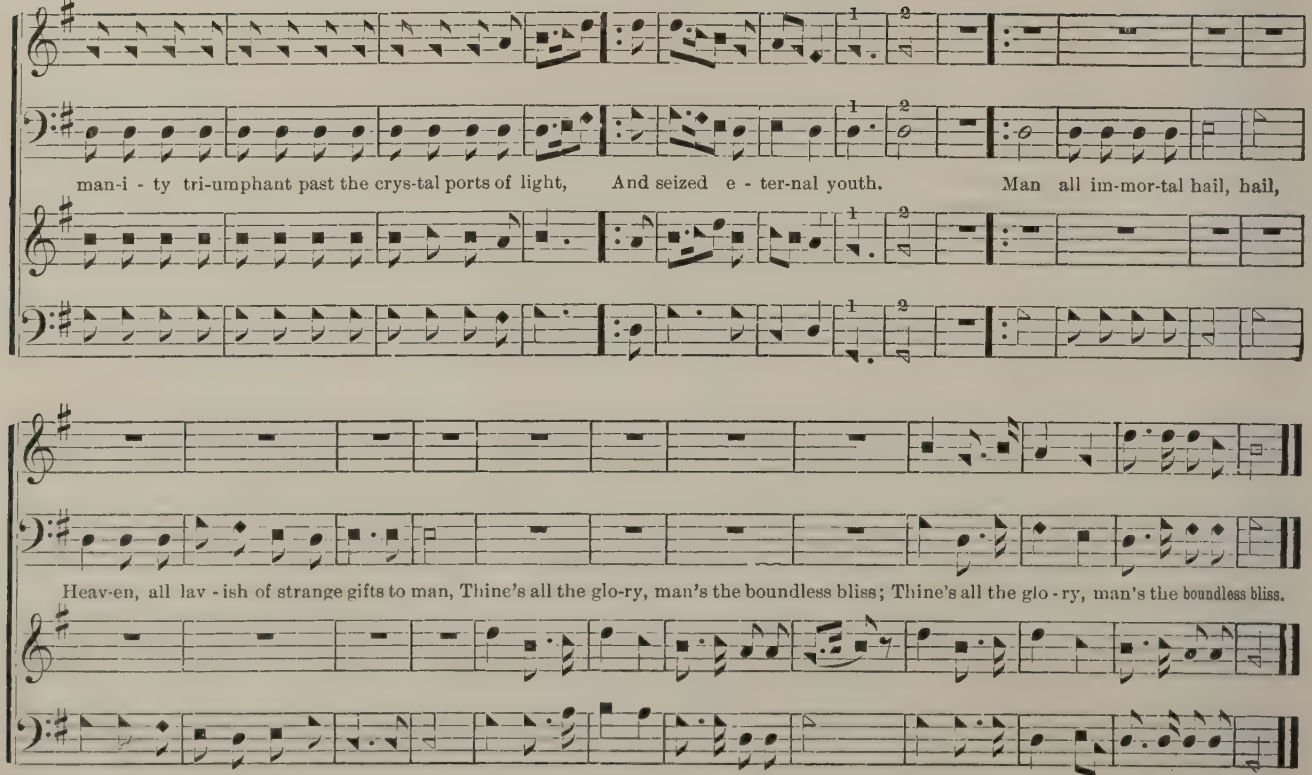
THE RESURRECTION. (Easter Anthem.)

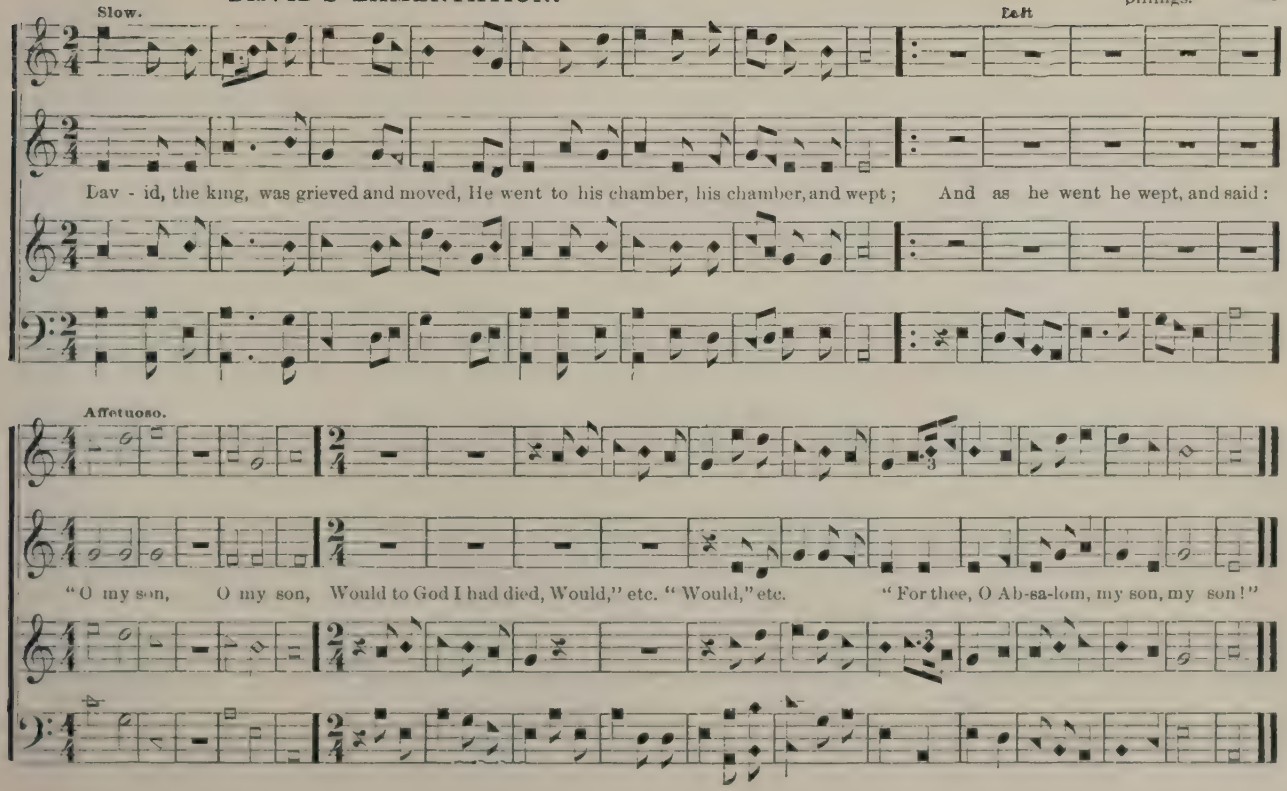
Billings.

Transposed from key of A to G by Miss Minnie Floyd.



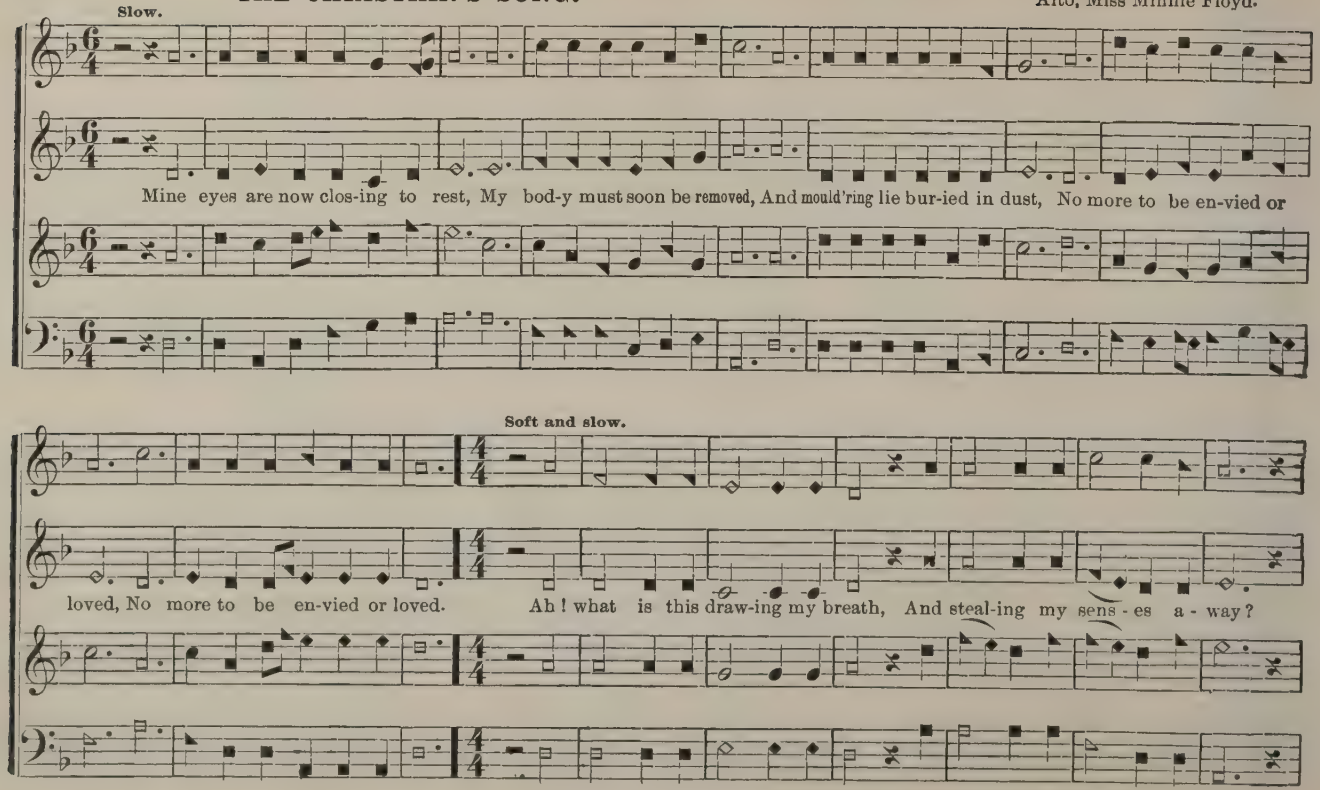
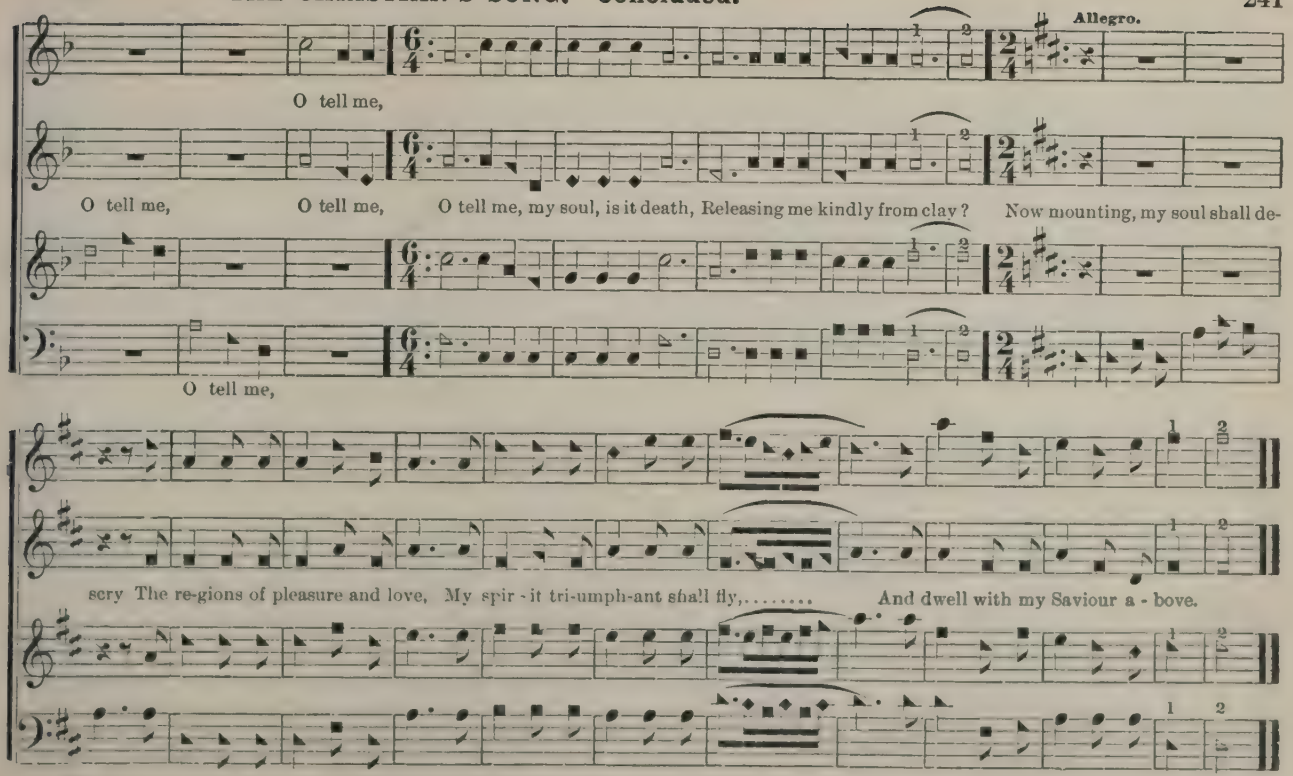

Now is Christ risen from the dead And become the first fruit of them that slept; Now is Christ risen from the dead And become the first fruit of them that slept.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le - lu - jah!
And did he rise?
And did he rise?.....
did he rise?

Hear it, ye nations! hear it, O ye dead! He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, And triumphed o'er the
He burst the bars of death,
grave, And triumphed o'er the grave; Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first hu-


man-i - ty tri-umphant past the crys-tal ports of light, And seized e - ter-nal youth. Man all im-mor-tal hail, hail,
Heav-en, all lav - ish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss; Thine's all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

Slow.
Left
Dav - id, the king, was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said:
Affetuoso.
"O my son, O my son, Would to God I had died, Would," etc. "Would," etc. "For thee, O Ab-sa-lom, my son, my son!"

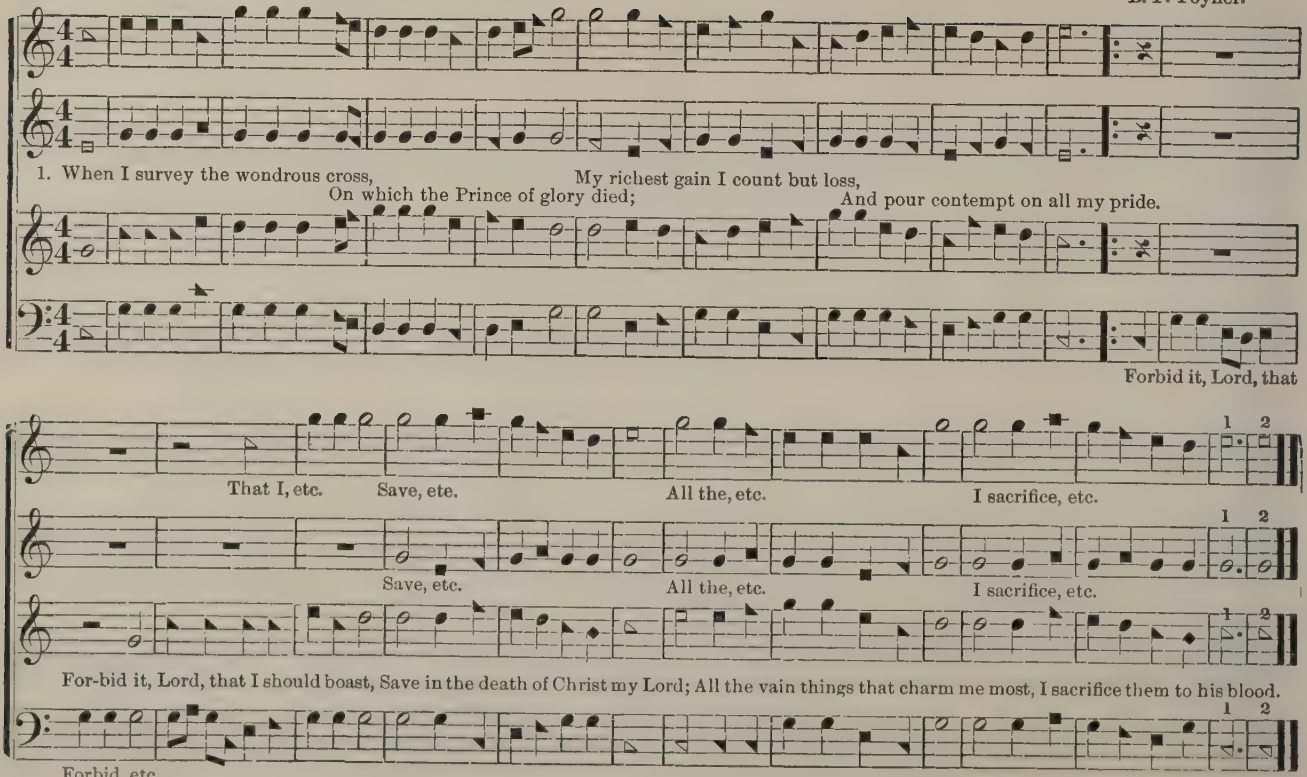
THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

Alto, Miss Minnie Floyd.

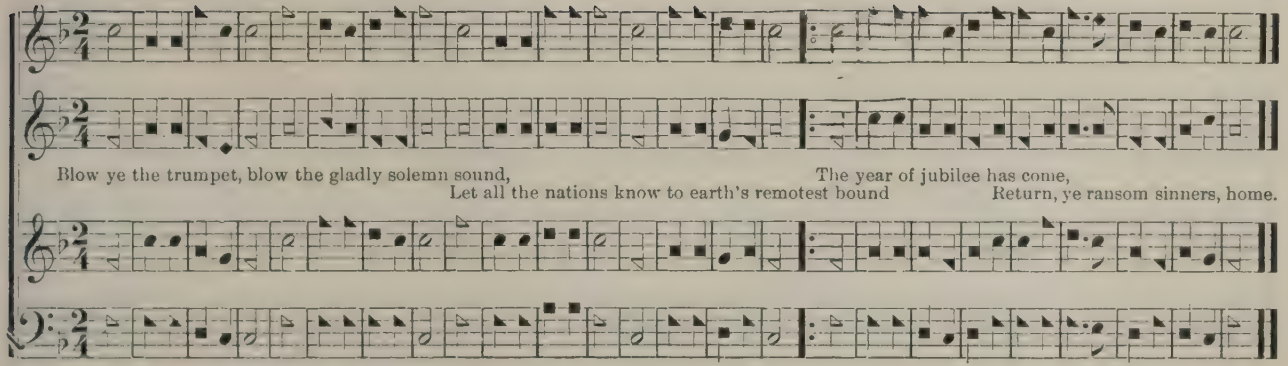

Slow.
Mine eyes are now clos-ing to rest, My bod-y must soon be removed, And mould'ring lie bur-ied in dust, No more to be en-vied or
Soft and slow.
loved, No more to be en-vied or loved. Ah! what is this draw-ing my breath, And steal-ing my sens - es a - way?

Allegro.
O tell me,
O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay? Now mounting, my soul shall de-
O tell me,
scry The re-gions of pleasure and love, My spir - it tri-umph-ant shall fly,..... And dwell with my Saviour a - bove.

NEWTON.

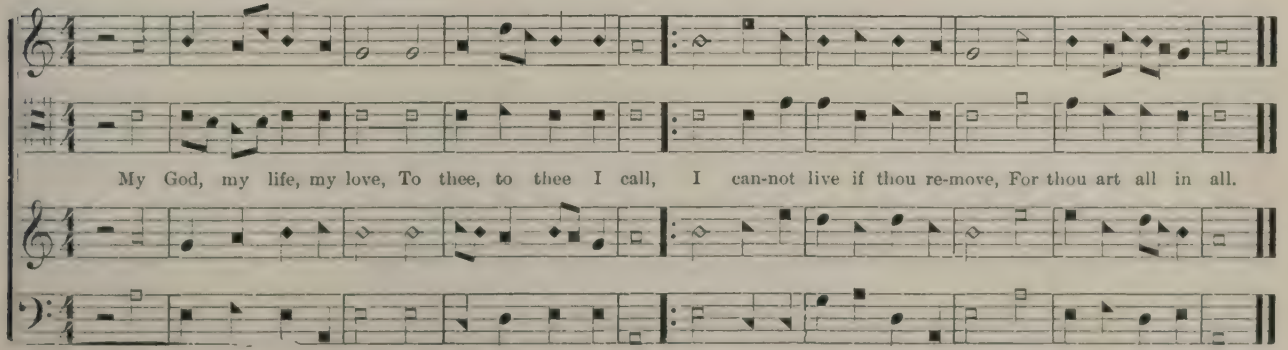
B. P. Poyner.


1. When I survey the wondrous cross, My richest gain I count but loss,
On which the Prince of glory died; And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that
That I, etc. Save, etc. All the, etc. I sacrifice, etc.
1 2
Save, etc. All the, etc. I sacrifice, etc.
For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
Forbid. etc.

YARBROUGH. H. M.

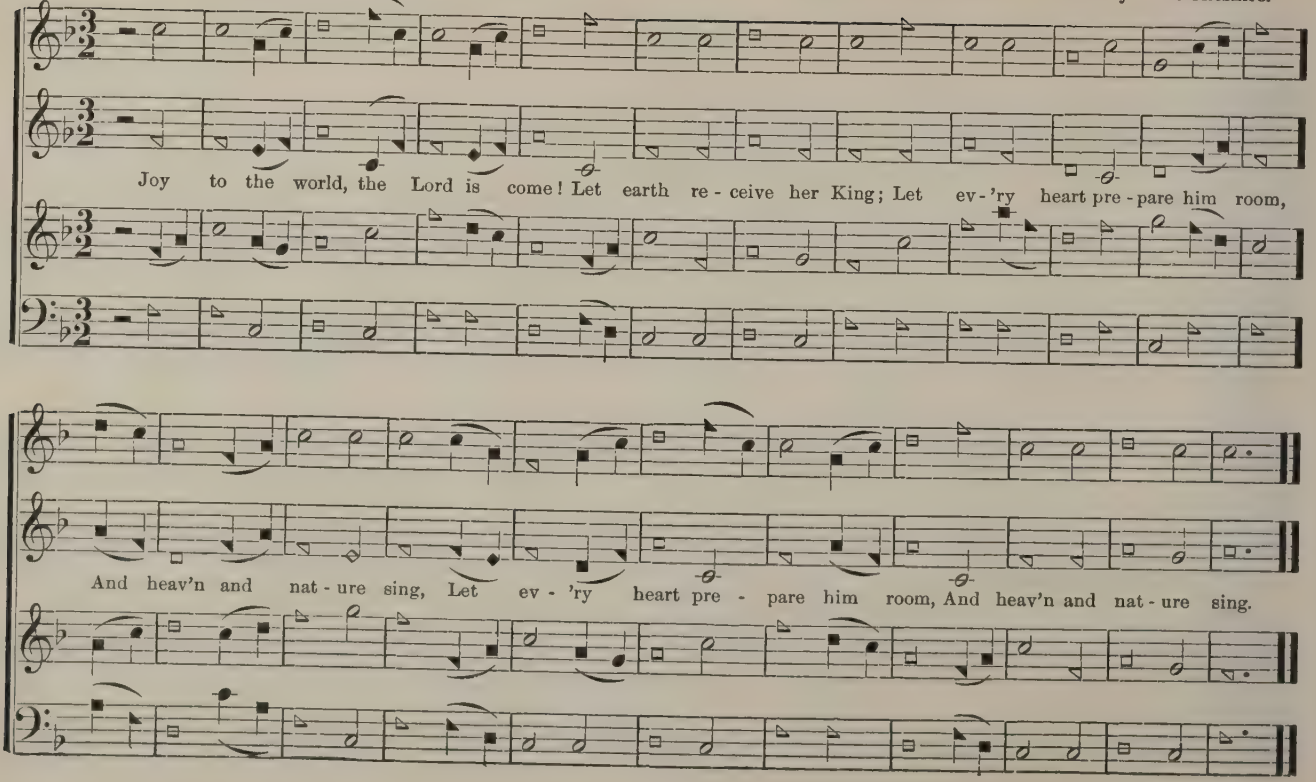
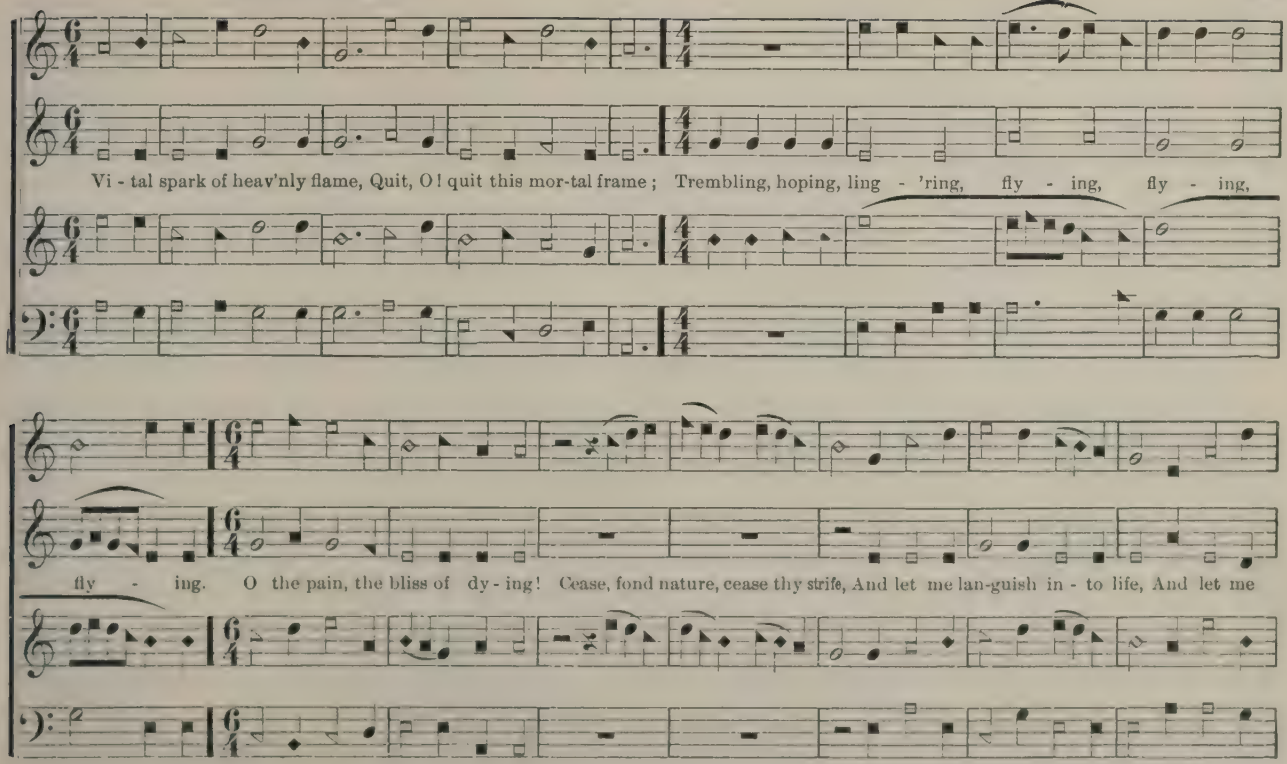

Blow ye the trumpet, blow the gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know to earth's remotest bound
The year of jubilee has come,
Return, ye ransom sinners, home.

TO THEE I CALL.

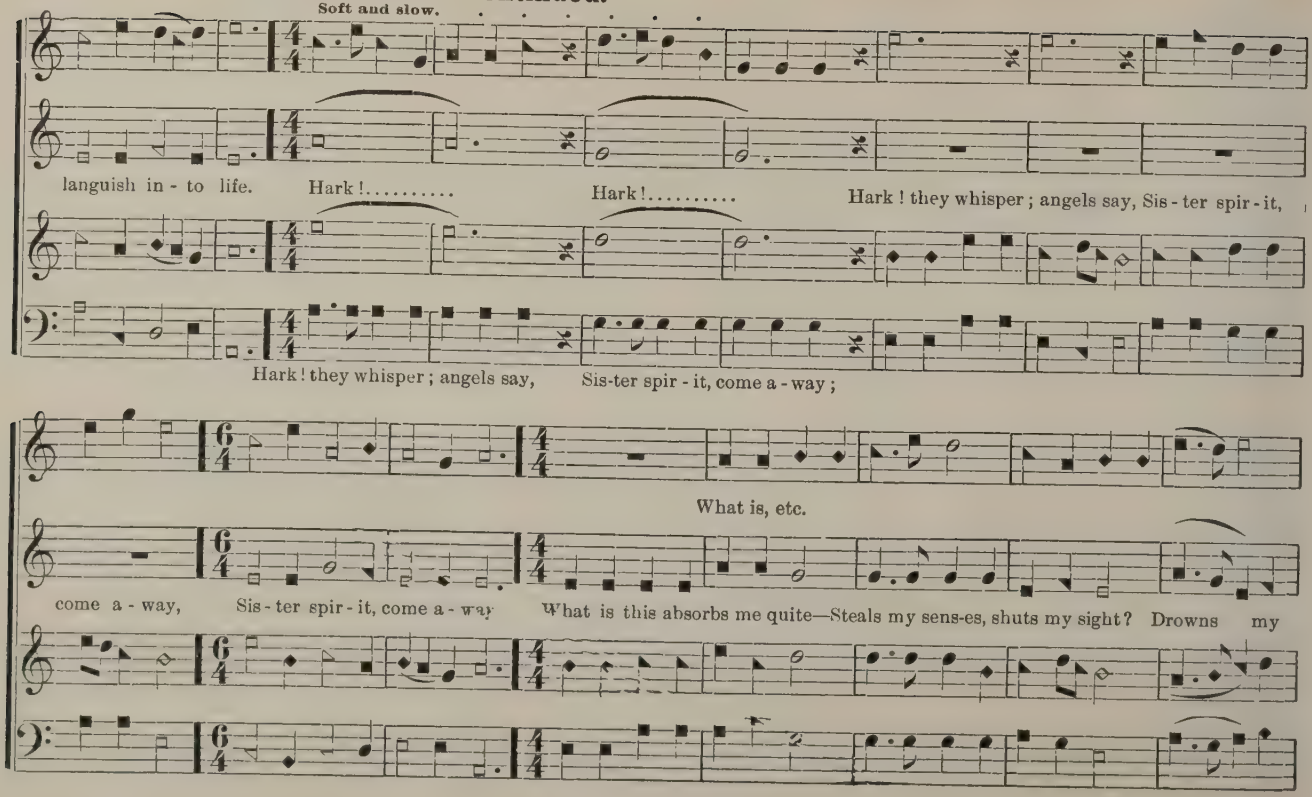
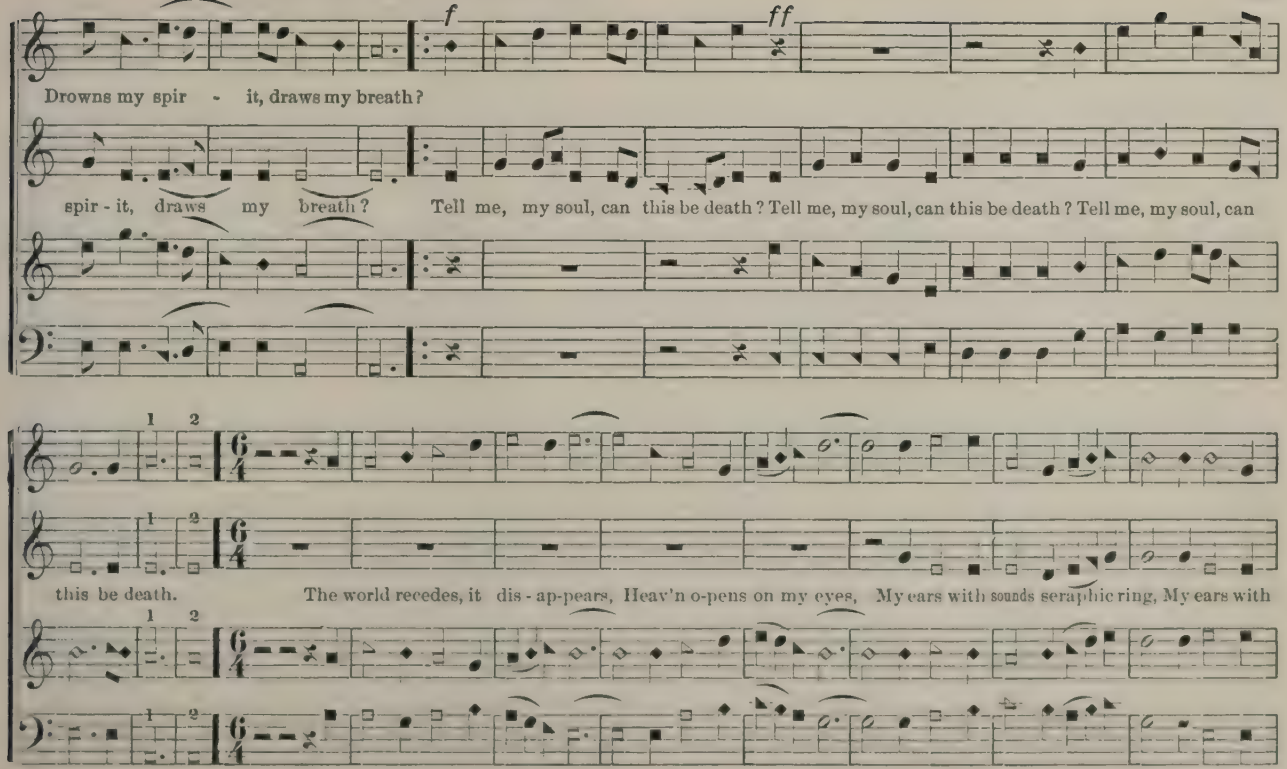


JOYFUL NEWS. C. M.

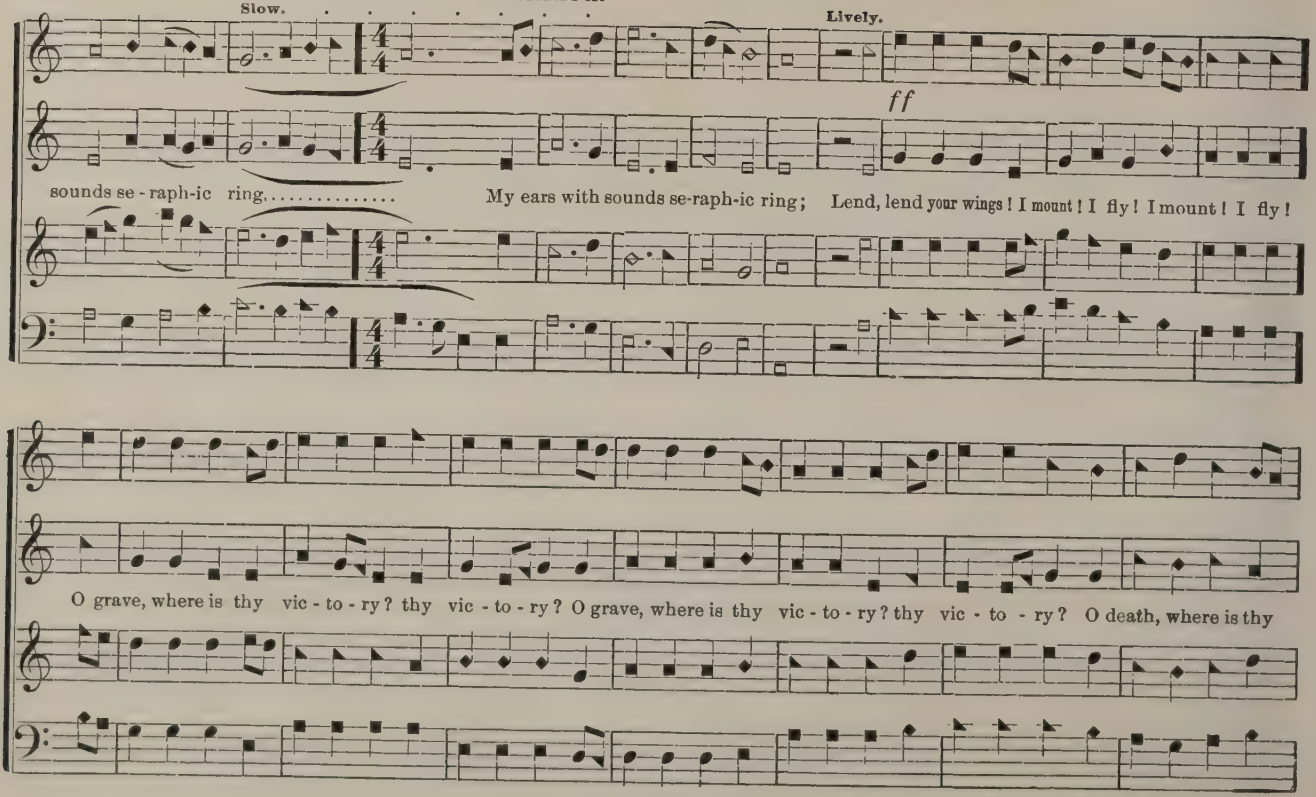
Arr. by N. F. Cheshire.

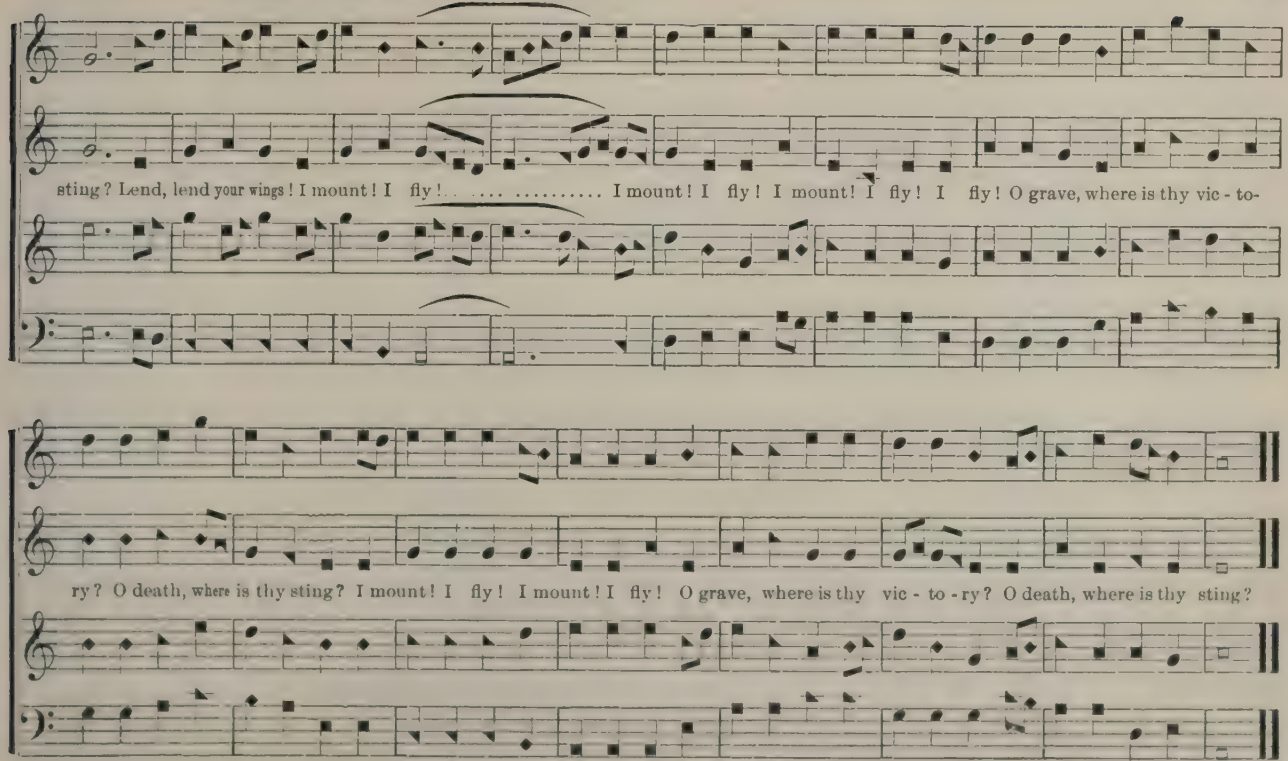

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room,
And heav'n and nat - ure sing, Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and nat - ure sing.

Vi - tal spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O! quit this mor-tal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling - 'ring, fly - ing, fly - ing,
fly - ing. O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me lan-guish in - to life, And let me

VITAL SPARK. Continued.


Soft and slow.
languish in - to life. Hark!..... Hark!..... Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sis - ter spir - it,
Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sis-ter spir - it, come a - way;
What is, etc.
come a - way, Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way What is this absorbs me quite—Steals my sens-es, shuts my sight? Drowns my

f
ff
Drowns my spir - it, draws my breath?
spir - it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can
1 2
this be death. The world recedes, it dis - ap-pears, Heav'n o-pens on my eyes, My ears with sounds seraphic ring, My ears with

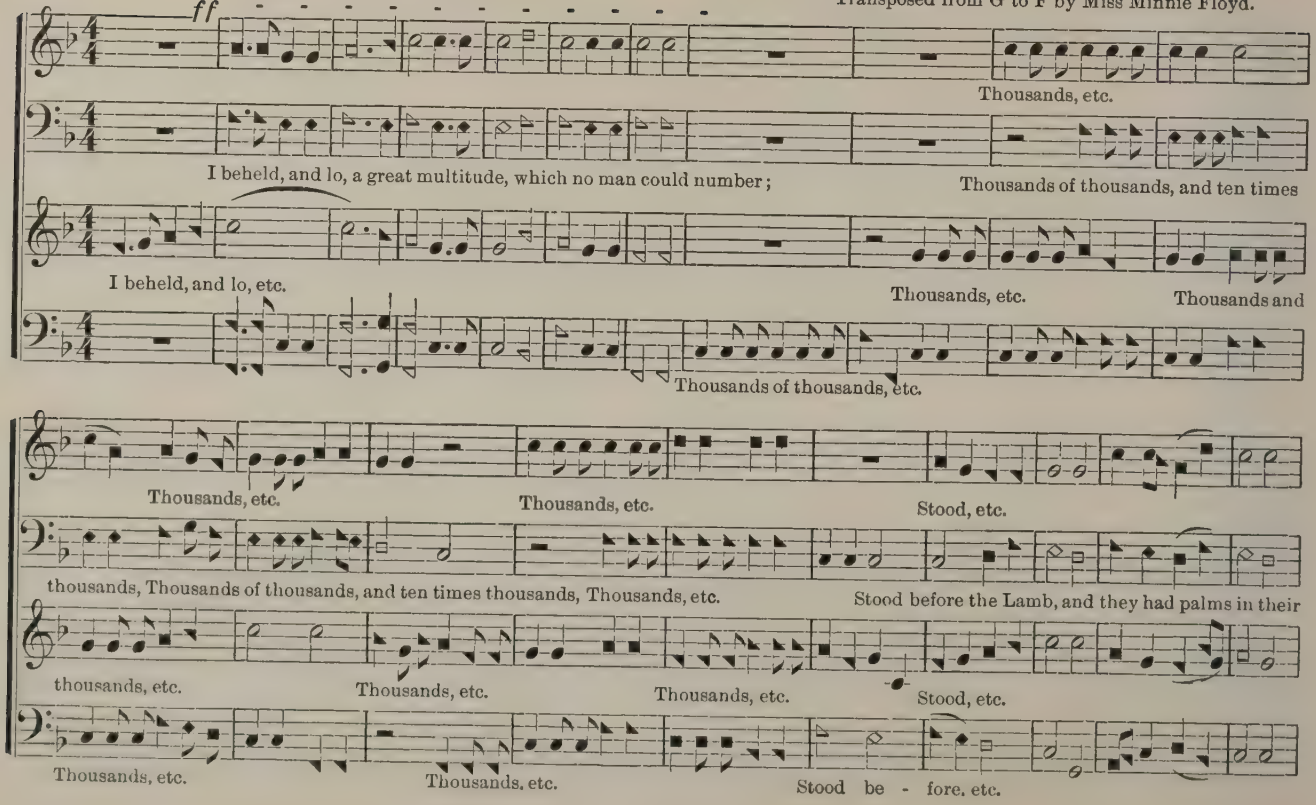
VITAL SPARK. Continued.

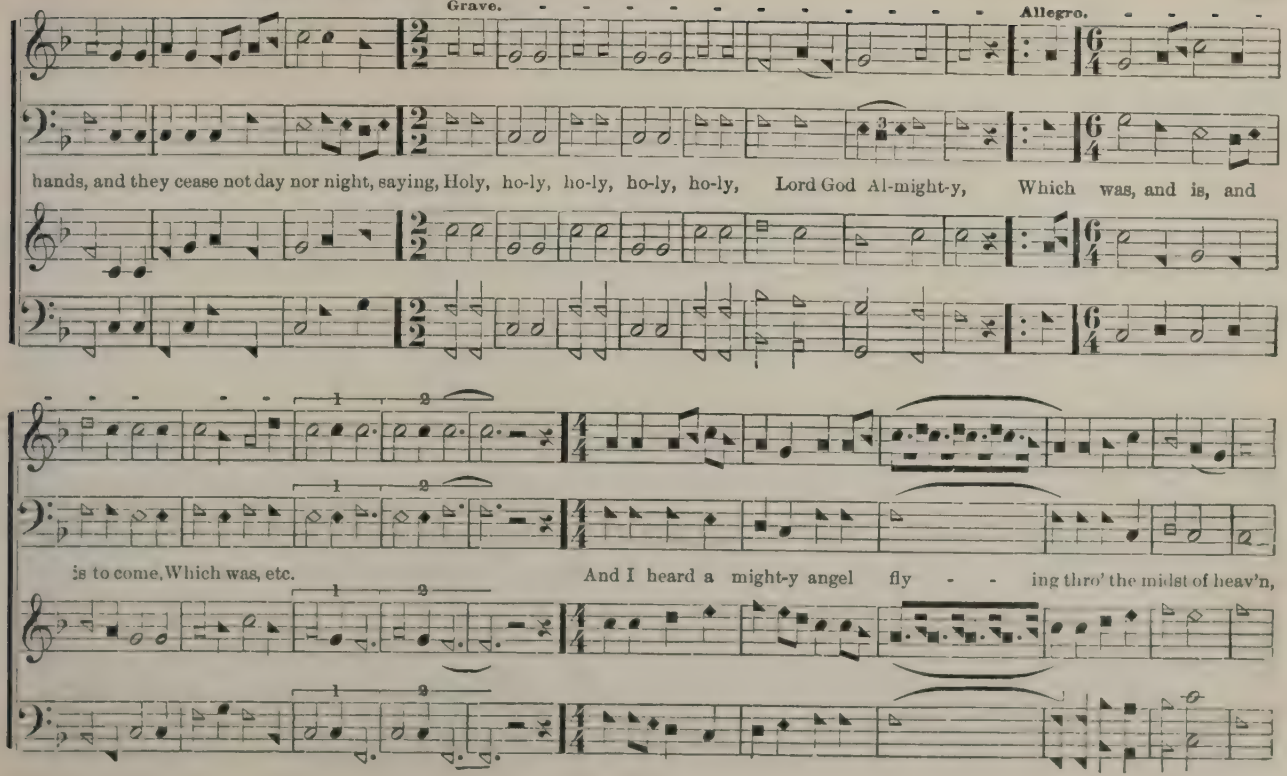

Slow.
Lively.
ff
sounds se - raph-ic ring.....
My ears with sounds se-raph-ic ring; Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy


sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! ..... I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to-
ry? O death, where is thy sting? I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?

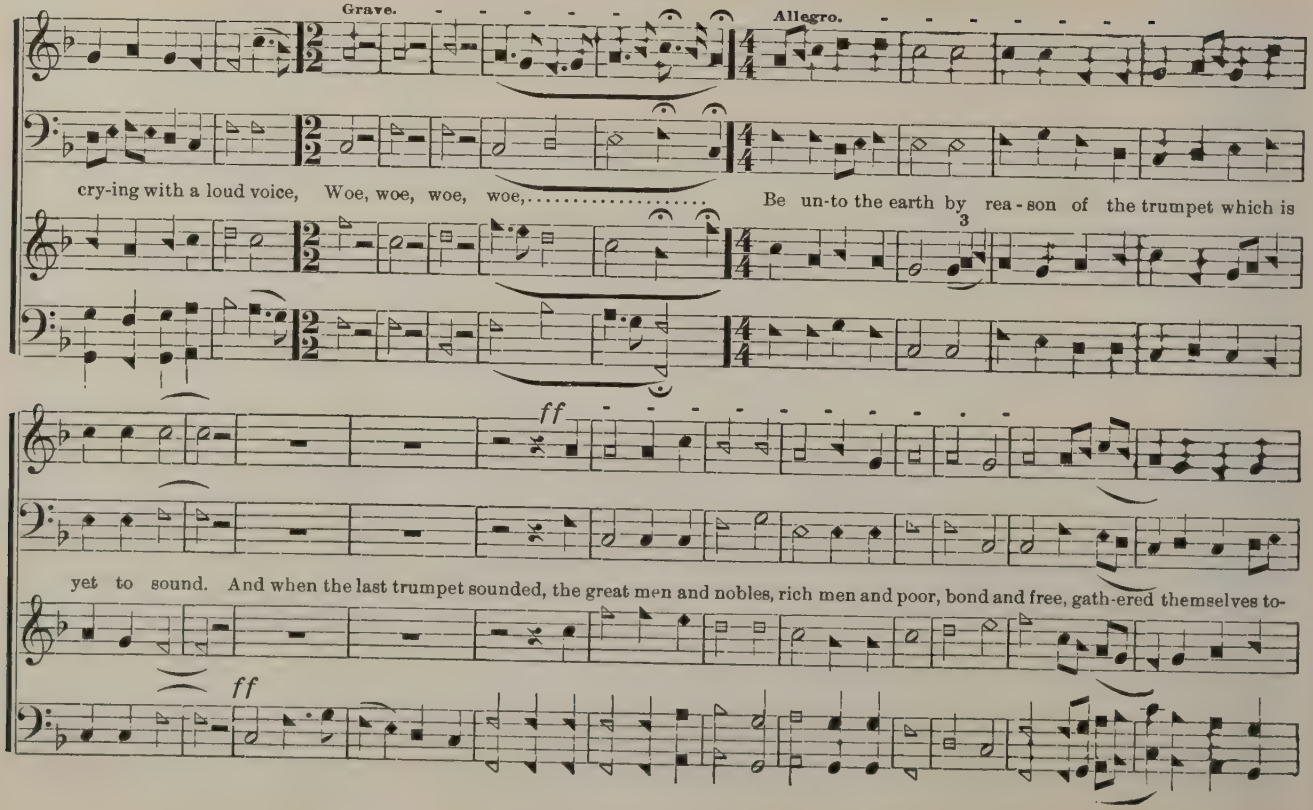
HEAVENLY VISION.

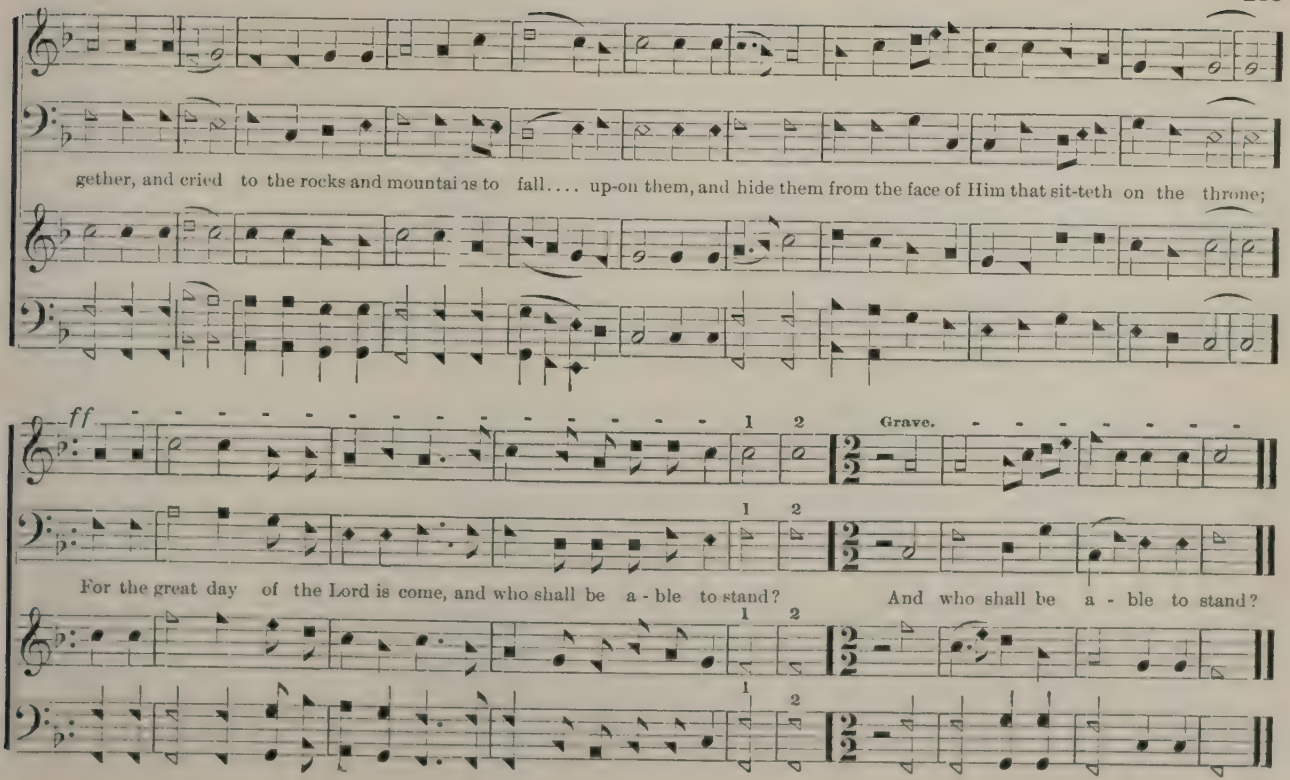
Transposed from G to F by Miss Minnie Floyd.




Grave.
Allegro.
hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying, Holy, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y, Which was, and is, and
is to come, Which was, etc.
And I heard a might-y angel fly - - ing thro' the midst of heav'n,

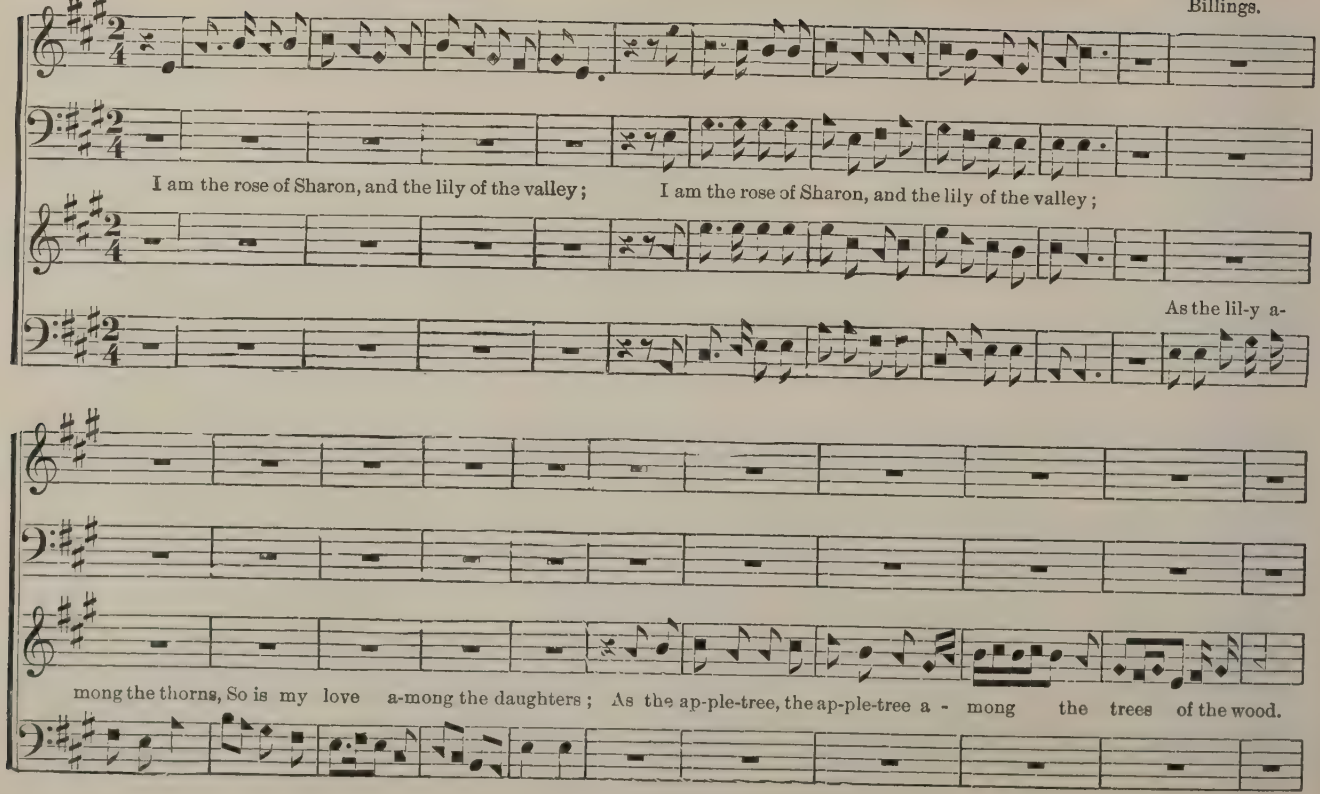
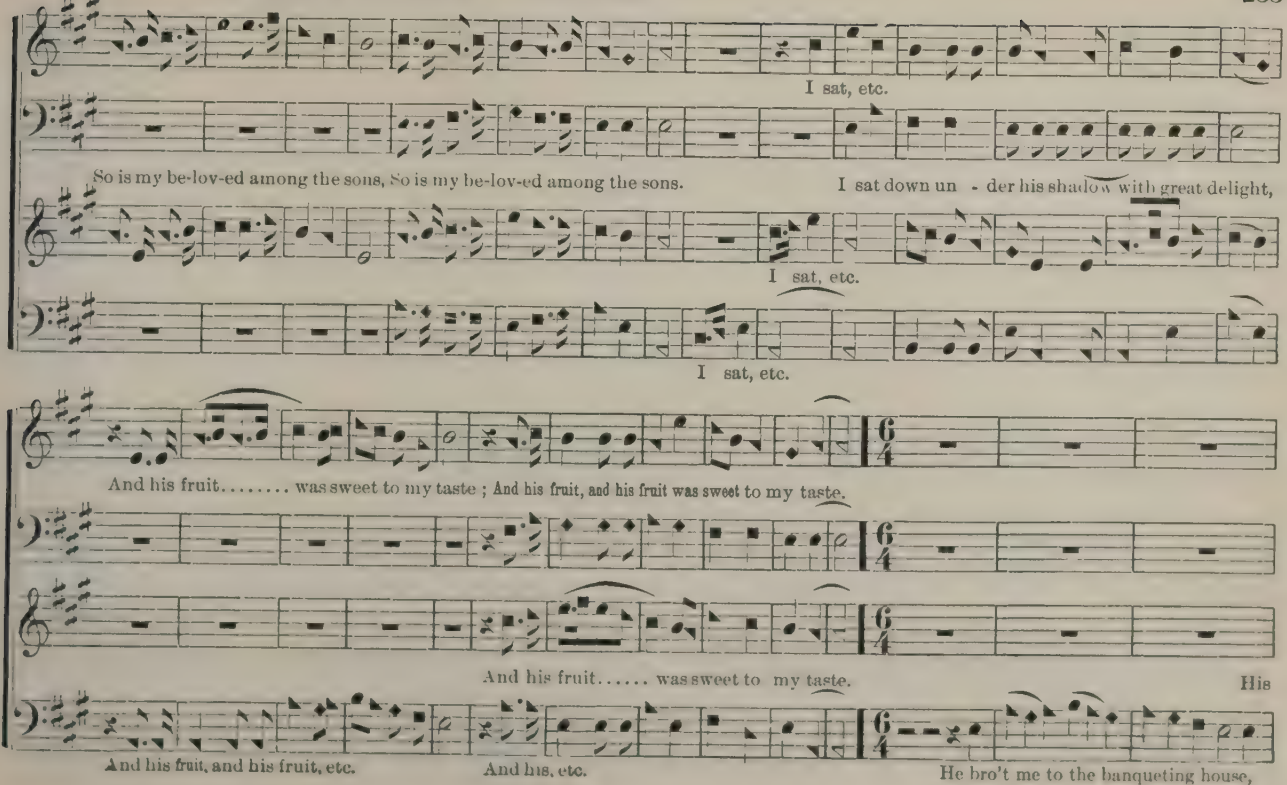
HEAVENLY VISION. Continued.


Grave.
Allegro.
cry-ing with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, woe,.....
Be un-to the earth by rea - son of the trumpet which is
3
ff
yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath-ered themselves to-
ff

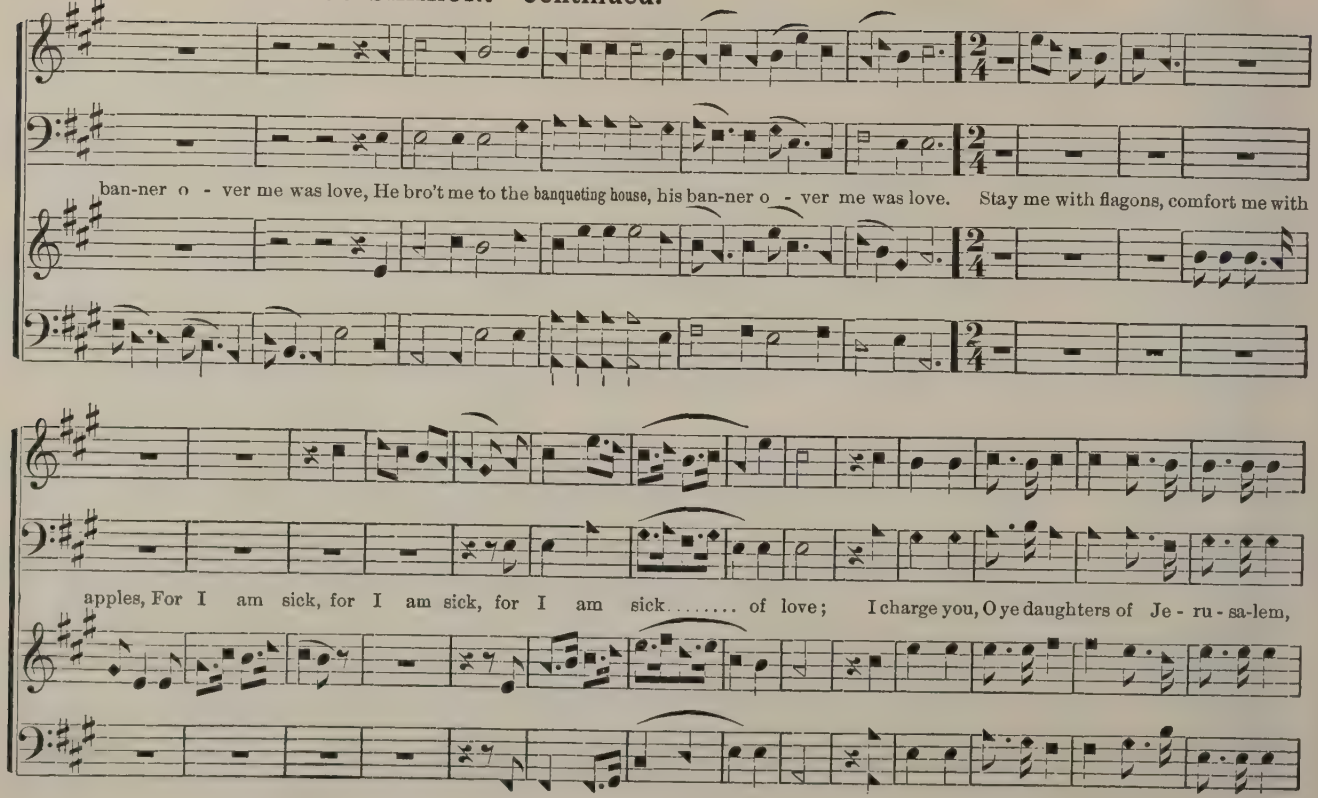

gether, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall.... up-on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sit-teth on the throne;
ff
1 2
Grave.
1 2
For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be a - ble to stand?
And who shall be a - ble to stand?
1 2
1 2

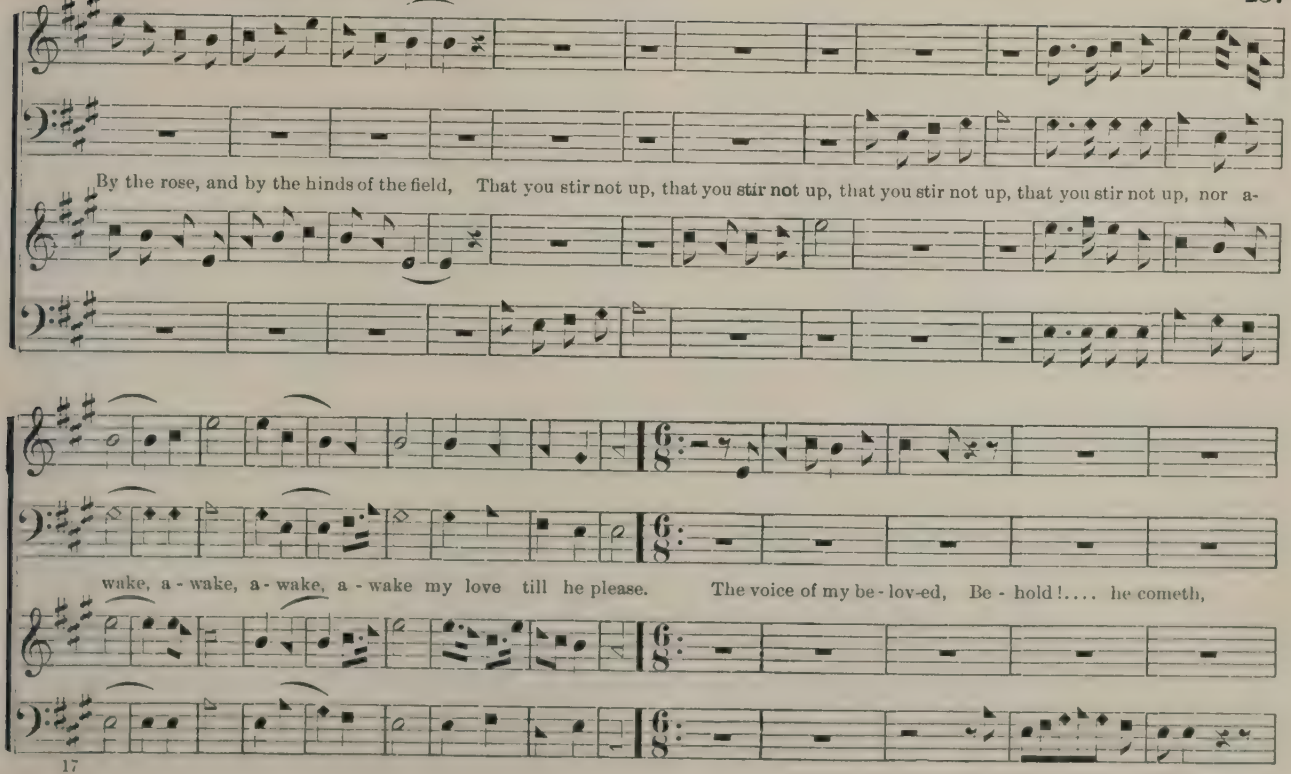
ROSE OF SHARON.

Billings.

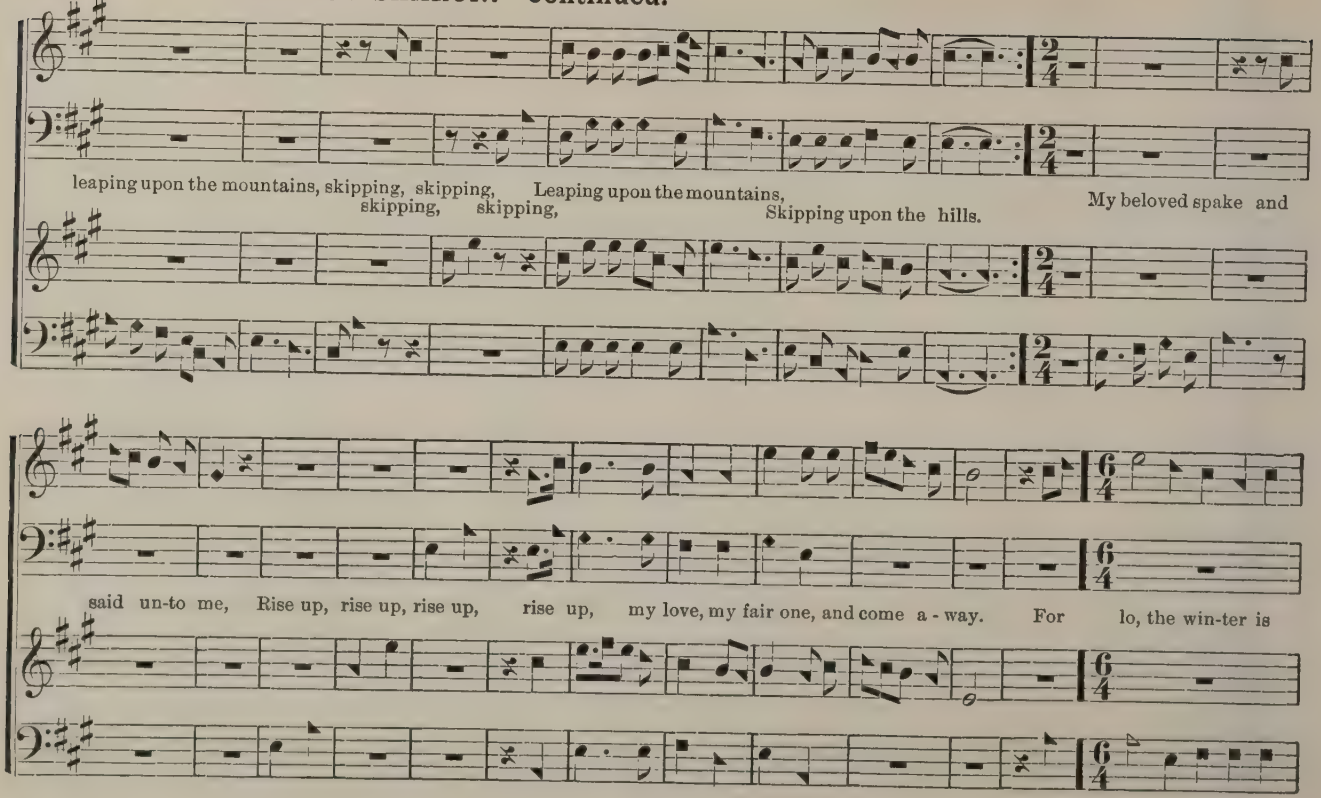

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley;
I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley;
As the lil-y a-
mong the thorns, So is my love a-mong the daughters; As the ap-ple-tree, the ap-ple-tree a - mong the trees of the wood.

I sat, etc.
So is my be-lov-ed among the sons, So is my be-lov-ed among the sons.
I sat down un - der his shadow with great delight,
I sat, etc.
I sat, etc.
And his fruit..... was sweet to my taste ; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
And his fruit..... was sweet to my taste.
His
And his fruit, and his fruit, etc.
And his, etc.
He bro't me to the banqueting house,

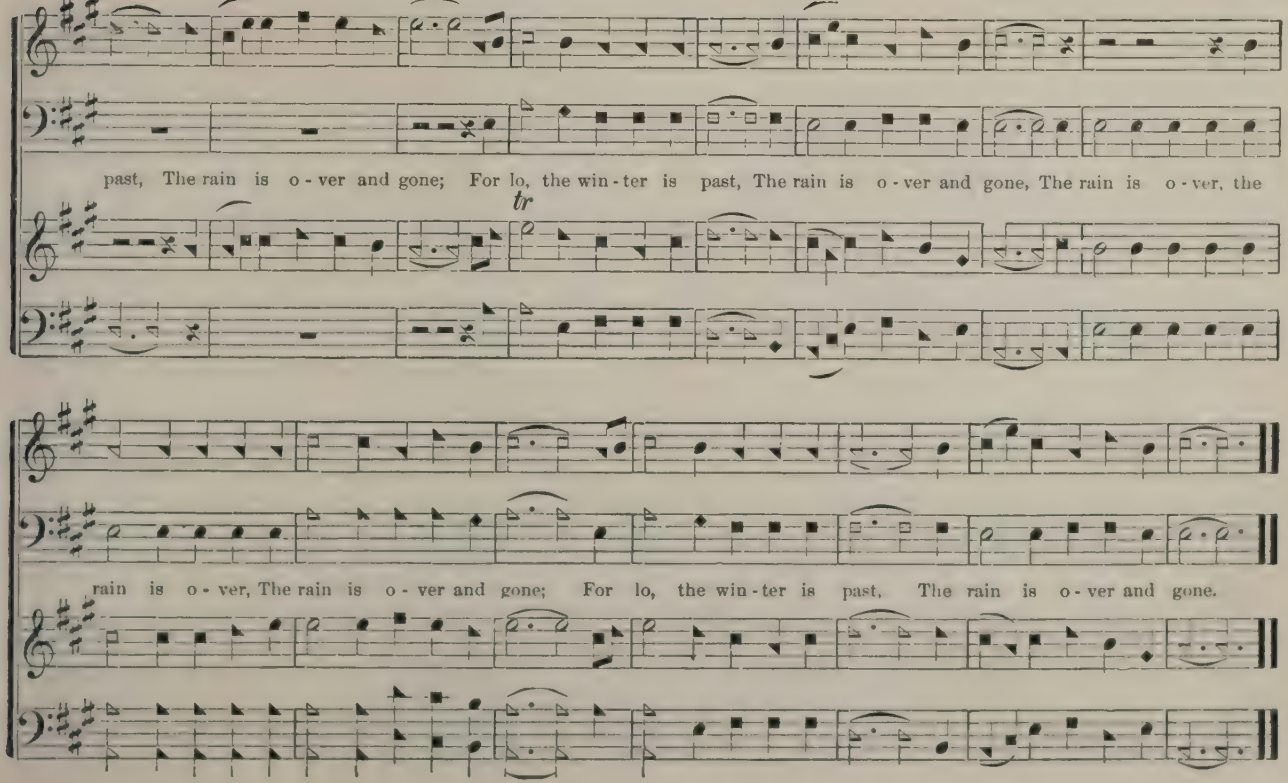
ROSE OF SHARON. Continued.

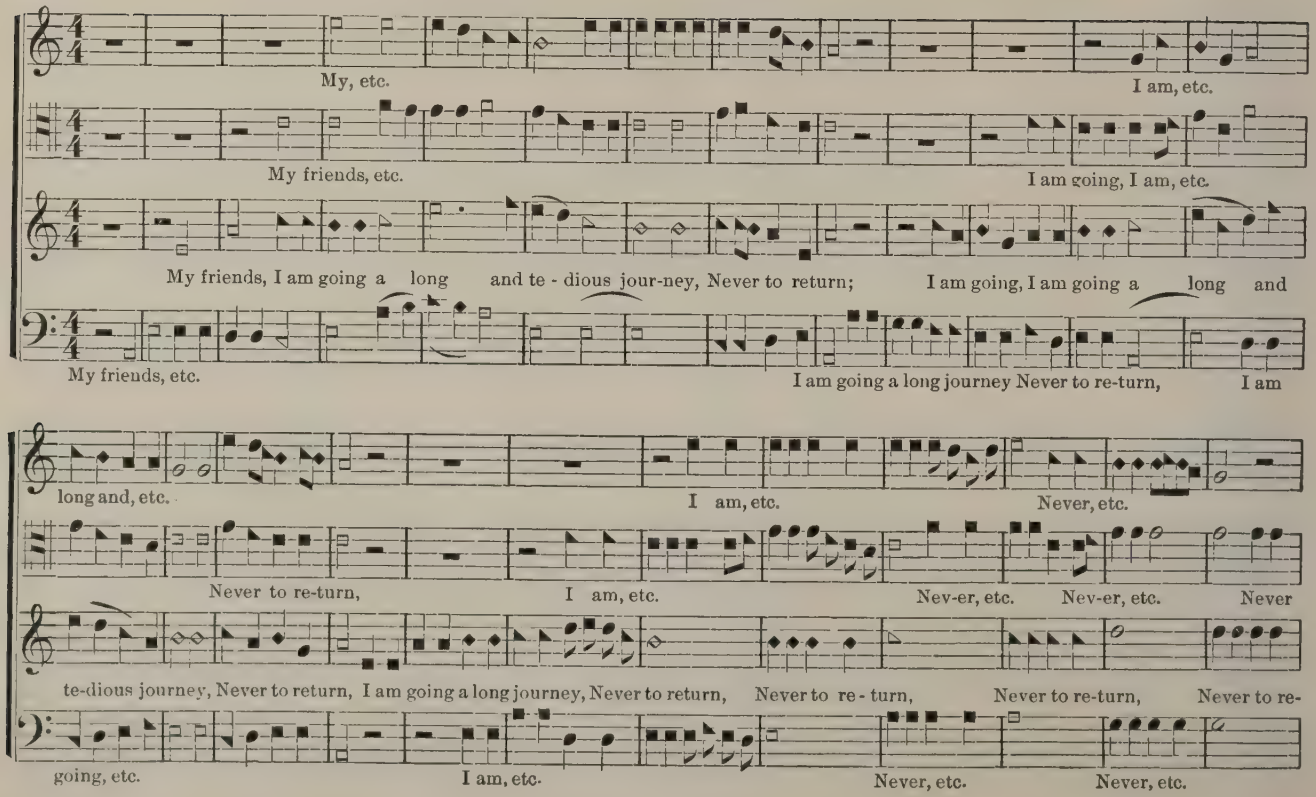
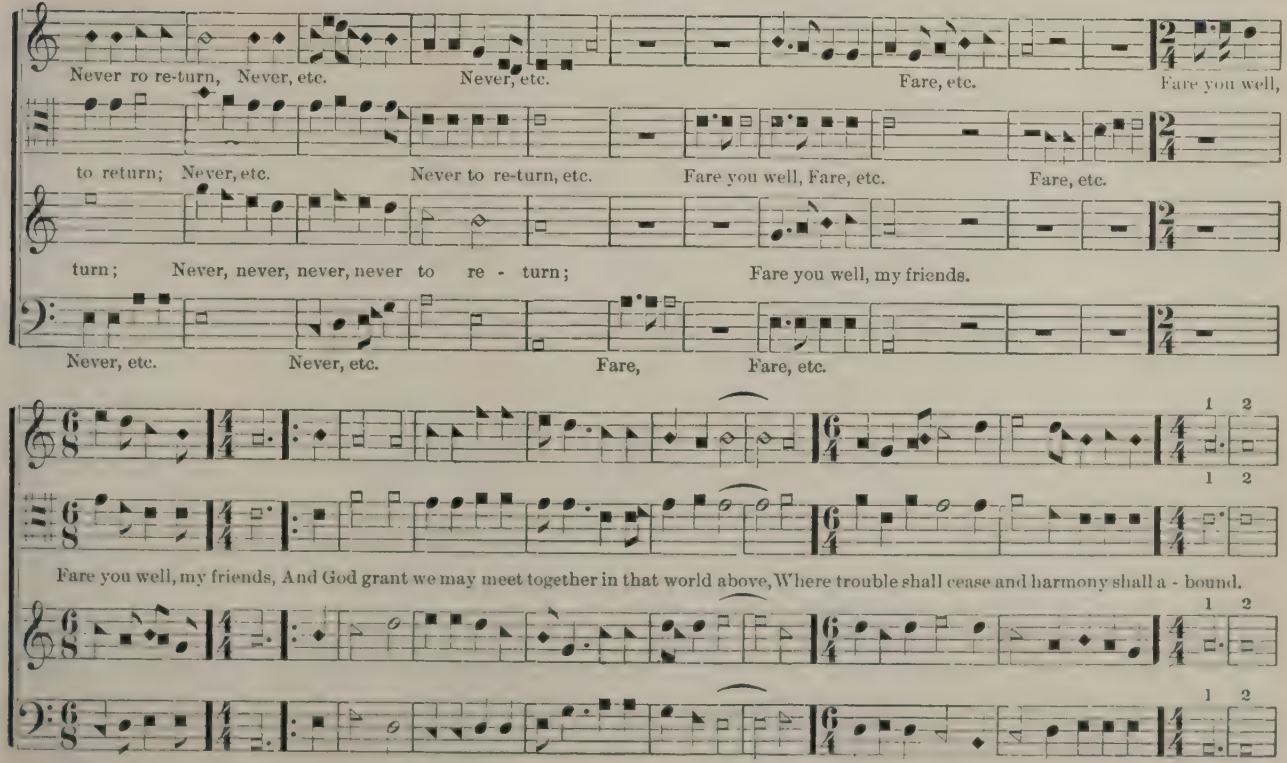

ban-ner o - ver me was love, He bro't me to the banqueting house, his ban-ner o - ver me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with
apples, For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick..... of love; I charge you, O ye daughters of Je - ru - sa-lem,


By the rose, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-
wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake my love till he please. The voice of my be - lov-ed, Be - hold!.... he cometh,

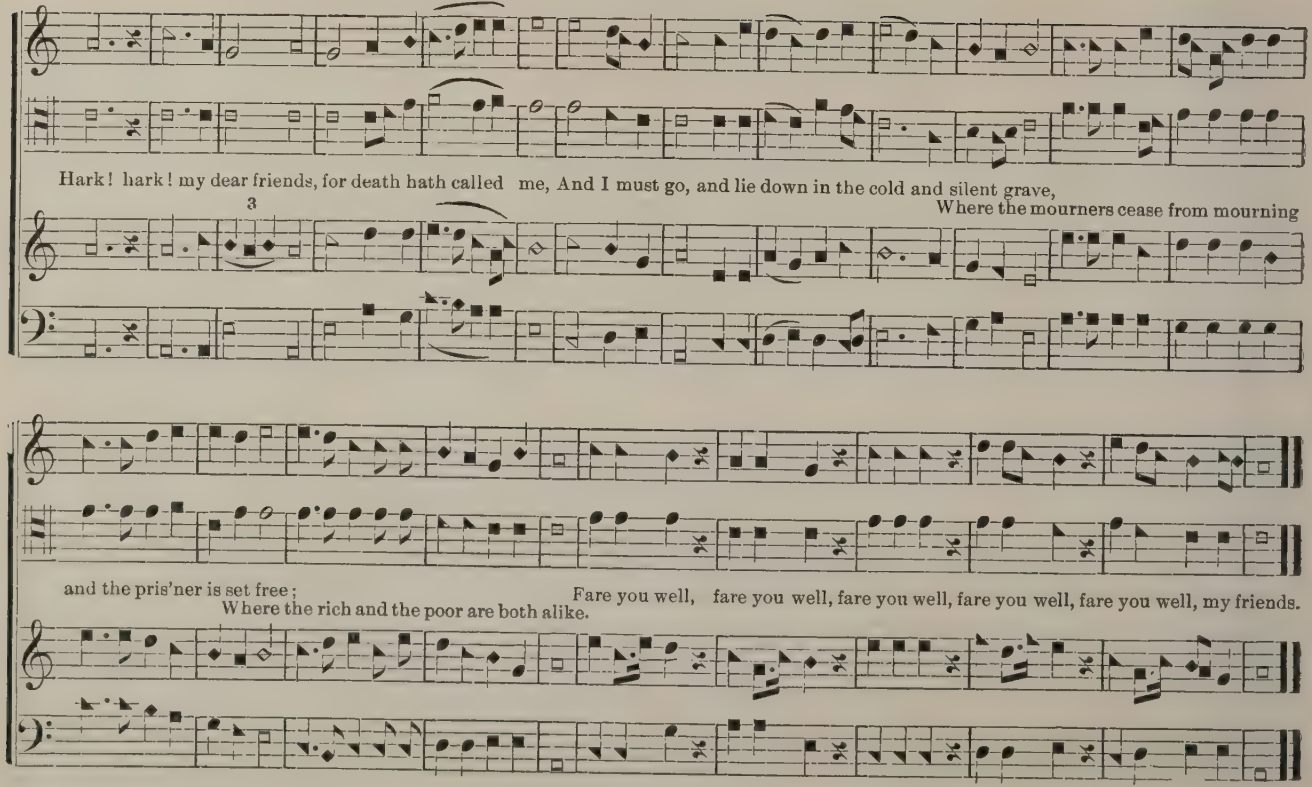
ROSE OF SHARON. Continued.

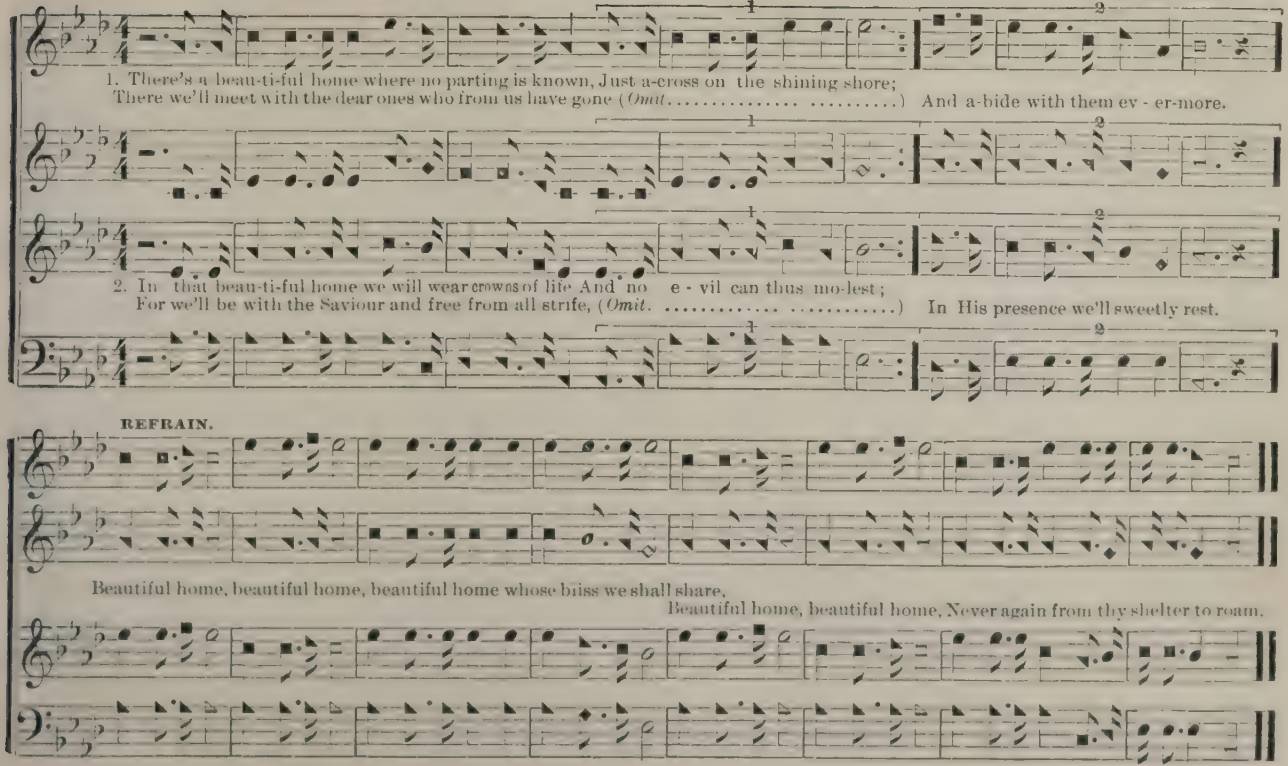

leaping upon the mountains, skipping, skipping, skipping, skipping,
Leaping upon the mountains,
Skipping upon the hills.
My beloved spake and
said un-to me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come a - way.
For lo, the win-ter is


past, The rain is o - ver and gone; For lo, the win - ter is past, The rain is o - ver and gone, The rain is o - ver, the
tr
rain is o - ver, The rain is o - ver and gone; For lo, the win - ter is past, The rain is o - ver and gone.

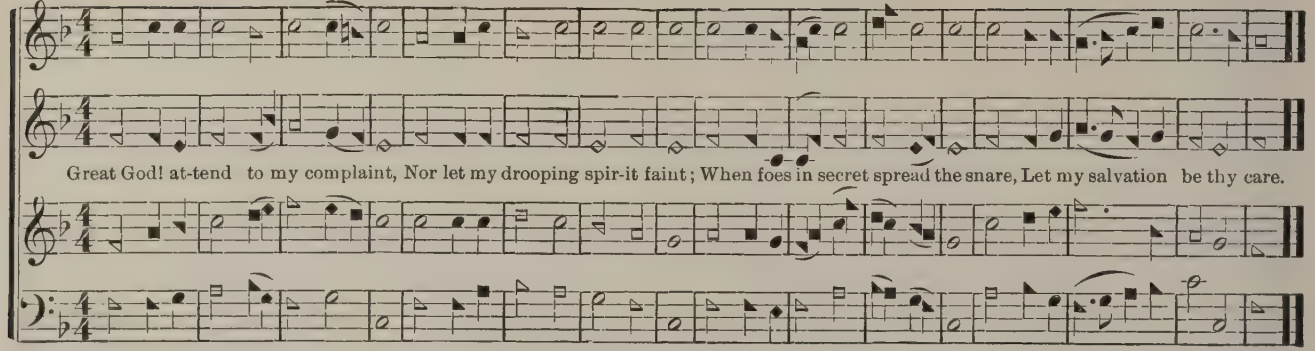

My, etc.
I am, etc.
My friends, etc.
I am going, I am, etc.
My friends, I am going a long and te - dious jour-ney, Never to return; I am going, I am going a long and
My friends, etc.
I am going a long journey Never to re-turn, I am
long and, etc.
I am, etc.
Never, etc.
Never to re-turn,
I am, etc.
Nev-er, etc.
Nev-er, etc.
Never
te-dious journey, Never to return, I am going a long journey, Never to return, Never to re - turn, Never to re-turn, Never to re-
going, etc.
I am, etc.
Never, etc.
Never, etc.

Never ro re-turn, Never, etc.
Never, etc.
Fare, etc.
Fare you well,
to return; Never, etc.
Never to re-turn, etc.
Fare you well, Fare, etc.
Fare, etc.
turn; Never, never, never, never to re - turn;
Fare you well, my friends.
Never, etc.
Never, etc.
Fare,
Fare, etc.
1 2
1 2
Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world above, Where trouble shall cease and harmony shall a - bound.
1 2
1 2

FAREWELL ANTHEM. Concluded.

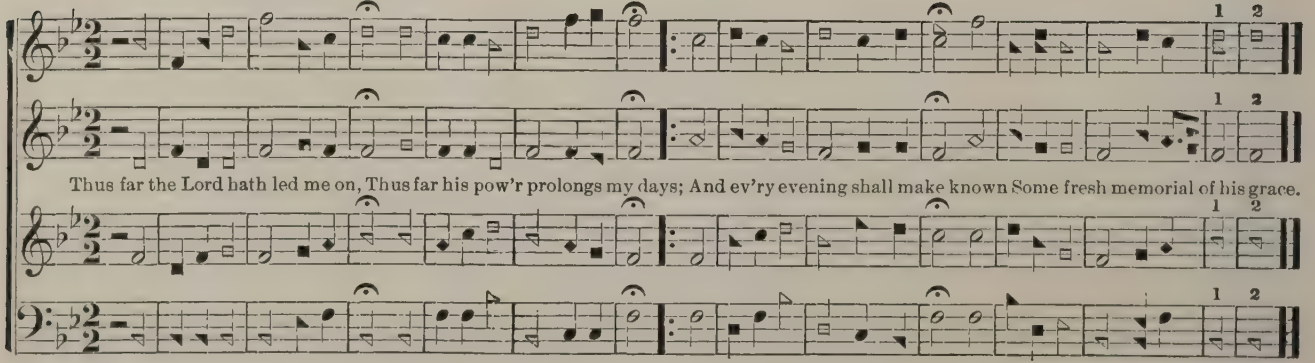

Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath called me, And I must go, and lie down in the cold and silent grave,
3
Where the mourners cease from mourning
and the pris'ner is set free;
Where the rich and the poor are both alike.
Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, my friends.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home where no parting is known, Just a-cross on the shining shore;
There we'll meet with the dear ones who from us have gone (Omit. . . . .) And a-bide with them ev - er-more.
2. In that beau-ti-ful home we will wear crowns of life And no e - vil can thus mo-lest;
For we'll be with the Saviour and free from all strife, (Omit. . . . .) In His presence we'll sweetly rest.
REFRAIN.
Beautiful home, beautiful home, beautiful home whose bliss we shall share,
Beautiful home, beautiful home, Never again from thy shelter to roam.

GREAT GOD, ATTEND. L. M.

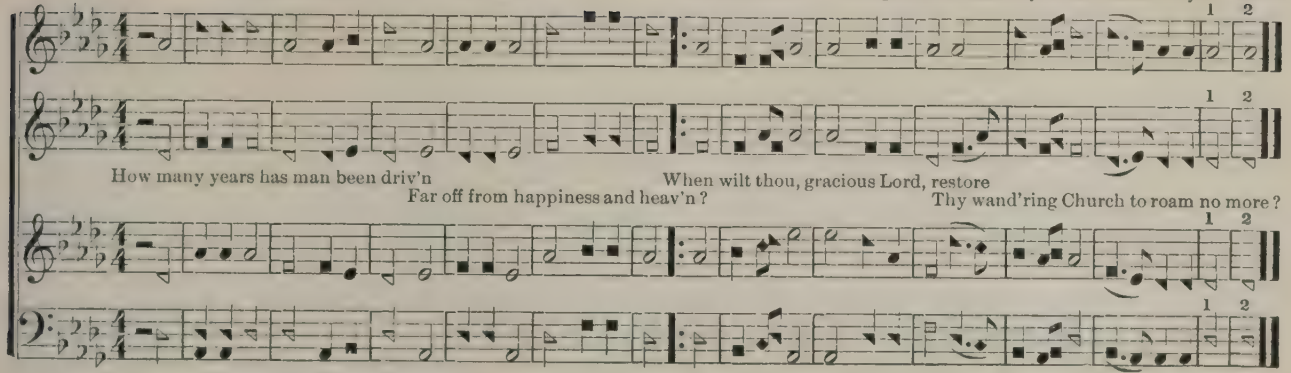

Great God! at-tend to my complaint, Nor let my drooping spir-it faint; When foes in secret spread the snare, Let my salvation be thy care.

HEBRON. L. M.

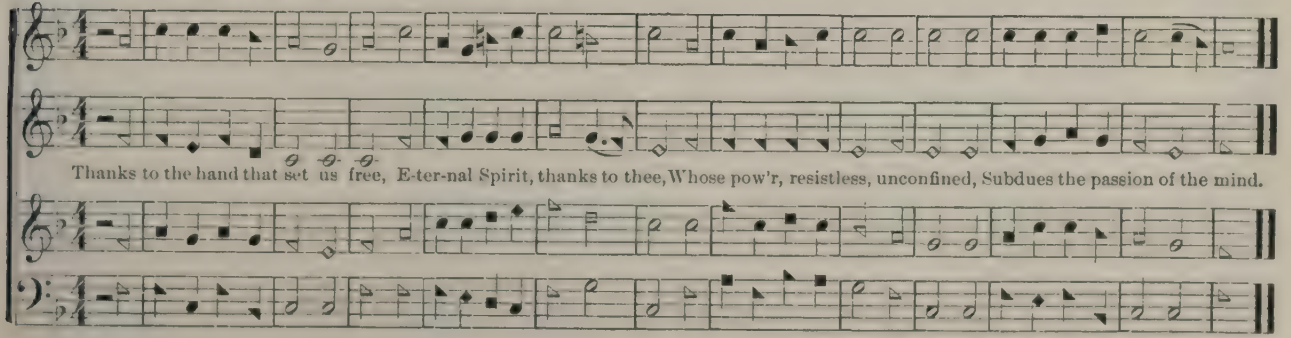

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

RESTORATION. L. M.

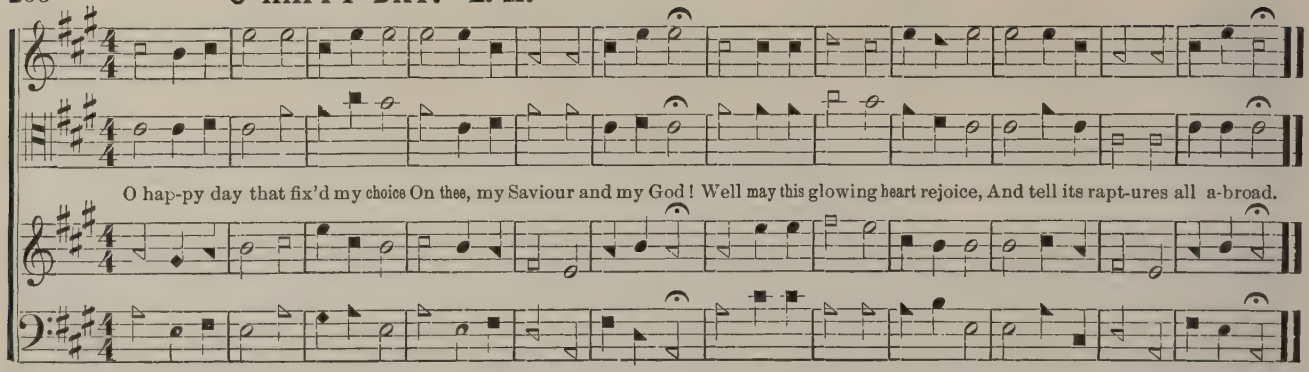
D. P. White. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


How many years has man been driv'n
Far off from happiness and heav'n?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wand'ring Church to roam no more?

ETERNAL SPIRIT. L. M.

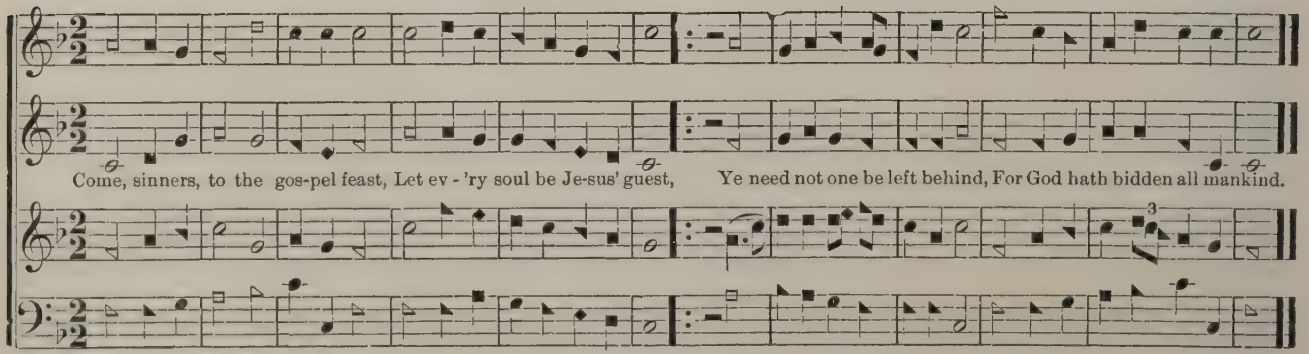

Thanks to the hand that set us free, E-ter-nal Spirit, thanks to thee, Whose pow'r, resistless, unconfined, Subdues the passion of the mind.

O HAPPY DAY. L. M.


O hap-py day that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad.

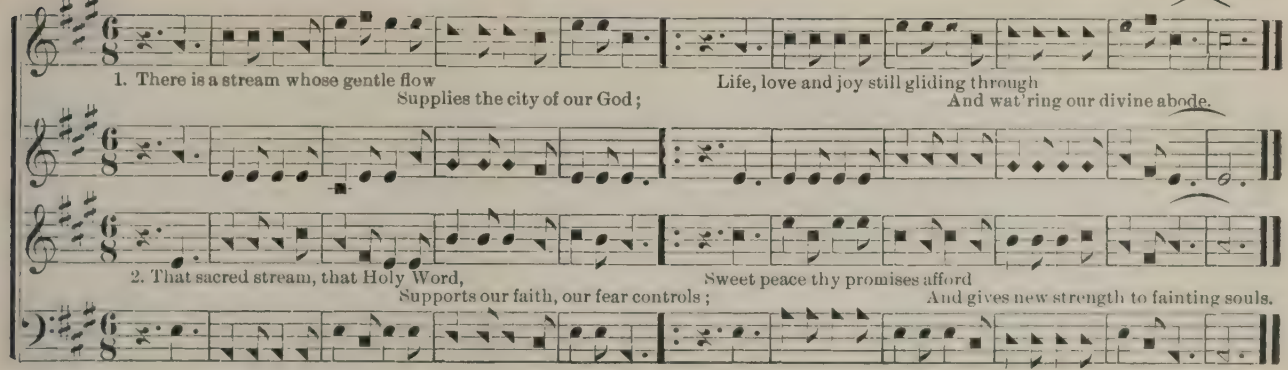
LEBANON. (New.) L. M.

Rev. Jas. P. Carroll. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.


Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev - 'ry soul be Je-sus' guest, Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.

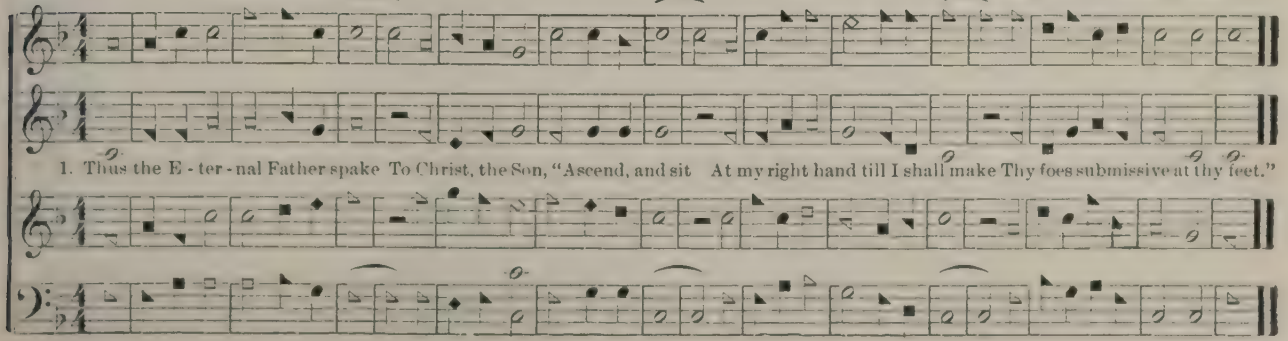
SACRED STREAM. L. M.

Henry G. Mann.


1. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding through
And wat'ring our divine abode.
2. That sacred stream, that Holy Word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford
And gives new strength to fainting souls.

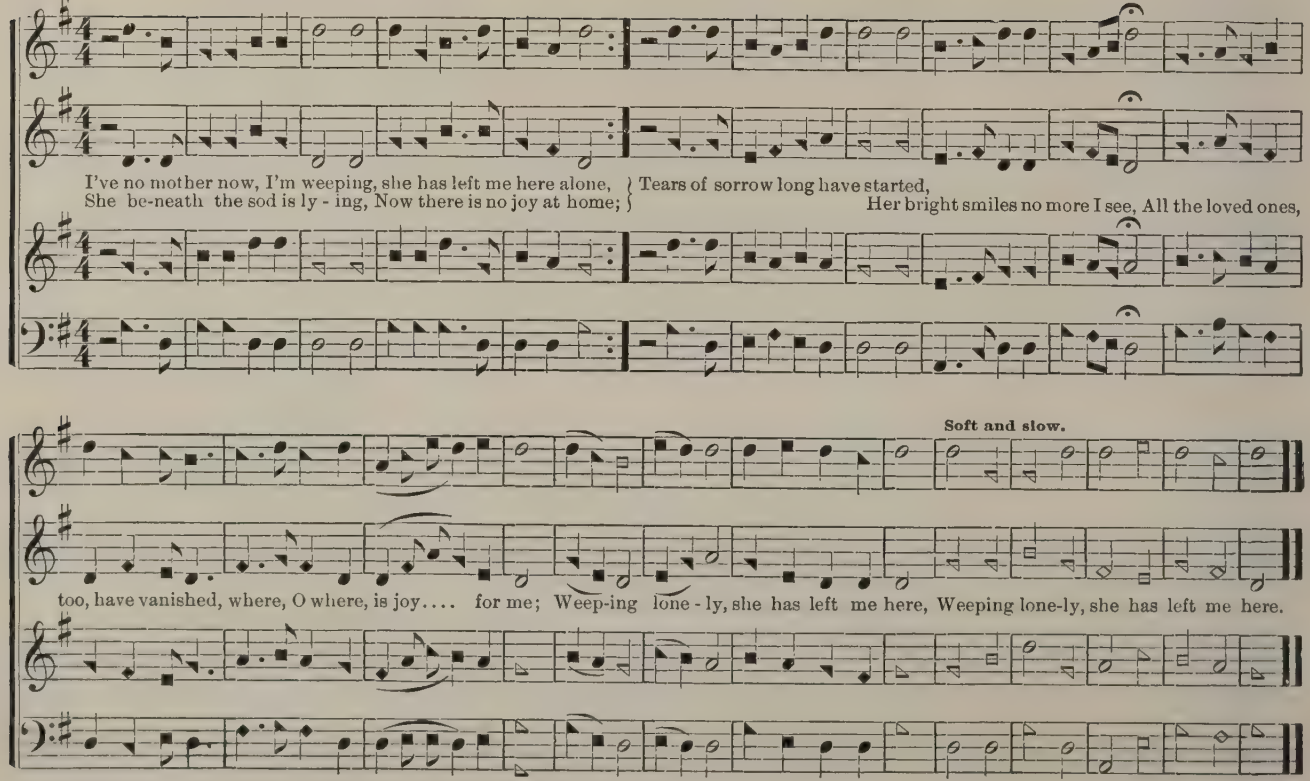
HEDGEBURG.

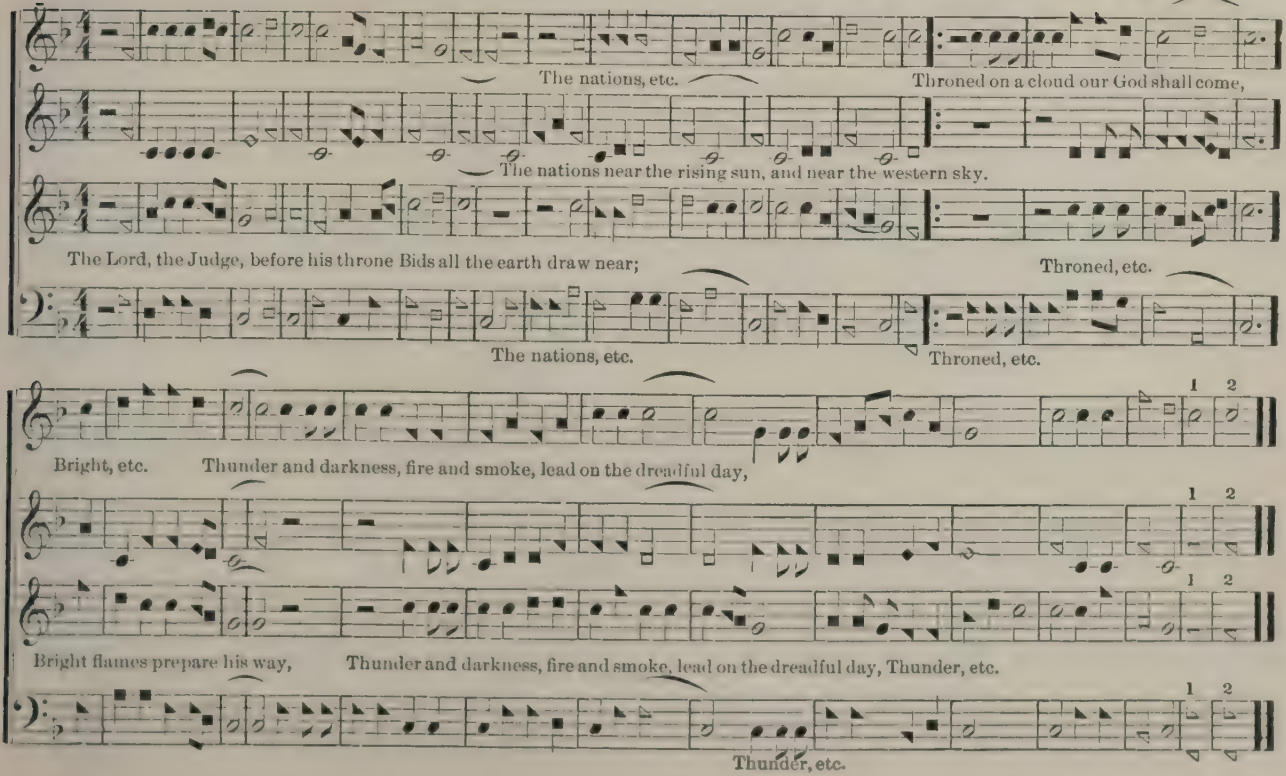
Arr. by B. F. W. Alto, W. M. C.


1. Thus the E - ter - nal Father spake To Christ, the Son, "Ascend, and sit At my right hand till I shall make Thy foes submissive at thy feet."

MOTHER'S GONE.

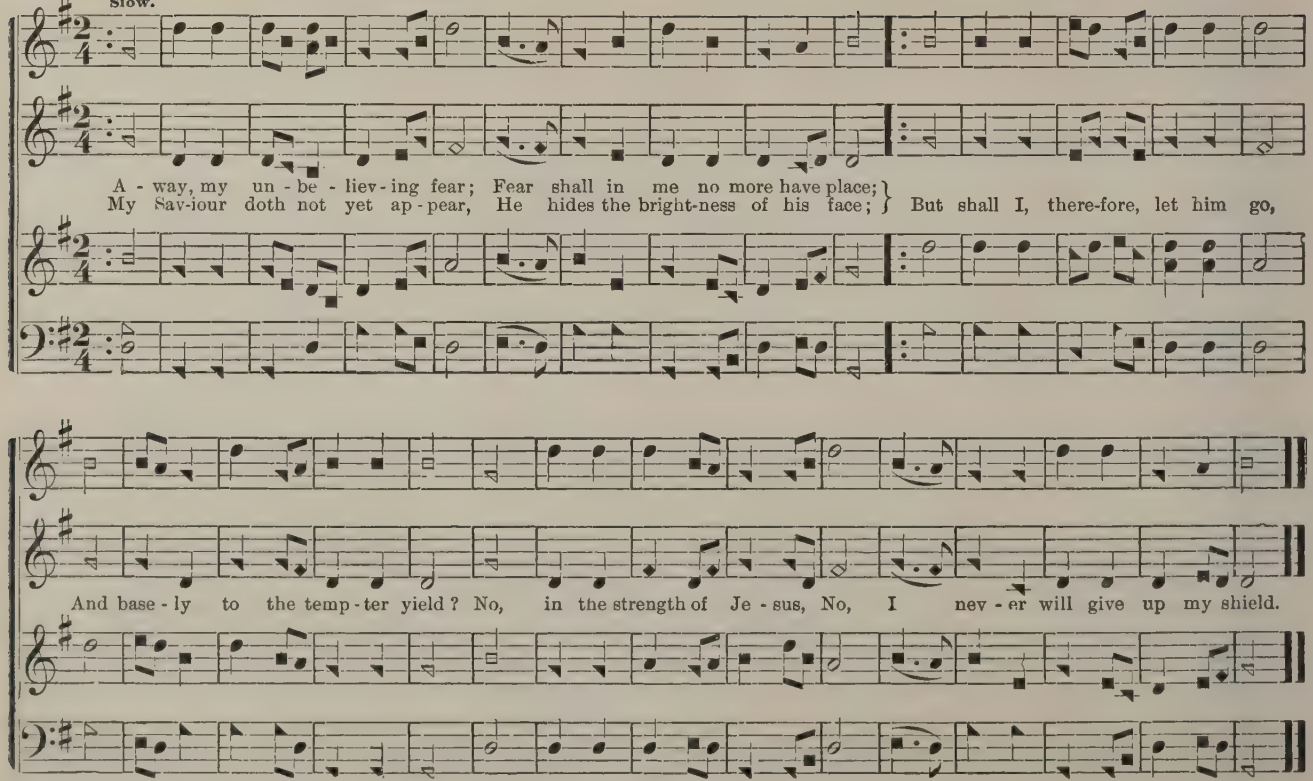
N. L. Connell.


I've no mother now, I'm weeping, she has left me here alone, Tears of sorrow long have started,
She be-neath the sod is ly - ing, Now there is no joy at home; Her bright smiles no more I see, All the loved ones,
Soft and slow.
too, have vanished, where, O where, is joy.... for me; Weep-ing lone - ly, she has left me here, Weeping lone-ly, she has left me here.


The nations, etc.
Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
The nations near the rising sun, and near the western sky.
The Lord, the Judge, before his throne Bids all the earth draw near;
Throned, etc.
The nations, etc.
Throned, etc.
1 2
Bright, etc.
Thunder and darkness, fire and smoke, lead on the dreadful day,
1 2
1 2
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and smoke, lead on the dreadful day, Thunder, etc.
1 2
Thunder, etc.

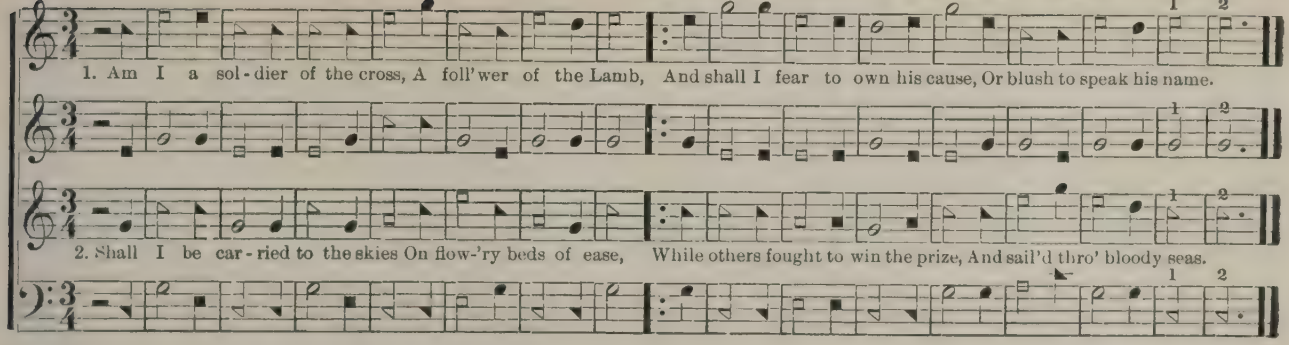
CONFIDENCE. L. M. D.

Alto by W. M. C. J. R. Turner.


Slow.
A - way, my un - be - liev - ing fear; Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Sav-iour doth not yet ap - pear, He hides the bright-ness of his face;
But shall I, there-fore, let him go,
And base - ly to the temp - ter yield? No, in the strength of Je - sus, No, I nev - er will give up my shield.

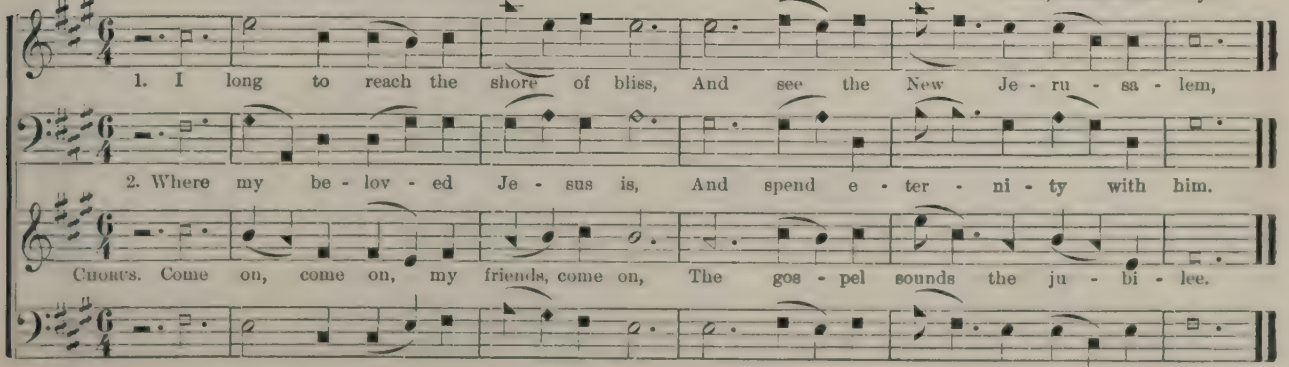
SAFETY.

Bass, Tenor and Treble by W. A. Robinett. Alto, B. P. Poyner.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name.
2. Shall I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas.

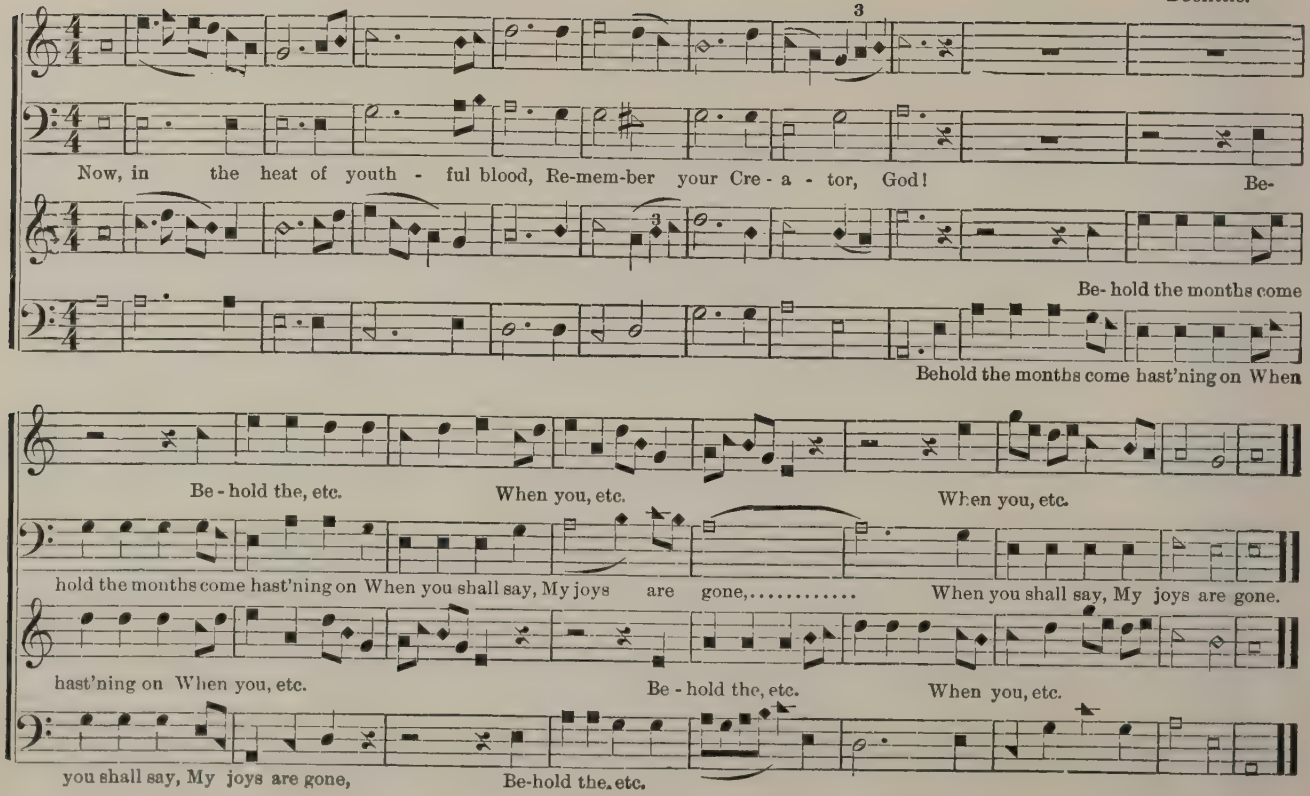
COME ON, MY FRIENDS.

Alto, Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. I long to reach the shore of bliss, And see the New Je-ru-sa-lem,
2. Where my be-lov-ed Je-sus is, And spend e-ter-ni-ty with him.
Chorus. Come on, come on, my friends, come on, The gos-pel sounds the ju-bi-lee.

EXHORTATION. L. M.

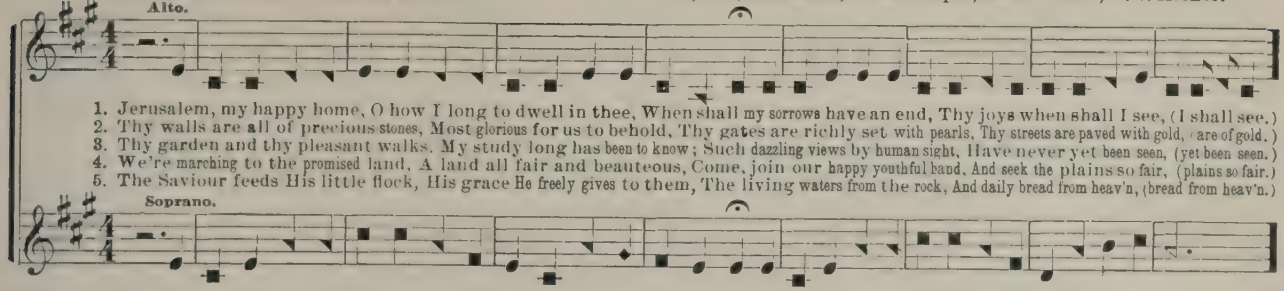
Doolittle.

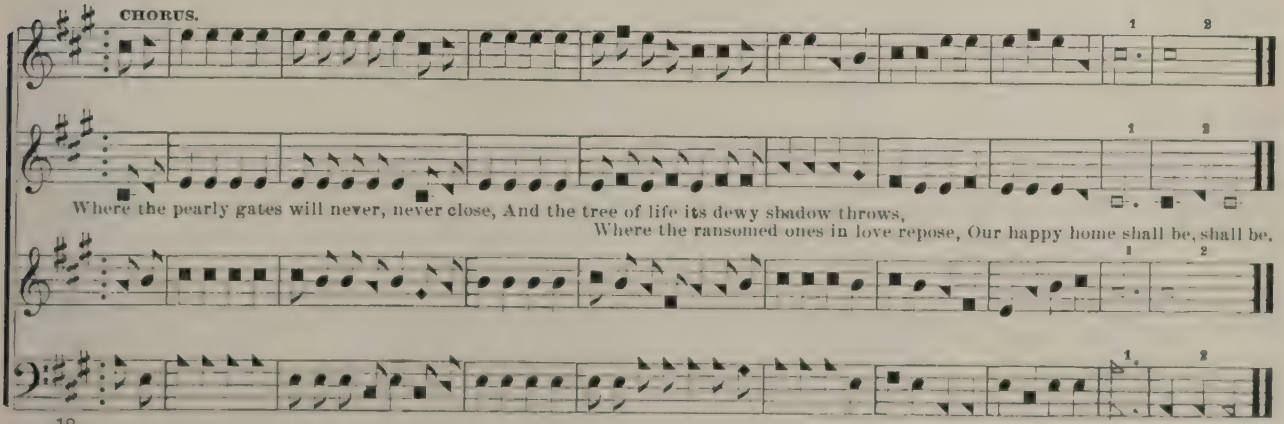

Now, in the heat of youth - ful blood, Re-mem-ber your Cre - a - tor, God!
Be-
Be- hold the months come
Behold the months come hast'ning on When
Be - hold the, etc.
When you, etc.
When you, etc.
hold the months come hast'ning on When you shall say, My joys are gone,.....
When you shall say, My joys are gone.
hast'ning on When you, etc.
Be - hold the, etc.
When you, etc.
you shall say, My joys are gone,
Be-hold the, etc.

PEARLY GATES.

Soprano and Alto Duet. For ladies to sing.

Bass, alto, and treble, W. M. Cooper, 1907. Tenor, A. S. Kieffer.


Alto.
1. Jerusalem, my happy home, O how I long to dwell in thee, When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see, (I shall see.)
2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glorious for us to behold, Thy gates are richly set with pearls, Thy streets are paved with gold, (are of gold.)
3. Thy garden and thy pleasant walks, My study long has been to know; Such dazzling views by human sight, Have never yet been seen, (yet been seen.)
4. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and beauteous, Come, join our happy youthful band, And seek the plains so fair, (plains so fair.)
5. The Saviour feeds His little flock, His grace He freely gives to them, The living waters from the rock, And daily bread from heav'n, (bread from heav'n.)
Soprano.


CHORUS.
1 2
1 2
Where the pearly gates will never, never close, And the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,
Where the ransomed ones in love repose, Our happy home shall be, shall be.
1 2
1. 2

THE GOLDEN HARP. L. M.

J. P. Rees.

Fine. CHORUS. D. C.

1. Farewell, vain world, I'm go - ing home To play on the golden harp;
My Saviour smiles and bids me come To play on the golden harp. } To play on the gold-en harp, To play on the gold-en harp,

CHO.—I want to be where Je - sus is, To play on the golden harp.

Sweet an - gels beck - on me a - way To play on the gold-en harp;
To sing God's praise in end-less day, To play on the gold-en harp.

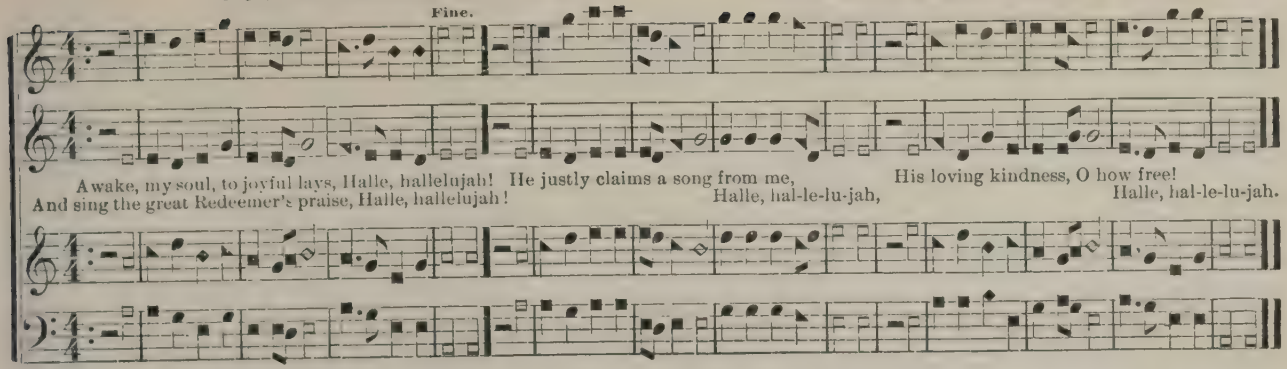
BALDWIN. C. M.

J. D. Arnold. Alto by B. P. Poyner.

1. That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand be-fore my Judge, And pass the sol-emn test.

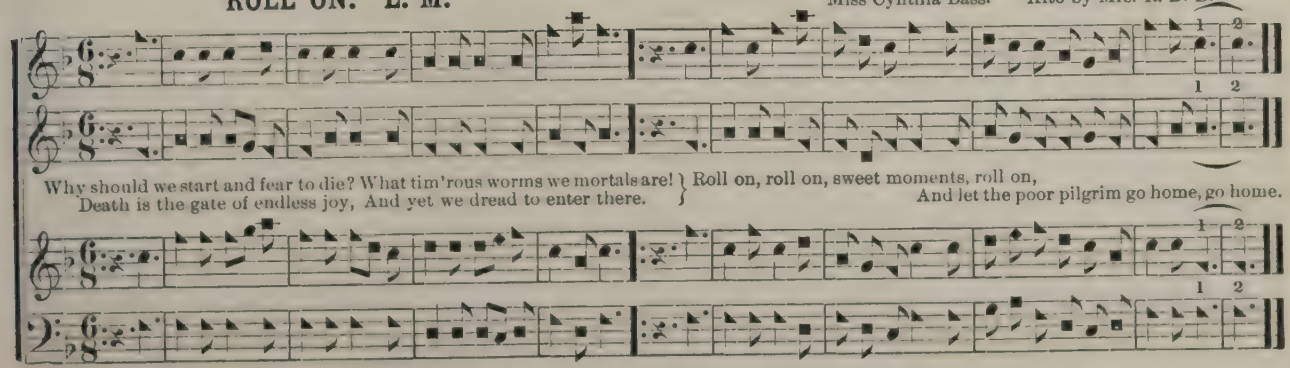
LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

J. L. P. and S. R. Penick. Alto by W. M. Cooper.


Fine.
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, Halle, hallelujah! He justly claims a song from me, His loving kindness, O how free!
And sing the great Redeemer's praise, Halle, hallelujah! Halle, hal-le-lu-jah, Halle, hal-le-lu-jah.

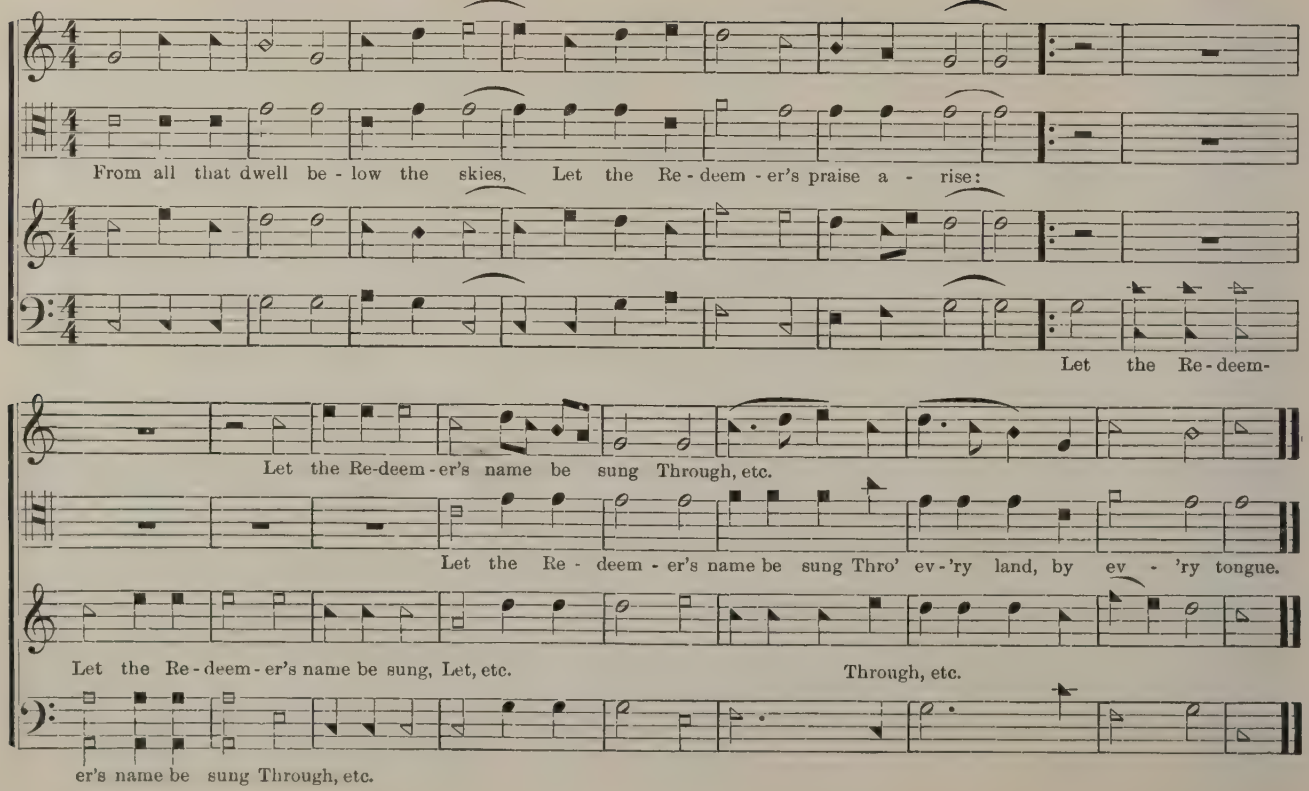
ROLL ON. L. M.

Miss Cynthia Bass. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on, And let the poor pilgrim go home, go home.

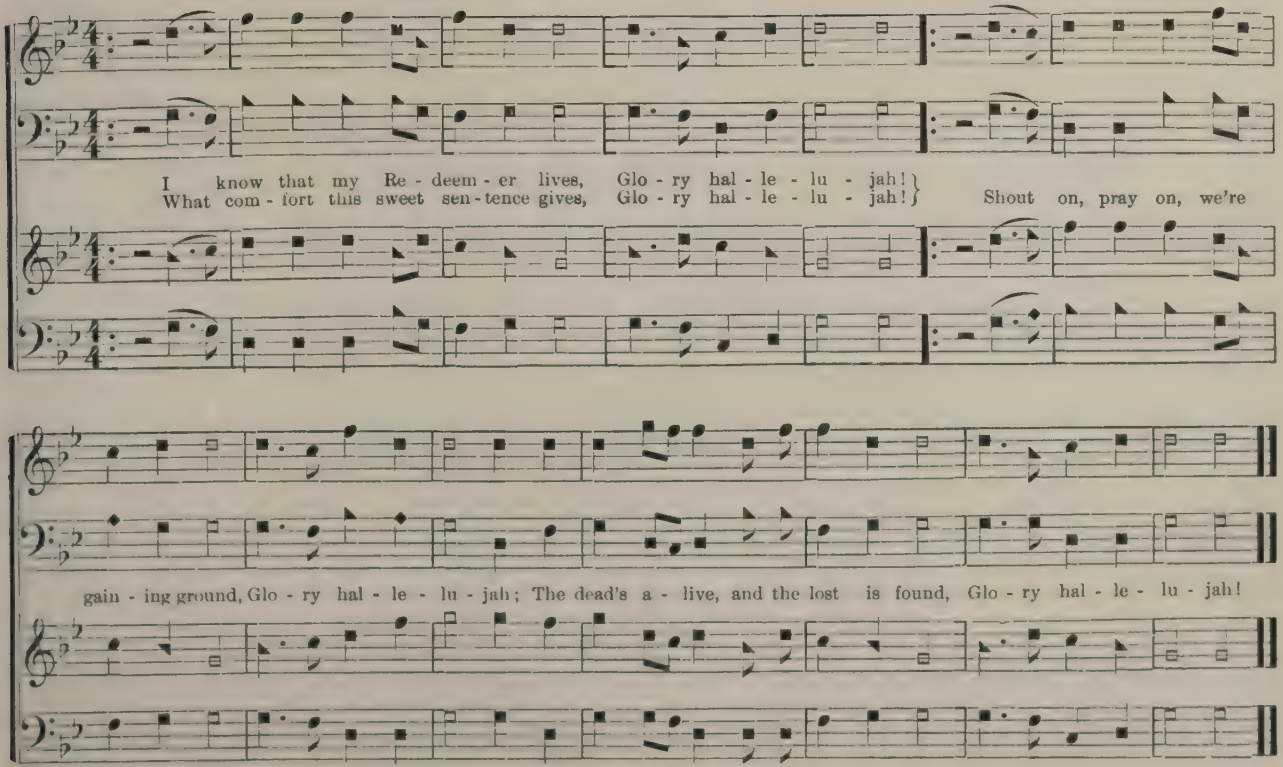
BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

Edson.


From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Re - deem - er's praise a - rise:
Let the Re-deem-
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Through, etc.
Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Let, etc.
Through, etc.
er's name be sung Through, etc.

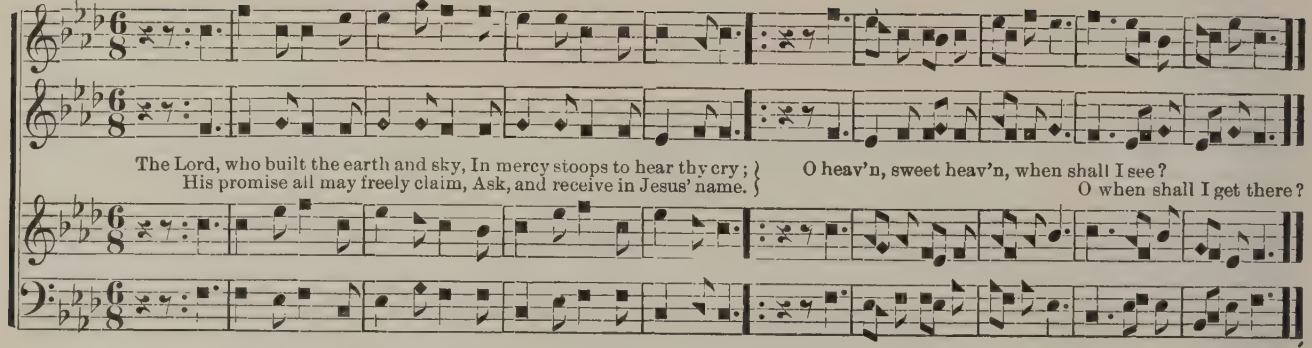
ANTIOCH. L. M.

J. W. and W. R. McCoy.


I know that my Re - deem - er lives, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
What com - fort this sweet sen - tence gives, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Shout on, pray on, we're
gain - ing ground, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah; The dead's a - live, and the lost is found, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

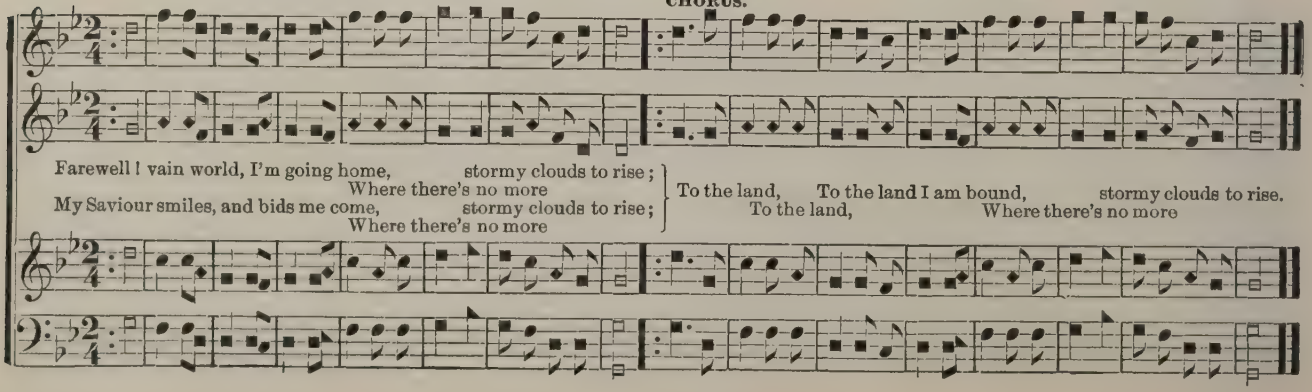
SWEET HEAVEN. L. M.

Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.

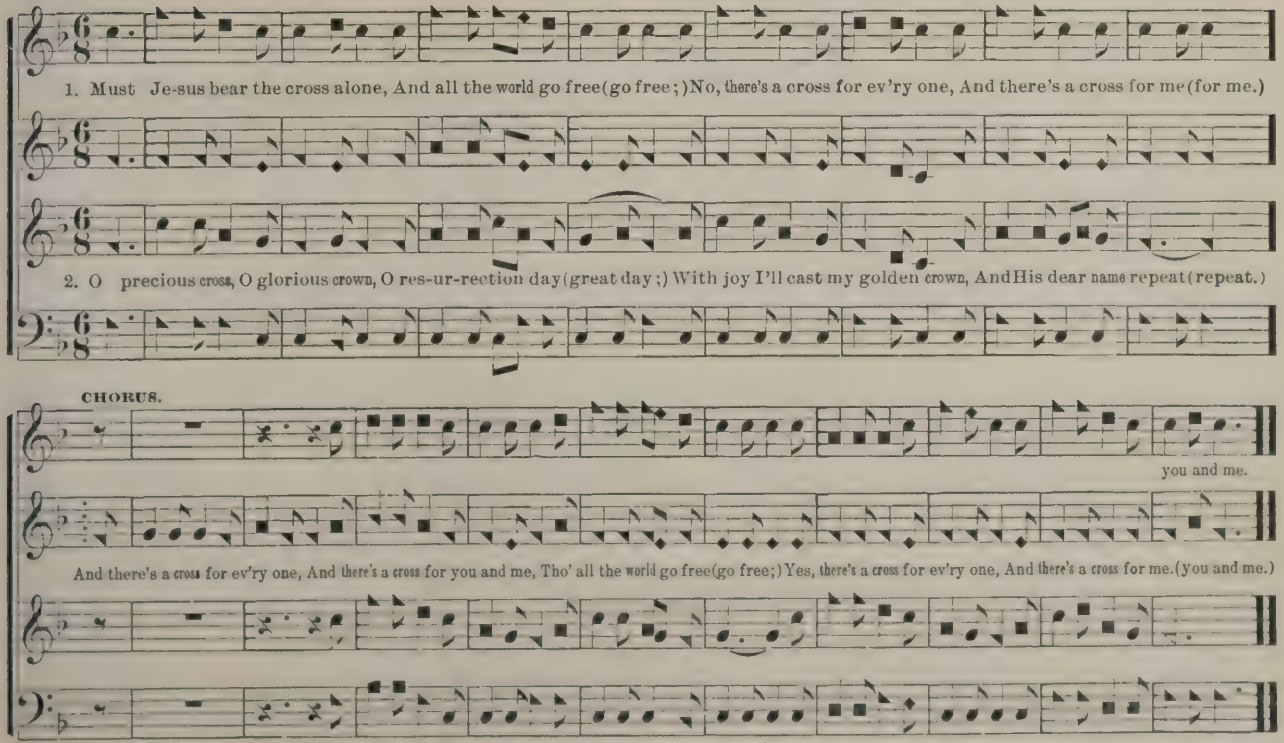

The Lord, who built the earth and sky, In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim, Ask, and receive in Jesus' name.
O heav'n, sweet heav'n, when shall I see?
O when shall I get there?

TRAVELING PILGRIM. L. M.

S. H. Rees. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.

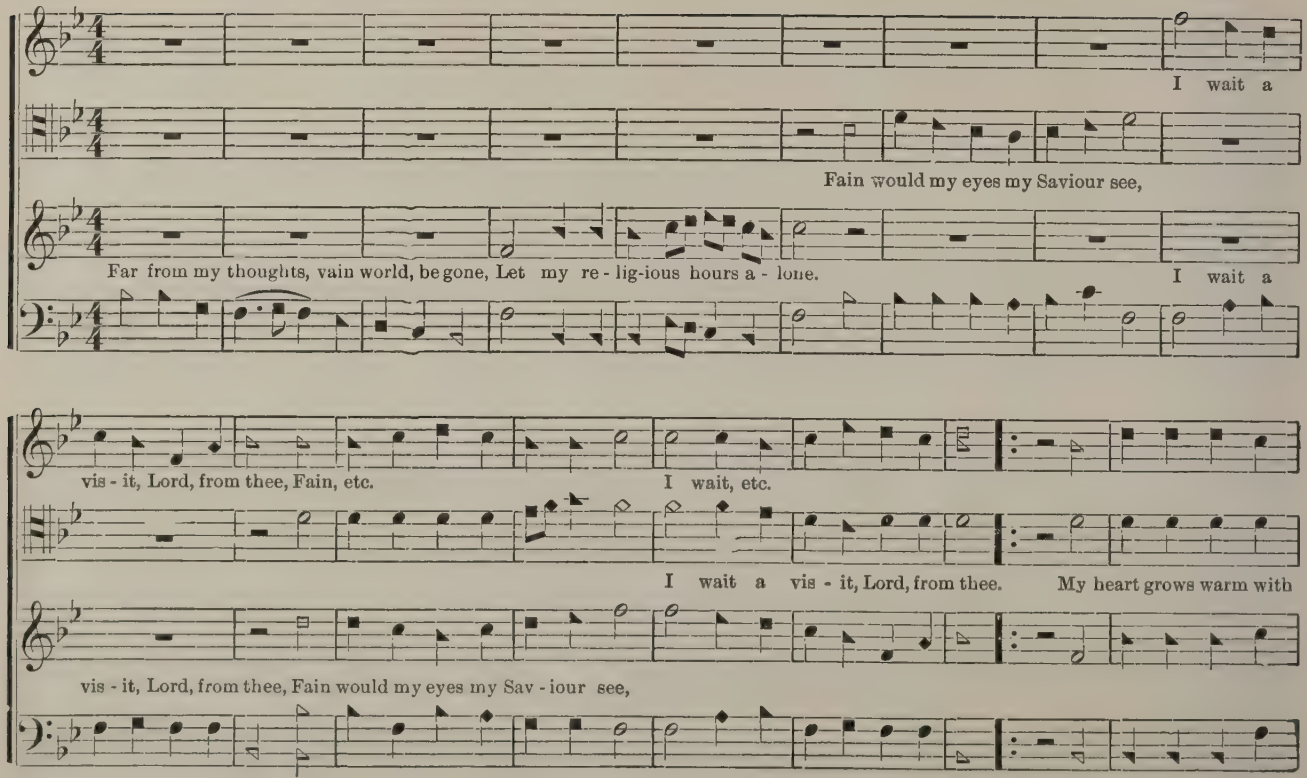

CHORUS.
Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, stormy clouds to rise;
Where there's no more
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come, stormy clouds to rise;
Where there's no more
To the land, To the land I am bound, stormy clouds to rise.
To the land, Where there's no more

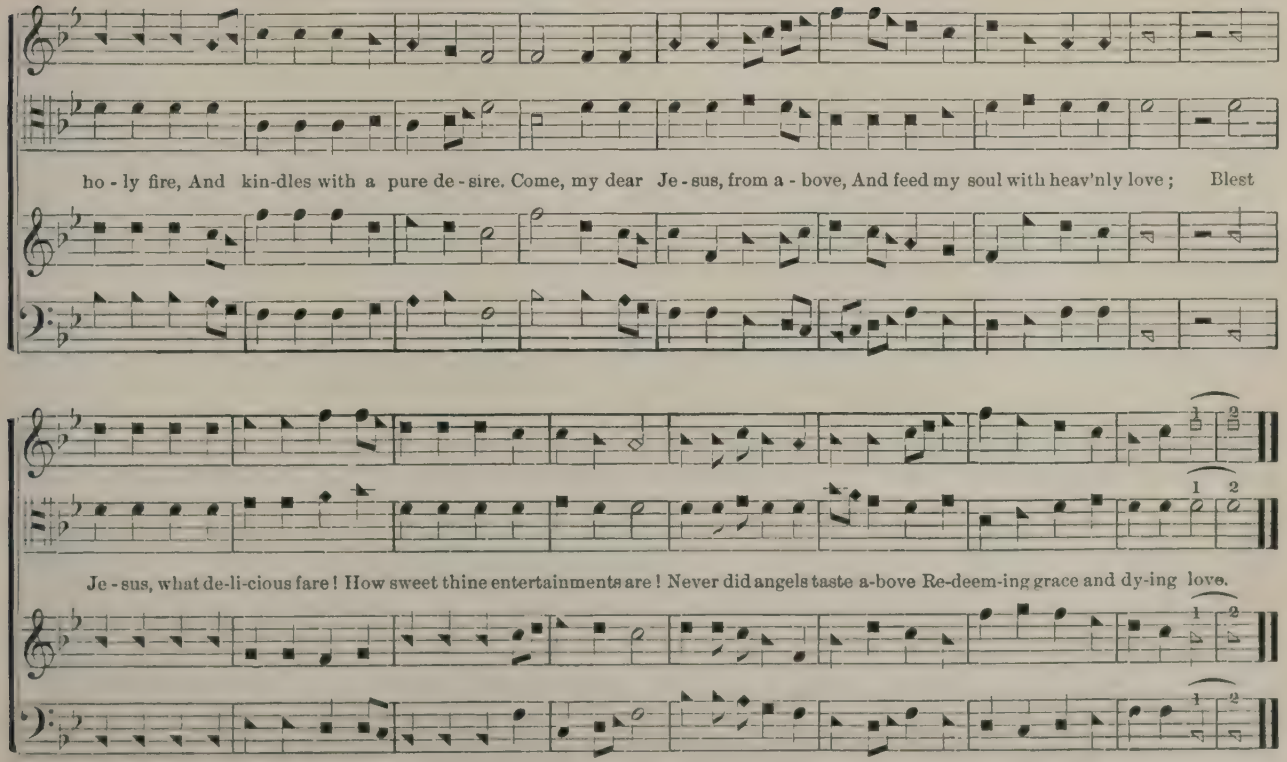
CROSS FOR YOU AND ME.

Treble, W. H. Terry. Alto, Bertie Andrews. Bass and Tenor, W. M. Cooper.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free (go free;) No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me (for me.)
2. O precious cross, O glorious crown, O res-ur-rection day (great day;) With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name repeat (repeat.)
CHORUS.
you and me.
And there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for you and me, Tho' all the world go free (go free;) Yes, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me. (you and me.)

VAIN WORLD, BE GONE.

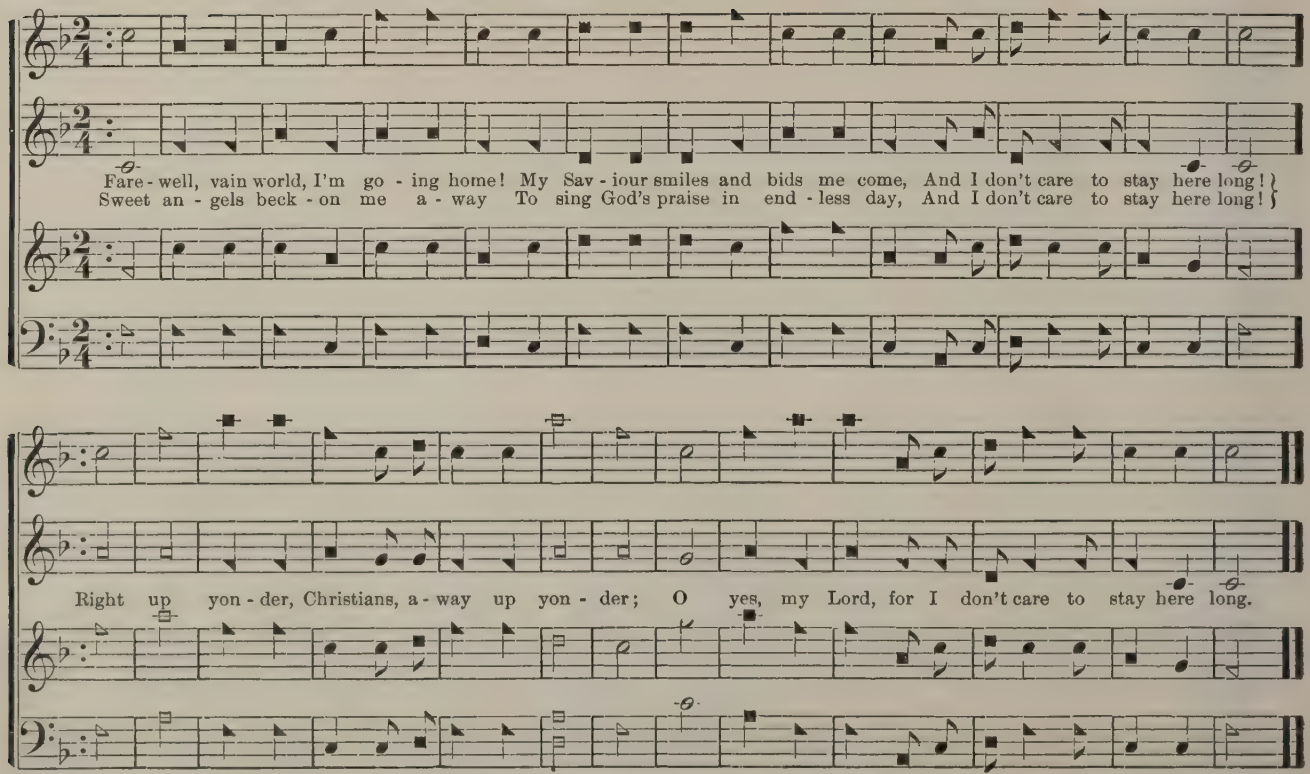
Read.


I wait a
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re - lig-ious hours a - lone.
I wait a
vis - it, Lord, from thee, Fain, etc.
I wait, etc.
I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.
My heart grows warm with
vis - it, Lord, from thee, Fain would my eyes my Sav - iour see,


ho - ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire. Come, my dear Je - sus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heav'nly love; Blest
Je - sus, what de-li-cious fare! How sweet thine entertainments are! Never did angels taste a-bove Re-deem-ing grace and dy-ing love.

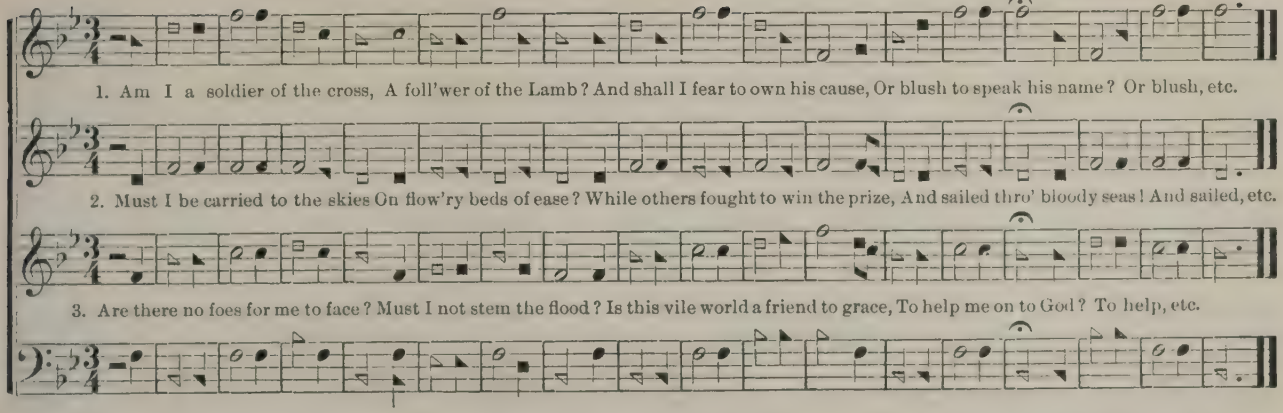
I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

Leonard P. Breedlove. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.


Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home! My Sav - iour smiles and bids me come, And I don't care to stay here long!
Sweet an - gels beck - on me a - way To sing God's praise in end - less day, And I don't care to stay here long!
Right up yon - der, Christians, a - way up yon - der; O yes, my Lord, for I don't care to stay here long.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M.

Transposed by Clara Atkinson. Alto by B. P. Poyner.


1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush, etc.
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease? While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas! And sailed, etc.
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help, etc.

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HOW SWEET THE NAME. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

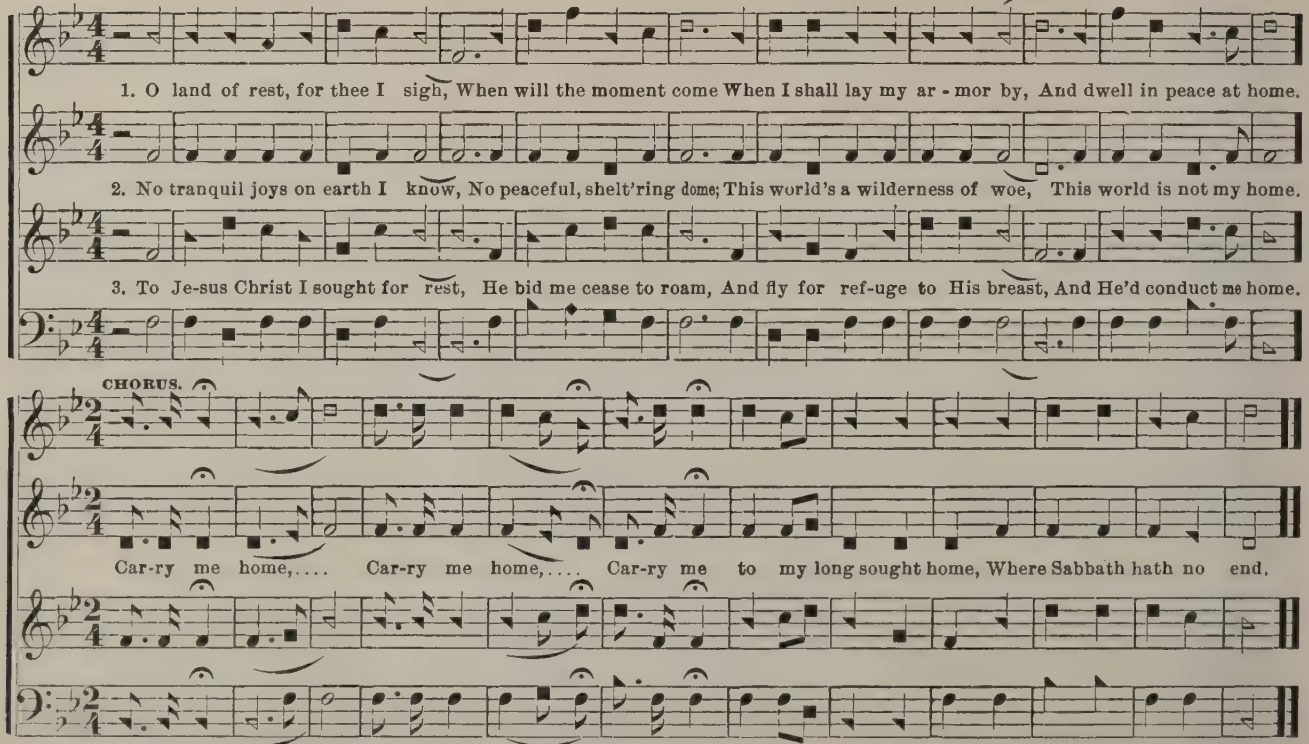
4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

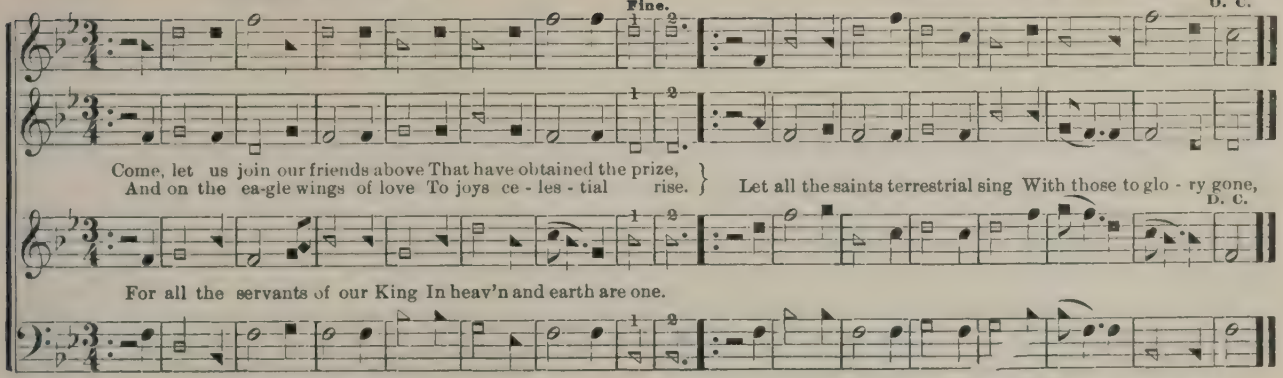
Rev. W. A. Cumbie. 1907.*


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home.
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome; This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I sought for rest, He bid me cease to roam, And fly for ref-uge to His breast, And He'd conduct me home.
CHORUS.
Car-ry me home,.... Car-ry me home,.... Car-ry me to my long sought home, Where Sabbath hath no end.

*A gospel preacher of wonderful power and rare gifts, having served his God more than three score years. He is now ready for the summons, "Come, thou faithful servant." Brother Cumbie, this little inscription is from one who loves you.

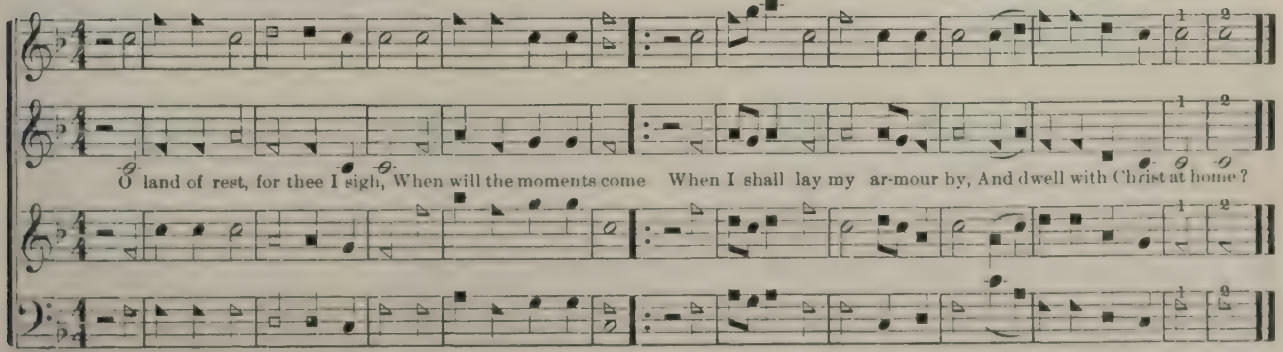
ARNOLD. C. M.

L. P. Breedlove. Alto, W. L. McGee.


Fine.
D. C.
Come, let us join our friends above That have obtained the prize,
And on the ea-gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing With those to glo - ry gone,
D. C.
For all the servants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

LAND OF REST. C. M.

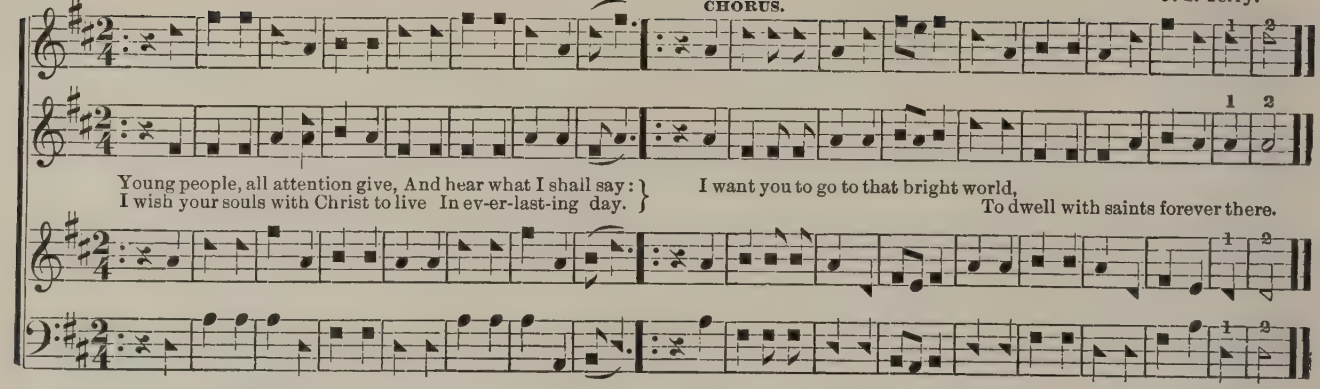
H. S. Rees. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.



SAINTS' REQUEST. C. M.

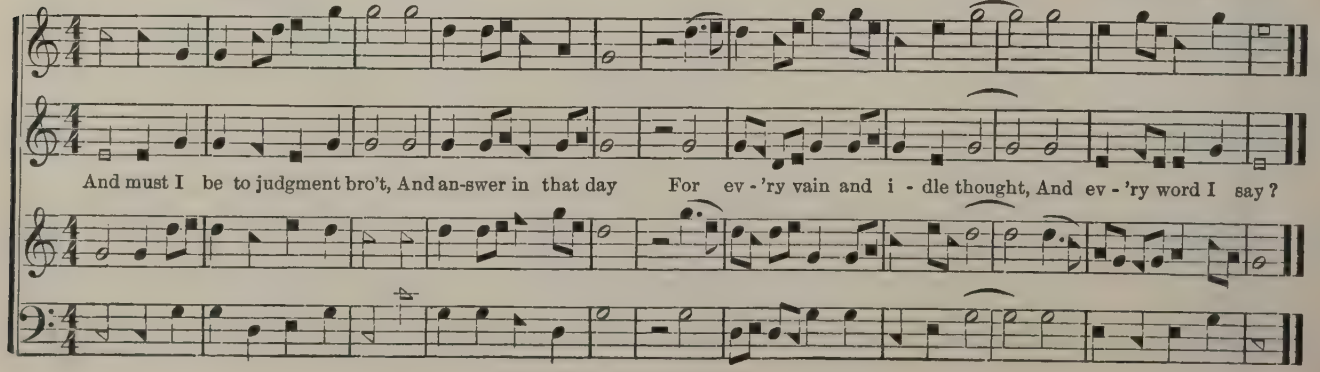
CHORUS.

J. S. Terry.


Young people, all attention give, And hear what I shall say:
I wish your souls with Christ to live In ev-er-last-ing day.
I want you to go to that bright world,
To dwell with saints forever there.

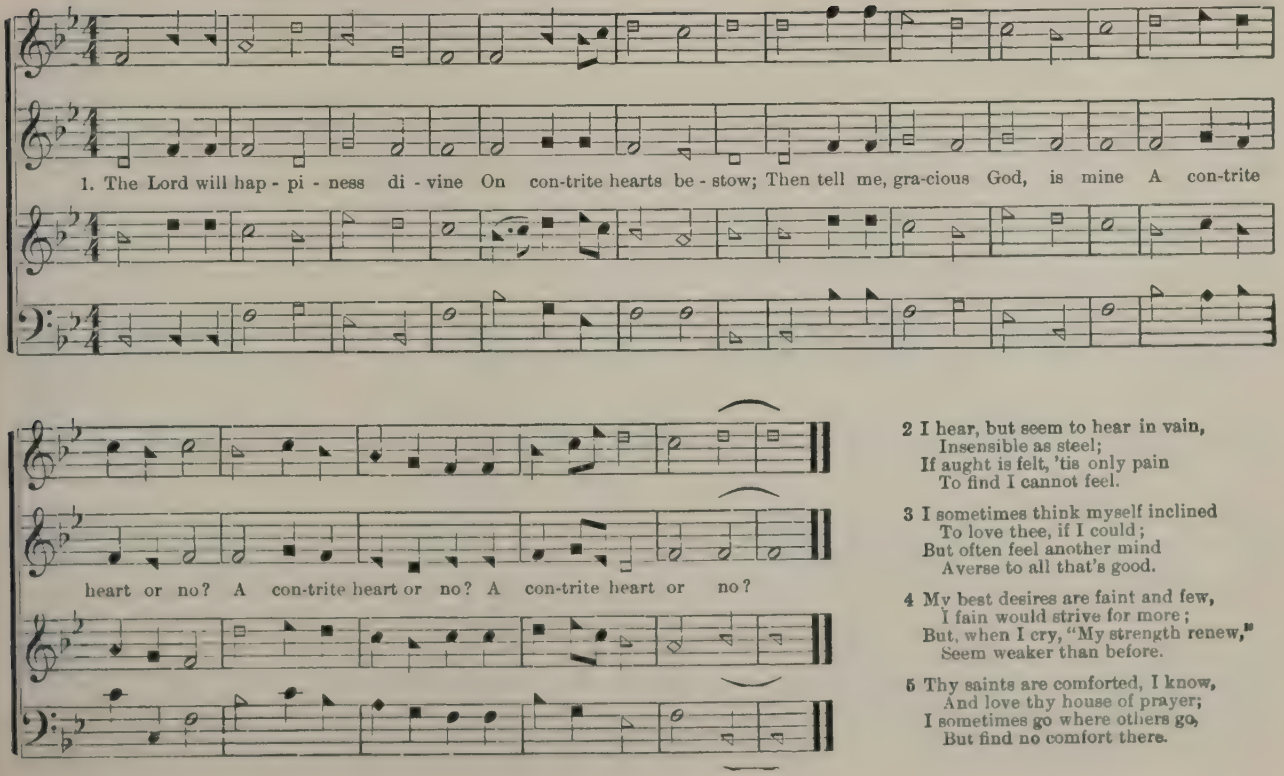
MELODY. C. M.

B. F. White. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

Arr. by Clara Atkinson.


1. The Lord will hap - pi - ness di - vine On con-trite hearts be - stow; Then tell me, gra-cious God, is mine A con-trite
heart or no? A con-trite heart or no? A con-trite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

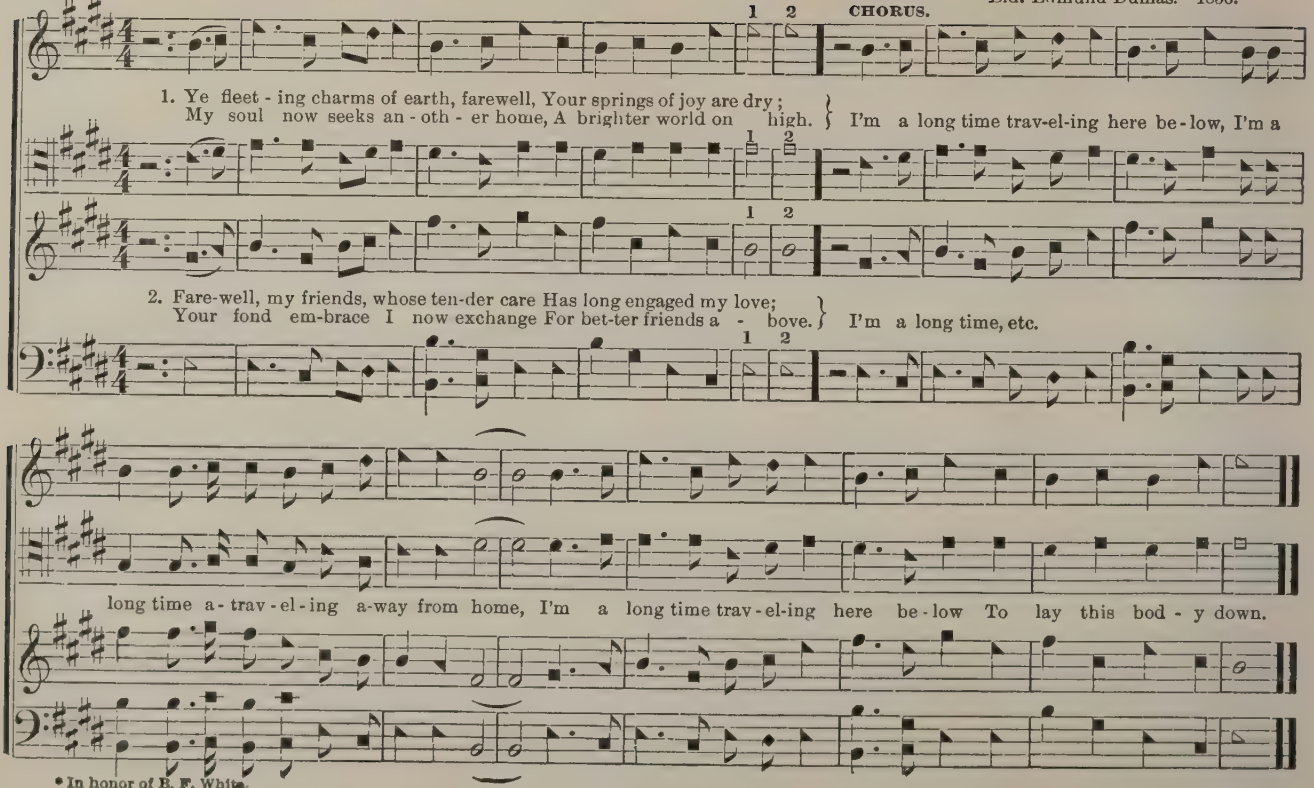
3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

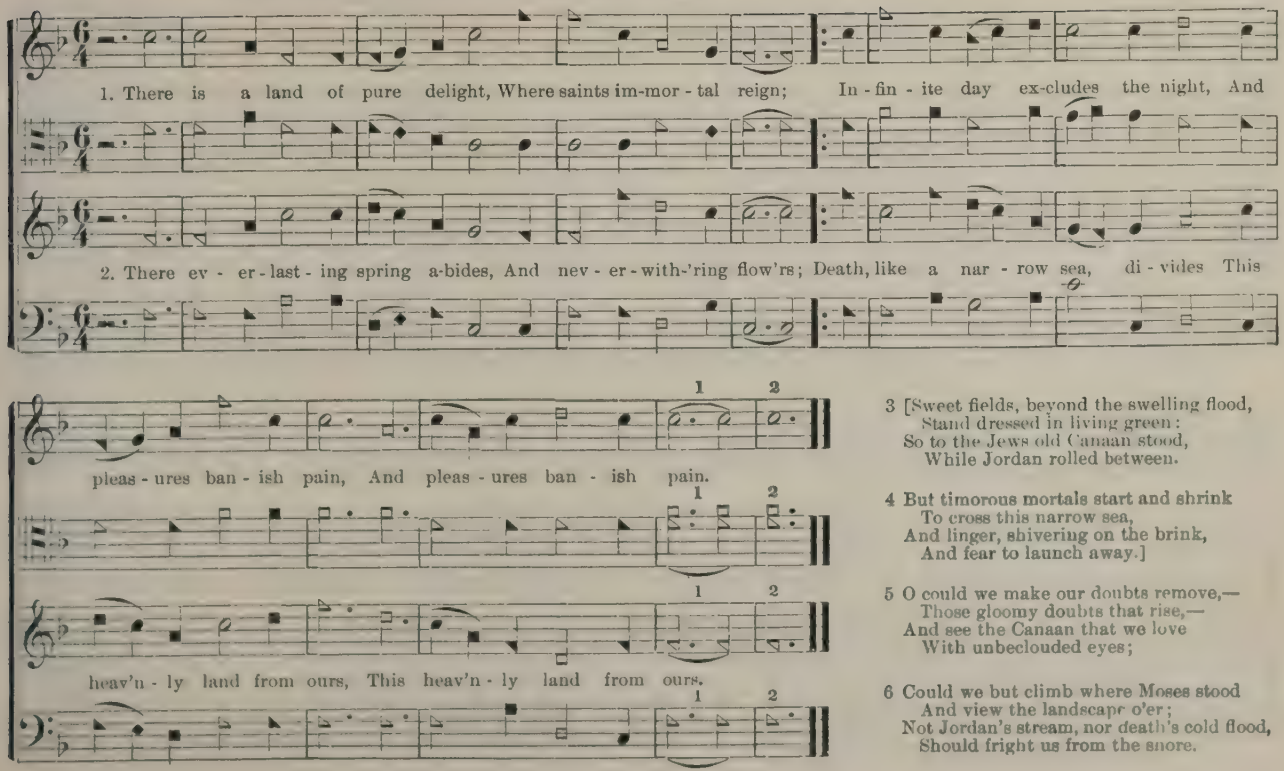
5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

WHITE.* C. M.

Eld. Edmund Dumas. 1856.


1 2
CHORUS.
1. Ye fleet - ing charms of earth, farewell, Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks an - oth - er home, A brighter world on high.
I'm a long time trav-el-ing here be-low, I'm a
2. Fare-well, my friends, whose ten-der care Has long engaged my love;
Your fond em-brace I now exchange For bet-ter friends a - bove.
I'm a long time, etc.
long time a - trav - el - ing a-way from home, I'm a long time trav - el-ing here be - low To lay this bod - y down.

* In honor of B. F. White.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor - tal reign; In - fin - ite day ex-cludes the night, And
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - with-'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This
1 2
pleas - ures ban - ish pain, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
heav'n - ly land from ours, This heav'n - ly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

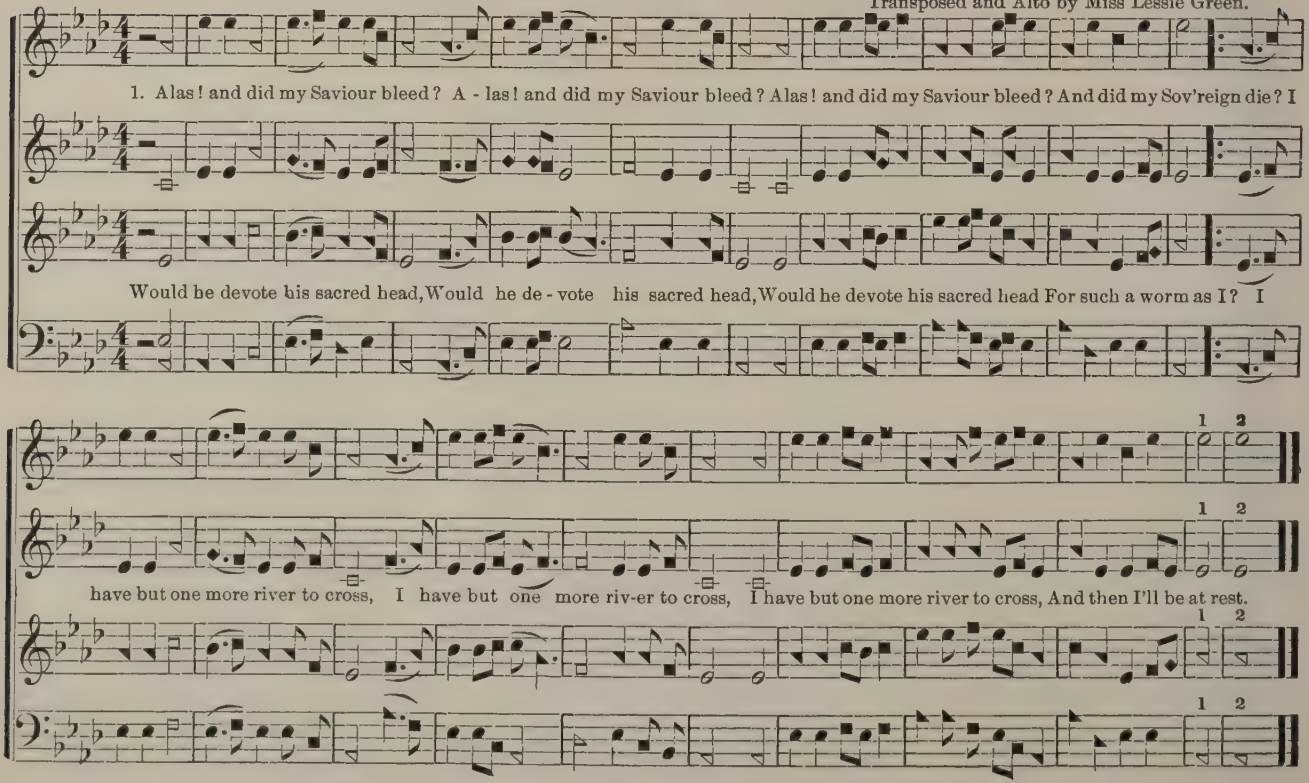
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 O could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

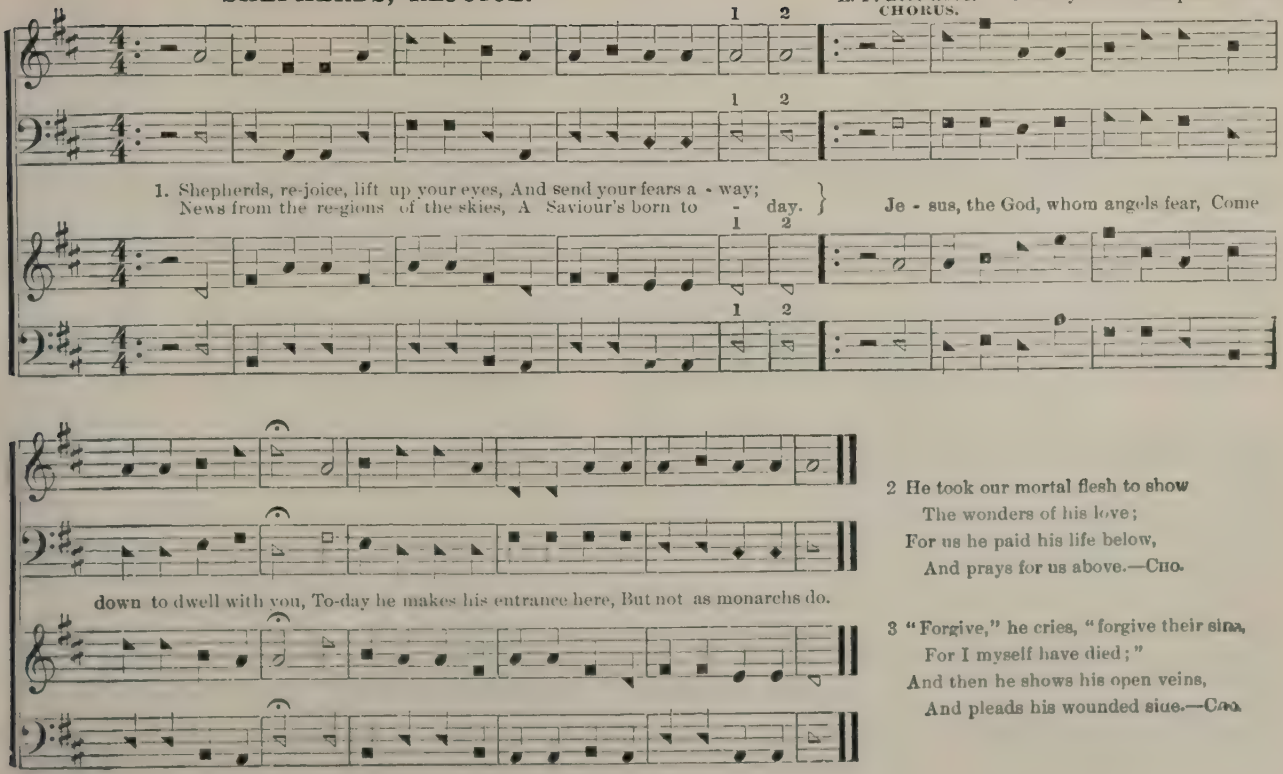
ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

L. P. Breedlove.
Transposed and Alto by Miss Lessie Green.


1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? I
Would he devote his sacred head, Would he de - vote his sacred head, Would he devote his sacred head For such a worm as I? I
1 2
have but one more river to cross, I have but one more riv-er to cross, I have but one more river to cross, And then I'll be at rest.

SHEPHERDS, REJOICE.

L. P. Breedlove. Alto by W. M. Cooper.


CHORUS.
1. Shepherds, re-joice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way;
News from the re-gions of the skies, A Saviour's born to - day.
Je - sus, the God, whom angels fear, Come
down to dwell with you, To-day he makes his entrance here, But not as monarchs do.

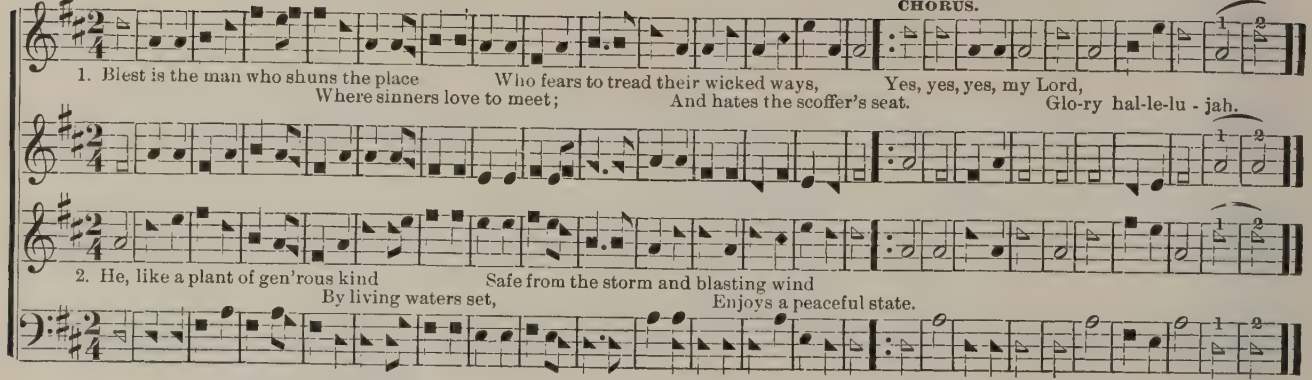
2 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.—Cho.

3 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his open veins,
And pleads his wounded side.—Cho.

HAPPY DAY.

R. F. M. Mann. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.

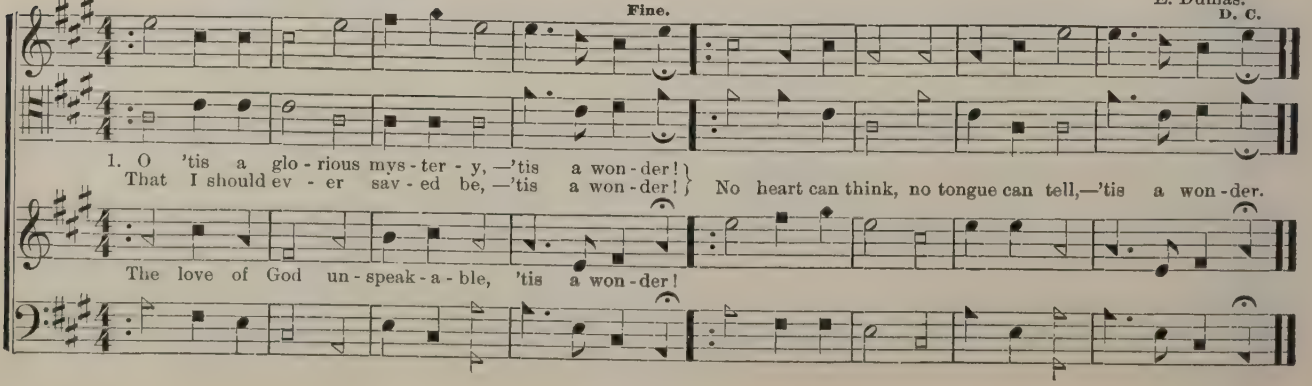
CHORUS.


1. Blest is the man who shuns the place Who fears to tread their wicked ways, Yes, yes, yes, my Lord,
Where sinners love to meet; And hates the scoffer's seat. Glo-ry hal-le-lu - jah.
2. He, like a plant of gen'rous kind Safe from the storm and blasting wind
By living waters set, Enjoys a peaceful state.

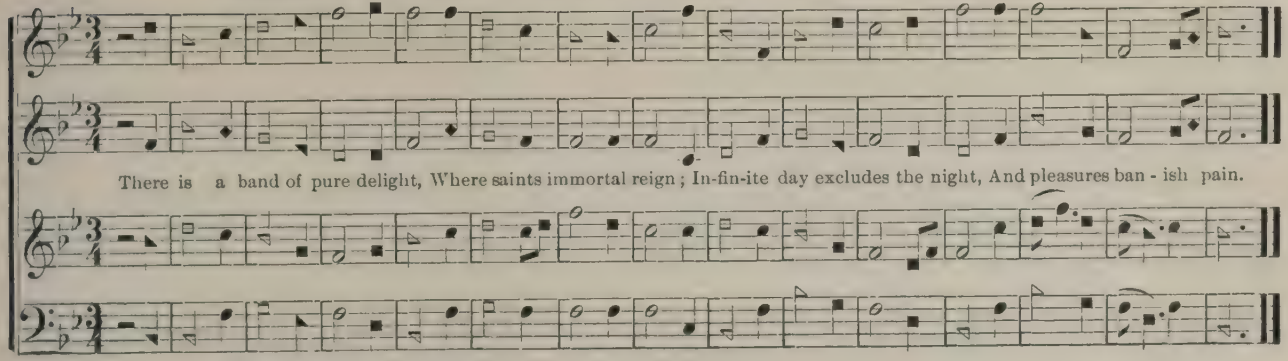
THE WONDER.

E. Dumas.

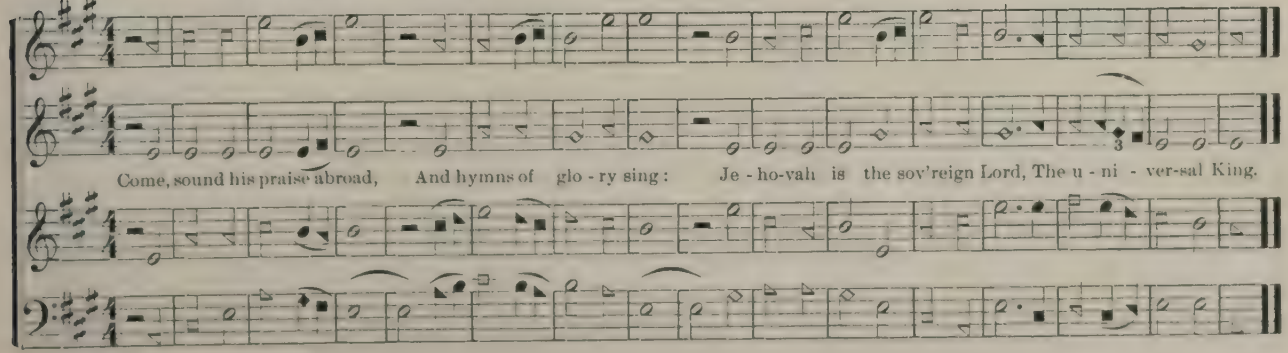
Fine. D. C.


1. O 'tis a glo - rious mys - ter - y, —'tis a won - der!
That I should ev - er sav - ed be, —'tis a won - der! No heart can think, no tongue can tell,—'tis a won - der.
The love of God un - speak - a - ble, 'tis a won - der!

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT. C. M. Arr. by B. F. White. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.

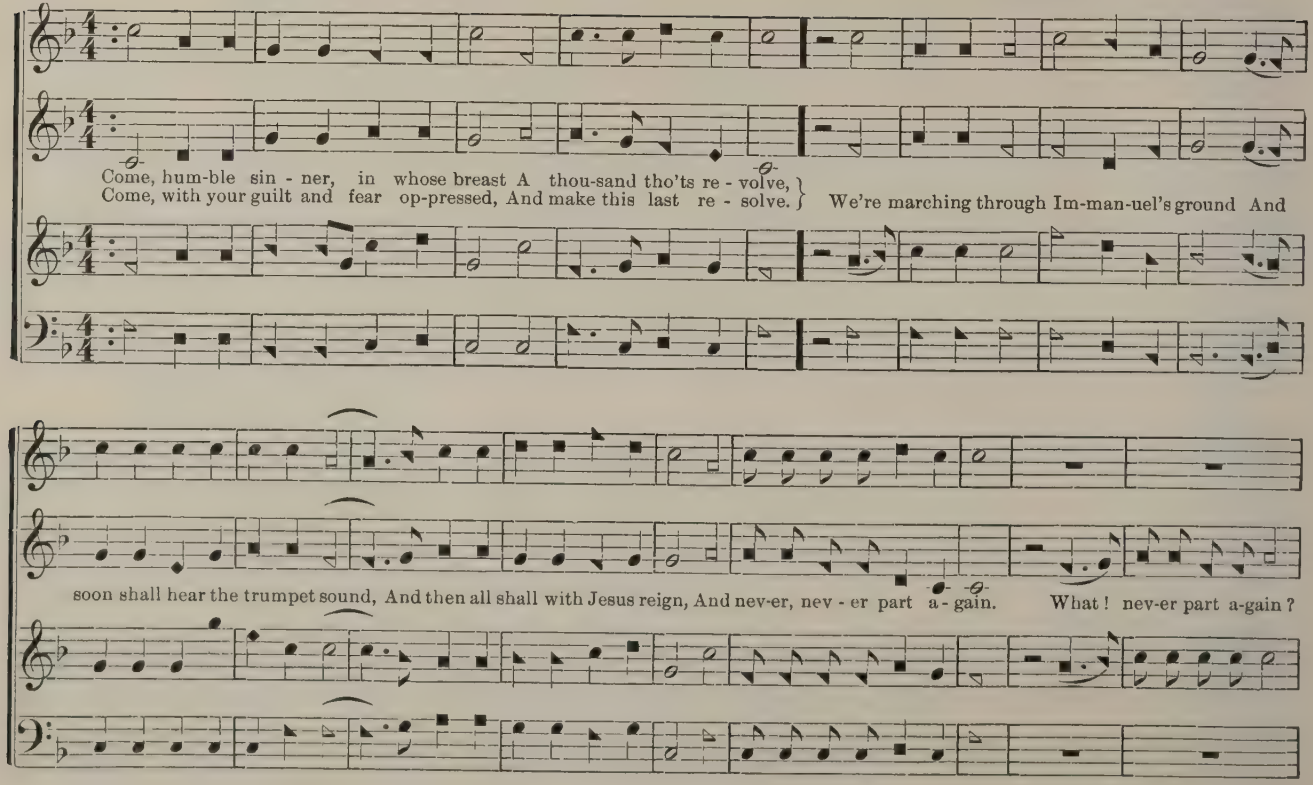


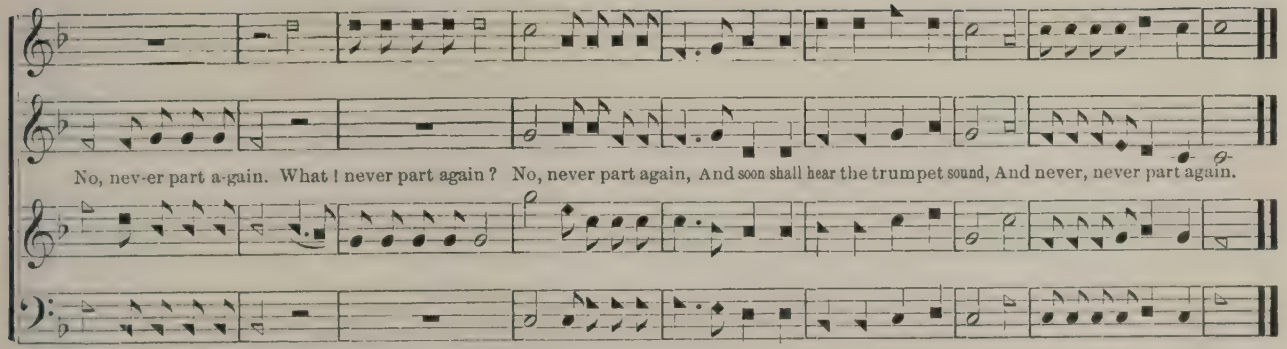
ST. THOMAS. S. M.



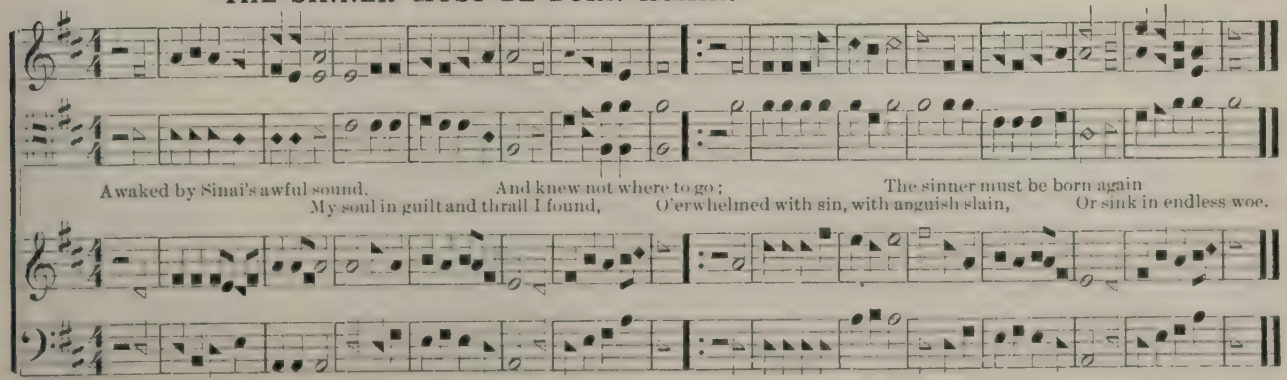
NEVER PART. C. M.

John Carwell. Mrs. R. D. B.


Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re - volve,
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve.
We're marching through Im-man-uel's ground And
soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And then all shall with Jesus reign, And nev-er, nev - er part a - gain.
What! nev-er part a-gain?

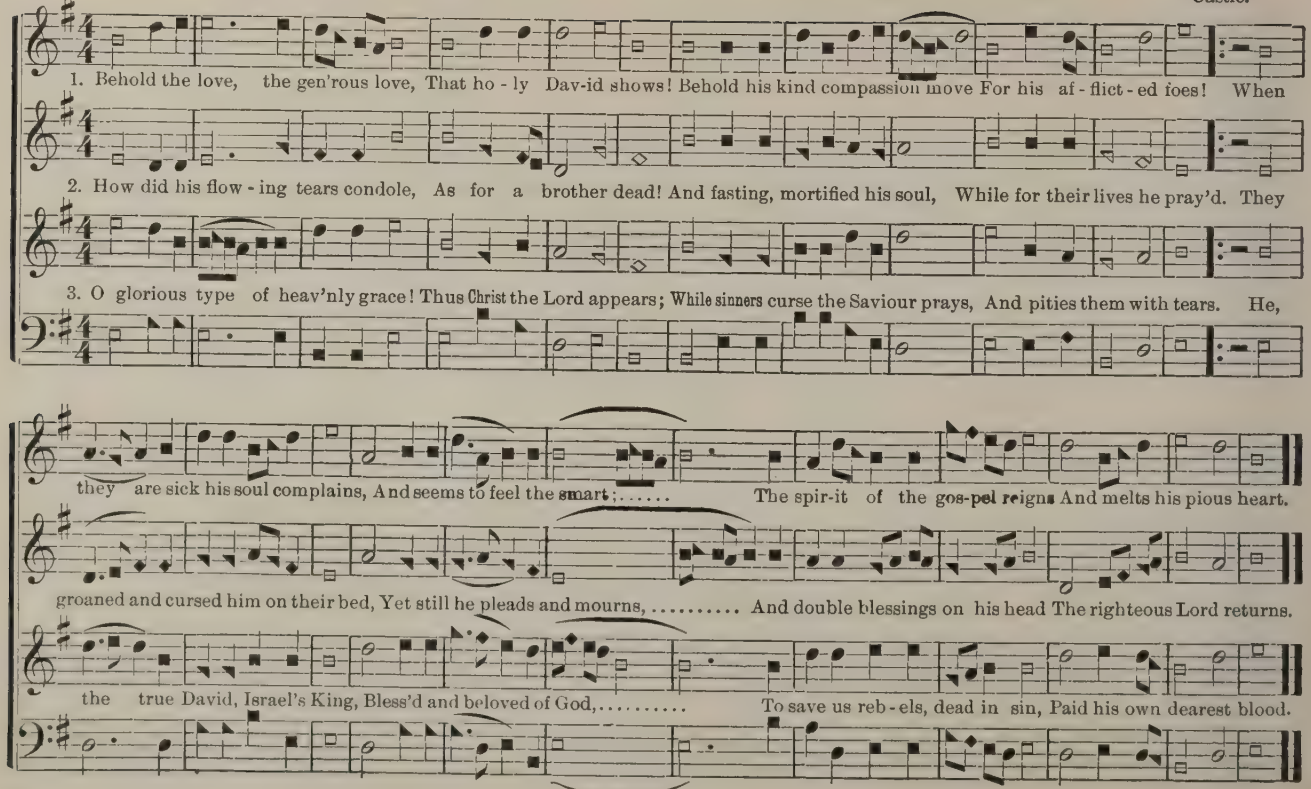
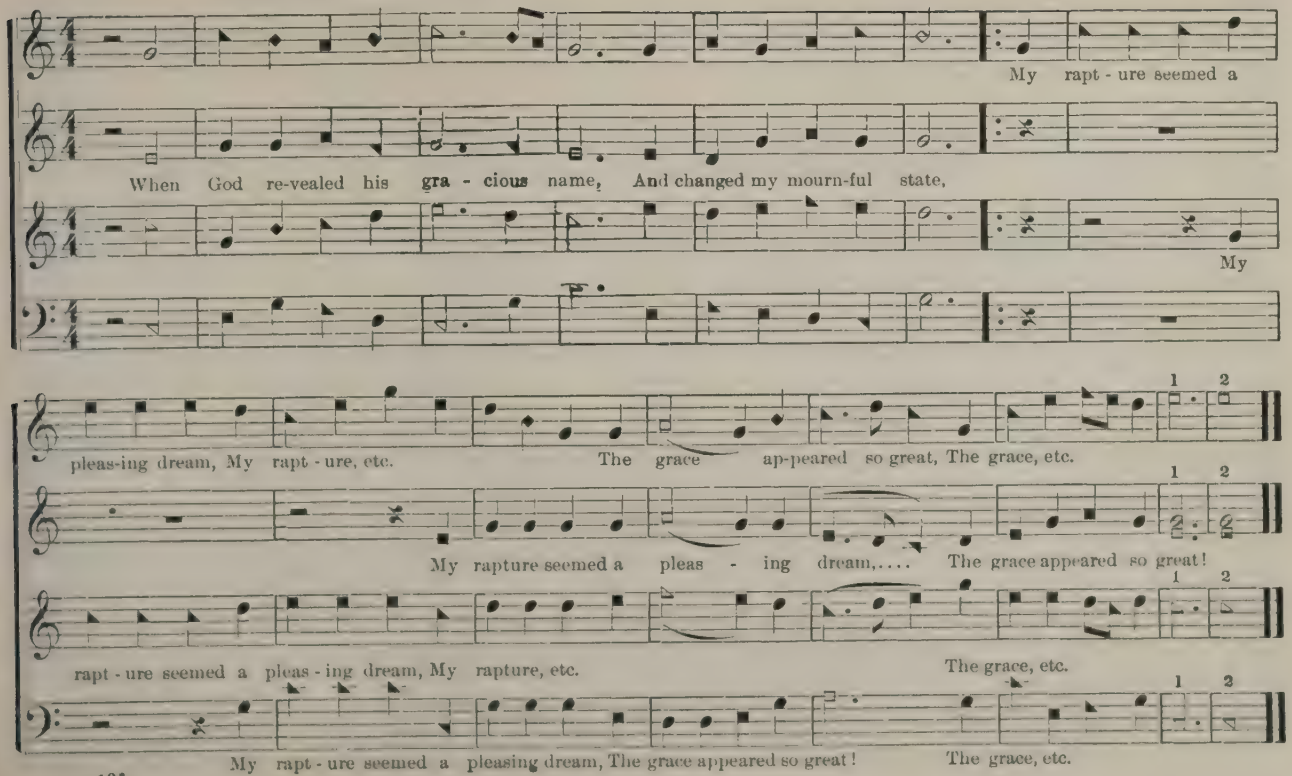

No, nev-er part a-gain. What! never part again? No, never part again, And soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And never, never part again.

THE SINNER MUST BE BORN AGAIN.


Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, And knew not where to go; The sinner must be born again
My soul in guilt and thrall I found, O'erwhelmed with sin, with anguish slain, Or sink in endless woe.

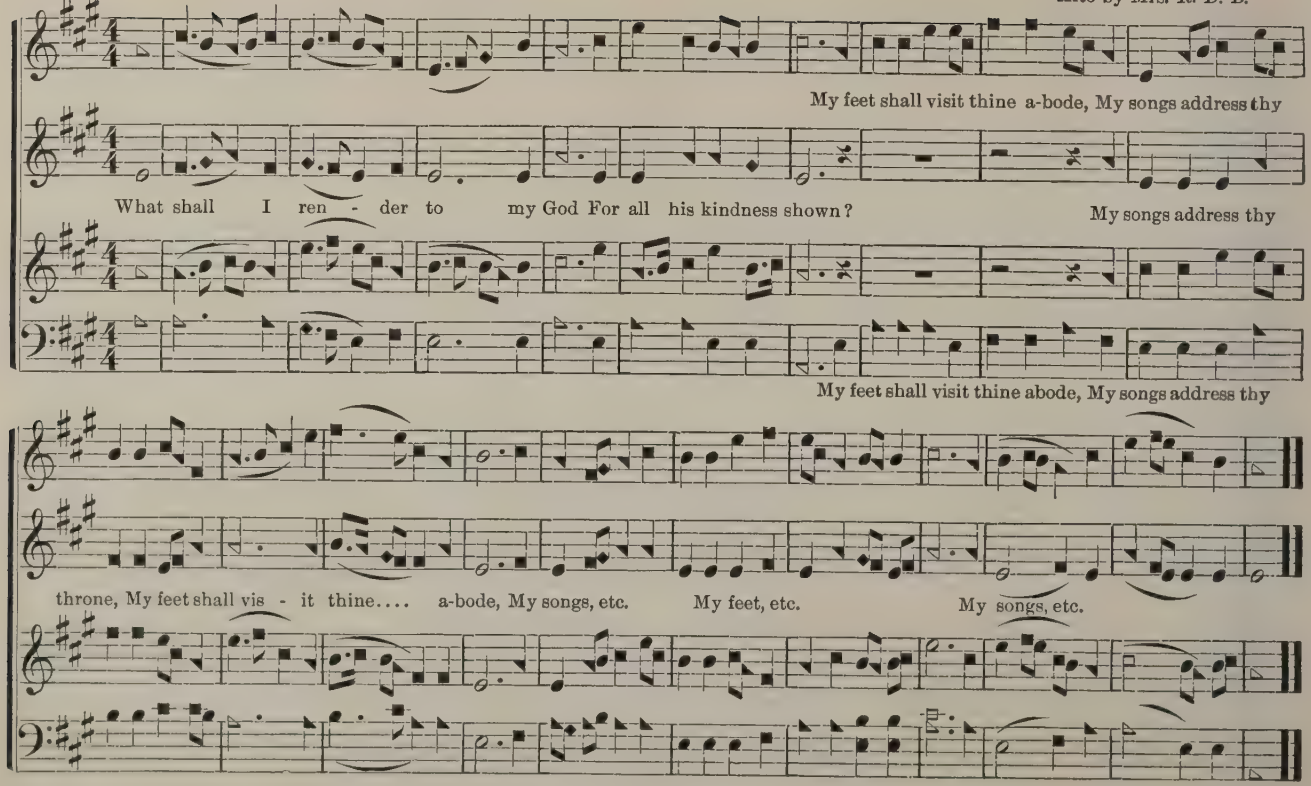
SARDINIA. C. M. D.

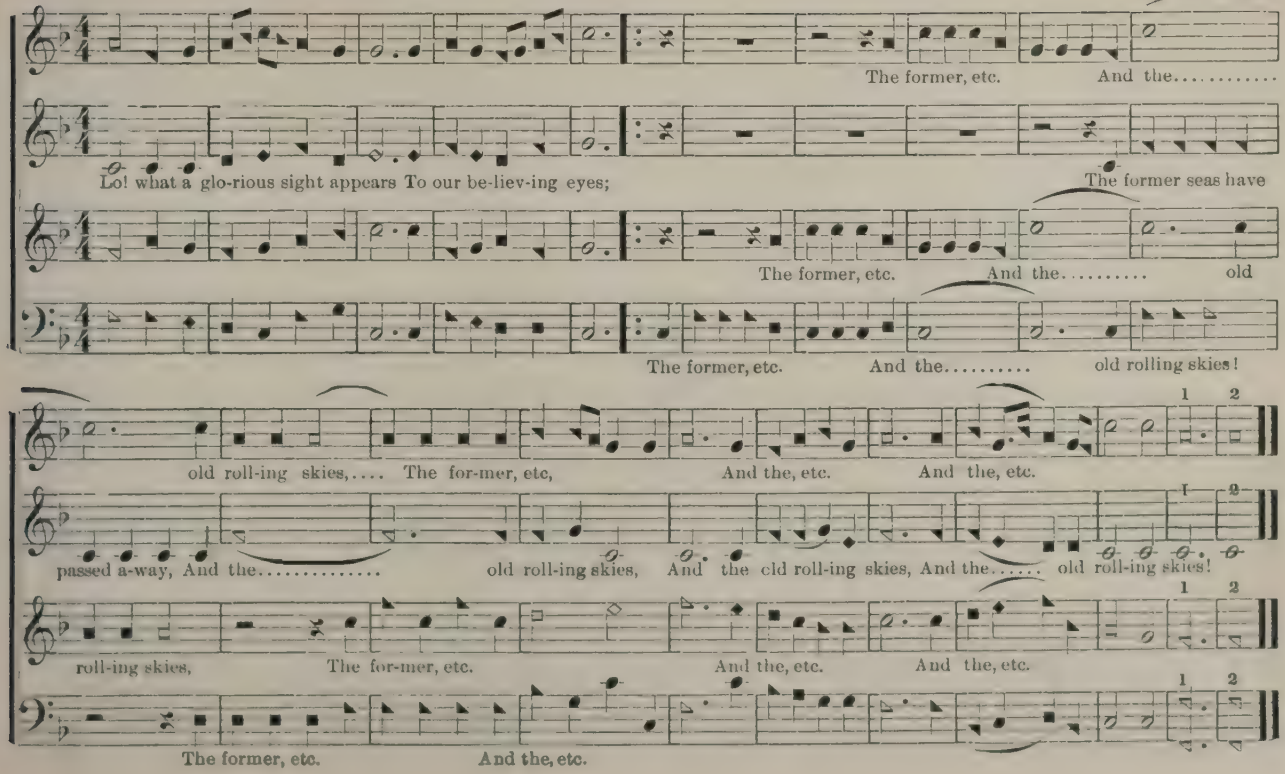
Castle.


1. Behold the love, the gen'rous love, That ho - ly Dav-id shows! Behold his kind compassion move For his af - flict - ed foes! When
2. How did his flow - ing tears condole, As for a brother dead! And fasting, mortified his soul, While for their lives he pray'd. They
3. O glorious type of heav'nly grace! Thus Christ the Lord appears; While sinners curse the Saviour prays, And pities them with tears. He,
they are sick his soul complains, And seems to feel the smart;..... The spir-it of the gos-pel reigns And melts his pious heart.
groaned and cursed him on their bed, Yet still he pleads and mourns,..... And double blessings on his head The righteous Lord returns.
the true David, Israel's King, Bless'd and beloved of God,..... To save us reb - els, dead in sin, Paid his own dearest blood.

My rapt - ure seemed a
When God re-vealed his gra - cious name, And changed my mourn-ful state,
My
pleas-ing dream, My rapt - ure, etc.
The grace ap-peared so great, The grace, etc.
My rapture seemed a pleas - ing dream,.... The grace appeared so great!
rapt - ure seemed a pleas - ing dream, My rapture, etc.
The grace, etc.
My rapt - ure seemed a pleasing dream, The grace appeared so great!
The grace, etc.
1
2

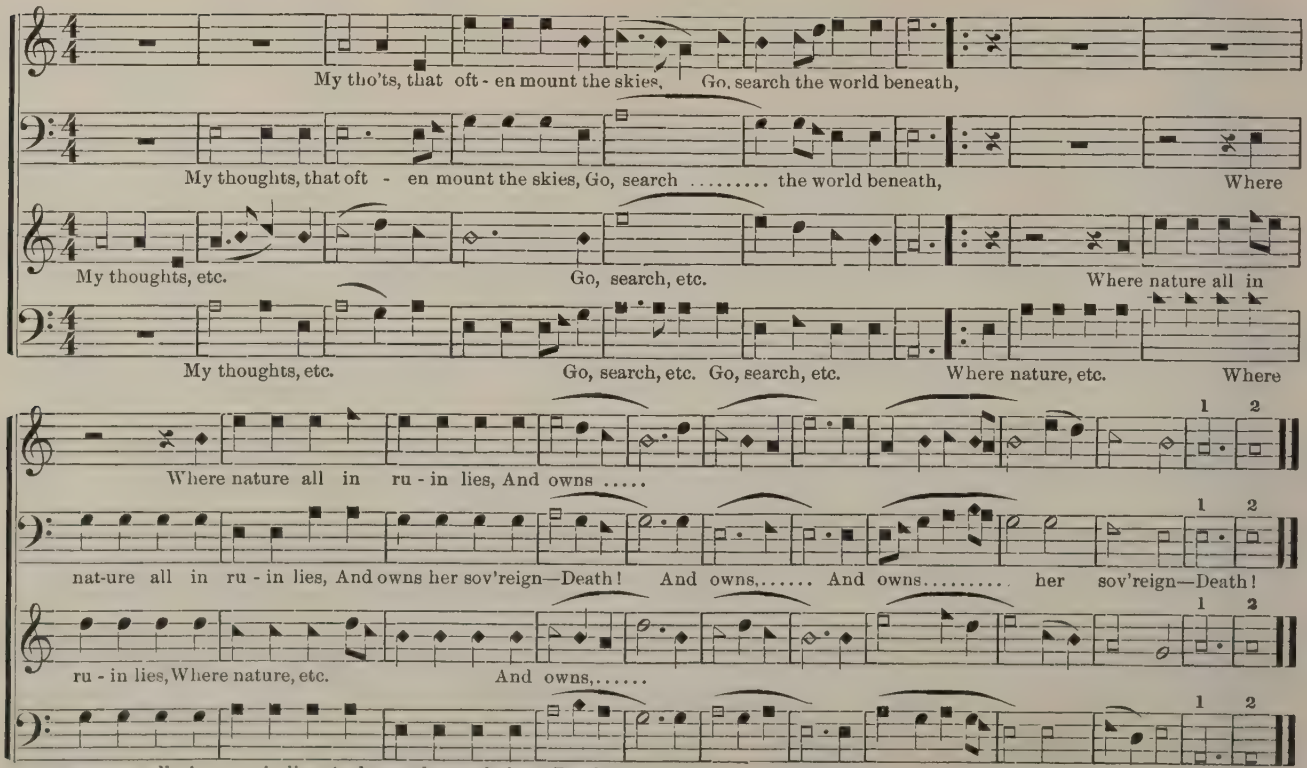
PROVIDENCE. C. M.

Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


My feet shall visit thine a-bode, My songs address thy
What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kindness shown?
My songs address thy
My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy
throne, My feet shall vis - it thine.... a-bode, My songs, etc.
My feet, etc.
My songs, etc.


The former, etc. And the.....
Lo! what a glo-rious sight appears To our be-liev-ing eyes;
The former seas have
The former, etc. And the..... old
The former, etc. And the..... old rolling skies!
1 2
old roll-ing skies,.... The for-mer, etc, And the, etc. And the, etc.
passed a-way, And the..... old roll-ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies, And the..... old roll-ing skies!
roll-ing skies, The for-mer, etc. And the, etc. And the, etc.
The former, etc. And the, etc.

CALVARY. C. M.

Reed.

My tho'ts, that oft - en mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath,
My thoughts, that oft - en mount the skies, Go, search ..... the world beneath, Where
My thoughts, etc. Go, search, etc. Where nature all in
My thoughts, etc. Go, search, etc. Go, search, etc. Where nature, etc. Where
1 2
Where nature all in ru - in lies, And owns .....
nat-ure all in ru - in lies, And owns her sov'reign—Death! And owns,..... And owns..... her sov'reign—Death!
ru - in lies, Where nature, etc. And owns,.....
nat-ure all in ru - in lies, And owns her sov'reign—Death!

GODS PROMISE.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Helms.

Music by G. L. Beck. Ala. 1948.

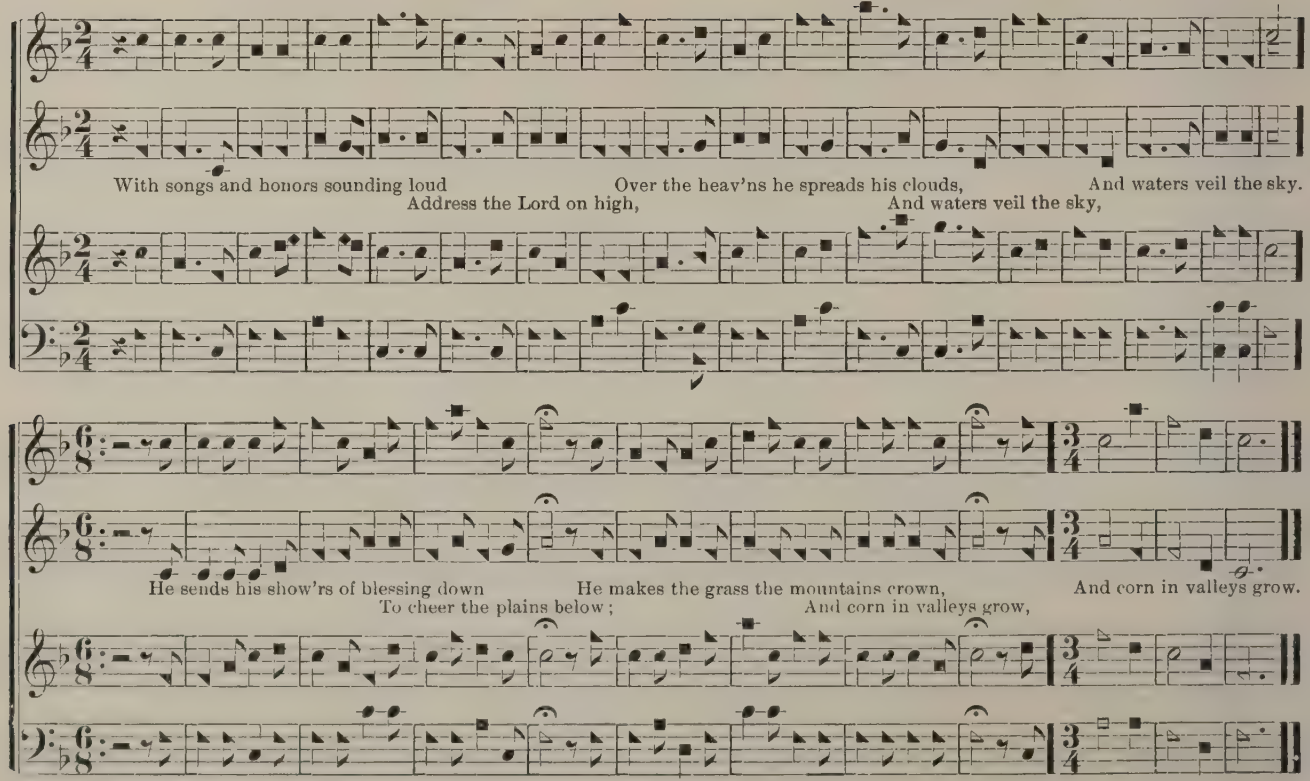
There is a thought that comes to me, That time can-not e - rase, Re-mind-ing me of Gods own son, Who saves and keeps by grace,

There is a thought that comes to me, That time can-not e - rase, Re-mind-ing me of Gods own son, Who saves and keeps by grace,

And so I jour - ney down Lifes Road, Tho' short may be the Race, I'll keep on work-ing for my Lord, Who saves and keeps by Grace. Grace.

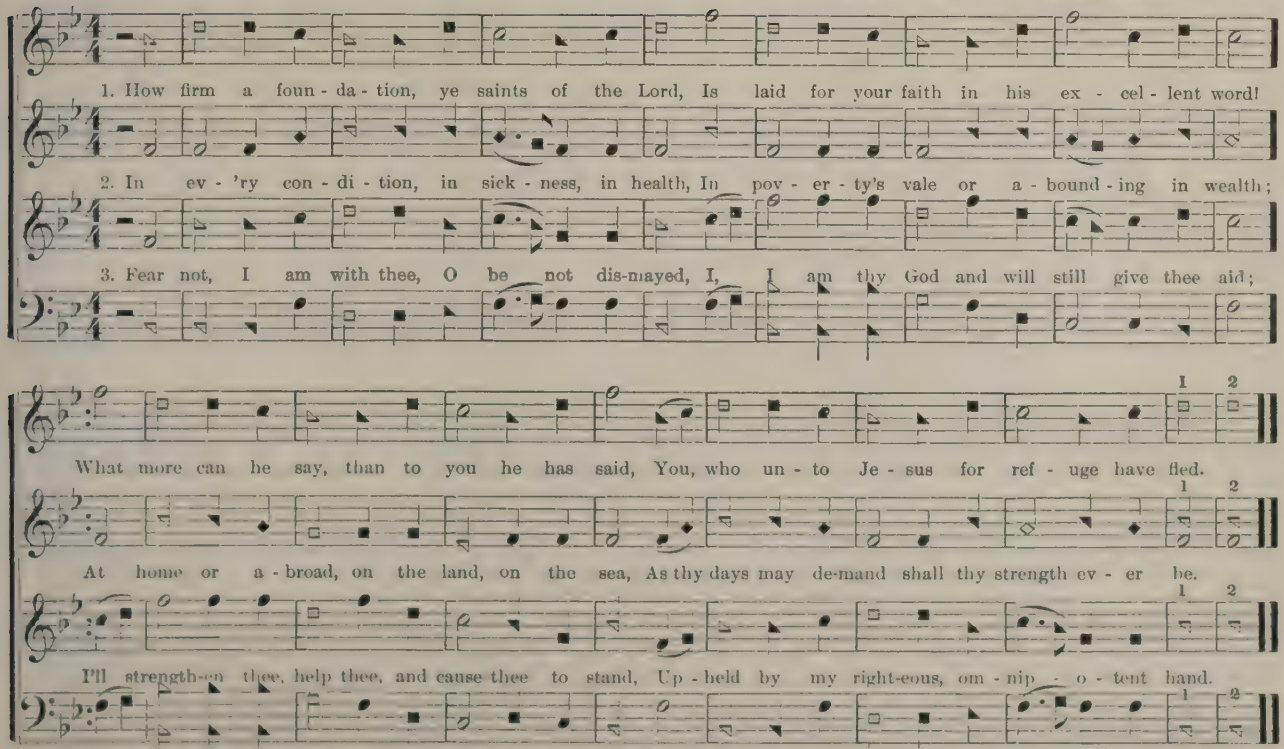
And so I jour - ney down Lifes Road, Tho' short may be the Race, I'll keep on work-ing for my Lord, Who saves and keeps by Grace. Grace.

GREENLAND. C. M. D.

W. F. Moore. 1867. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

With songs and honors sounding loud
Address the Lord on high,
Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds,
And waters veil the sky,
And waters veil the sky.
He sends his show'rs of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow,
And corn in valleys grow.

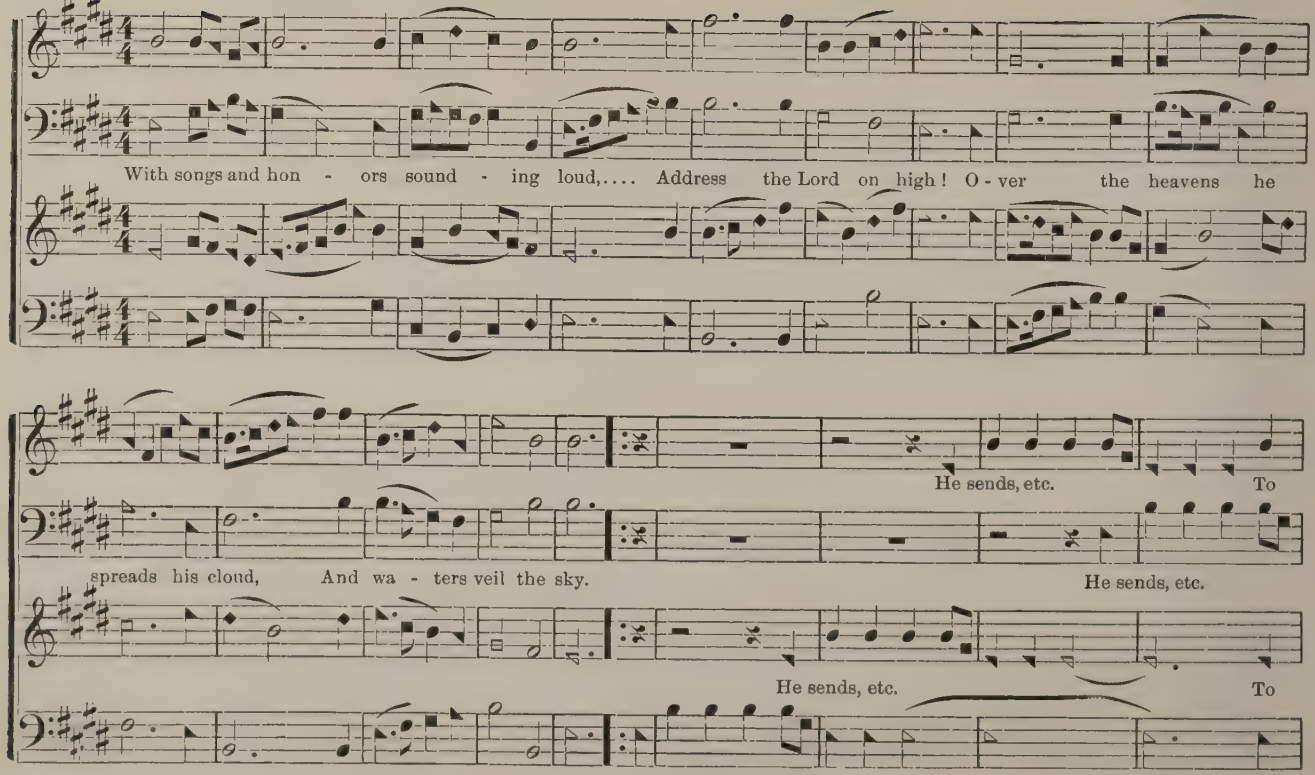
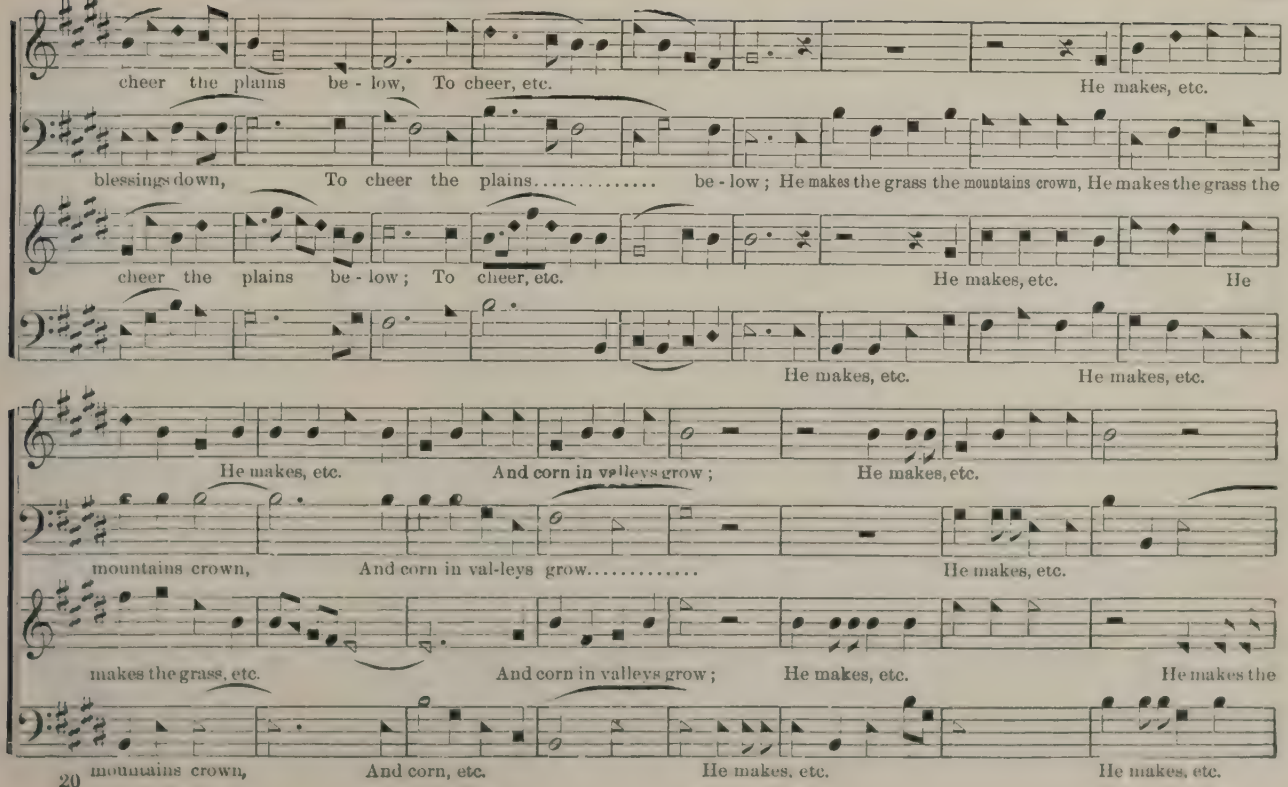
THE FOUNTAIN.*

George Keith. Arr. by T. J. Allen, Oct. 12, 1902.

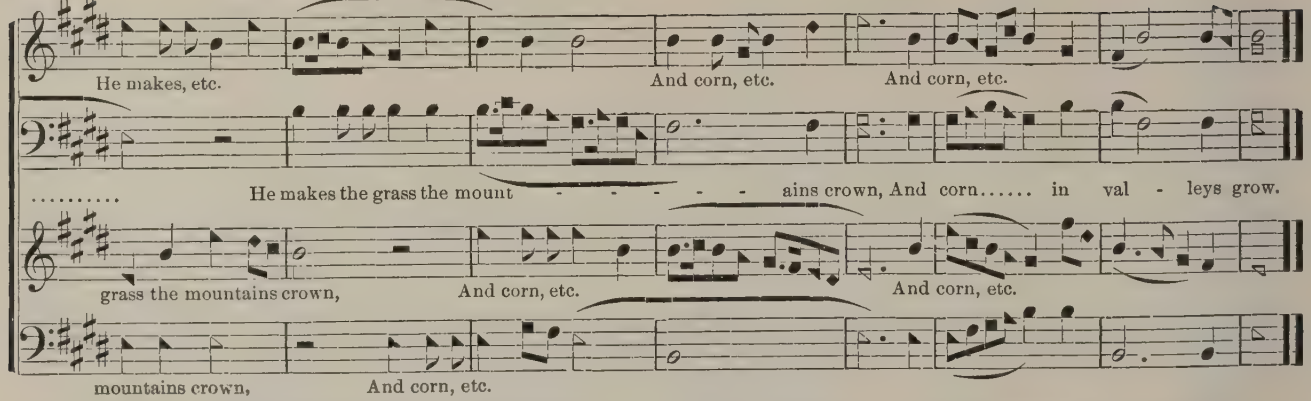

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word!
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound - ing in wealth;
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
What more can he say, than to you he has said, You, who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.
At home or a - broad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may de-mand shall thy strength ev - er be.
I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
1 2

* I learned the air of the above when but a small boy. I have never sung it in any book

MORGAN. C. M.

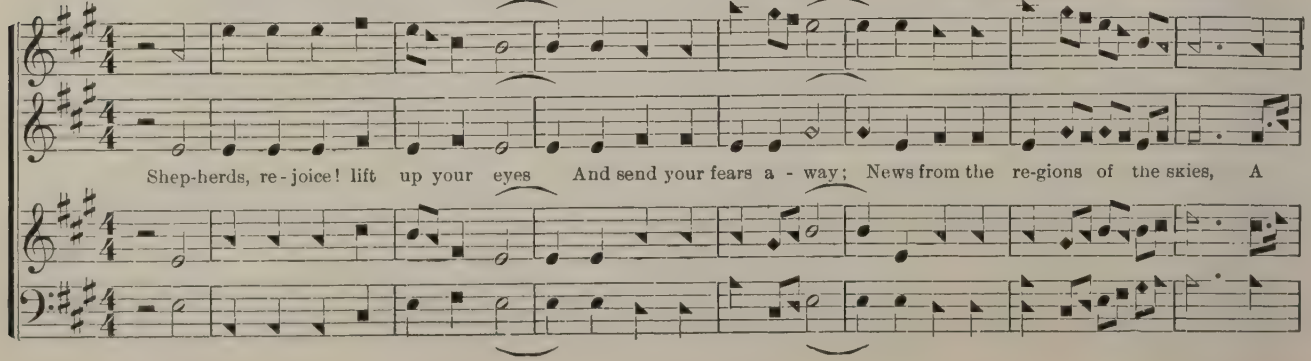
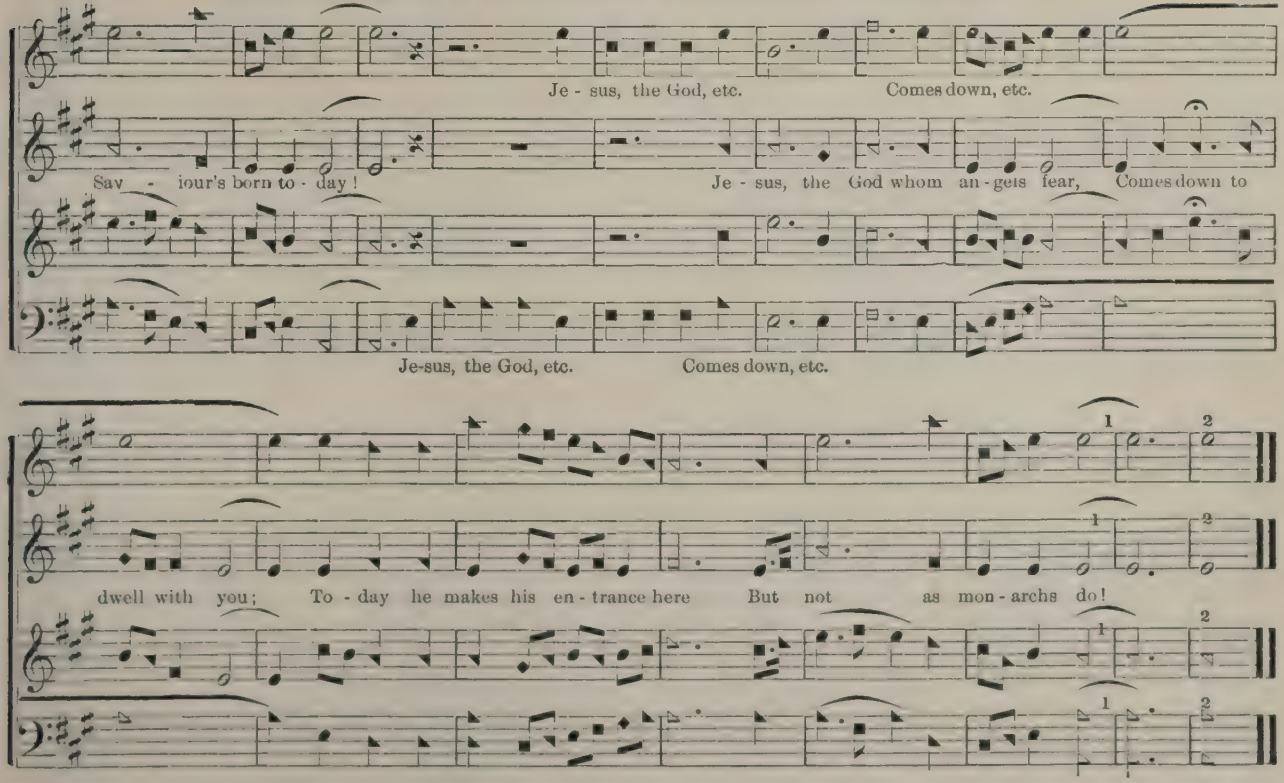

With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud,.... Address the Lord on high! O - ver the heavens he
He sends, etc.
To
spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.
He sends, etc.
He sends, etc.
To
He sends his show'rs of bless-ing down,.....

cheer the plains be - low, To cheer, etc.
He makes, etc.
blessings down, To cheer the plains..... be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes the grass the
cheer the plains be - low; To cheer, etc.
He makes, etc.
He
He makes, etc.
He makes, etc.
He makes, etc.
And corn in valleys grow;
He makes, etc.
mountains crown, And corn in val-leys grow.....
He makes, etc.
makes the grass, etc.
And corn in valleys grow;
He makes, etc.
He makes the
mountains crown, And corn, etc.
He makes, etc.
He makes, etc.

MORGAN. Concluded.


He makes, etc.
And corn, etc.
And corn, etc.
He makes the grass the mount - - - - - ains crown, And corn..... in val - leys grow.
grass the mountains crown,
And corn, etc.
And corn, etc.
mountains crown,
And corn, etc.

NEWS FROM THE REGIONS OF THE SKIES.

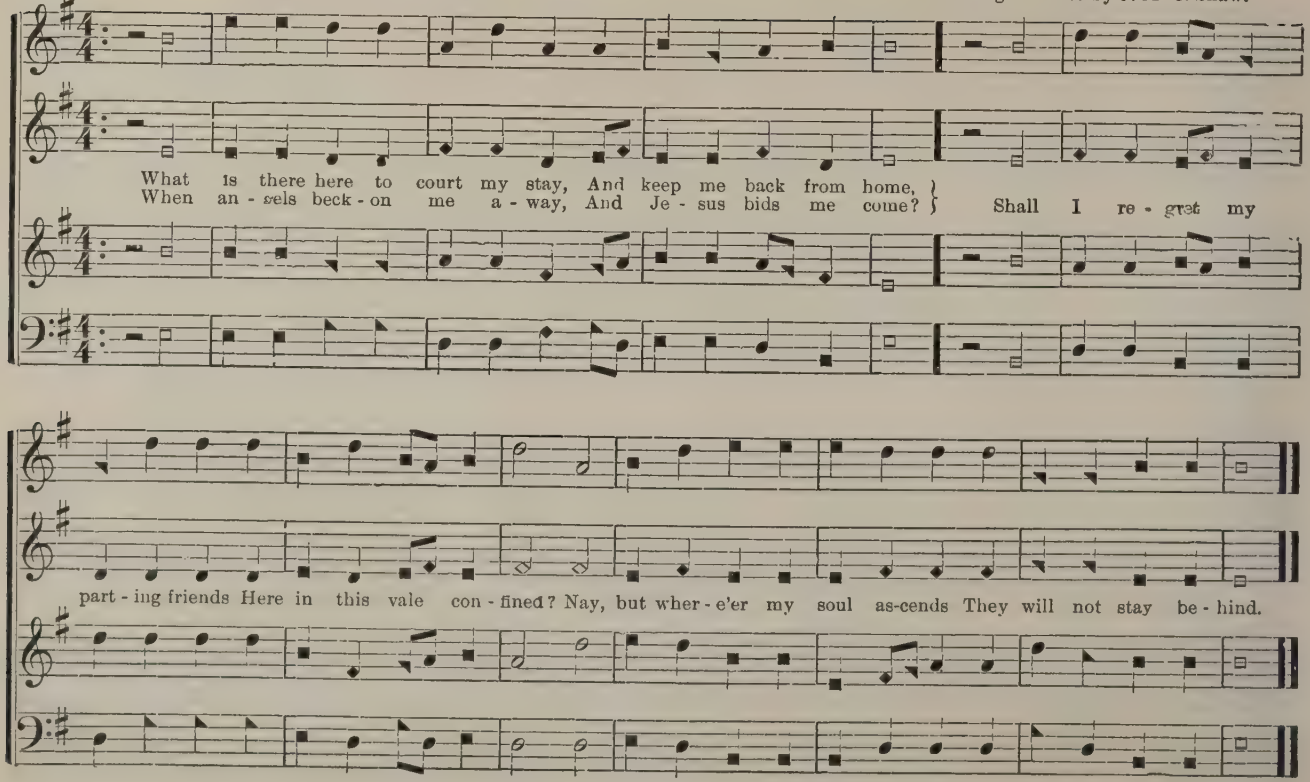
John Massengale. Alto, W. M. C.



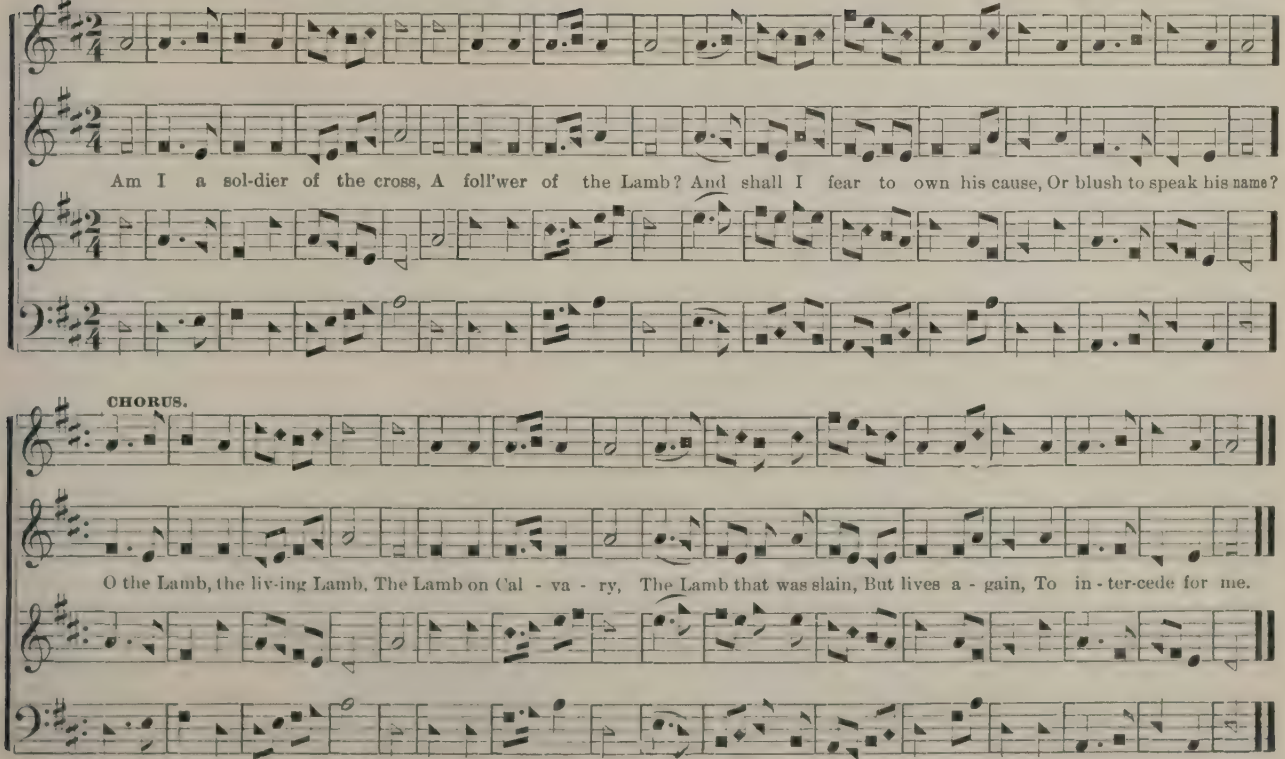
Je - sus, the God, etc.
Comes down, etc.
Sav - iour's born to - day!
Je - sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to
Je-sus, the God, etc.
Comes down, etc.
1
2
dwell with you; To - day he makes his en - trance here But not as mon - archs do!

PARTING FRIENDS. C. M.

E. L. King. Alto by J. M. C. Shaw.

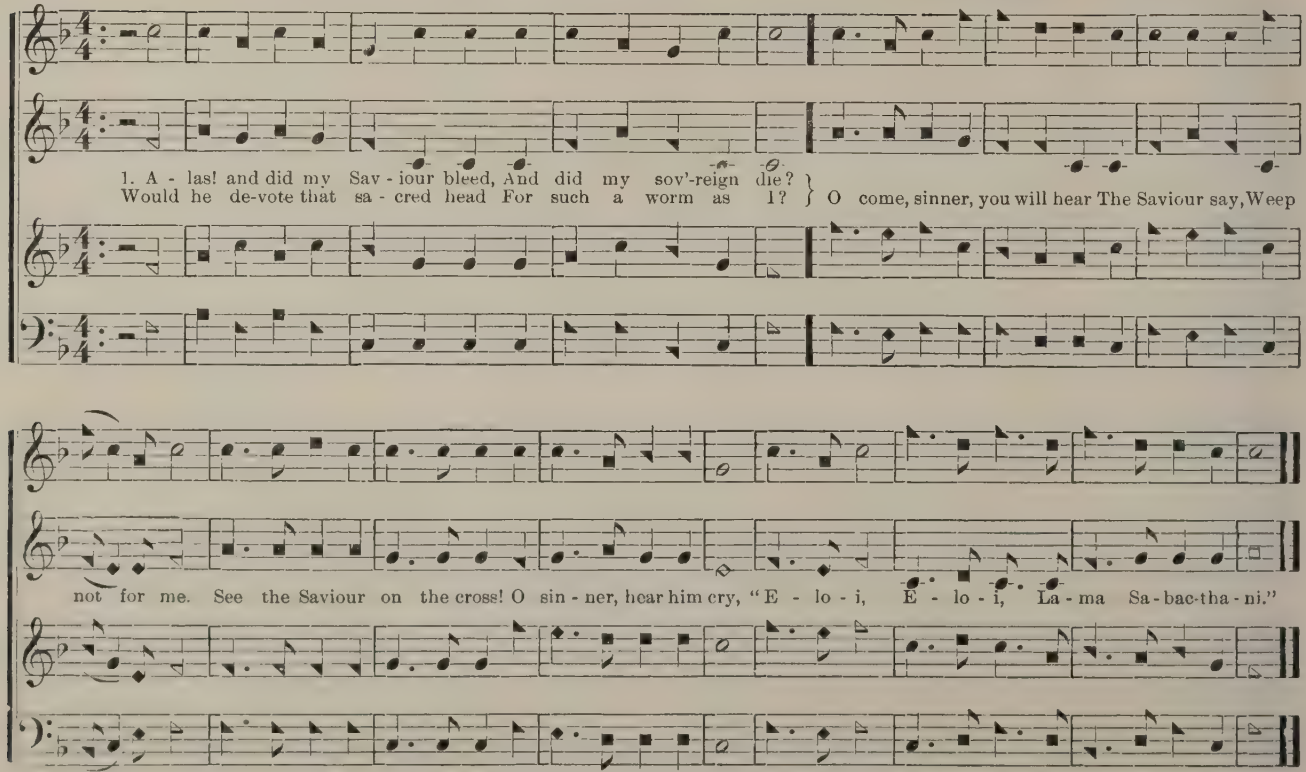

What is there here to court my stay, And keep me back from home,
When an - gels beck - on me a - way, And Je - sus bids me come?
Shall I re - gret my
part - ing friends Here in this vale con - fined? Nay, but wher - e'er my soul as-cends They will not stay be - hind.

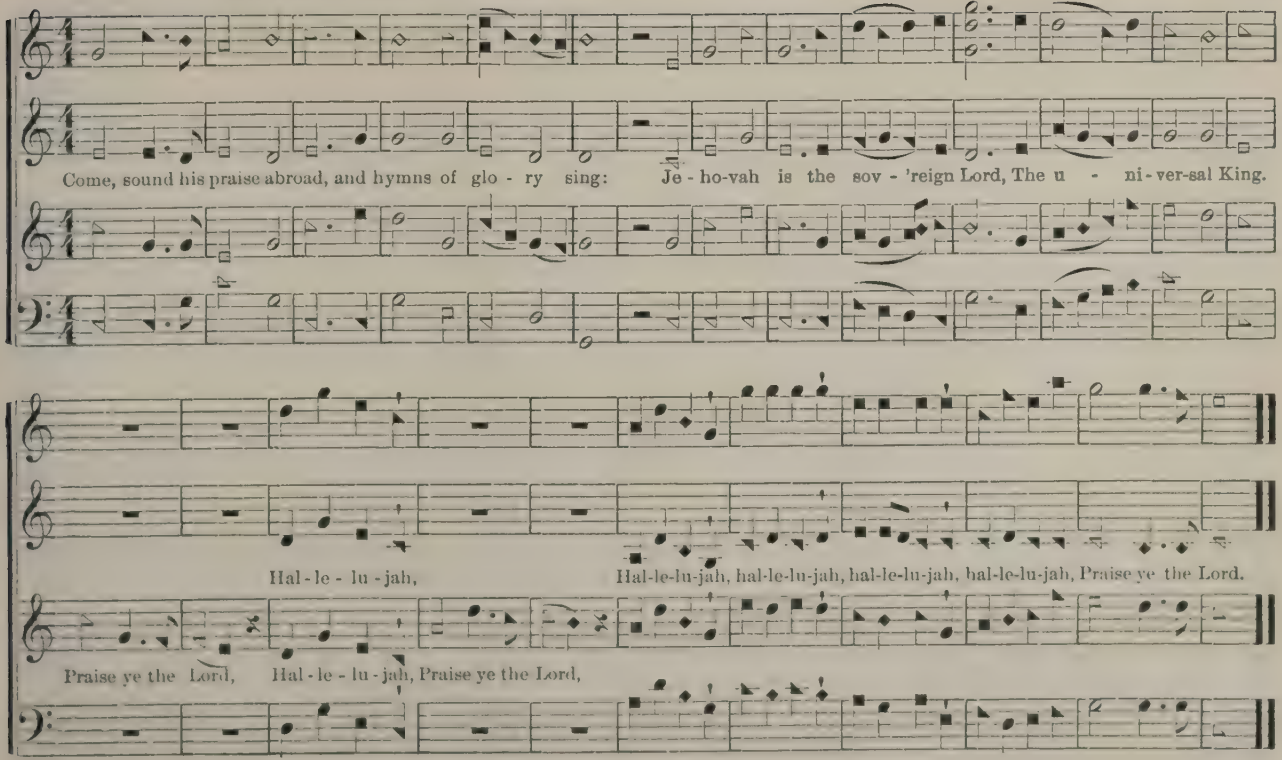
LIVING LAMB. C. M.

C. A. Davis. Alto by Lula Munny.

Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
CHORUS.
O the Lamb, the liv-ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry, The Lamb that was slain, But lives a - gain, To in - ter-cede for me.

THE WEEPING SAVIOUR. C. M.

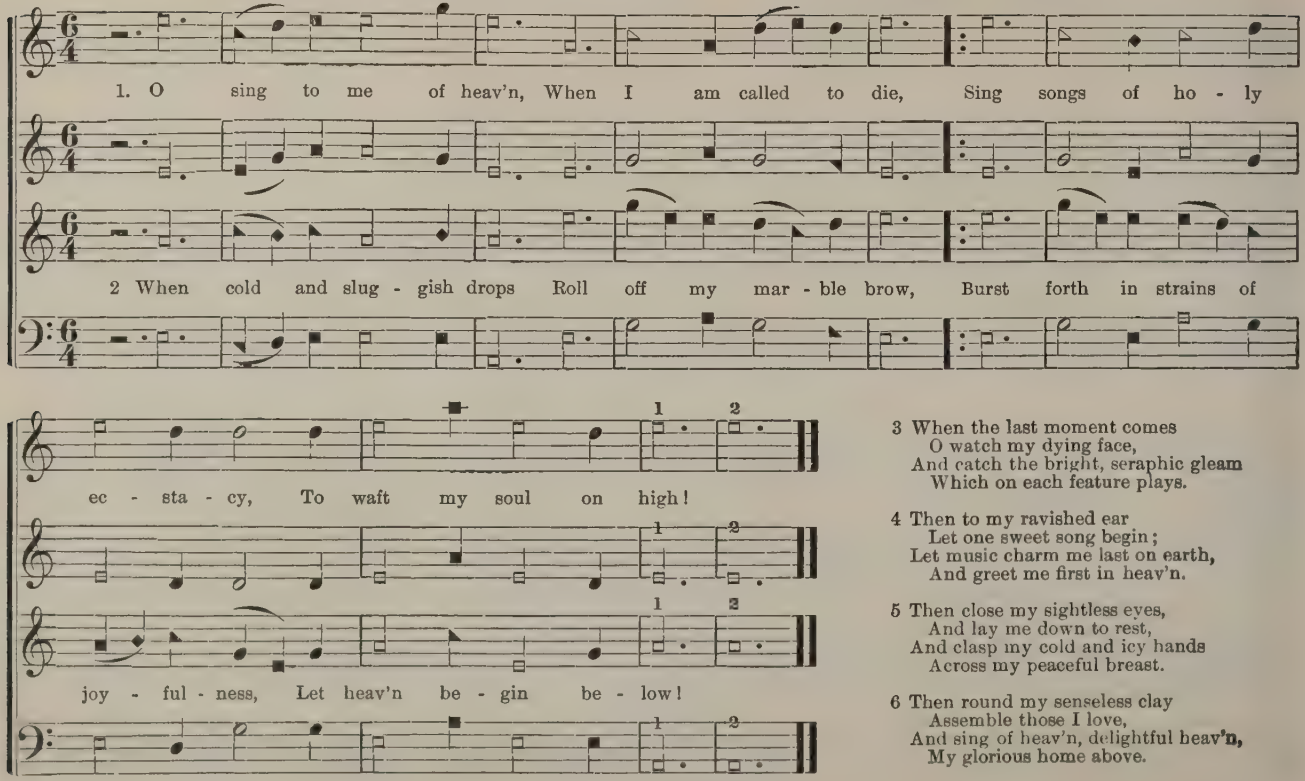
Eld. E. Dumas. Alto by W. M. C.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my sov'-reign die?
Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
O come, sinner, you will hear The Saviour say, Weep
not for me. See the Saviour on the cross! O sin - ner, hear him cry, "E - lo - i, E - lo - i, La - ma Sa - bac-tha - ni."


Come, sound his praise abroad, and hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho-vah is the sov - 'reign Lord, The u - ni-ver-sal King.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord,

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

John Massengale. Alto, Miss Henrietta Spivy.

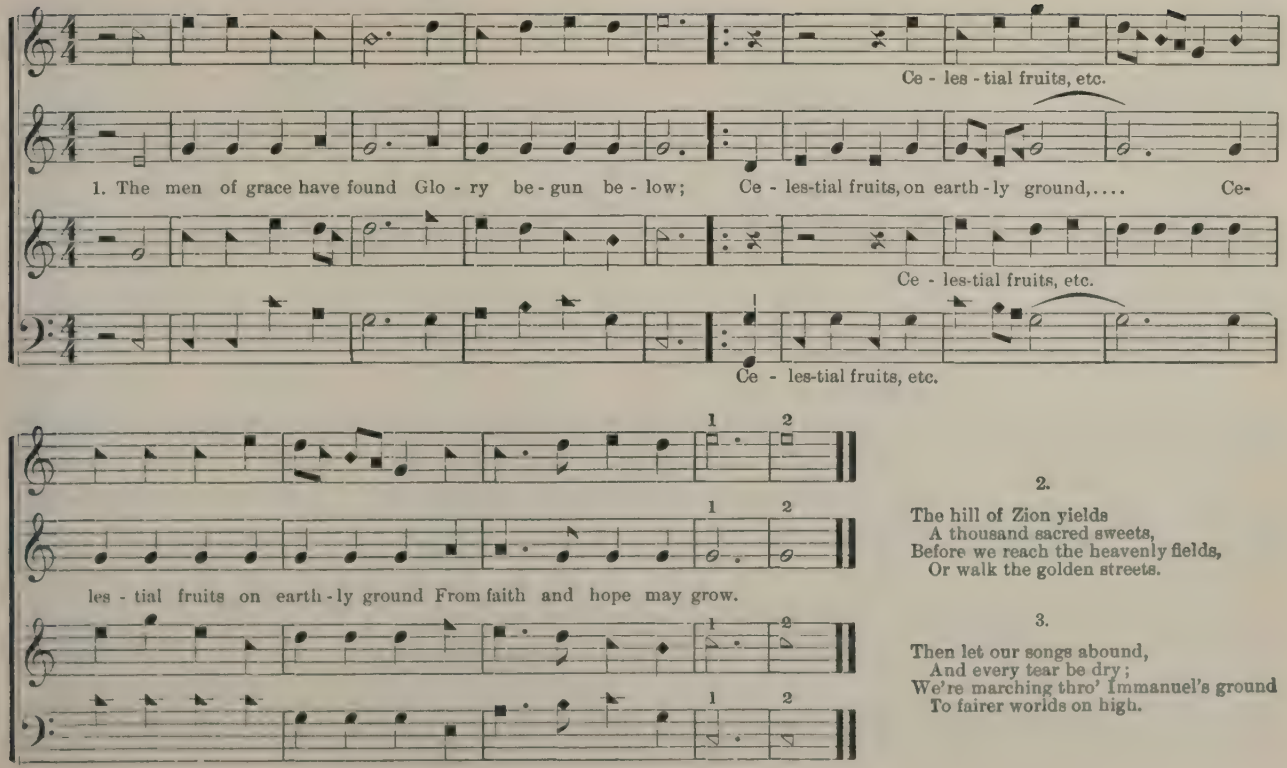

1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die, Sing songs of ho - ly
2 When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Burst forth in strains of
ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high!
joy - ful - ness, Let heav'n be - gin be - low!
1 2

3 When the last moment comes
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which on each feature plays.

4 Then to my ravished ear
Let one sweet song begin;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Across my peaceful breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.


Ce - les - tial fruits, etc.
1. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low; Ce - les-tial fruits, on earth - ly ground,.... Ce-
Ce - les-tial fruits, etc.
Ce - les-tial fruits, etc.
1 2
les - tial fruits on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow.

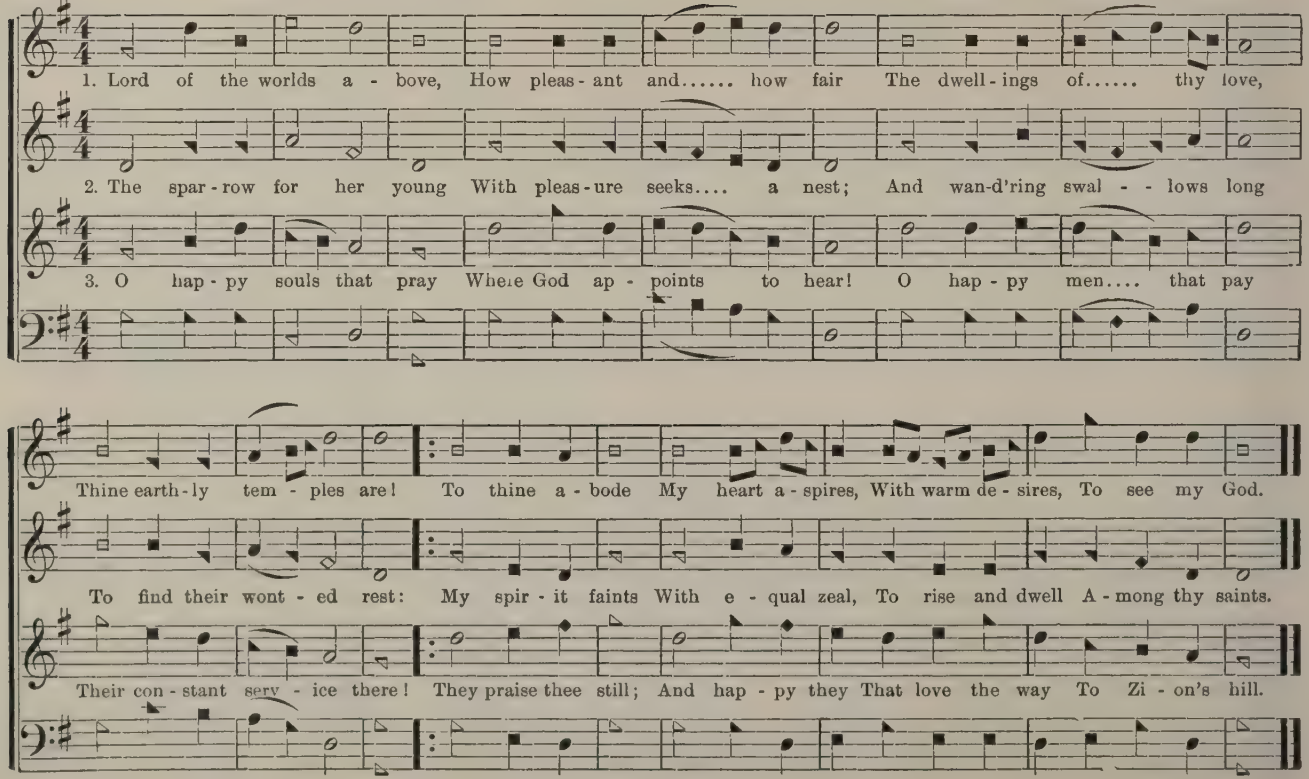
2.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

3.

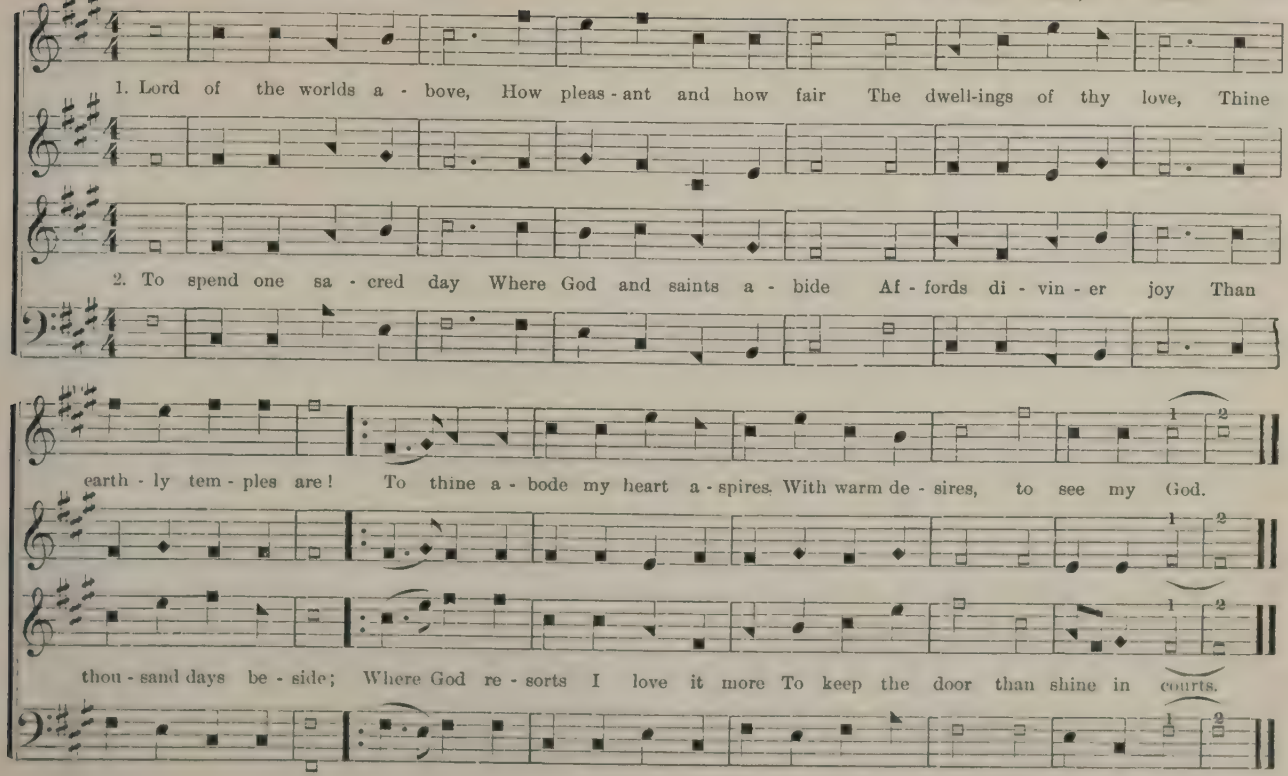
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

AMHERST. H. M.

Billings. Alto by B. P. Poyner.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and..... how fair The dwell - ings of..... thy love,
2. The spar - row for her young With pleas - ure seeks.... a nest; And wan-d'ring swal - - lows long
3. O hap - py souls that pray Where God ap - points to hear! O hap - py men.... that pay
Thine earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a - bode My heart a - spires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.
To find their wont - ed rest: My spir - it faints With e - qual zeal, To rise and dwell A - mong thy saints.
Their con - stant serv - ice there! They praise thee still; And hap - py they That love the way To Zi - on's hill.

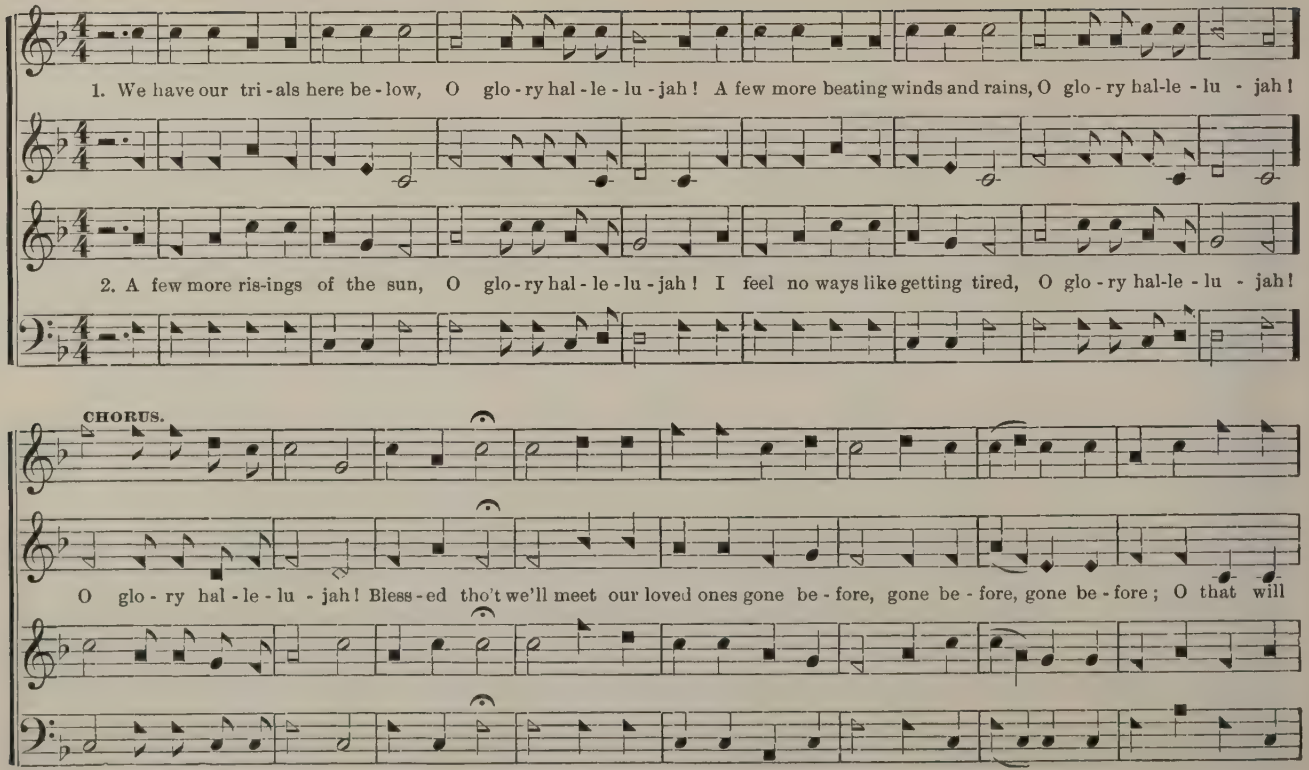
WORLDS ABOVE.

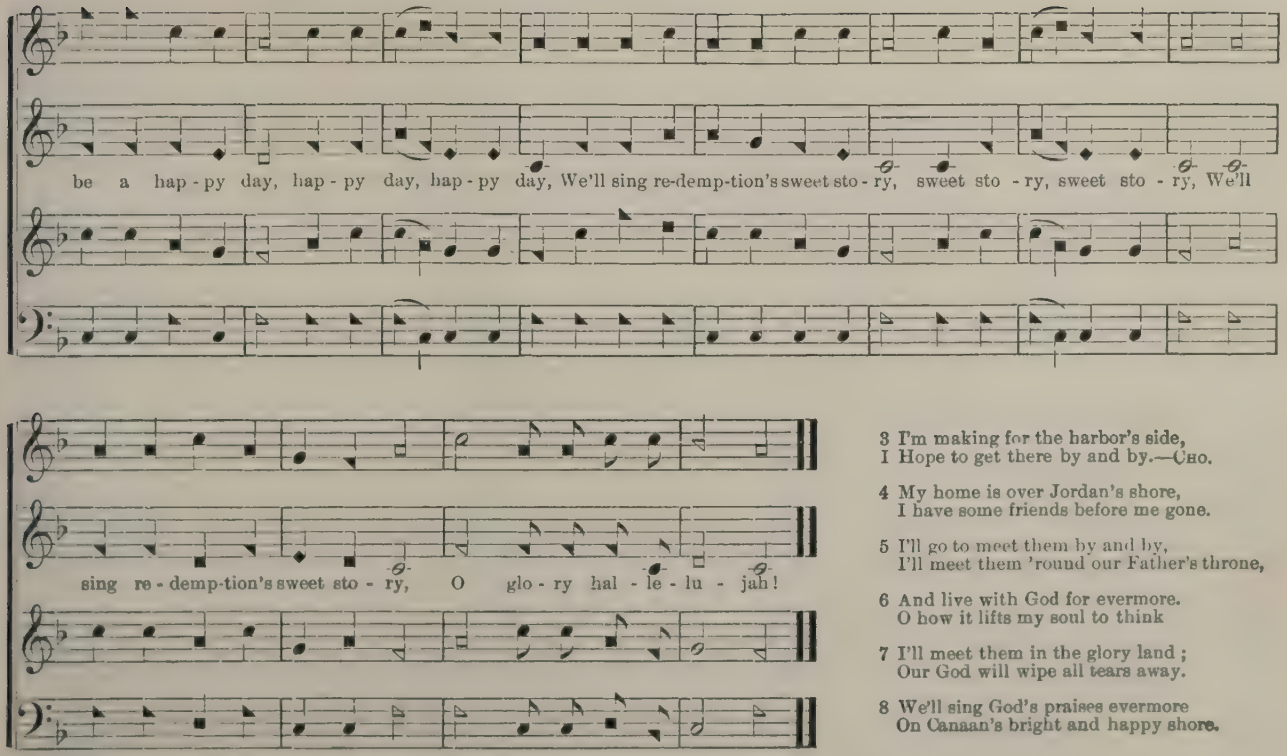
B. F. White. Alto, J. W. Watson.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The dwell-ings of thy love, Thine
2. To spend one sa - cred day Where God and saints a - bide Af - fords di - vin - er joy Than
earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a - bode my heart a - spires With warm de - sires, to see my God.
thou - sand days be - side; Where God re - sorts I love it more To keep the door than shine in courts.

BLESSED THOUGHT.

W. M. Cooper.


1. We have our tri - als here be - low, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! A few more beating winds and rains, O glo - ry hal-le - lu - jah!
2. A few more ris-ings of the sun, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I feel no ways like getting tired, O glo - ry hal-le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Bless - ed tho't we'll meet our loved ones gone be - fore, gone be - fore, gone be - fore; O that will


be a hap - py day, hap - py day, hap - py day, We'll sing re-demp-tion's sweet sto - ry, sweet sto - ry, sweet sto - ry, We'll
sing re - demp-tion's sweet sto - ry, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

3 I'm making for the harbor's side,
I Hope to get there by and by.—Cho.

4 My home is over Jordan's shore,
I have some friends before me gone.

5 I'll go to meet them by and by,
I'll meet them 'round our Father's throne,

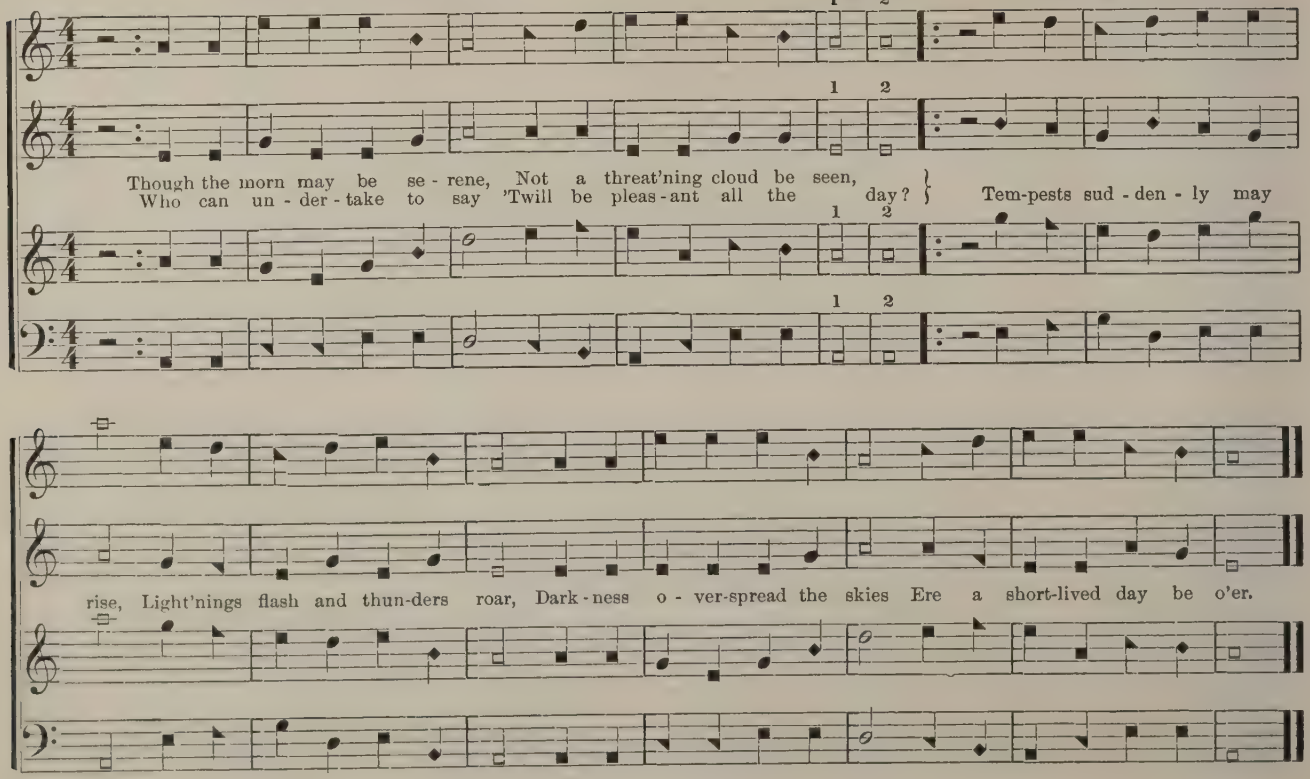
6 And live with God for evermore.
O how it lifts my soul to think

7 I'll meet them in the glory land;
Our God will wipe all tears away.

8 We'll sing God's praises evermore
On Canaan's bright and happy shore.

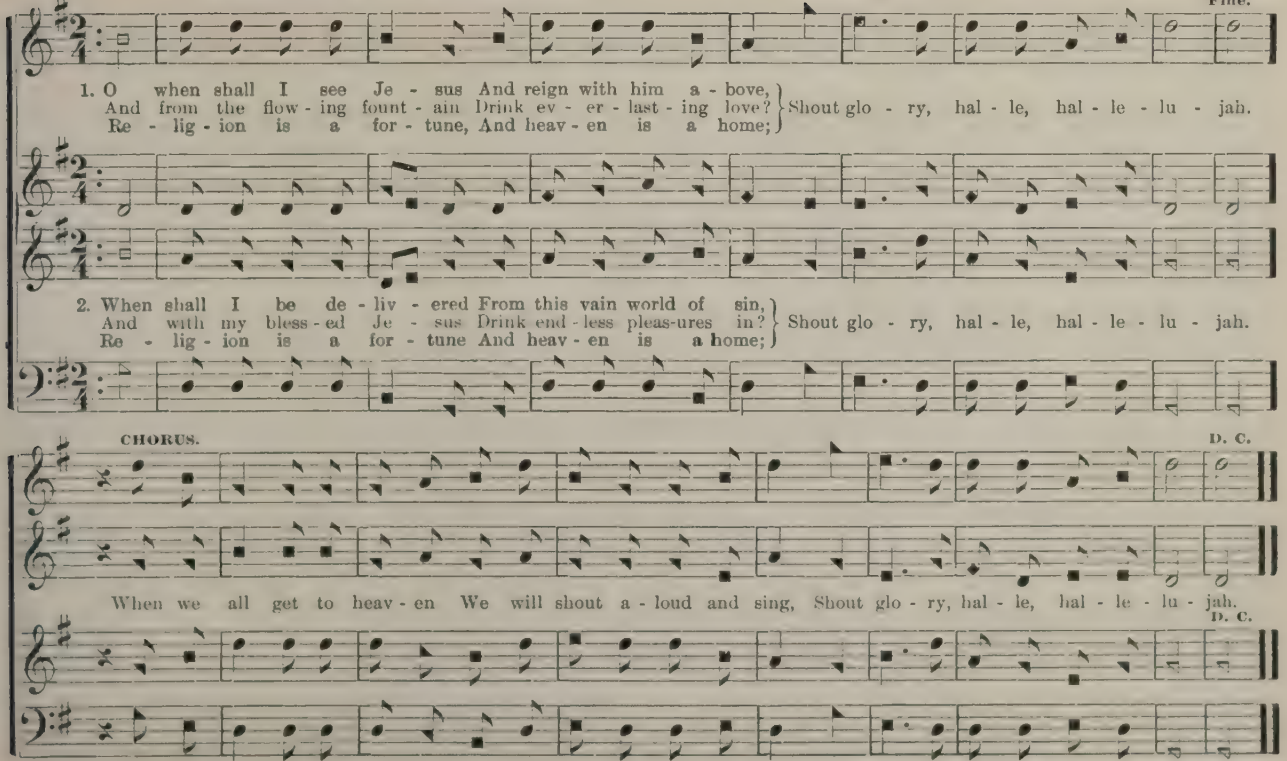
MORNING MEDITATION.

Miss S. G. Jones. Alto by Miss Dosia McCoy.


1 2
Though the morn may be se - rene, Not a threat'ning cloud be seen,
Who can un - der - take to say 'Twill be pleas - ant all the day?
Tem-pests sud - den - ly may
rise, Light'nings flash and thun-ders roar, Dark - ness o - ver-spread the skies Ere a short-lived day be o'er.

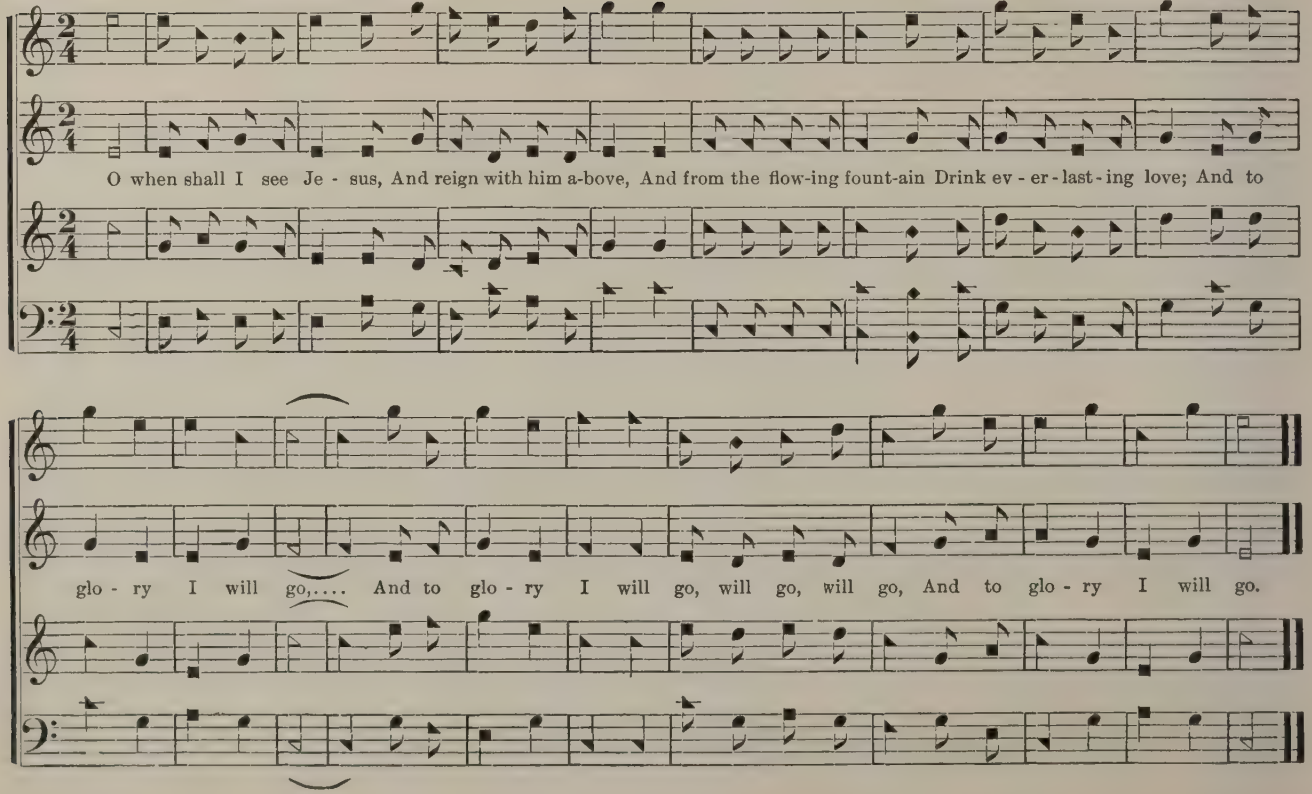
RELIGION IS A FORTUNE.

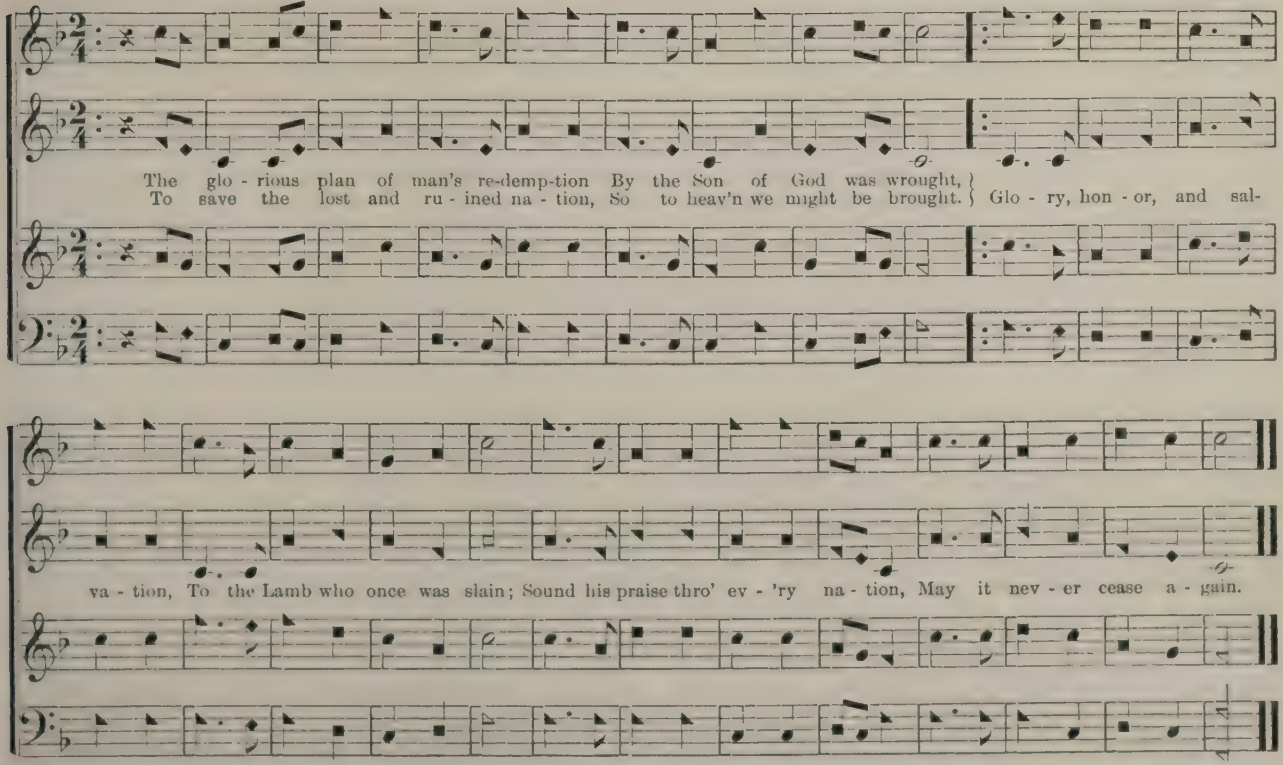
W. L. William. Alto by W. M. Cooper.


Fine.
1. O when shall I see Je - sus And reign with him a - bove,
And from the flow - ing fount - ain Drink ev - er - last - ing love?
Re - lig - ion is a for - tune, And heav - en is a home;
Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas-ures in?
Re - lig - ion is a for - tune And heav - en is a home;
Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
CHORUS.
D. C.
When we all get to heav - en We will shout a - loud and sing, Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
D. C.

THE LOST CITY.

E. L. King. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

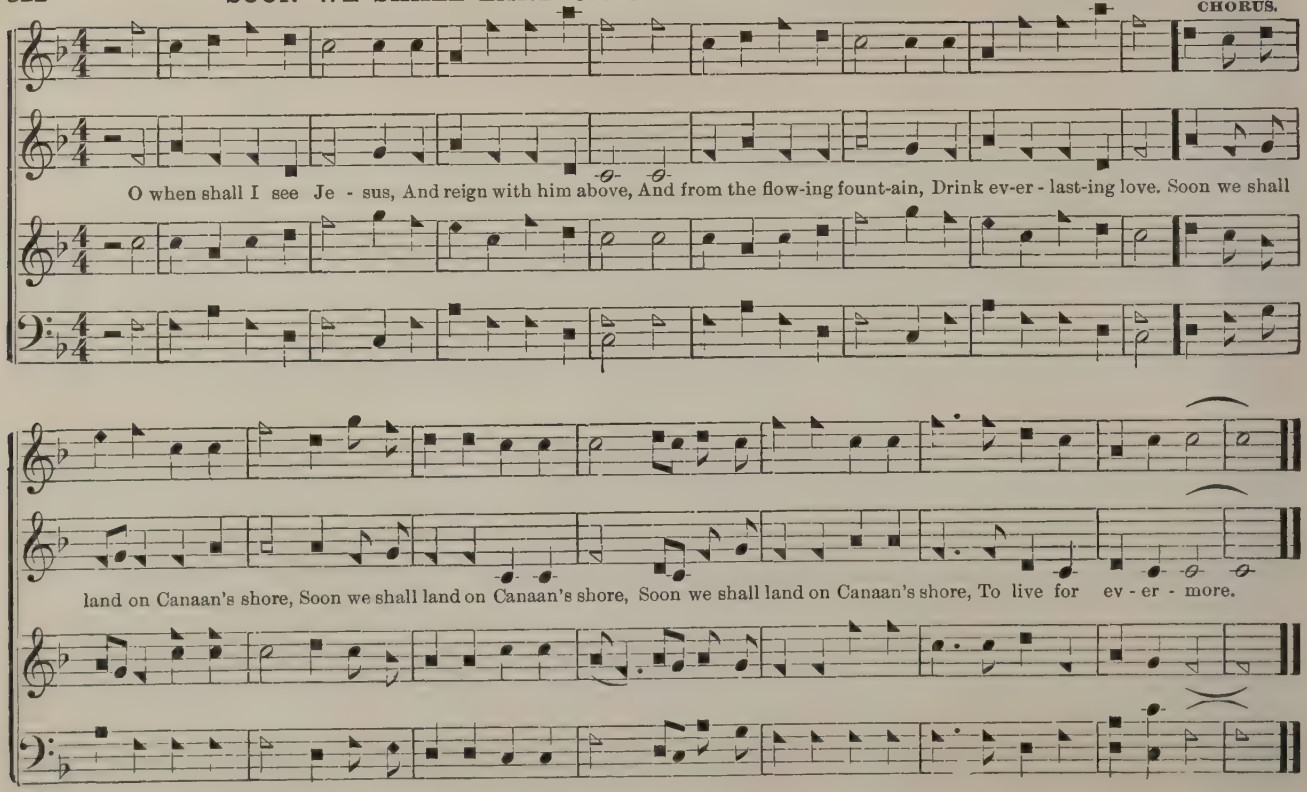

O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a-bove, And from the flow-ing fount-ain Drink ev - er - last - ing love; And to
glo - ry I will go,.... And to glo - ry I will go, will go, will go, And to glo - ry I will go.


The glo - rious plan of man's re-demp-tion By the Son of God was wrought,
To save the lost and ru - ined na - tion, So to heav'n we might be brought. } Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal-
va - tion, To the Lamb who once was slain; Sound his praise thro' ev - 'ry na - tion, May it nev - er cease a - gain.

SOON WE SHALL LAND ON CANAAN'S SHORE.

Alto by Mrs. Bamma Quick.

CHORUS.


O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him above, And from the flow-ing fount-ain, Drink ev-er - last-ing love. Soon we shall
land on Canaan's shore, Soon we shall land on Canaan's shore, Soon we shall land on Canaan's shore, To live for ev - er - more.

MULLINS.

Eld. E. Dumas. Alto by W. M. C.

Fine. D. C.

1. Je - sus, grant us all a blessing, Send it down, Lord, from a-bove: May we all go home a-prais-ing And re - joic - ing in thy love.

2. Je - sus, par-don all our fol - ly, Since to-geth - er we have been; Make us humble, make us ho - ly, Cleanse us all from ev - 'ry sin.

Farewell, breth'ren, farewell, sisters, Till we all shall meet a - gain.

In honor of Elder John Mullins.

SOFT MUSIC.

B. F. White. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

Slow.

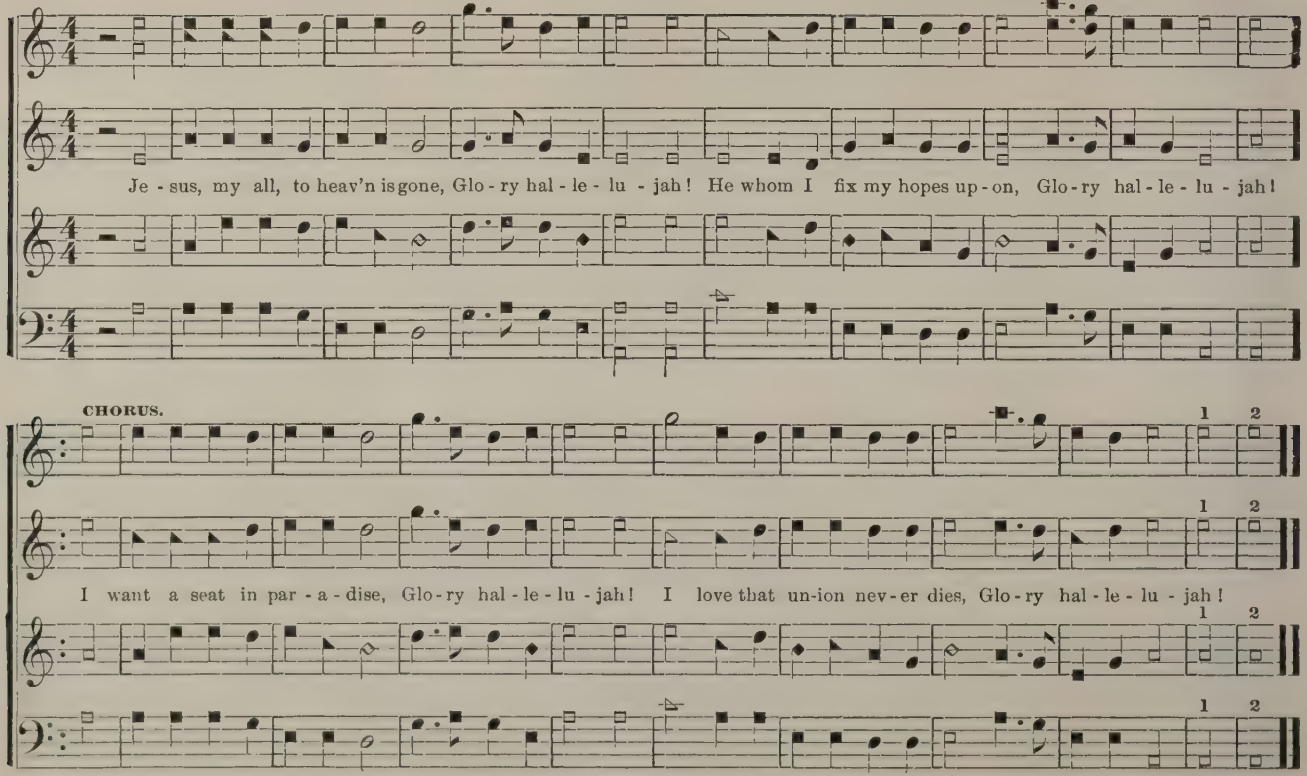
1. Soft, soft music is stealing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain; Loud, loud now it is pealing, Waking the echoes again! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Waking the echoes again!

2. Join, join children of sadness, Send, send sorrow away; Now, now changing to gladness, Warble this beautiful lay; Yes, yes, yes, yes, Warble this beautiful lay.

3. Hope, hope, fair and enduring, Joy, joy, bright as the day; Love, love heav'n insuring, Sweetly invites you away; Yes, yes, yes, yes, Sweetly invites you away.

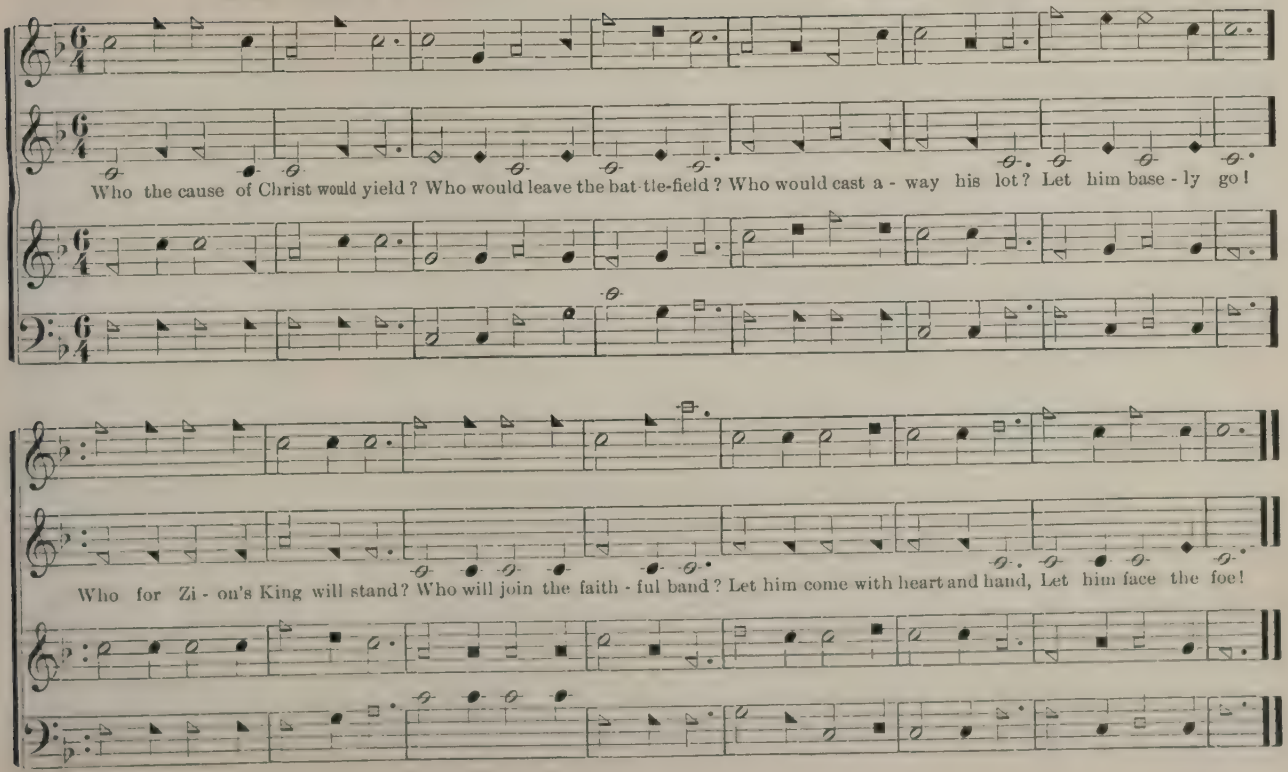
NORTHPORT. L. M.

Dr. R. R. Osborne. Bass by J. Smith.


Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
1 2
I want a seat in par - a - dise, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I love that un-ion nev - er dies, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

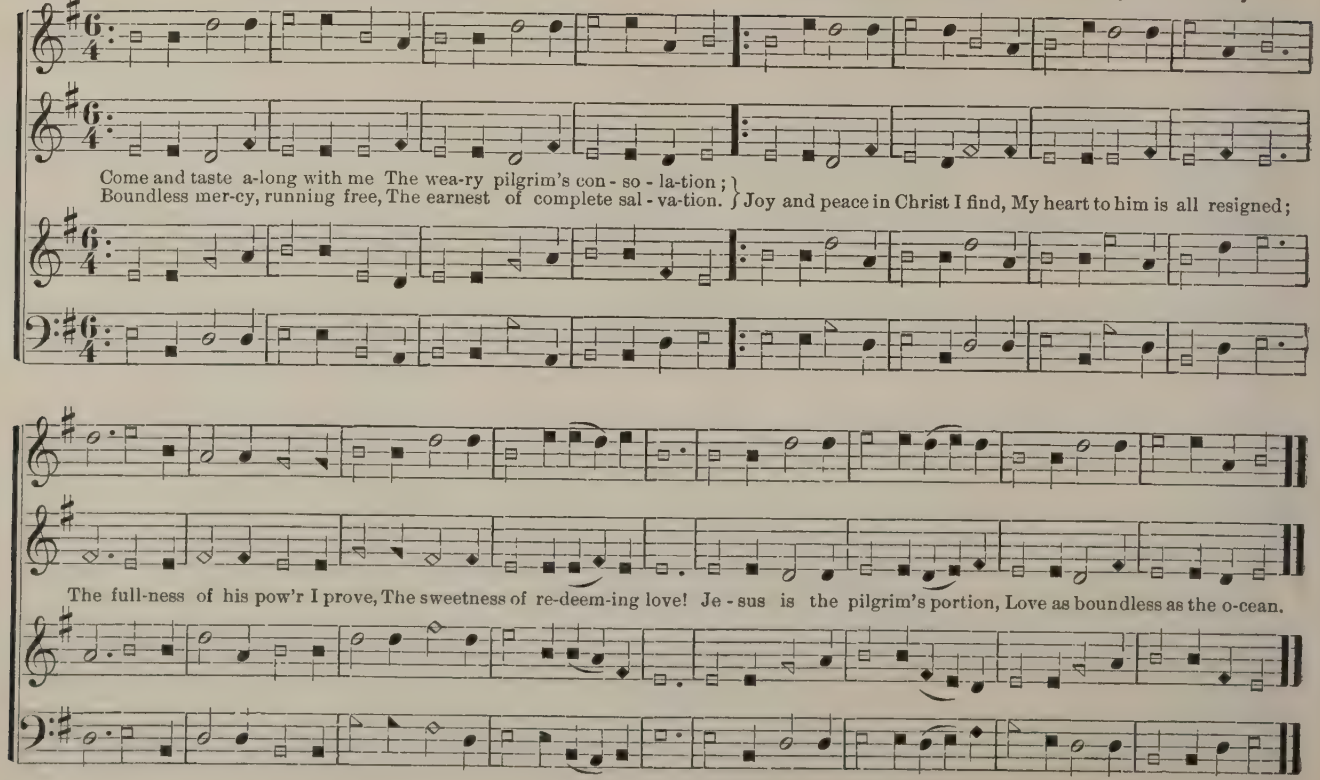
THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

E. L. King. Alto by Miss Lessie Green.


Who the cause of Christ would yield? Who would leave the bat-tle-field? Who would cast a-way his lot? Let him base-ly go!
Who for Zi-on's King will stand? Who will join the faith-ful band? Let him come with heart and hand, Let him face the foe!

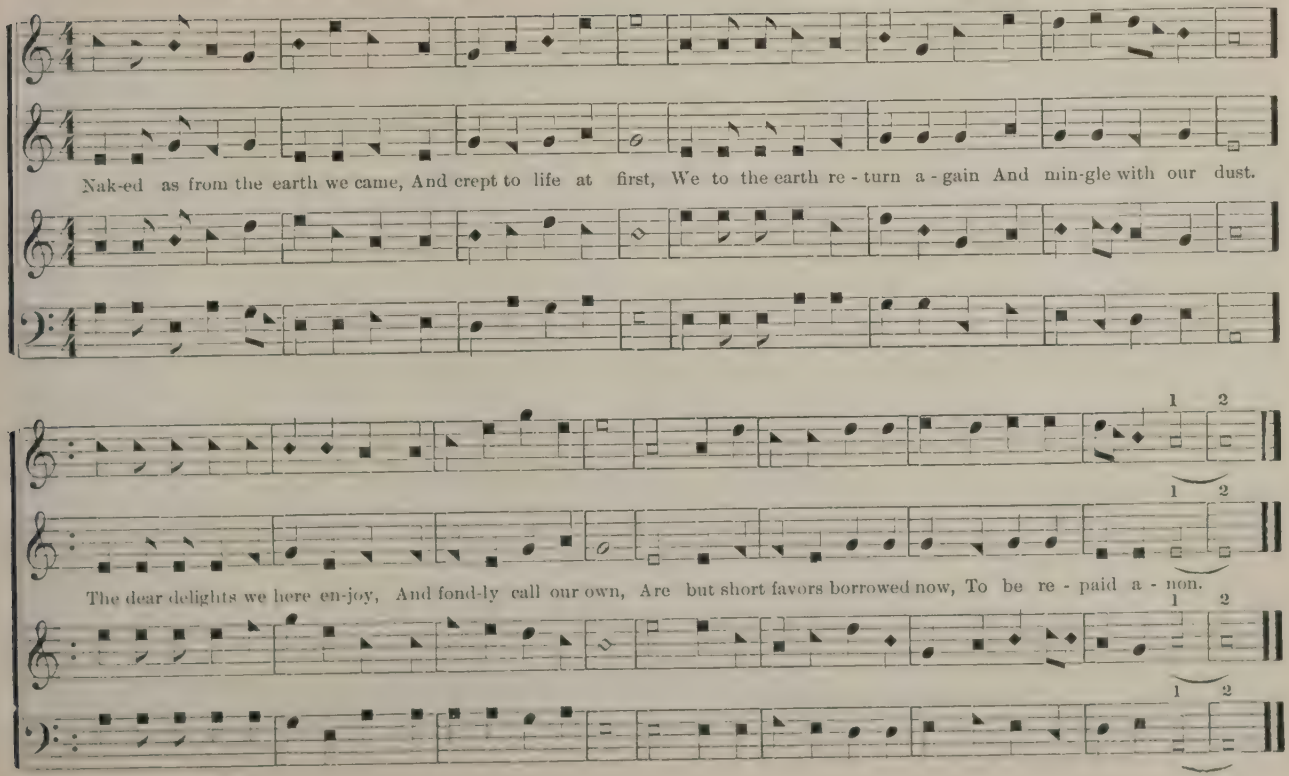
WEARY PILGRIM.

Leonard P. Breedlove. Alto by W. R. McCoy.


Come and taste a-long with me The wea-ry pilgrim's con - so - la-tion ;
Boundless mer-cy, running free, The earnest of complete sal - va-tion.
Joy and peace in Christ I find, My heart to him is all resigned;
The full-ness of his pow'r I prove, The sweetness of re-deem-ing love! Je - sus is the pilgrim's portion, Love as boundless as the o-cean.

HATFIELD. C. M.

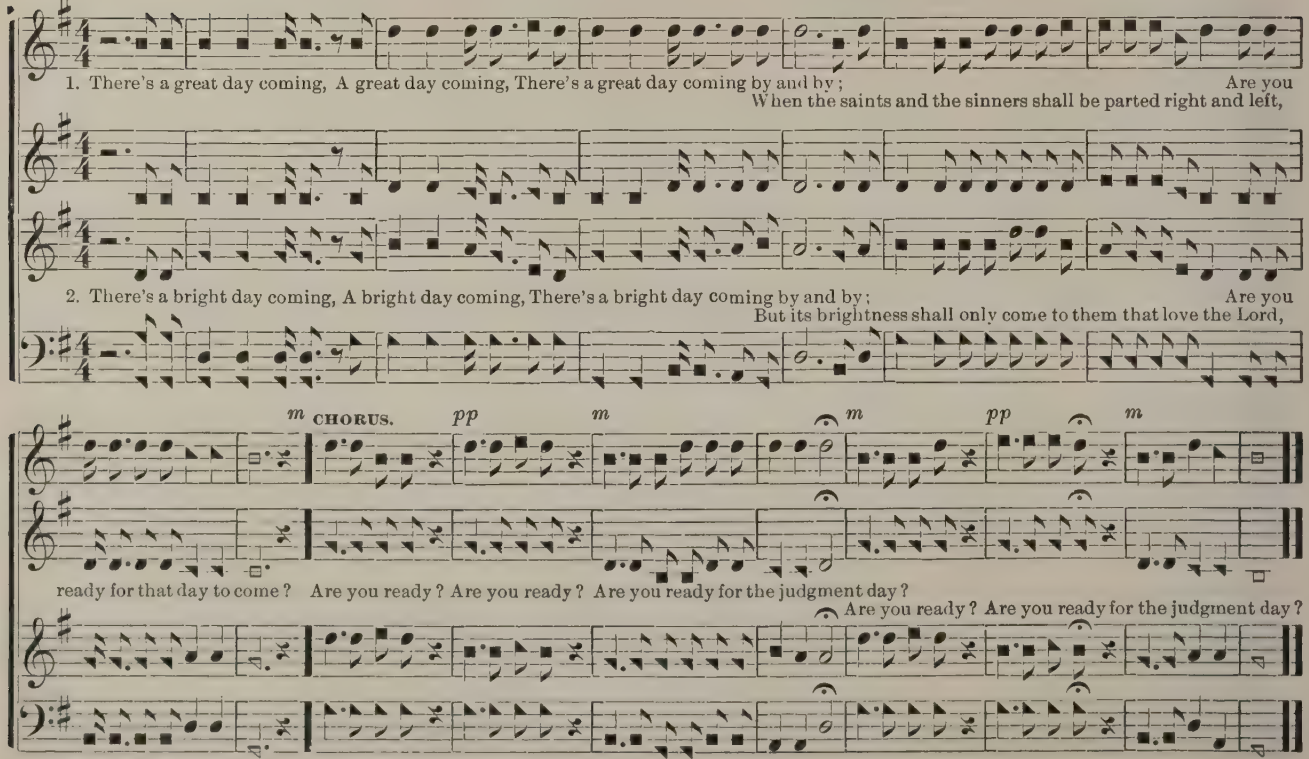
Arr. by B. F. White. Alto by J. M. C. Shaw.


Nak-ed as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth re - turn a - gain And min-gle with our dust.
1 2
1 2
The dear delights we here en-joy, And fond-ly call our own, Are but short favors borrowed now, To be re - paid a - non.
1 2
1 2

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. Tompson. By per. Treble by W. M. Cooper.

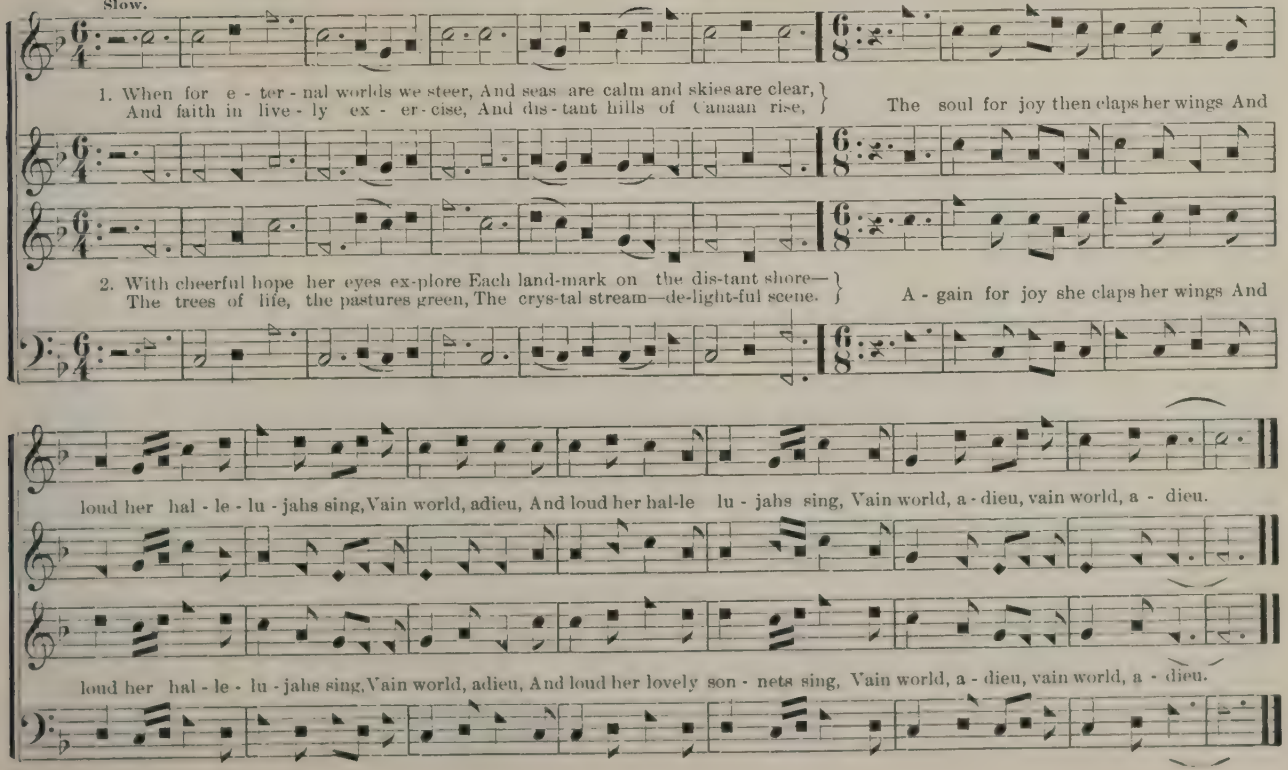
"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 24: 44.


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and by;
Are you
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and by;
Are you
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord,
m
CHORUS.
pp
m
m
pp
m
ready for that day to come? Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

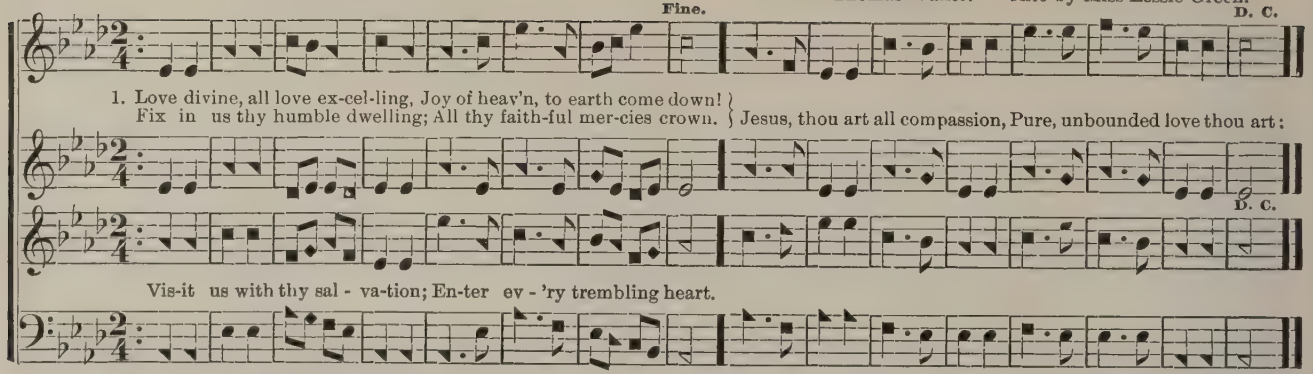
VAIN WORLD, ADIEU!

Eld. E. Dumas. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

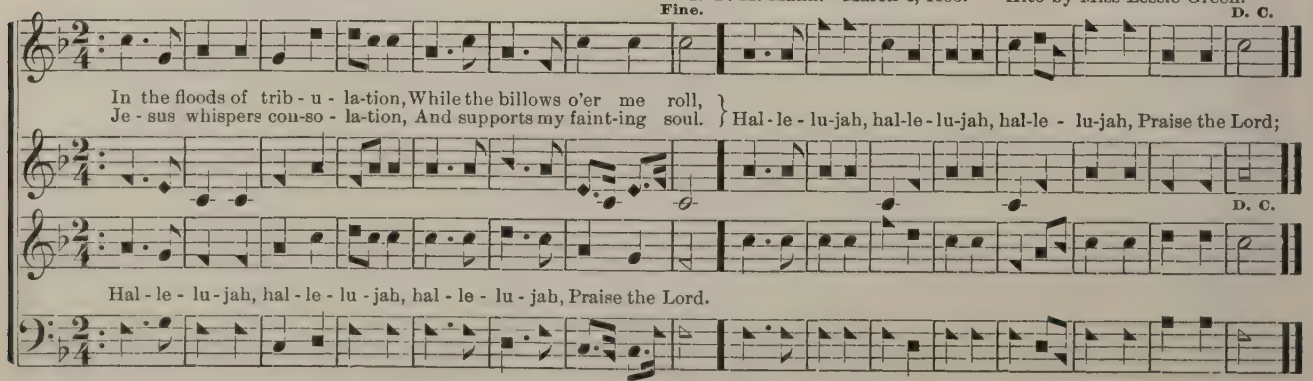

Slow.
1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings And
2. With cheerful hope her eyes ex-plore Each land-mark on the dis-tant shore—
The trees of life, the pastures green, The crys-tal stream—de-light-ful scene.
A - gain for joy she claps her wings And
loud her hal - le - lu - jahs sing, Vain world, adieu, And loud her hal-le lu - jahs sing, Vain world, a - dieu, vain world, a - dieu.
loud her hal - le - lu - jahs sing, Vain world, adieu, And loud her lovely son - nets sing, Vain world, a - dieu, vain world, a - dieu.

LOVE DIVINE.

Thomas Waller. Alto by Miss Lessie Green.

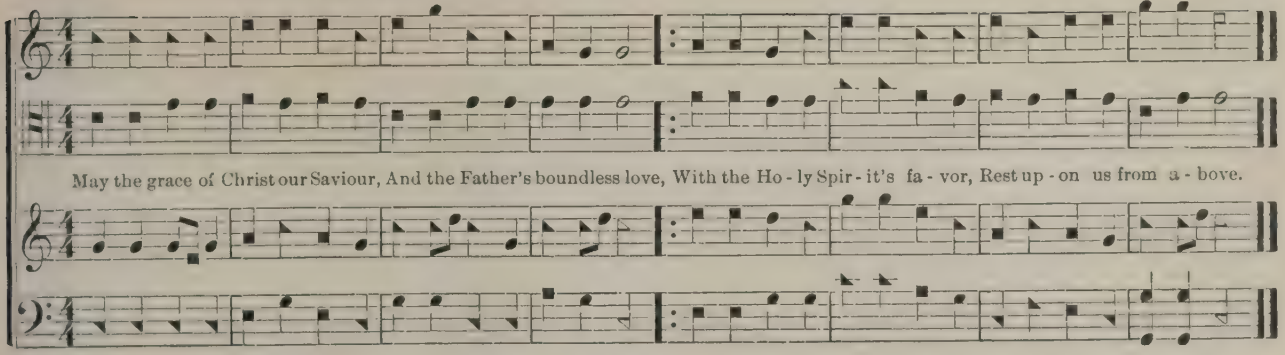

Fine.
D. C.
1. Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art:
D. C.
Vis-it us with thy sal - va-tion; En-ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.

SACRED MUSIC.

R. F. M. Mann. March 4, 1853. Alto by Miss Lessie Green.

Fine.
D. C.
In the floods of trib - u - la-tion, While the billows o'er me roll,
Je - sus whispers con-so - la-tion, And supports my faint-ing soul.
Hal - le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, Praise the Lord;
D. C.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord.

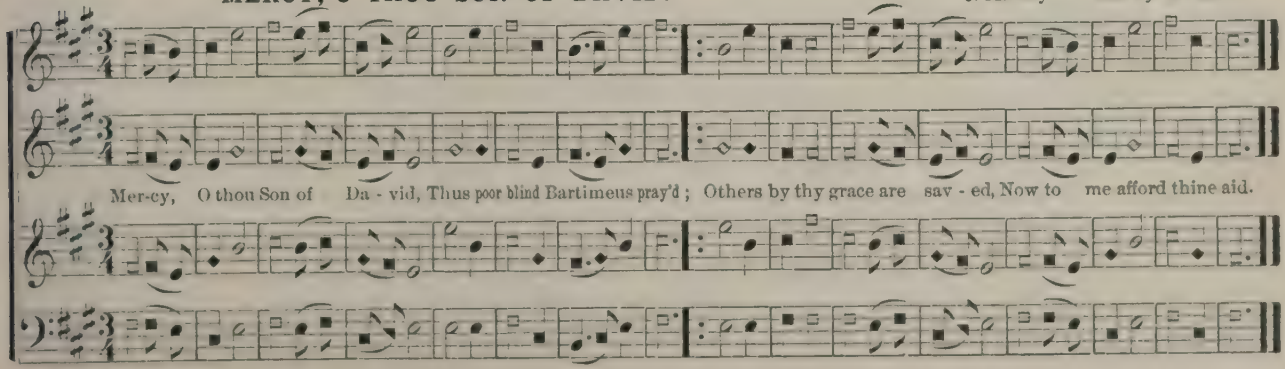
THE FATHER'S BOUNDLESS LOVE.

D. P. White.



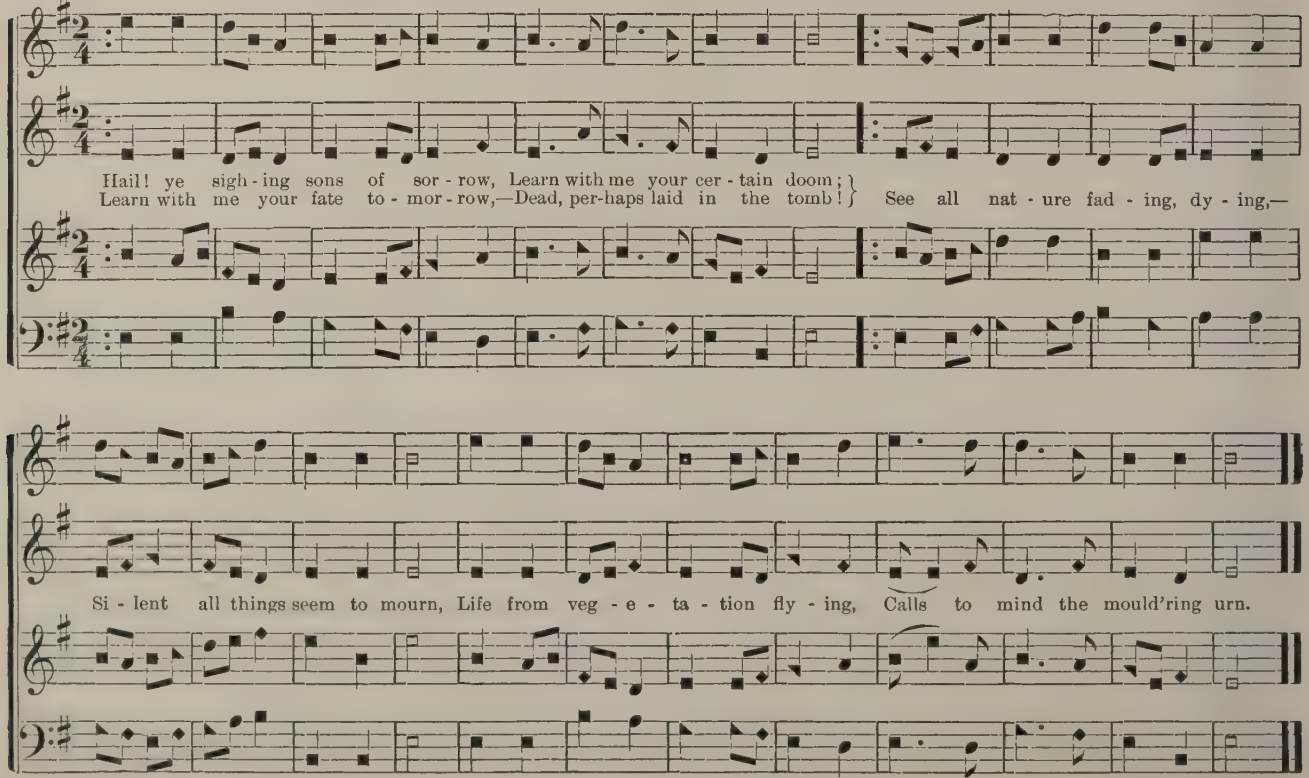
MERCY, O THOU SON OF DAVID.

J. M. Day. Alto by W. M. C.



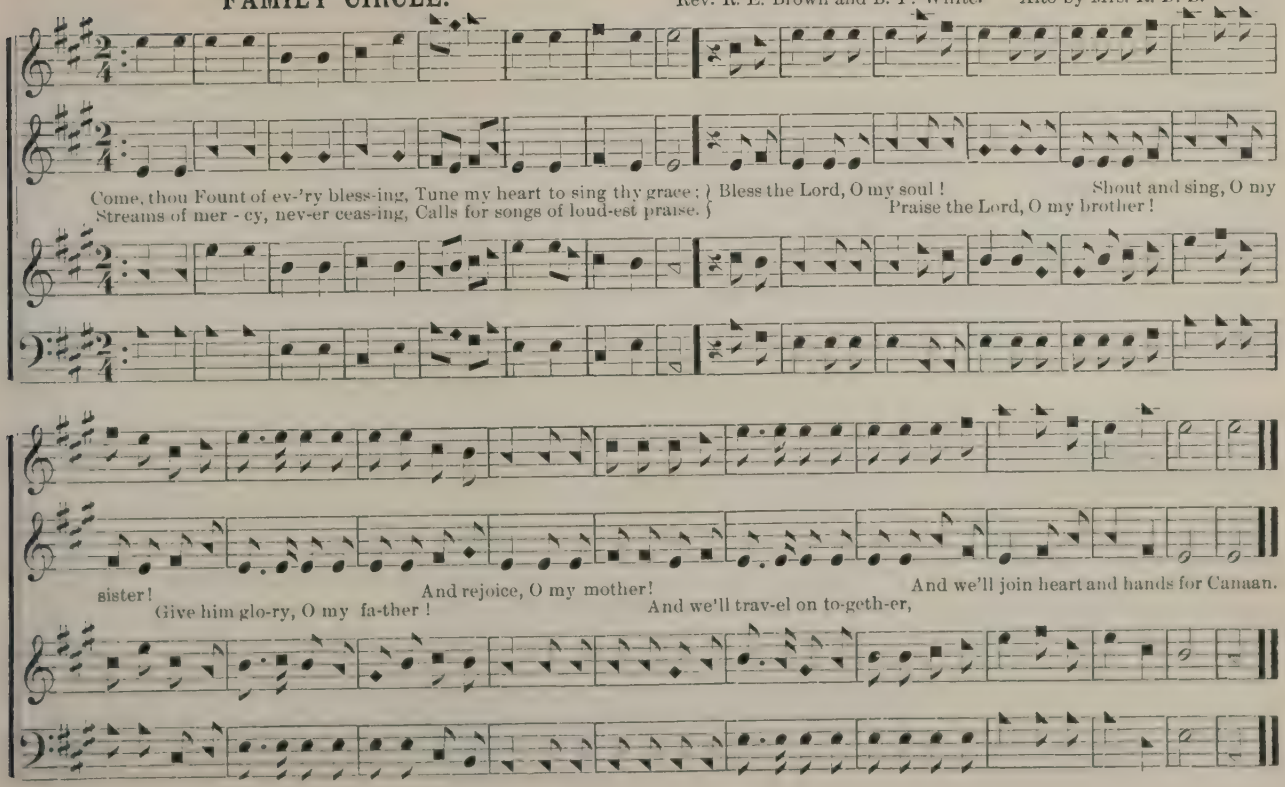
SONS OF SORROW.

Treble by Wm. Houser. Alto by Mrs. E. D. Martin.

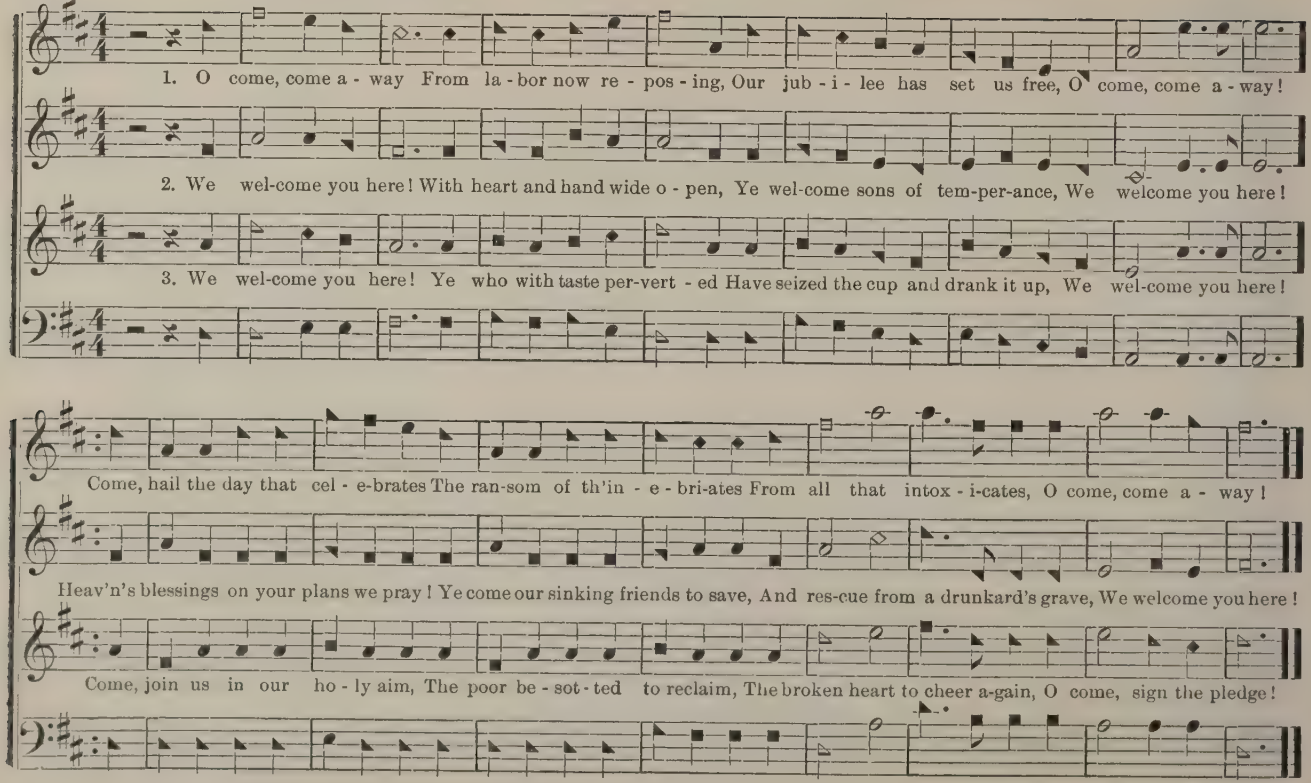

Hail! ye sigh - ing sons of sor - row, Learn with me your cer - tain doom;
Learn with me your fate to - mor - row,—Dead, per-haps laid in the tomb!
See all nat - ure fad - ing, dy - ing,—
Si - lent all things seem to mourn, Life from veg - e - ta - tion fly - ing, Calls to mind the mould'ring urn.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

Rev. R. E. Brown and B. F. White. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

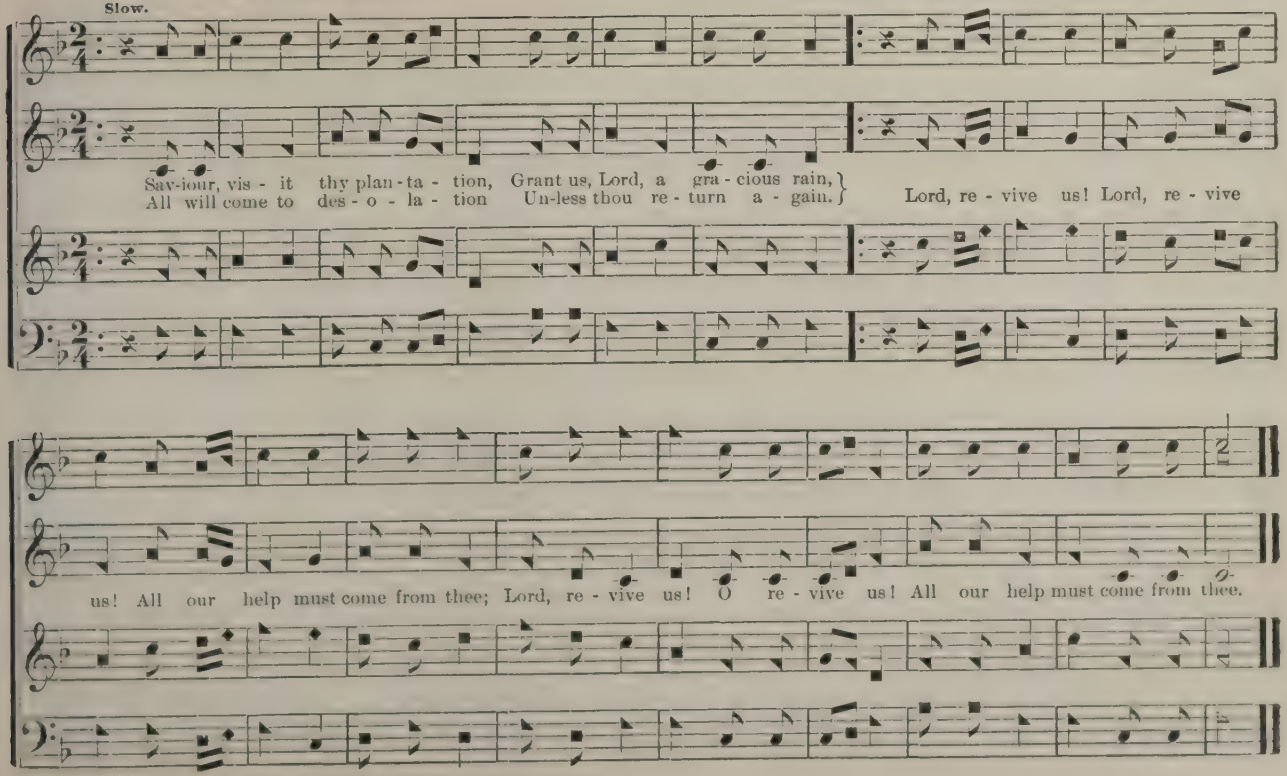

Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Calls for songs of loud-est praise.
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
Praise the Lord, O my brother!
Shout and sing, O my
sister!
Give him glo-ry, O my fa-ther!
And rejoice, O my mother!
And we'll trav-el on to-geth-er,
And we'll join heart and hands for Canaan.

O COME AWAY!

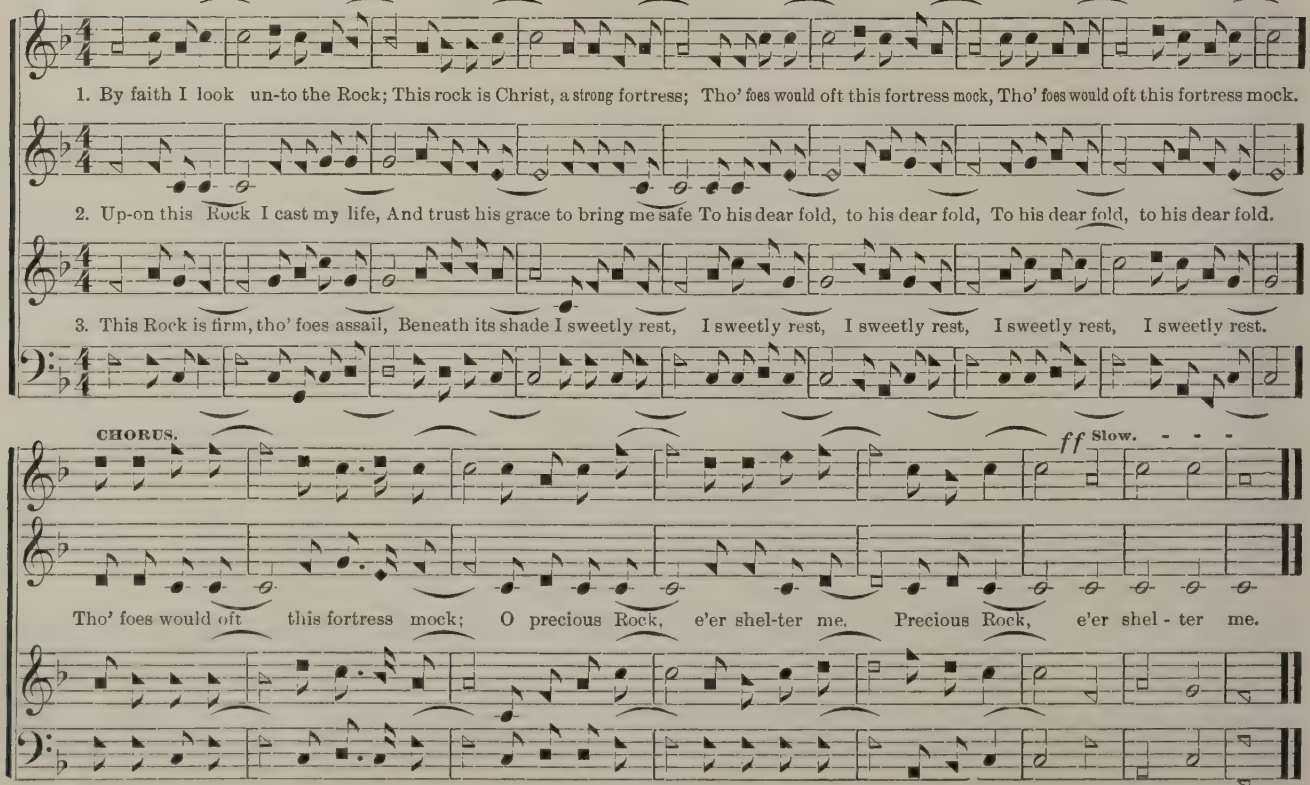

1. O come, come a - way From la - bor now re - pos - ing, Our jub - i - lee has set us free, O come, come a - way!
2. We wel-come you here! With heart and hand wide o - pen, Ye wel-come sons of tem-per-ance, We welcome you here!
3. We wel-come you here! Ye who with taste per-vert - ed Have seized the cup and drank it up, We wel-come you here!
Come, hail the day that cel - e-brates The ran-som of th'in - e - bri-ates From all that intox - i-cates, O come, come a - way!
Heav'n's blessings on your plans we pray! Ye come our sinking friends to save, And res-cue from a drunkard's grave, We welcome you here!
Come, join us in our ho - ly aim, The poor be - sot - ted to reclaim, The broken heart to cheer a-gain, O come, sign the pledge!

RETURN AGAIN.

Wm. L. Williams. Transposed and Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

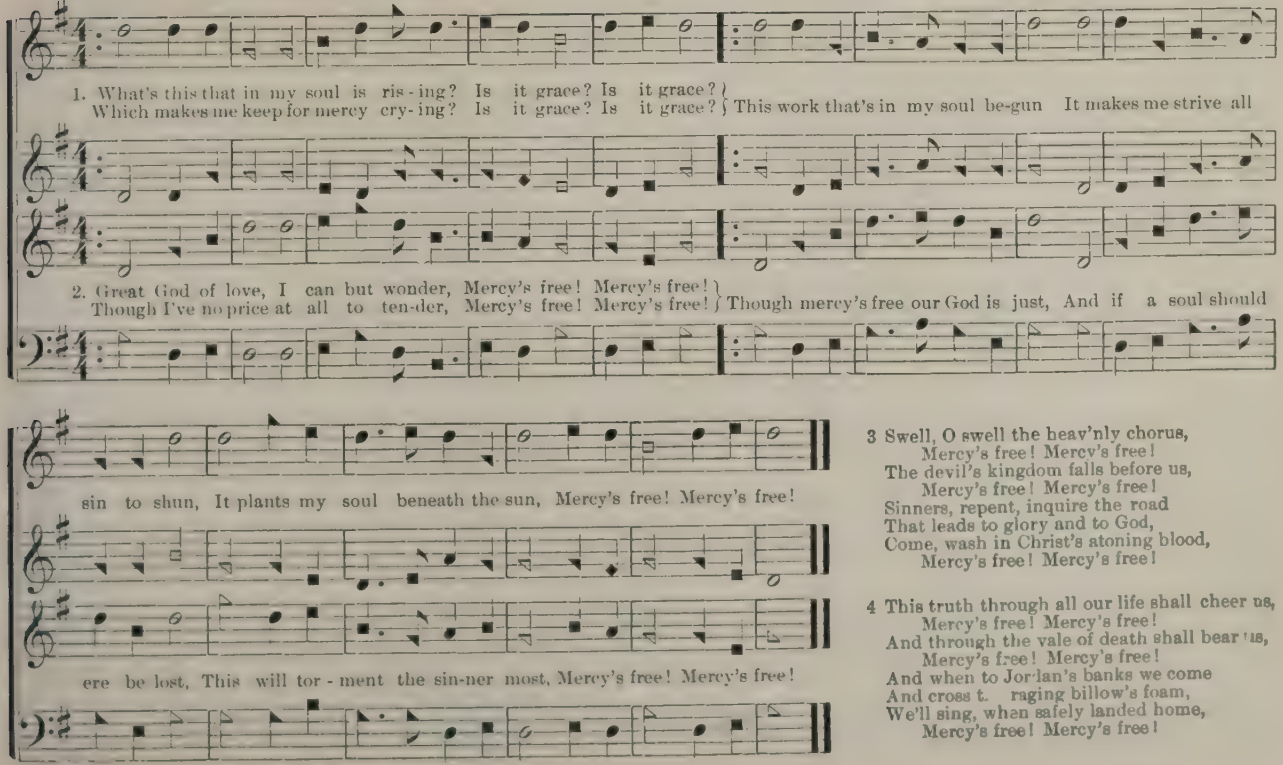

Slow.
Sav-iour, vis - it thy plan-ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain,
All will come to des - o - la - tion Un-less thou re - turn a - gain.
Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive
us! All our help must come from thee; Lord, re - vive us! O re - vive us! All our help must come from thee.

O PRECIOUS ROCK.

W. M. Cooper. Feb. 14, 1903.

1. By faith I look un-to the Rock; This rock is Christ, a strong fortress; Tho' foes would oft this fortress mock, Tho' foes would oft this fortress mock.
2. Up-on this Rock I cast my life, And trust his grace to bring me safe To his dear fold, to his dear fold, To his dear fold, to his dear fold.
3. This Rock is firm, tho' foes assail, Beneath its shade I sweetly rest, I sweetly rest, I sweetly rest, I sweetly rest, I sweetly rest.
CHORUS.
ff Slow. - - -
Tho' foes would oft this fortress mock; O precious Rock, e'er shel-ter me. Precious Rock, e'er shel - ter me.

MERCY'S FREE.

L. P. Breedlove. Alto by D. F. Stevens.

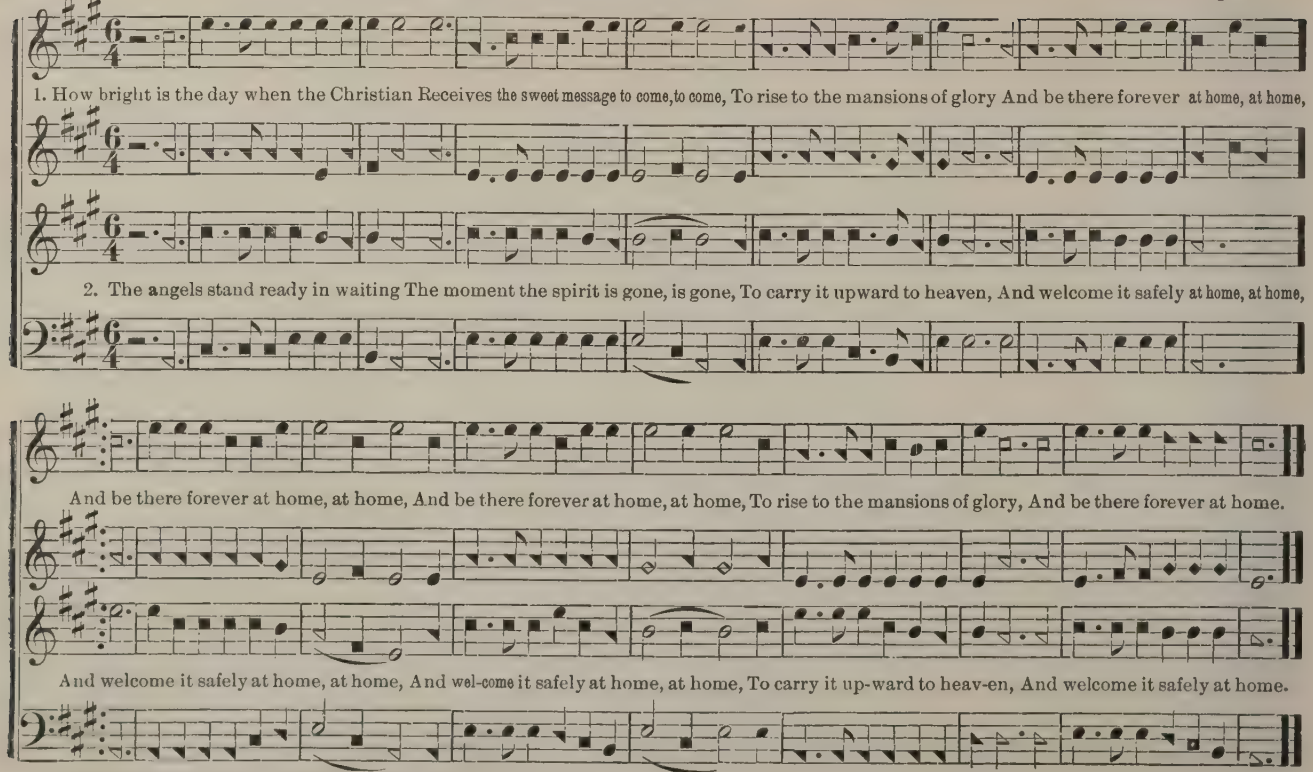

1. What's this that in my soul is ris - ing? Is it grace? Is it grace?
Which makes me keep for mercy cry - ing? Is it grace? Is it grace?
This work that's in my soul be-gun It makes me strive all
2. Great God of love, I can but wonder, Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Though I've no price at all to ten-der, Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Though mercy's free our God is just, And if a soul should
sin to shun, It plants my soul beneath the sun, Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
ere be lost, This will tor - ment the sin-ner most, Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

3 Swell, O swell the heav'nly chorus,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
Come, wash in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4 This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come
And cross t. raging billow's foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed home,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

RISE TO THE MANSIONS OF GLORY.

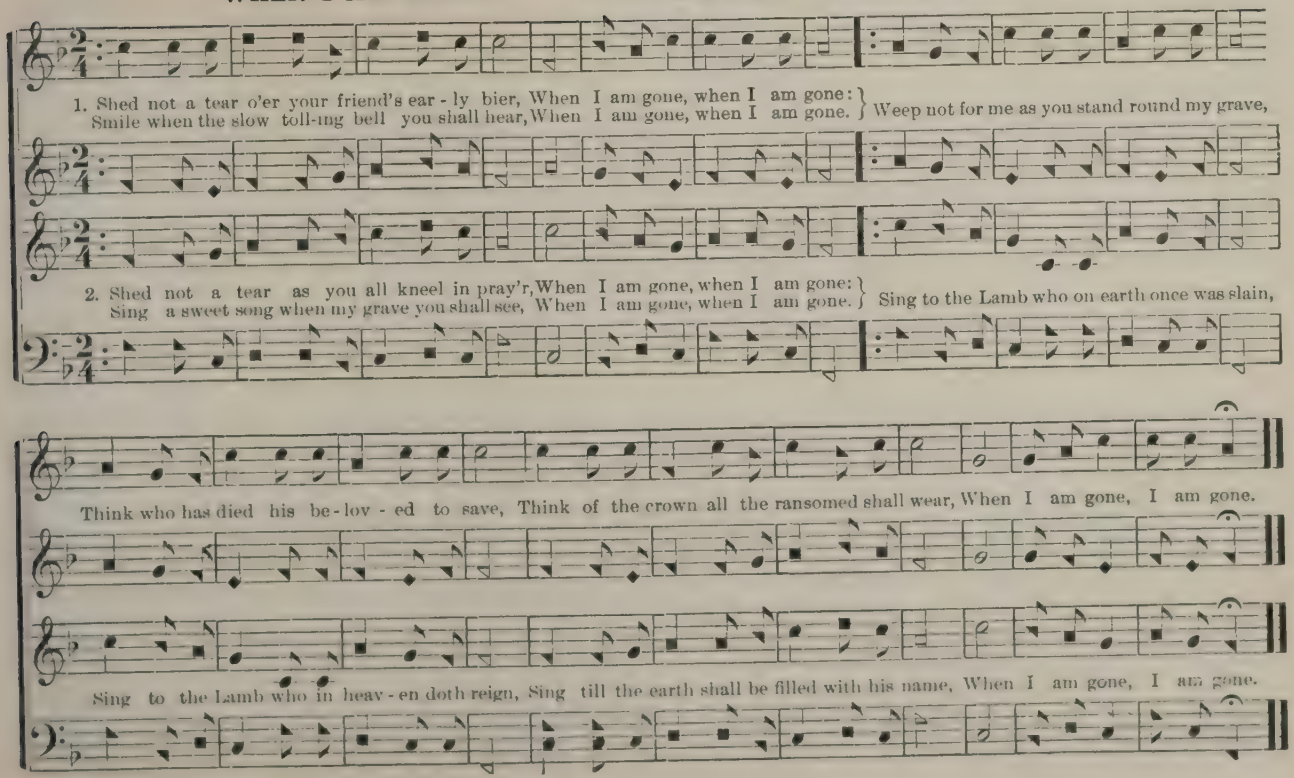
W. M. Cooper.


1. How bright is the day when the Christian Receives the sweet message to come, to come, To rise to the mansions of glory And be there forever at home, at home,
2. The angels stand ready in waiting The moment the spirit is gone, is gone, To carry it upward to heaven, And welcome it safely at home, at home,
And be there forever at home, at home, And be there forever at home, at home, To rise to the mansions of glory, And be there forever at home.
And welcome it safely at home, at home, And wel-come it safely at home, at home, To carry it up-ward to heav-en, And welcome it safely at home.

Words composed by Rev. S. B. Sawyer on the day of his death.

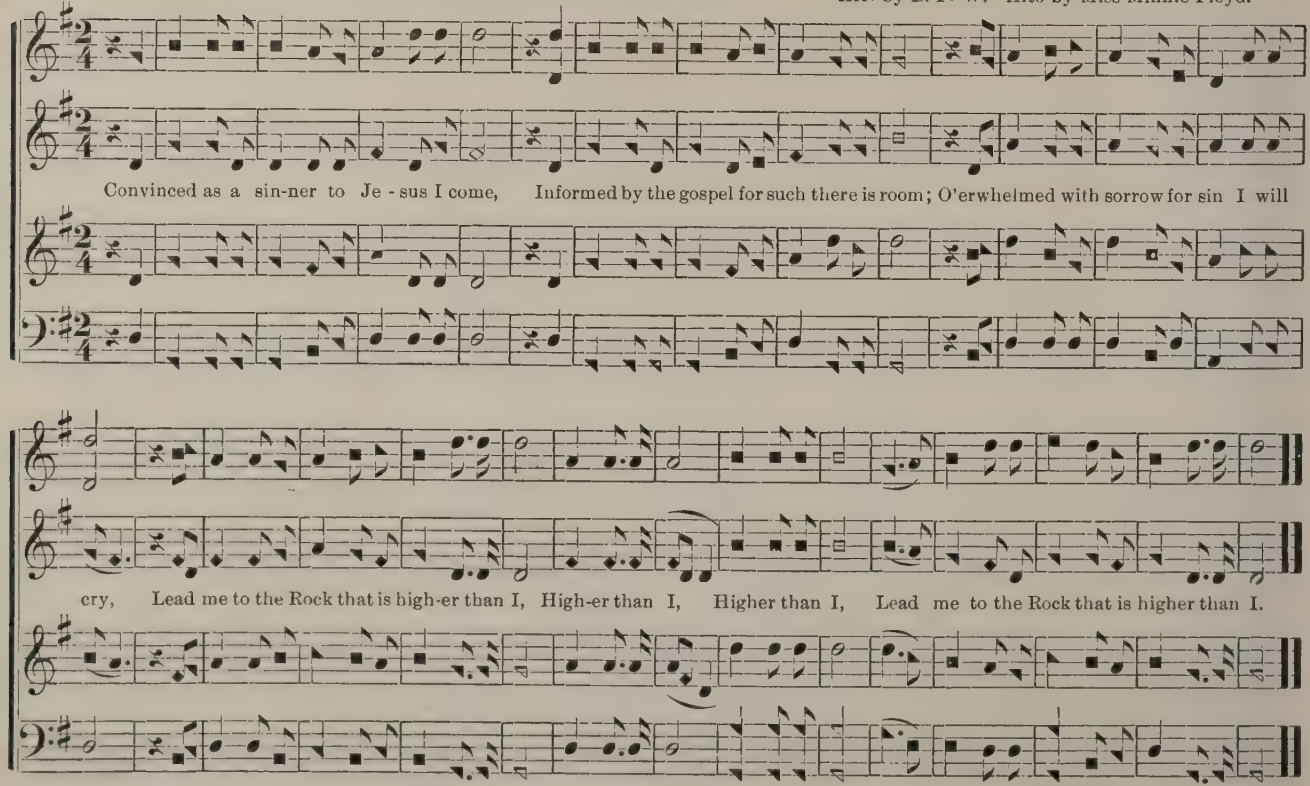
WHEN I AM GONE.

M. H. Turner. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's ear - ly bier, When I am gone, when I am gone:
Smile when the slow toll-ing bell you shall hear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
Weep not for me as you stand round my grave,
2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in pray'r, When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see, When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain,
Think who has died his be - lov - ed to save, Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb who in heav - en doth reign, Sing till the earth shall be filled with his name, When I am gone, I am gone.

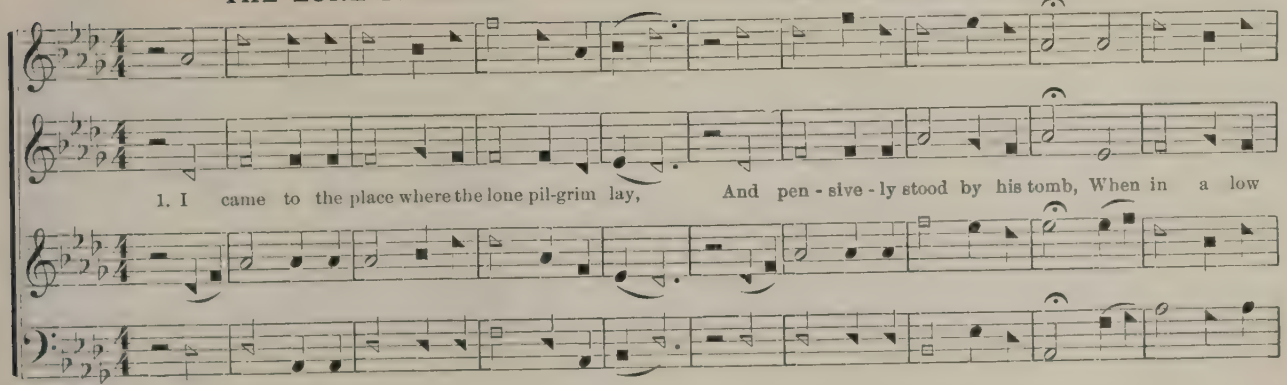
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

Arr. by B. F. W. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


Convinced as a sin-ner to Je - sus I come, Informed by the gospel for such there is room; O'erwhelmed with sorrow for sin I will
cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I, Higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

THE LONE PILGRIM.

B. F. White. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. I came to the place where the lone pil-grim lay, And pen - sive - ly stood by his tomb, When in a low
whis-per I heard something say, How sweet-ly he sleeps here a-lone.

2 The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roar,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm are his feelings, at rest is his soul,
The tears are all wiped from his eyes.

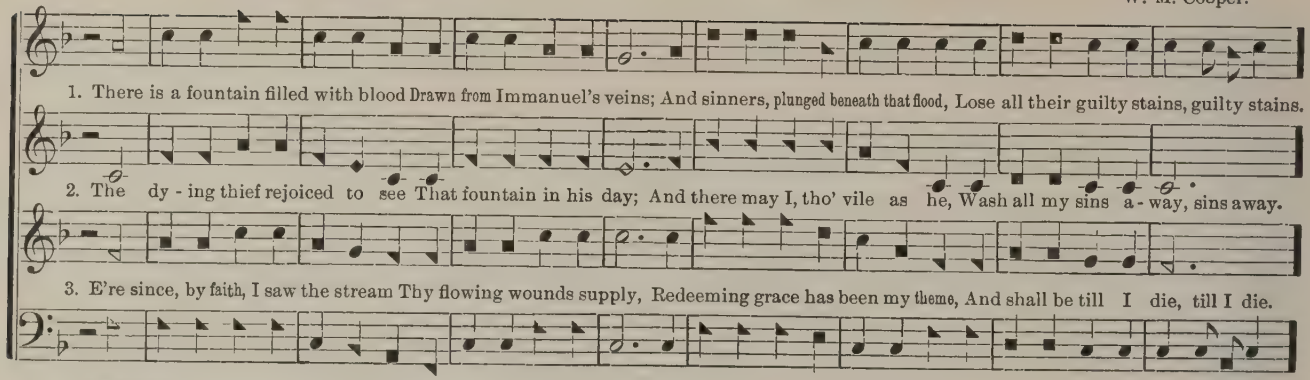
3 The cause of his Master propelled him from home;
He bade his companions farewell;
He blessed his dear children who for him now mourn,
In far distant regions they dwell.

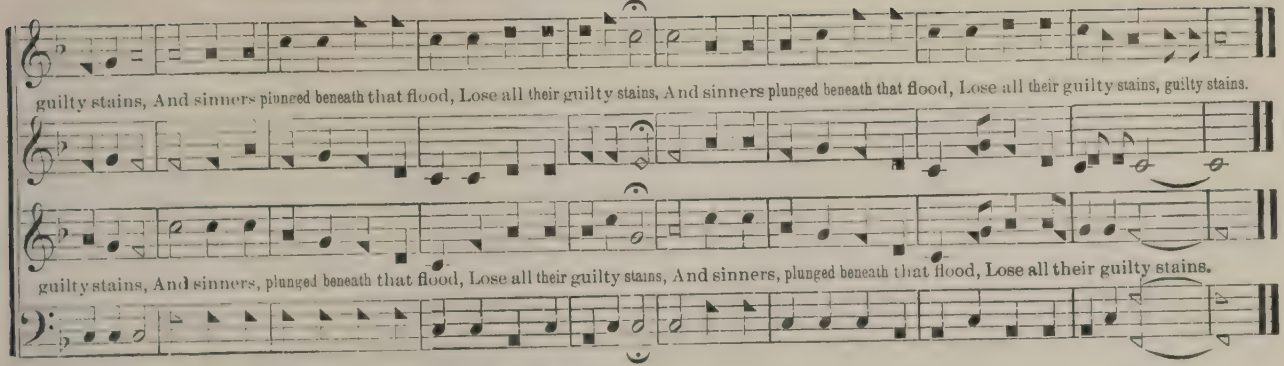
4 He wandered an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
He met the contagion and sank to the tomb,
His soul flew to mansions on high.

5 O tell his companion and children most dear,
To weep not for him now he's gone;
The same hand that led him thro' scenes most severe,
Has kindly assisted him home.

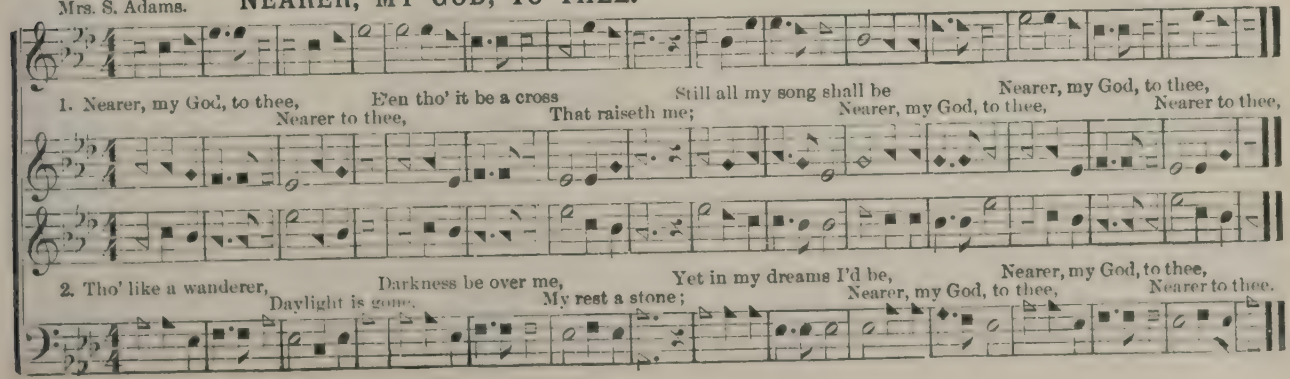
FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

W. M. Cooper.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, guilty stains.
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, sins away.
3. E're since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming grace has been my theme, And shall be till I die, till I die.
REFRAIN.
Lose all their guilty stains, guilty stains, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their
Lose all their guilty stains,....
Lose all their guilty stains, guilt - y stains,
Lose all their guilty stains,....And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains,
guilt - y..... stains,
Lose all their guilty stains,.....

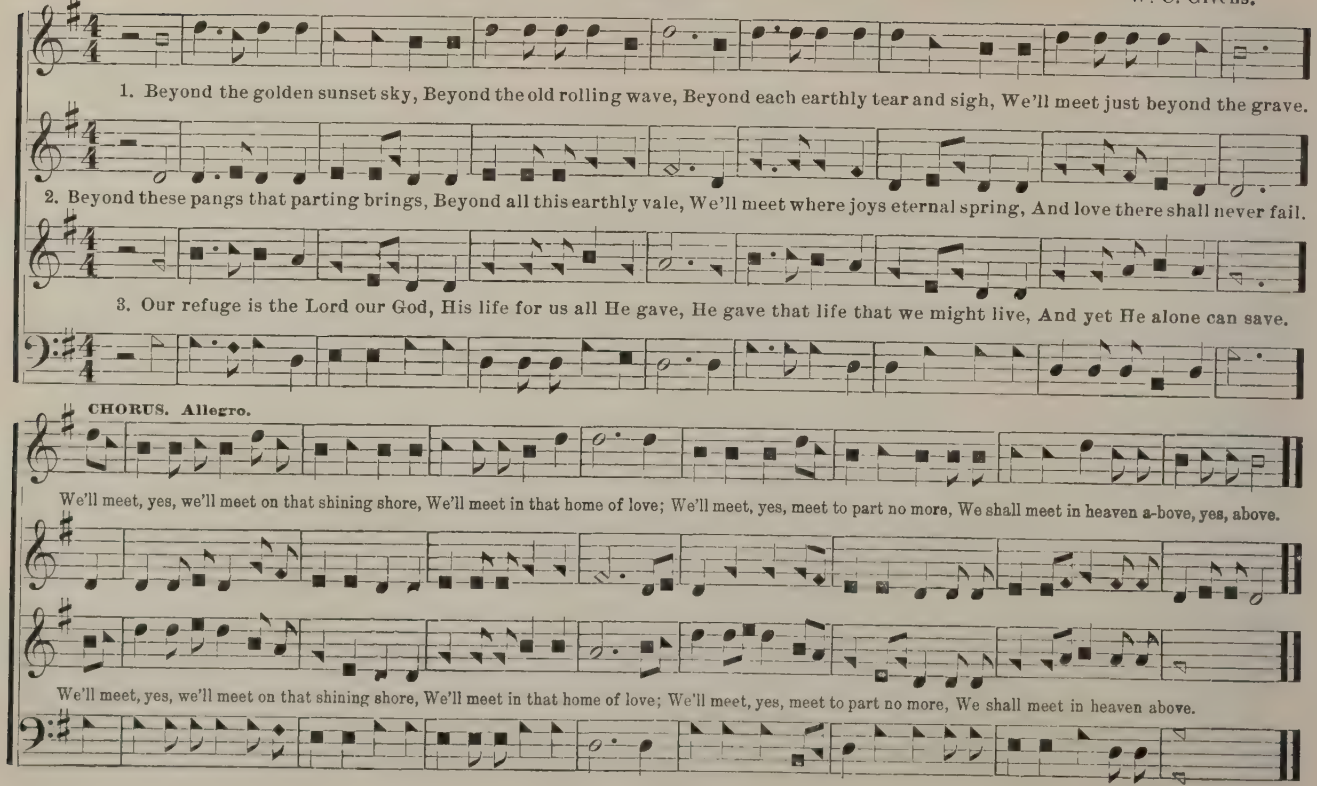

guilty stains, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, guilty stains.
guilty stains, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Mrs. S. Adams. **NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.** T. J. Allen.


1. Nearer, my God, to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee, That raiseth me; Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee,
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Darkness be over me, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
Daylight is gone. My rest a stone; Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

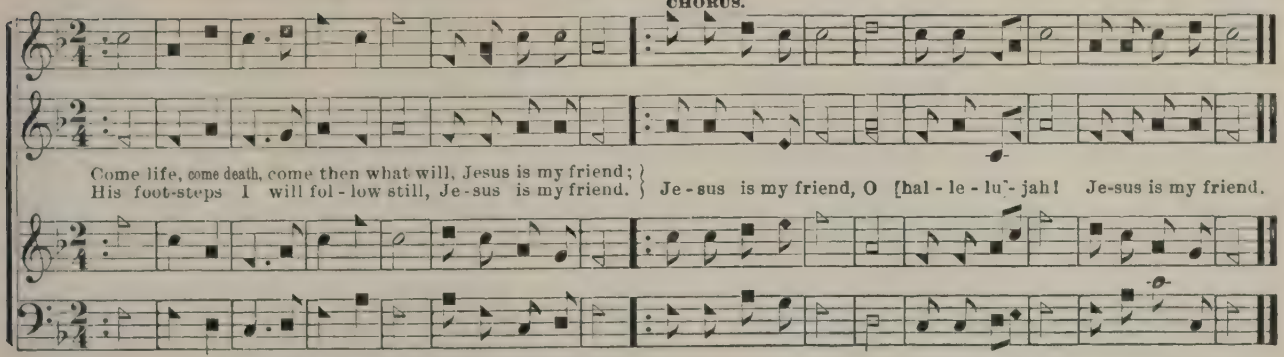
WE'LL MEET BEYOND THE GRAVE.

W. C. Givens.


1. Beyond the golden sunset sky, Beyond the old rolling wave, Beyond each earthly tear and sigh, We'll meet just beyond the grave.
2. Beyond these pangs that parting brings, Beyond all this earthly vale, We'll meet where joys eternal spring, And love there shall never fail.
3. Our refuge is the Lord our God, His life for us all He gave, He gave that life that we might live, And yet He alone can save.
CHORUS. Allegro.
We'll meet, yes, we'll meet on that shining shore, We'll meet in that home of love; We'll meet, yes, meet to part no more, We shall meet in heaven a-bove, yes, above.
We'll meet, yes, we'll meet on that shining shore, We'll meet in that home of love; We'll meet, yes, meet to part no more, We shall meet in heaven above.

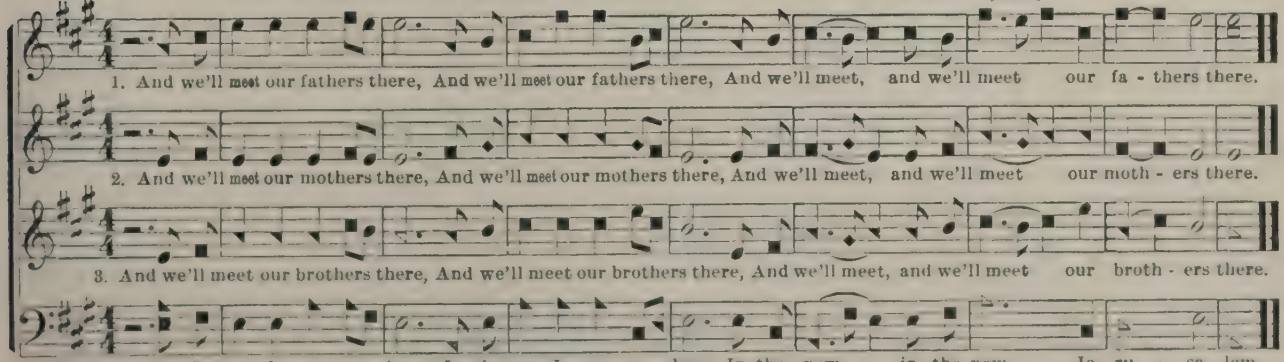
JESUS IS MY FRIEND. L. M.

J. B. Rees.


CHORUS.
Come life, come death, come then what will, Jesus is my friend;
His foot-steps I will fol - low still, Je-sus is my friend.
Je - sus is my friend, O hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus is my friend.

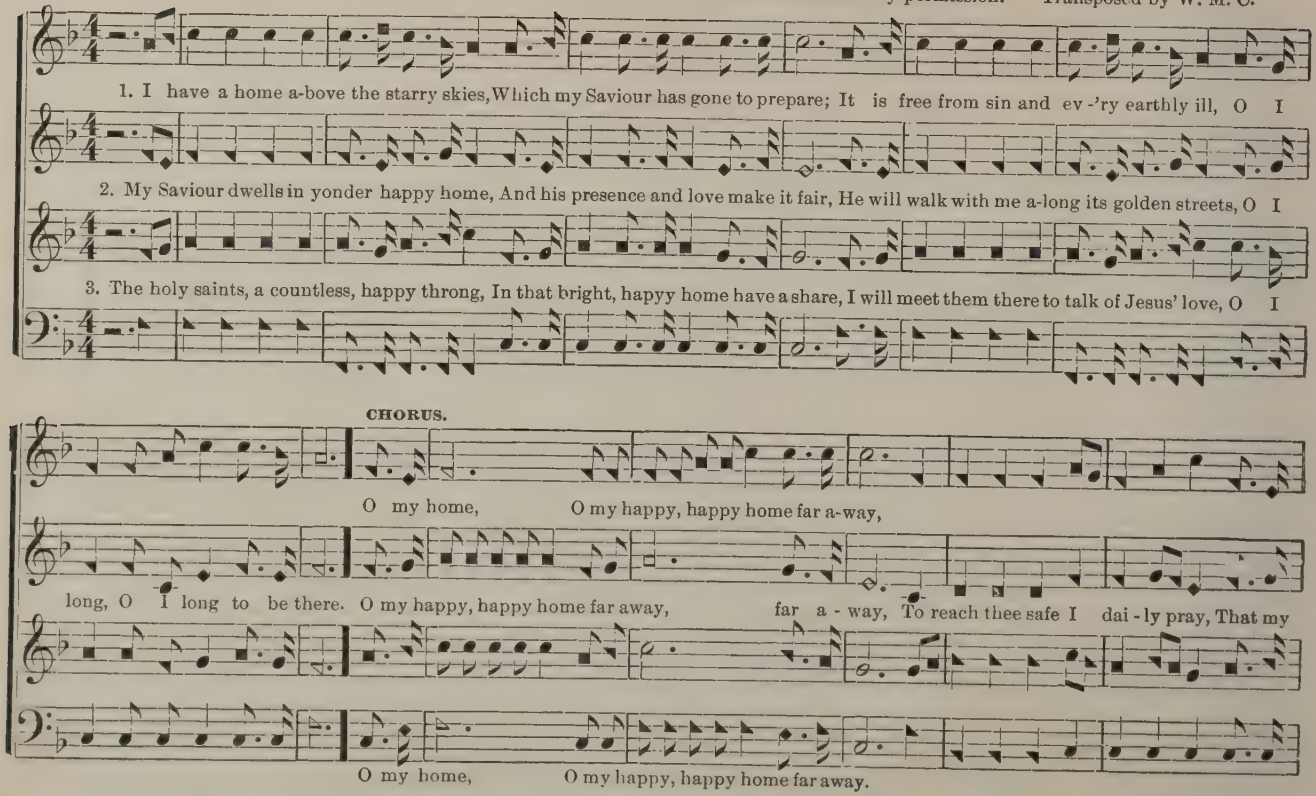
WE'LL MEET OVER THERE.

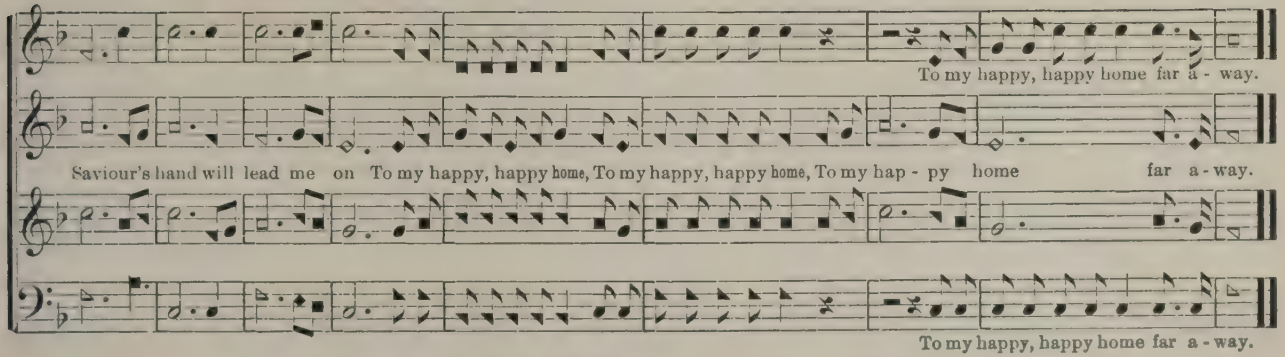
J. L. Pickard. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. And we'll meet our fathers there, And we'll meet our fathers there, And we'll meet, and we'll meet our fa - thers there.
2. And we'll meet our mothers there, And we'll meet our mothers there, And we'll meet, and we'll meet our moth - ers there.
3. And we'll meet our brothers there, And we'll meet our brothers there, And we'll meet, and we'll meet our broth - ers there.
Chorus.—In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new,.... in the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

MY HAPPY HOME.

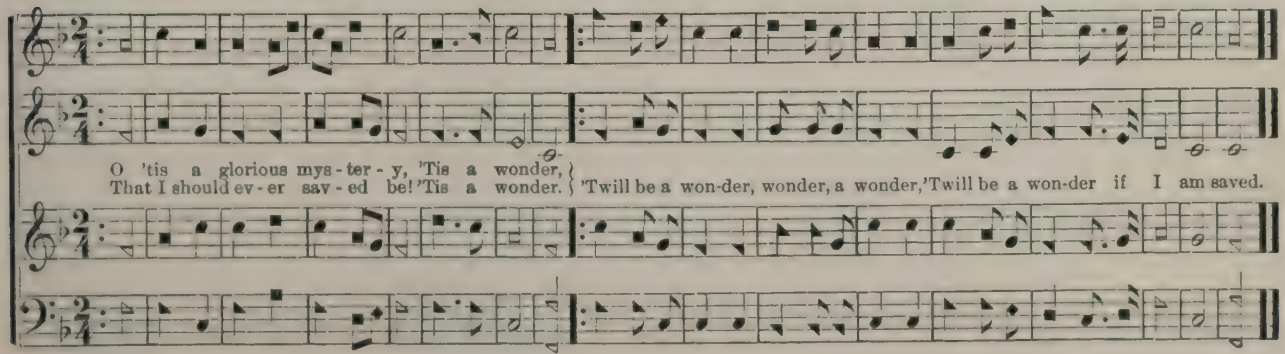
Aldine S. Kieffer. By permission. Transposed by W. M. C.


1. I have a home a-bove the starry skies, Which my Saviour has gone to prepare; It is free from sin and ev -'ry earthly ill, O I
2. My Saviour dwells in yonder happy home, And his presence and love make it fair, He will walk with me a-long its golden streets, O I
3. The holy saints, a countless, happy throng, In that bright, hapyy home have a share, I will meet them there to talk of Jesus' love, O I
CHORUS.
O my home, O my happy, happy home far a-way,
long, O I long to be there. O my happy, happy home far away, far a - way, To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, That my
O my home, O my happy, happy home far away.


To my happy, happy home far a - way.
Saviour's hand will lead me on To my happy, happy home, To my happy, happy home, To my hap - py home far a - way.
To my happy, happy home far a - way.

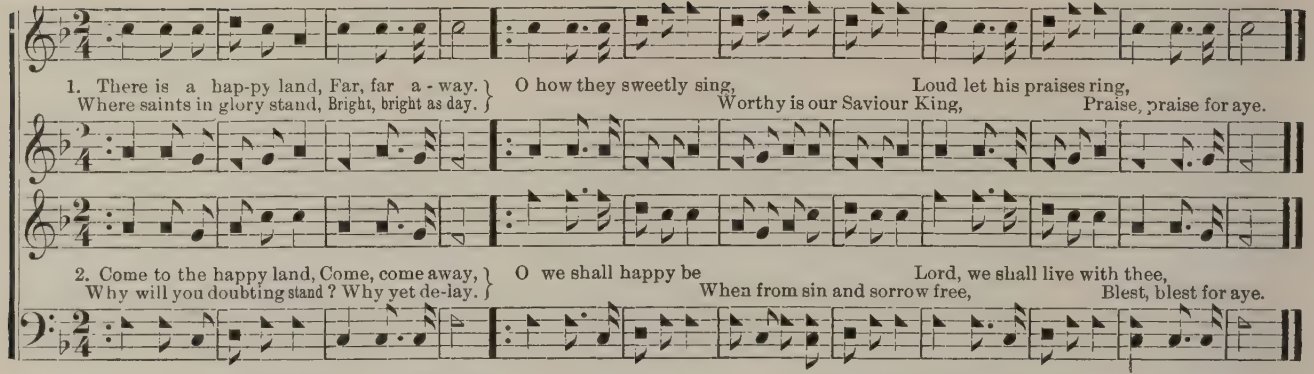
IT IS A WONDER IF I AM SAVED.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


O 'tis a glorious mys - ter - y, 'Tis a wonder,
That I should ev - er sav - ed be! 'Tis a wonder.
'Twill be a won-der, wonder, a wonder, 'Twill be a won-der if I am saved.

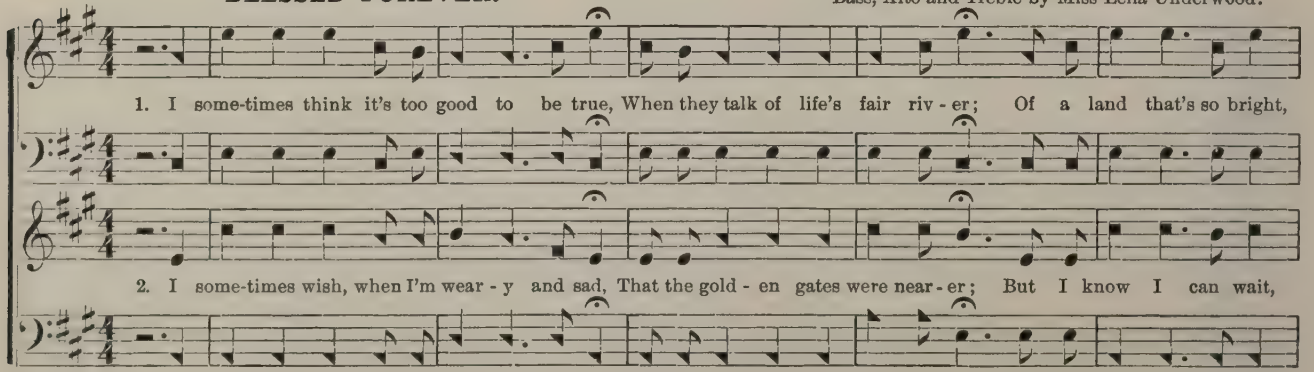
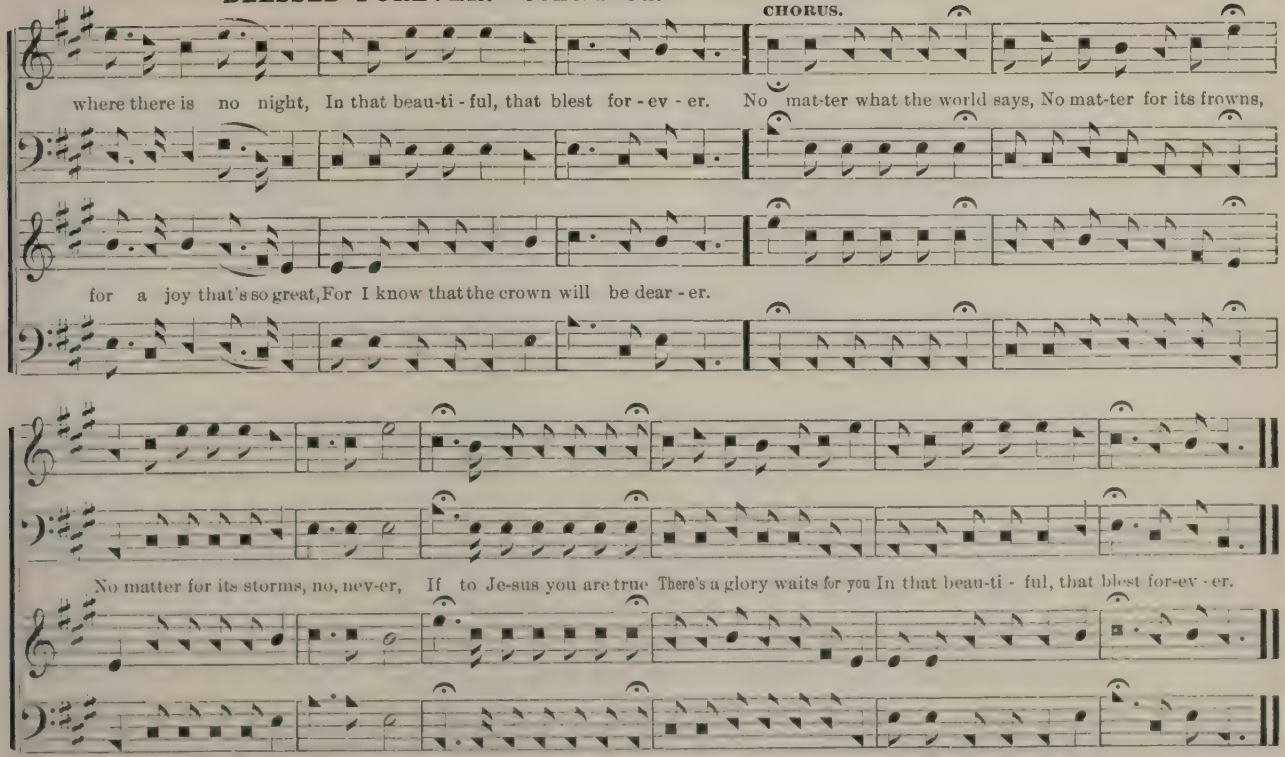
HAPPY LAND. 6, 4, 7, 4.

Leonard P. Breedlove. Alto, Miss Henrietta Spivey.


1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way. } O how they sweetly sing, Loud let his praises ring,
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day. } Worthy is our Saviour King, Praise, praise for aye.
2. Come to the happy land, Come, come away, } O we shall happy be Lord, we shall live with thee,
Why will you doubting stand? Why yet de-lay. } When from sin and sorrow free, Blest, blest for aye.

BLESSED FOREVER.

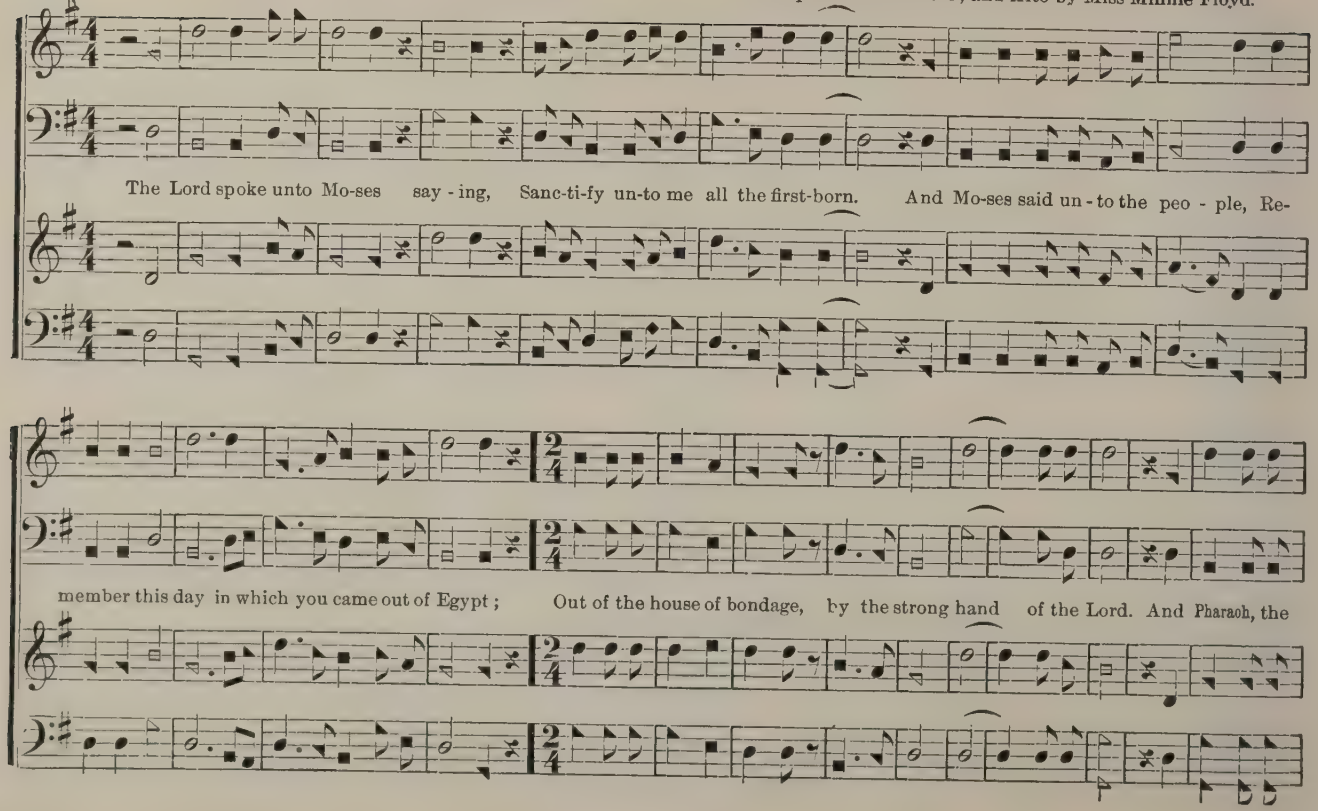
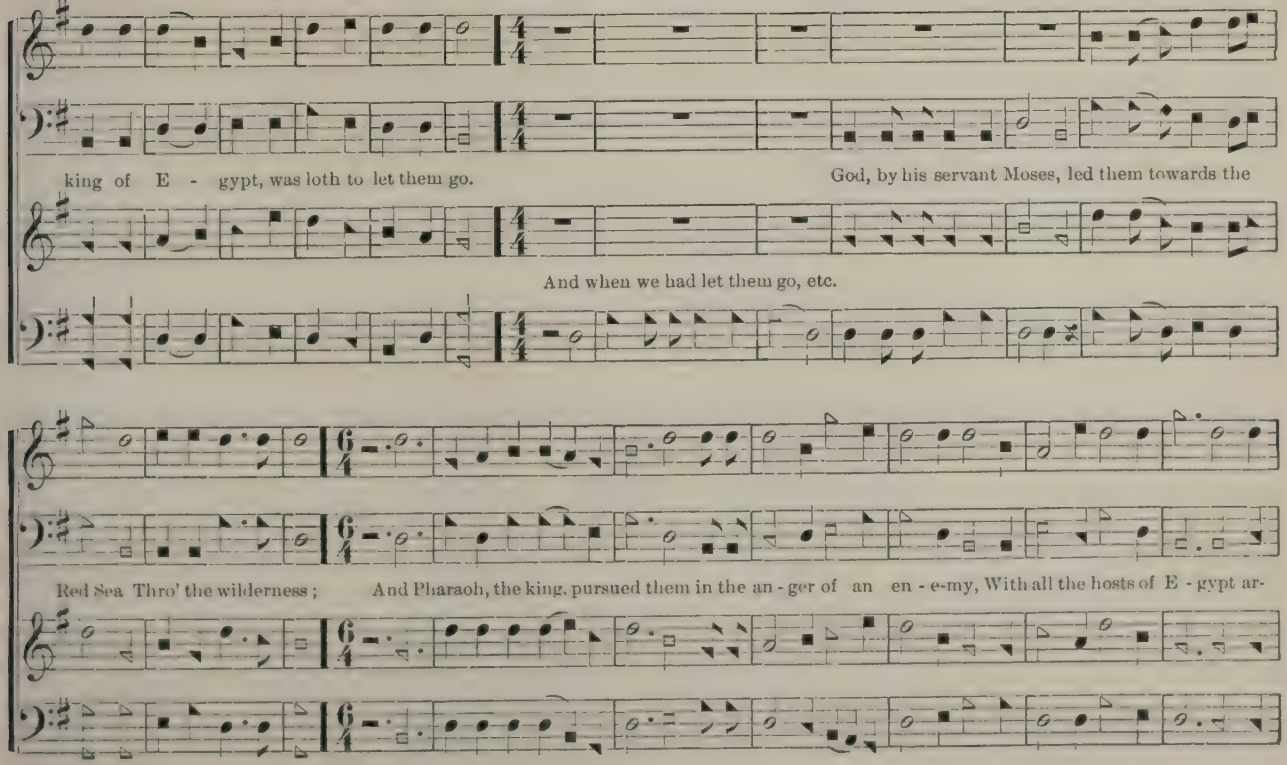
Bass, Alto and Treble by Miss Lelia Underwood.


1. I some-times think it's too good to be true, When they talk of life's fair riv - er; Of a land that's so bright,
2. I some-times wish, when I'm wear - y and sad, That the gold - en gates were near - er; But I know I can wait,

CHORUS.
where there is no night, In that beau-ti - ful, that blest for - ev - er. No mat-ter what the world says, No mat-ter for its frowns,
for a joy that's so great, For I know that the crown will be dear - er.
No matter for its storms, no, nev-er, If to Je-sus you are true There's a glory waits for you In that beau-ti - ful, that blest for-ev - er.

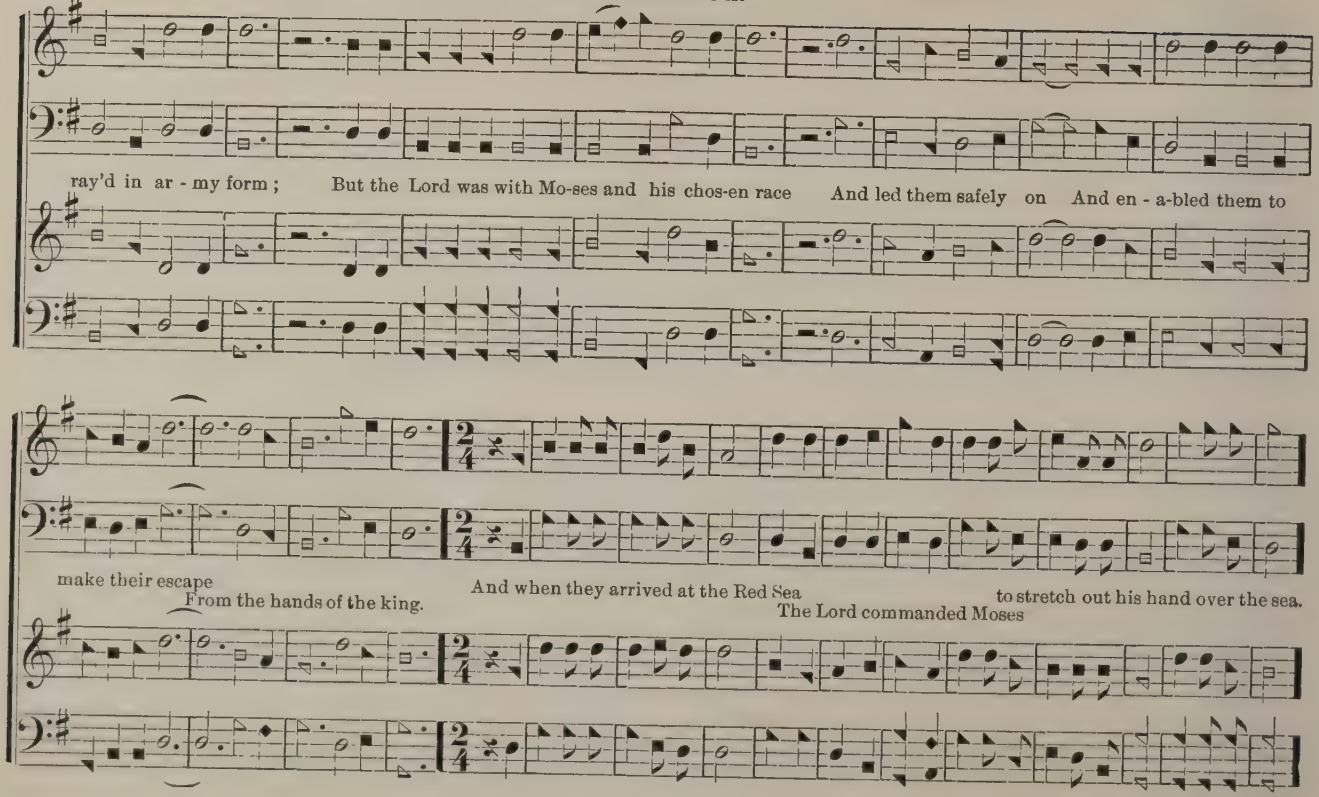
Tenor as sung by John W. Parker, a primitive Baptist minister of considerable influence and ability.

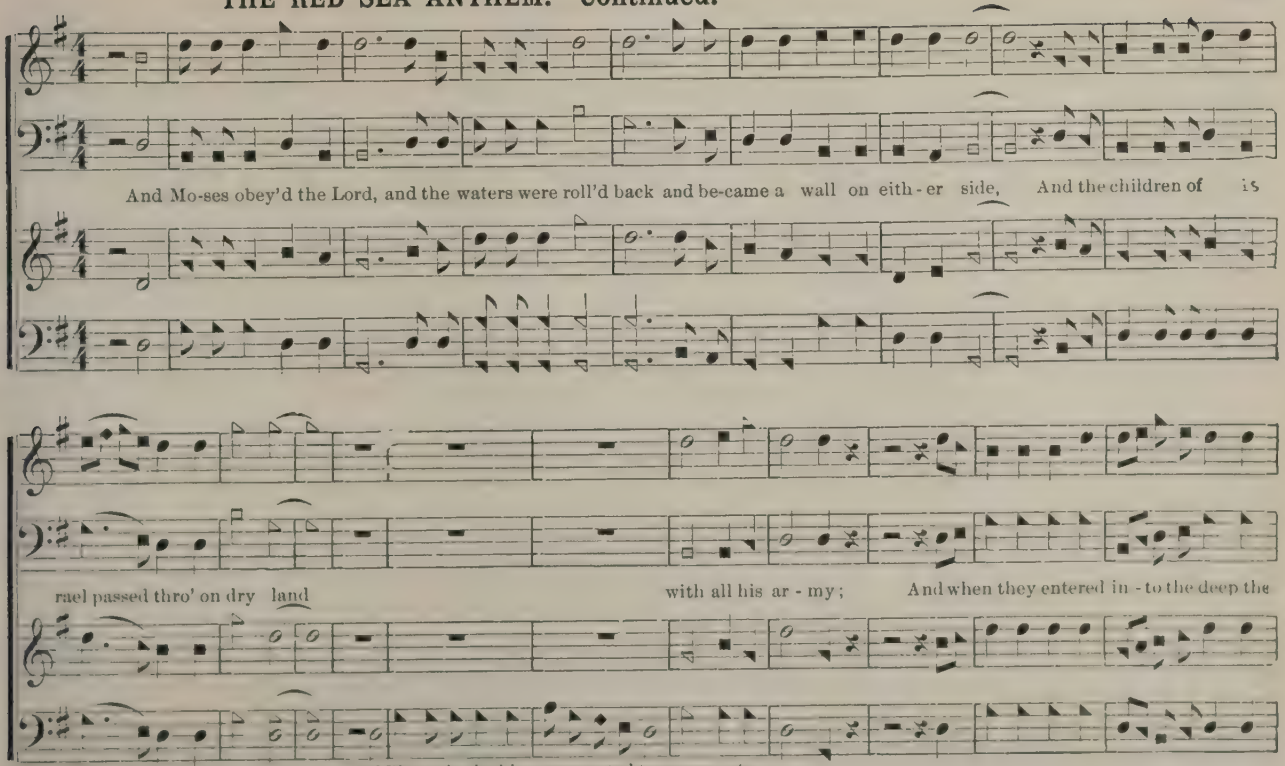
THE RED SEA ANTHEM.

Transposed from A to G, and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

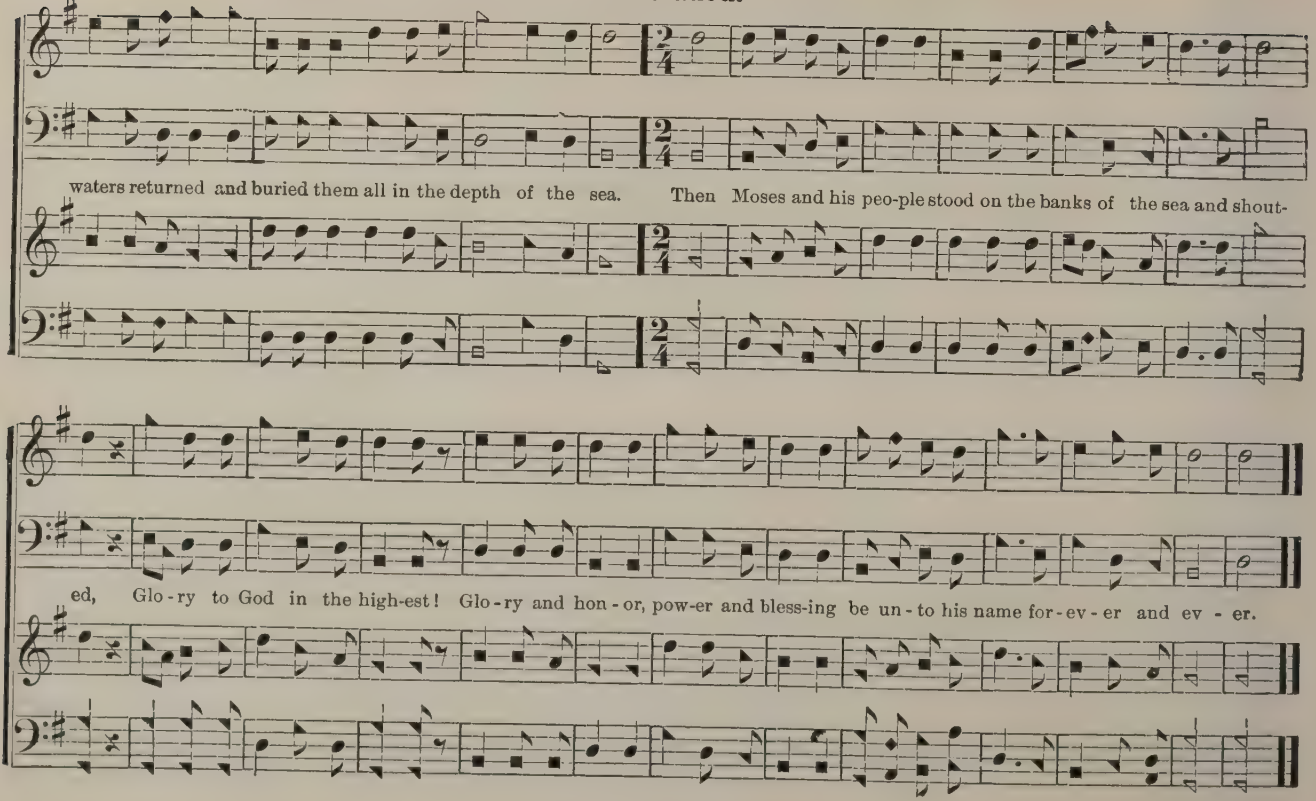

The Lord spoke unto Mo-ses say - ing, Sanc-ti-fy un-to me all the first-born. And Mo-ses said un - to the peo - ple, Re-
member this day in which you came out of Egypt; Out of the house of bondage, by the strong hand of the Lord. And Pharaoh, the

king of E - gypt, was loth to let them go.
God, by his servant Moses, led them towards the
And when we had let them go, etc.
Red Sea Thro' the wilderness ;
And Pharaoh, the king, pursued them in the an - ger of an en - e-my, With all the hosts of E - gypt ar-

THE RED SEA ANTHEM. Continued.


ray'd in ar - my form ; But the Lord was with Mo-ses and his chos-en race And led them safely on And en - a-bled them to
make their escape
From the hands of the king.
And when they arrived at the Red Sea
The Lord commanded Moses
to stretch out his hand over the sea.

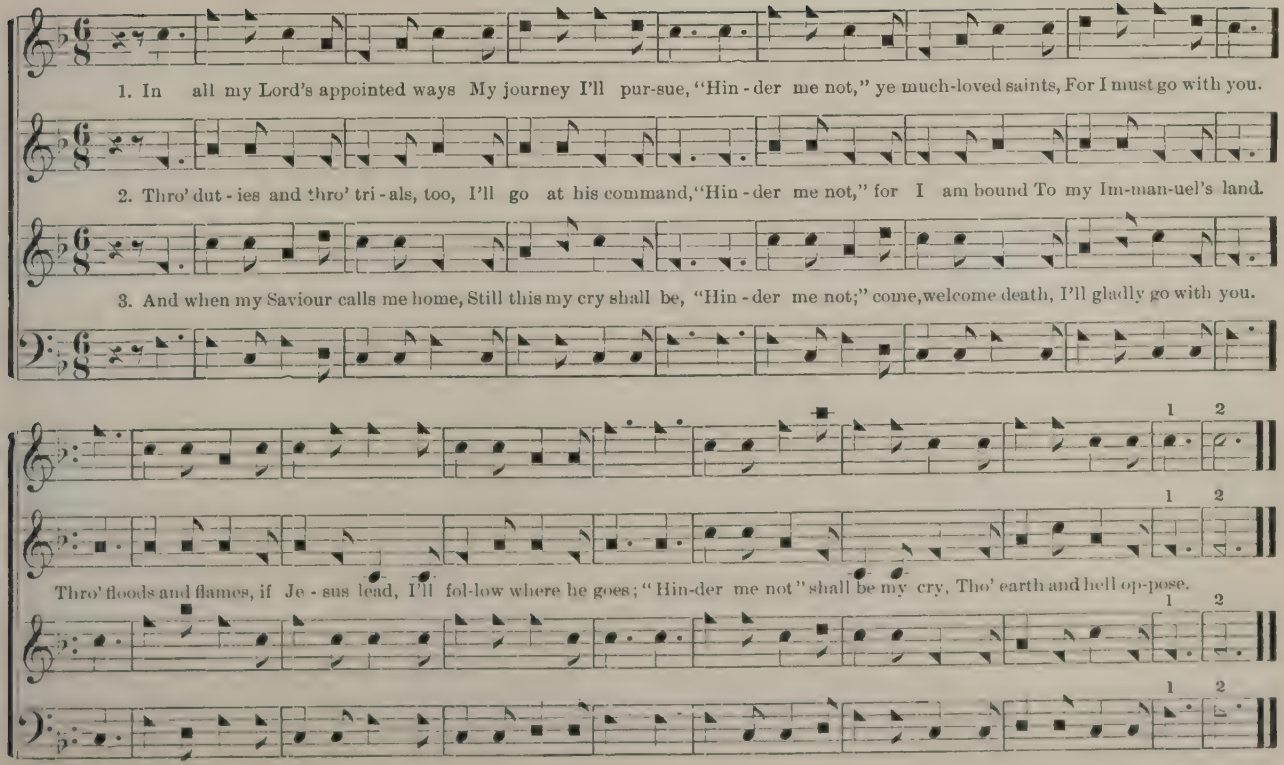

And Mo-ses obey'd the Lord, and the waters were roll'd back and be-came a wall on eith-er side, And the children of is
rael passed thro' on dry land
with all his ar-my; And when they entered in-to the deep the
And Pharoah, the king, attempted to pursue, etc.

THE RED SEA ANTHEM. Concluded.


waters returned and buried them all in the depth of the sea. Then Moses and his peo-ple stood on the banks of the sea and shout-
ed, Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry and hon-or, pow-er and bless-ing be un-to his name for-ev-er and ev-er.

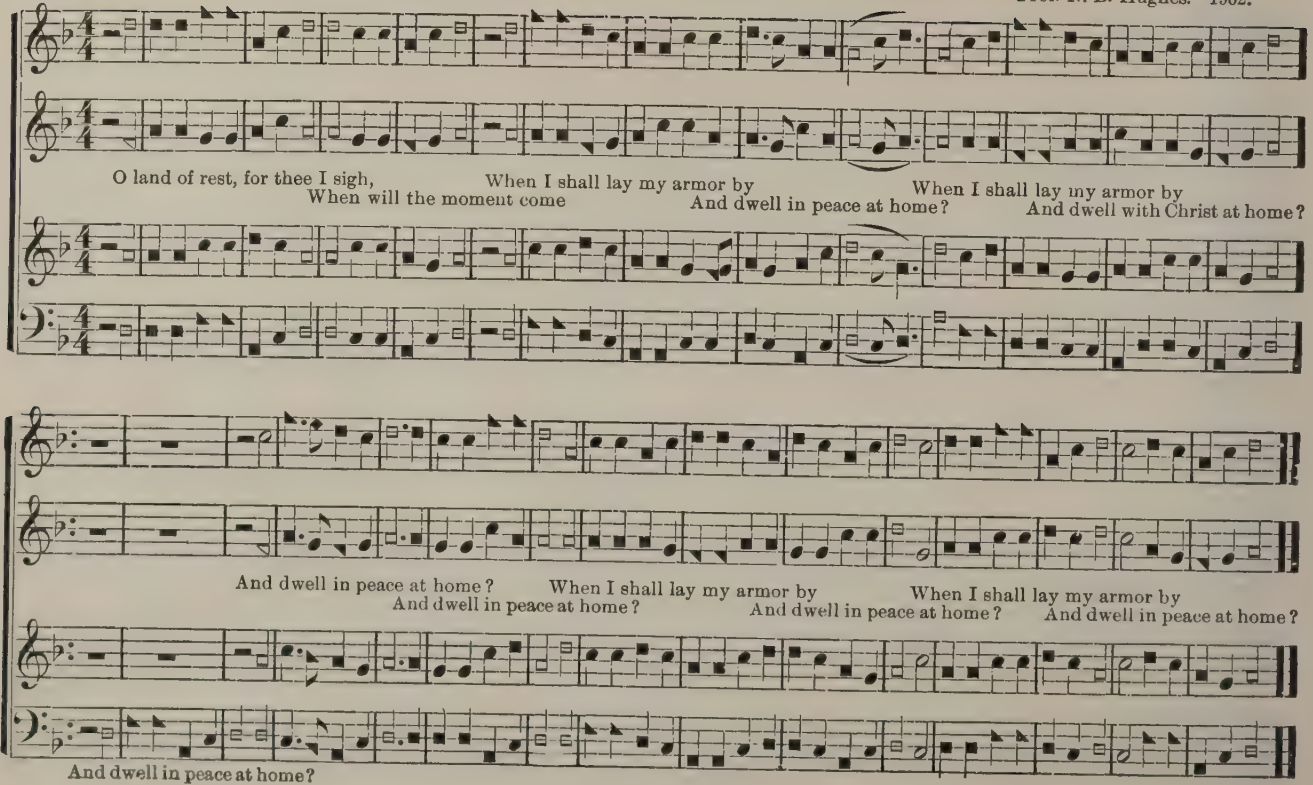
HINDER ME NOT. C. M. D.

T. J. Allen. Oct. 16, 1902.

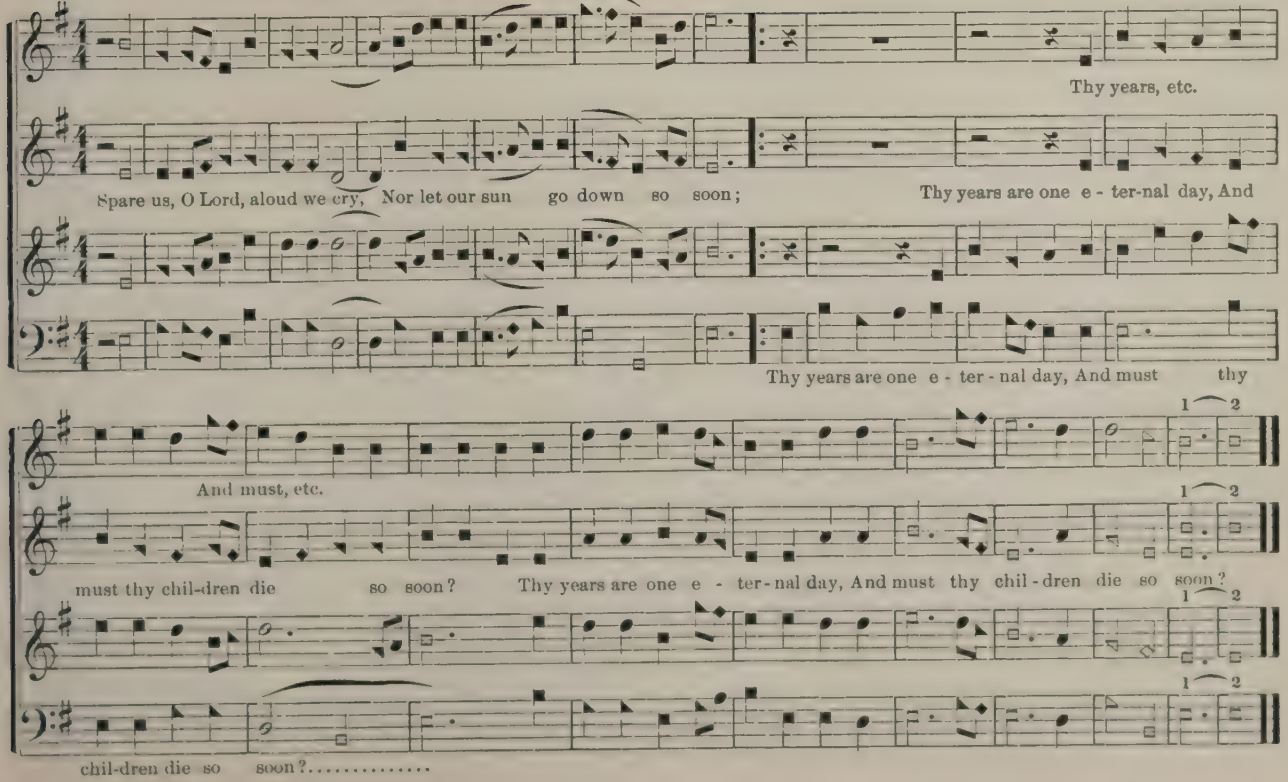

1. In all my Lord's appointed ways My journey I'll pur-sue, "Hin - der me not," ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
2. Thro' dut - ies and thro' tri - als, too, I'll go at his command, "Hin - der me not," for I am bound To my Im-man-uel's land.
3. And when my Saviour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be, "Hin - der me not;" come, welcome death, I'll gladly go with you.
1 2
Thro' floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll fol-low where he goes; "Hin-der me not" shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op-pose.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Prof. N. B. Hughes. 1902.

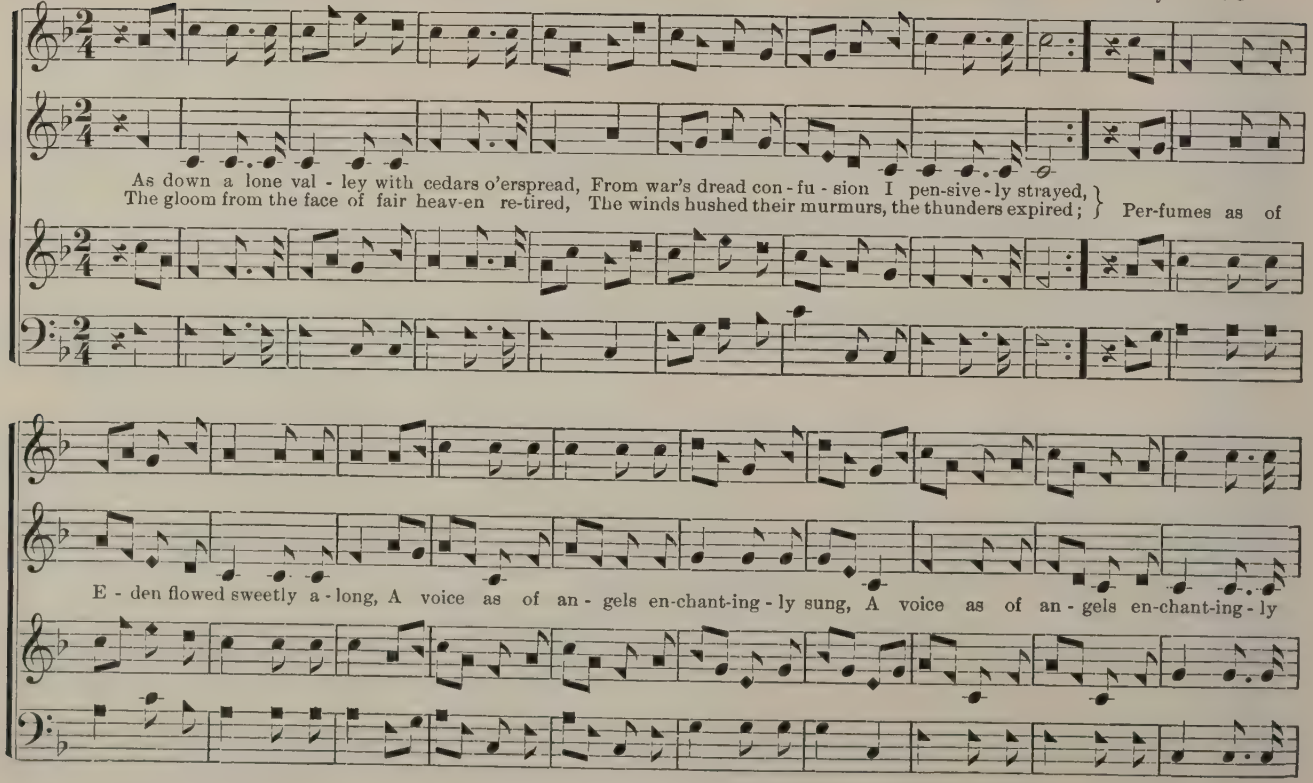

O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell with Christ at home?
And dwell in peace at home?
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?
And dwell in peace at home?
And dwell in peace at home?

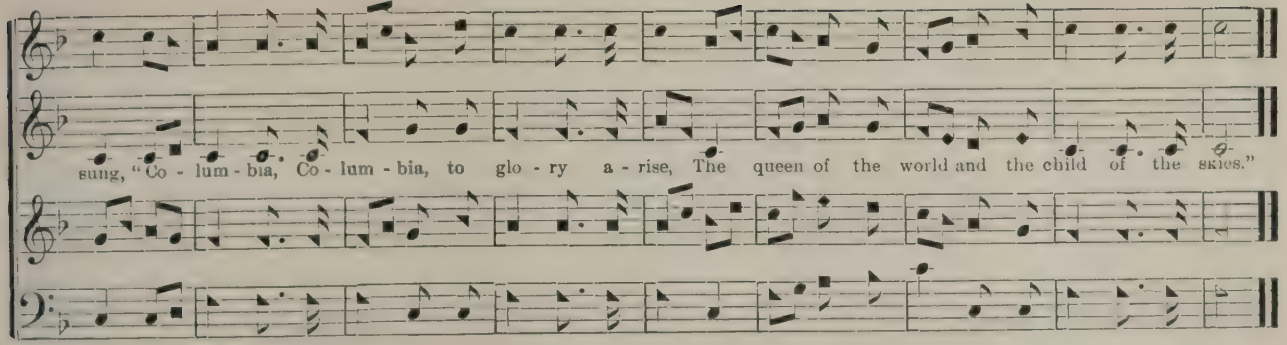
GOD'S ETERNAL.

T. J. Allen. 1893. Alto by W. J. Deal.

Thy years, etc.
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry, Nor let our sun go down so soon;
Thy years are one e - ter-nal day, And
Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy
1 2
And must, etc.
must thy chil-dren die so soon? Thy years are one e - ter-nal day, And must thy chil - dren die so soon?
chil-dren die so soon?.....

MURILLO'S LESSON.

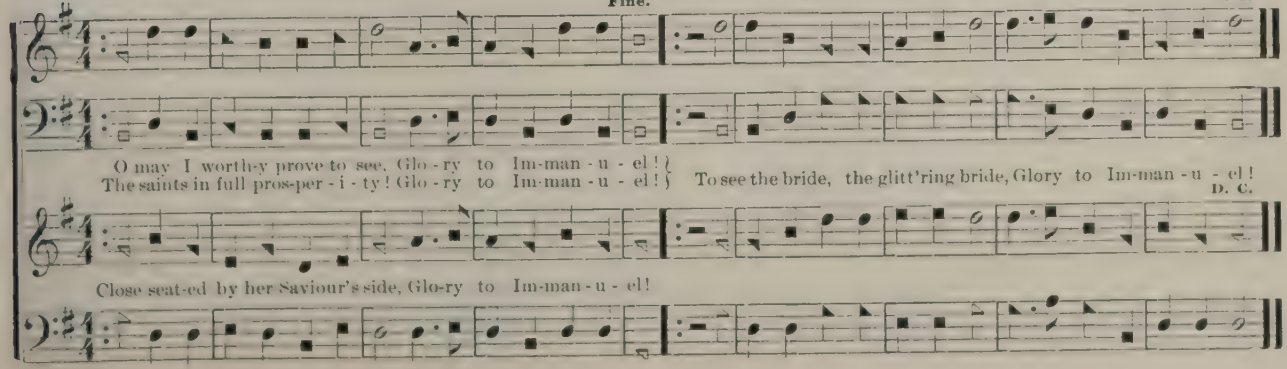
Unknown. Alto by W. M. C.


As down a lone val - ley with cedars o'erspread, From war's dread con - fu - sion I pen-sive - ly strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heav-en re-tired, The winds hushed their murmurs, the thunders expired;
Per-fumes as of
E - den flowed sweetly a - long, A voice as of an - gels en-chant-ing - ly sung, A voice as of an - gels en-chant-ing - ly



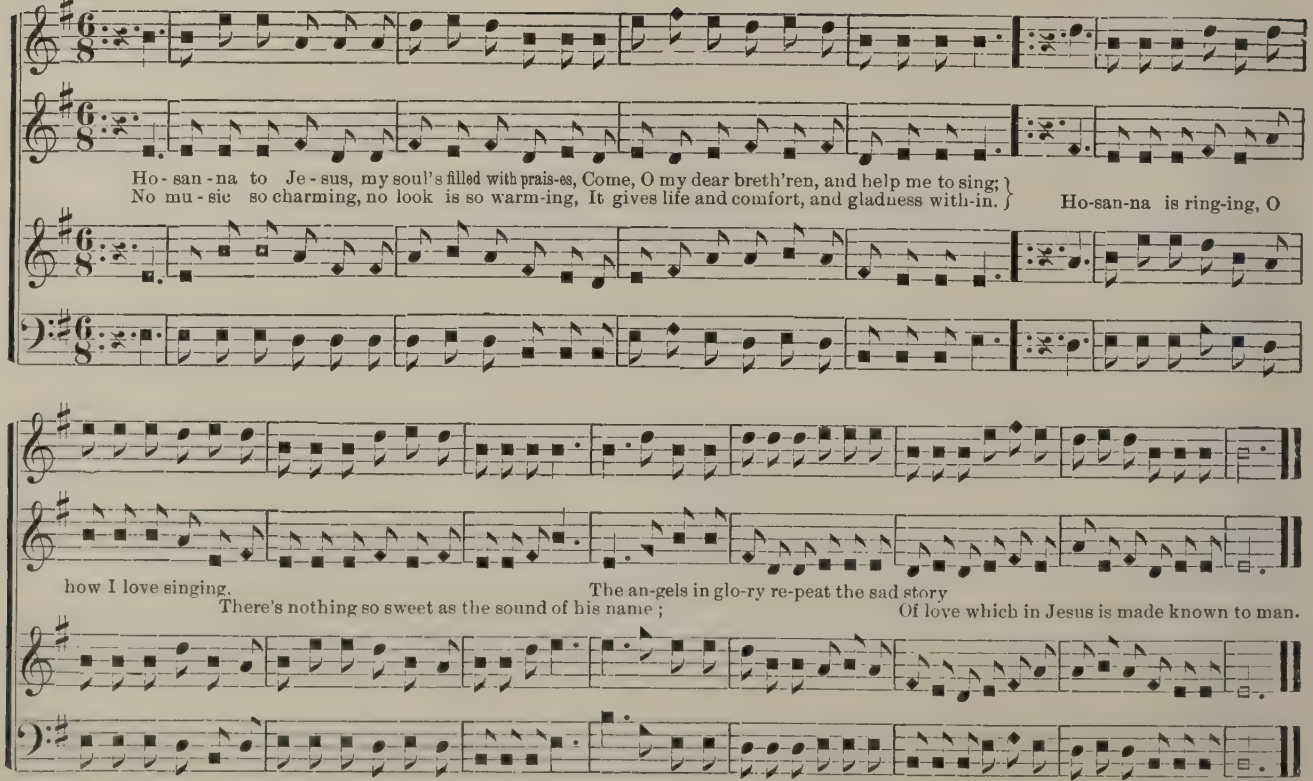
PROSPERITY.

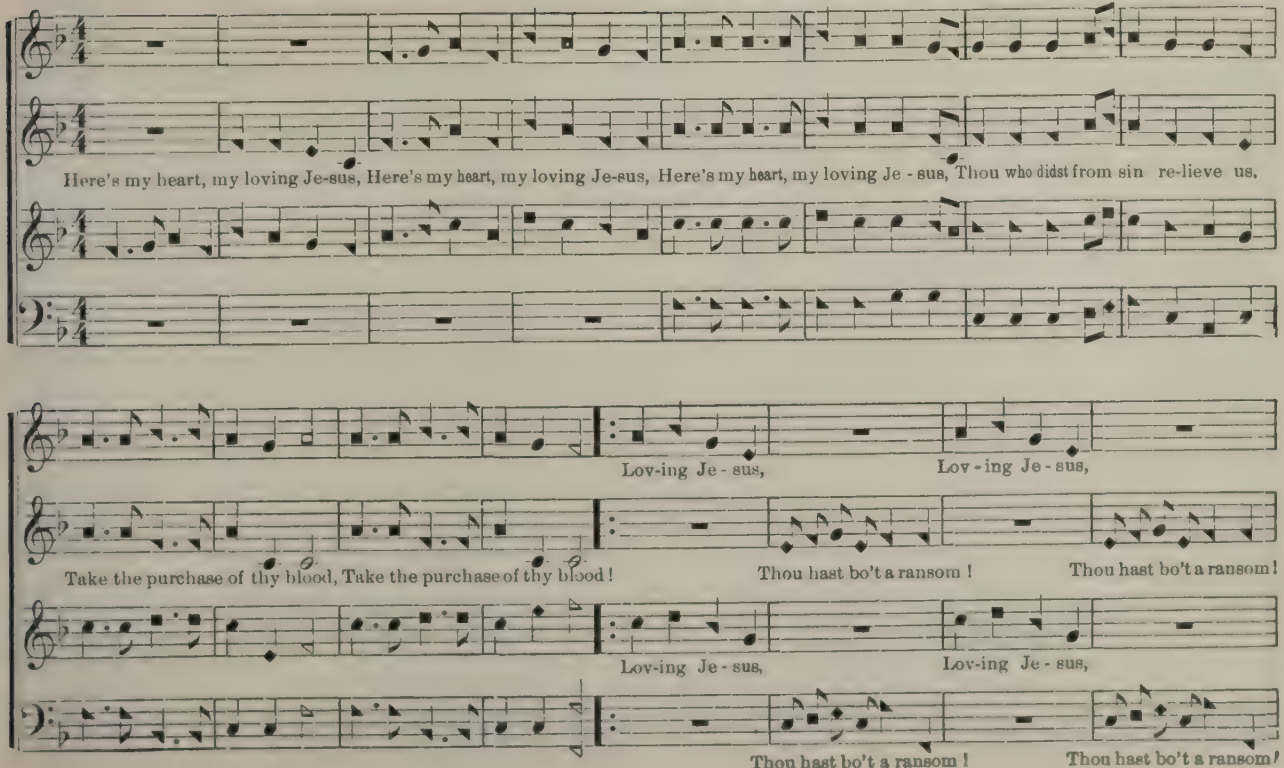
L. P. Breedlove. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


Fine.
D. C.
O may I worth-y prove to see, Glo - ry to Im-man - u - el!
The saints in full pros-per - i - ty! Glo - ry to Im-man - u - el!
To see the bride, the glitt'ring bride, Glory to Im-man - u - el!
D. C.
Close seat-ed by her Saviour's side, Glo-ry to Im-man - u - el!

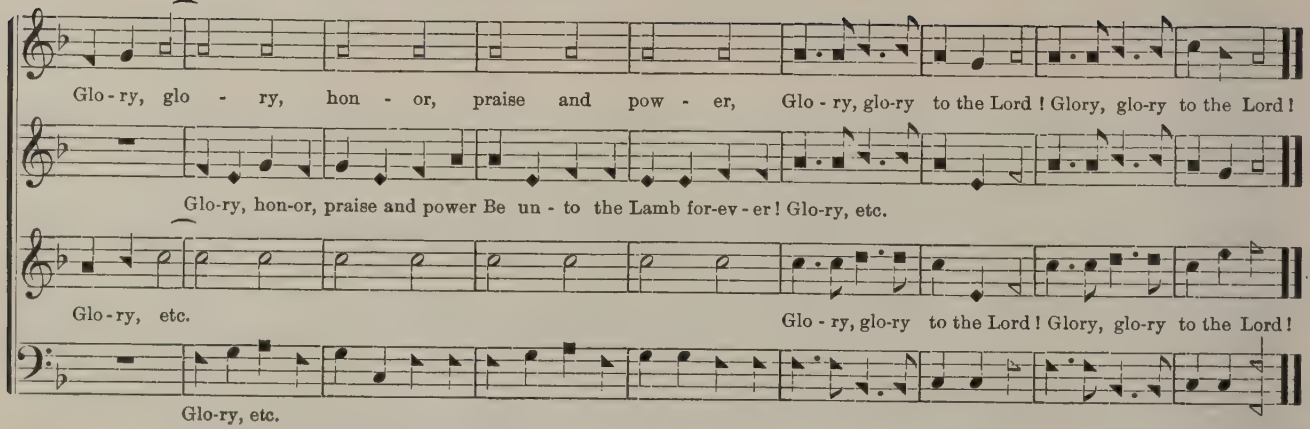
THE ROYAL BAND.

W. T. Power. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


Ho - san - na to Je - sus, my soul's filled with prais-es, Come, O my dear breth'ren, and help me to sing;
No mu - sic so charming, no look is so warm-ing, It gives life and comfort, and gladness with-in.
Ho-san-na is ring-ing, O
how I love singing.
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name;
The an-gels in glo-ry re-peat the sad story
Of love which in Jesus is made known to man.

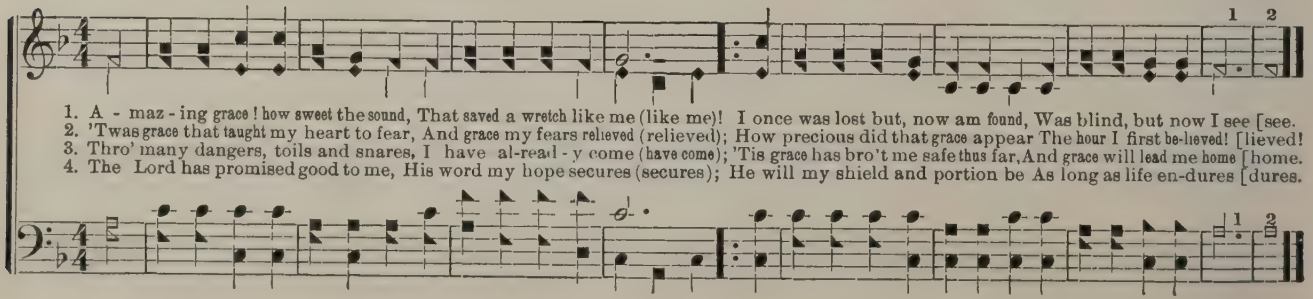

Here's my heart, my loving Je-sus, Here's my heart, my loving Je-sus, Here's my heart, my loving Je - sus, Thou who didst from sin re-lieve us,
Lov-ing Je - sus, Lov - ing Je - sus,
Take the purchase of thy blood, Take the purchase of thy blood!
Thou hast bo't a ransom! Thou hast bo't a ransom!
Lov-ing Je - sus, Lov-ing Je - sus,
Thou hast bo't a ransom! Thou hast bo't a ransom!

LOVING JESUS. Concluded.

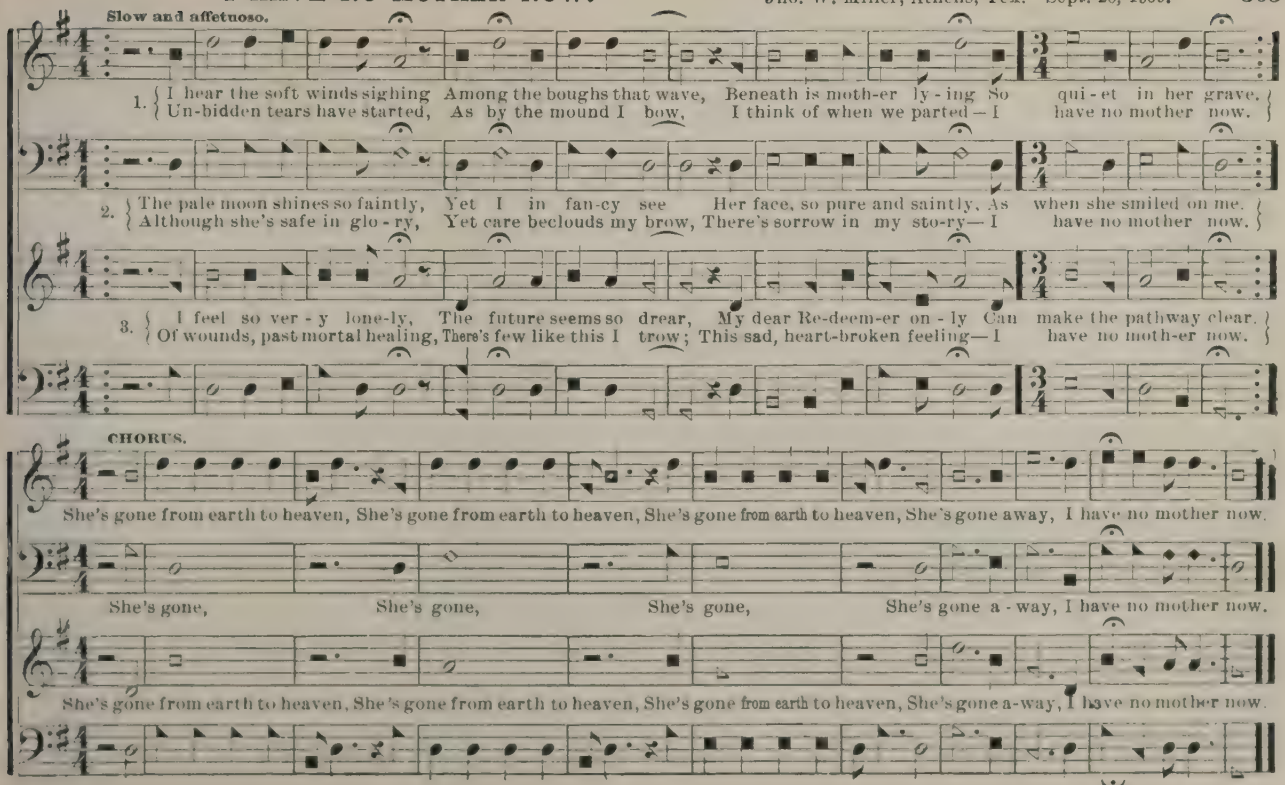

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hon - or, praise and pow - er, Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lord! Glory, glo-ry to the Lord!
Glo-ry, hon-or, praise and power Be un - to the Lamb for-ev - er! Glo-ry, etc.
Glo - ry, etc.
Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lord! Glory, glo-ry to the Lord!
Glo-ry, etc.

THE LORD'S PROMISE.

Miss Hattie Watson, Enterprise, Ala., July, 1907.


1 2
1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me (like me)! I once was lost but, now am found, Was blind, but now I see [see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved (relieved); How precious did that grace appear The hour I first be-lieved! [lieved!
3. Thro' many dangers, toils and snares, I have al-ready come (have come); 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home [home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures (secures); He will my shield and portion be As long as life en-dures [dures.
1 2

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

Jno. W. Miller, Athens, Tex. Sept. 20, 1909.

Slow and affetuoso.
1. I hear the soft winds sighing Among the boughs that wave, Beneath is moth-er ly - ing So qui - et in her grave.
Un-bidden tears have started, As by the mound I bow, I think of when we parted — I have no mother now.
2. The pale moon shines so faintly, Yet I in fan-cy see Her face, so pure and saintly, As when she smiled on me.
Although she's safe in glo - ry, Yet care beclouds my brow, There's sorrow in my sto-ry — I have no mother now.
3. I feel so ver - y lone-ly, The future seems so drear, My dear Re-deem-er on - ly Can make the pathway clear.
Of wounds, past mortal healing, There's few like this I trow; This sad, heart-broken feeling — I have no moth-er now.
CHORUS.
She's gone from earth to heaven, She's gone from earth to heaven, She's gone from earth to heaven, She's gone away, I have no mother now.
She's gone, She's gone, She's gone, She's gone a - way, I have no mother now.
She's gone from earth to heaven, She's gone from earth to heaven, She's gone from earth to heaven, She's gone a-way, I have no mother now.

"THERE'S A CROWN FOR ME." L. M.

Dedicated to A. J. Crawford, Beckville, Tex.

Jno. W. Miller, Athens, Tex.

Second treble by J. B. Miller.

CHORUS.

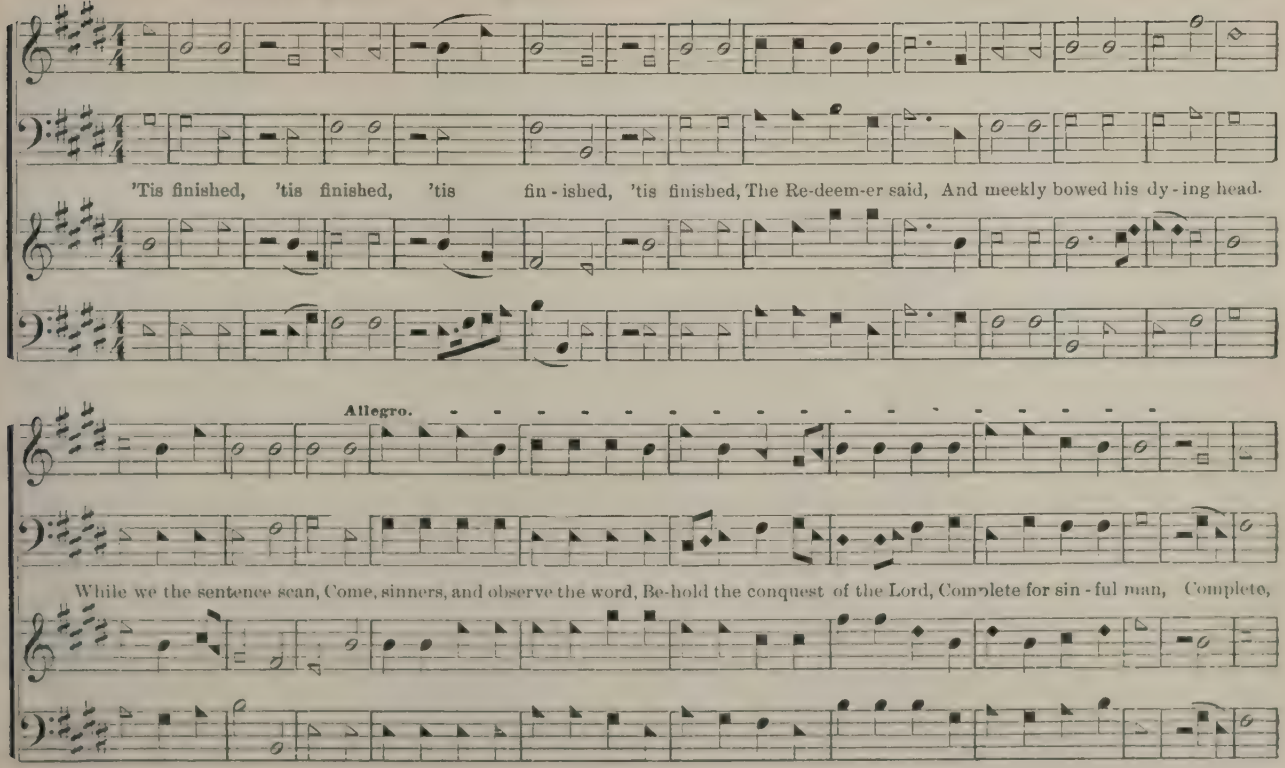
1. Soon our earthly joys will be gone, For life is but an empty dream; And each be gathered one by one, To live with Christ and the redeemed.

Second Treble.

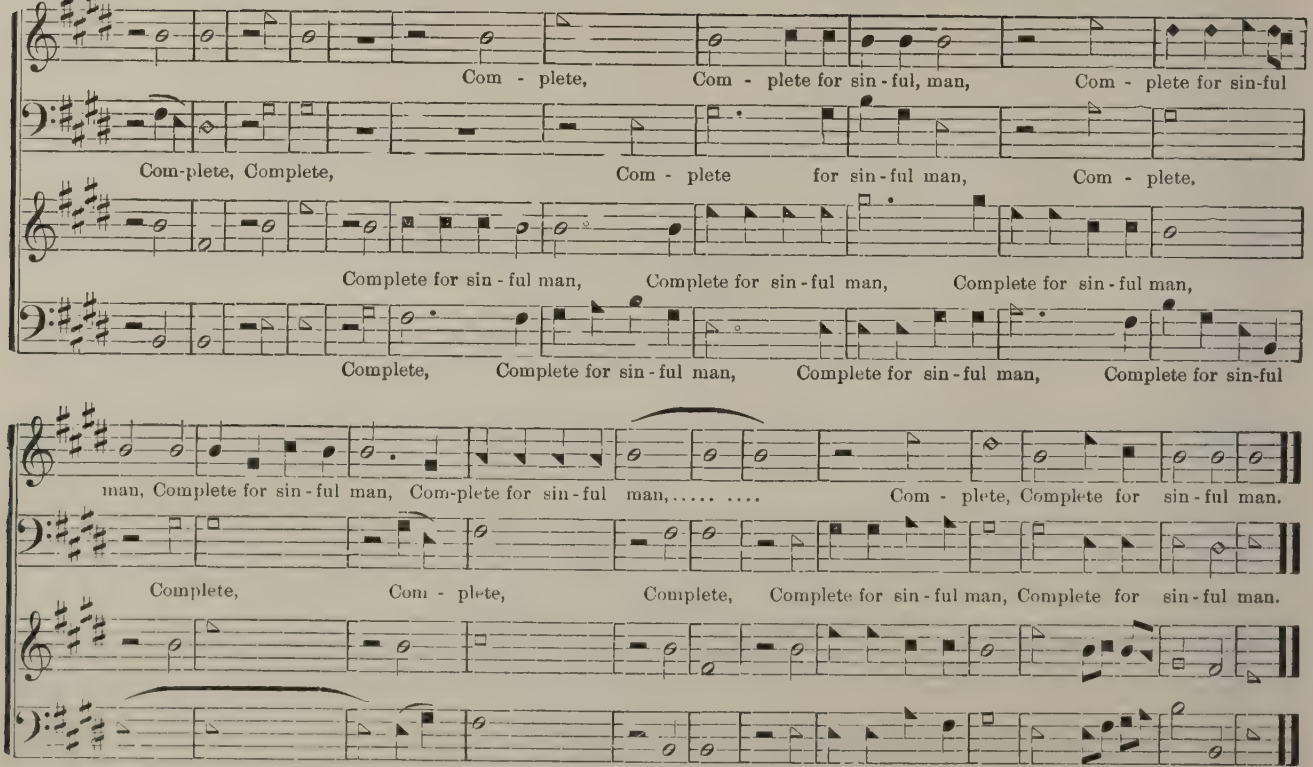
2. I'll have a tune of lofty praise To greet Jehovah's matchless Son; Awake my voice in heav'nly lays, And tell the wonders He hath done. There's a crown of glory there, For me a

3. Thousand thousands of harps and songs Is where Jesus exalted reigns; His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes thro' that heav'nly plain.

shining crown I see, I shall this crown of glory wear; There's a crown, there's a crown, there's a crown, there's a crown,
There's a crown, there's a crown, there's a crown, there's a crown, a crown for me.

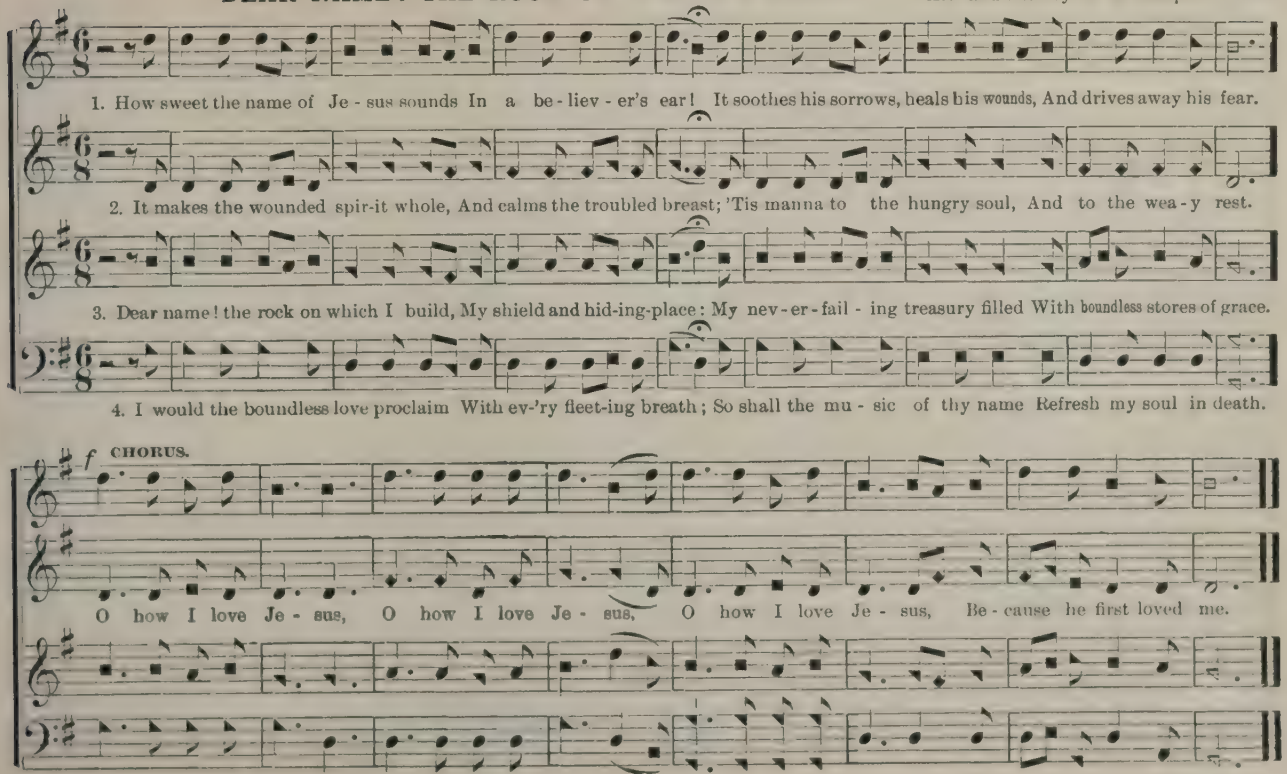

'Tis finished, 'tis finished, 'tis fin - ished, 'tis finished, The Re-deem-er said, And meekly bowed his dy - ing head.
Allegro.
While we the sentence scan, Come, sinners, and observe the word, Be-hold the conquest of the Lord, Complete for sin - ful man, Complete,

SOUTHWELL. Concluded.


Com - plete, Com - plete for sin - ful, man, Com - plete for sin-ful
Com-plete, Complete, Com - plete for sin - ful man, Com - plete,
Complete for sin - ful man, Complete for sin - ful man, Complete for sin - ful man,
Complete, Complete for sin - ful man, Complete for sin - ful man, Complete for sin-ful
man, Complete for sin - ful man, Com-plete for sin - ful man,..... .... Com - plete, Complete for sin - ful man.
Complete, Com - plete, Complete, Complete for sin - ful man, Complete for sin - ful man.
man.....

DEAR NAME! THE ROCK ON WHICH I STAND.

Arr. and Alto by W. M. Cooper.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the wea - y rest.
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid-ing-place: My nev - er - fail - ing treasury filled With boundless stores of grace.
4. I would the boundless love proclaim With ev-'ry fleet-ing breath; So shall the mu - sic of thy name Refresh my soul in death.
f CHORUS.
O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.

B. F. White and L. L. Leadbeater. Alto by Miss E. L. Ketcham.

D. C. for Chorus.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
Cho.—I will be-lieve, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me, Re-mem-ber all thy dy-ing groans And then re-mem-ber me.

NEWMAN. C. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Miss Toy Frasier.

Fine.

D. C.

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear, Re-pent, thy end is nigh,
Death at the farthest can't be far, O think be-fore thou die!

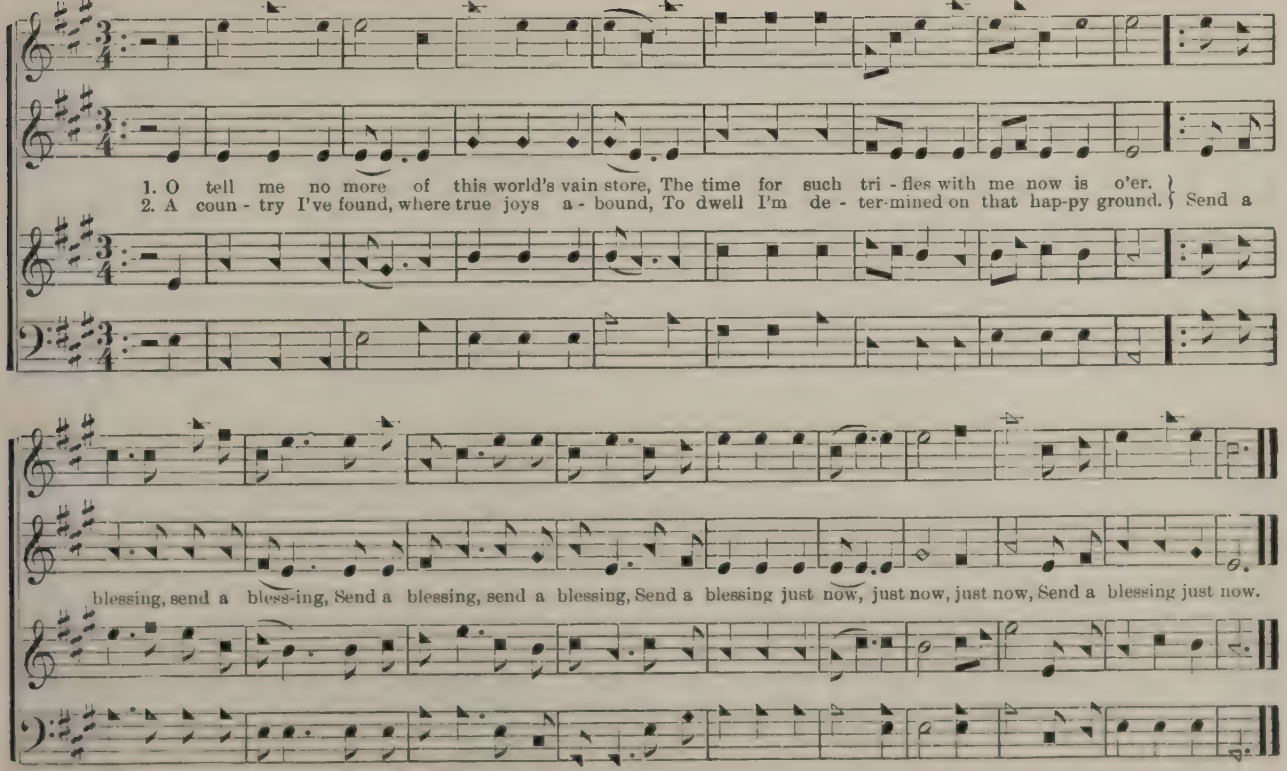
Reflect, thou hast a soul to save, Thy sins, how high they mount,

D. C.

What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark account?

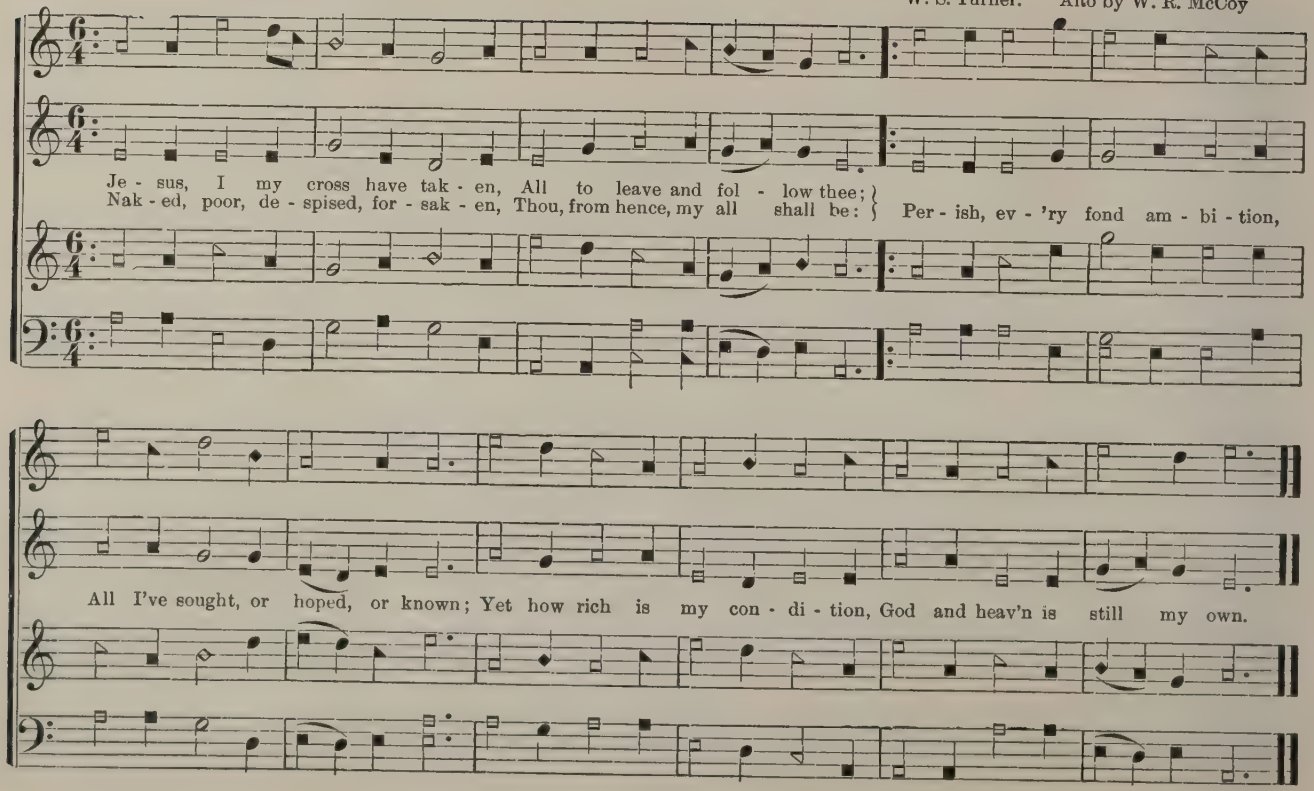
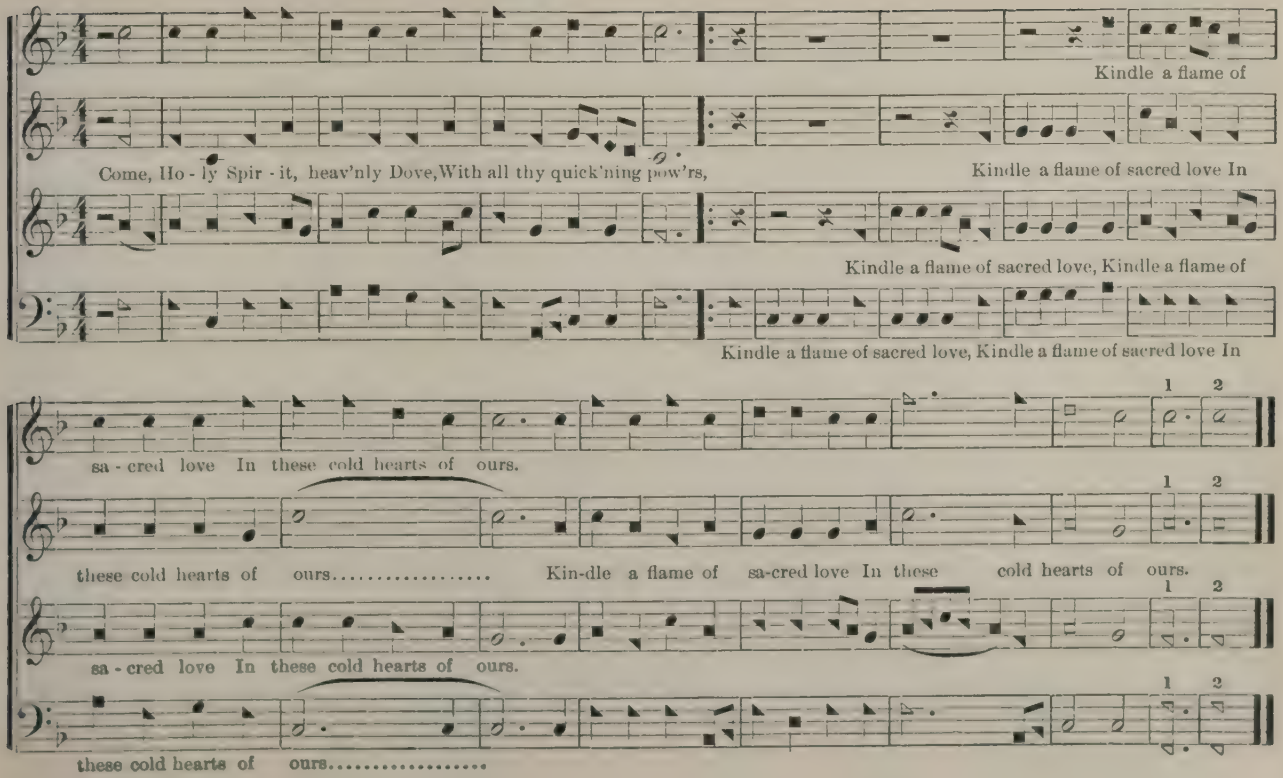
SEND A BLESSING.

B. F. White and L. L. Leadbeater.


1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er.
2. A coun - try I've found, where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - ter-mined on that hap-py ground.
Send a
blessing, send a bless-ing, Send a blessing, send a blessing, Send a blessing just now, just now, just now, Send a blessing just now.

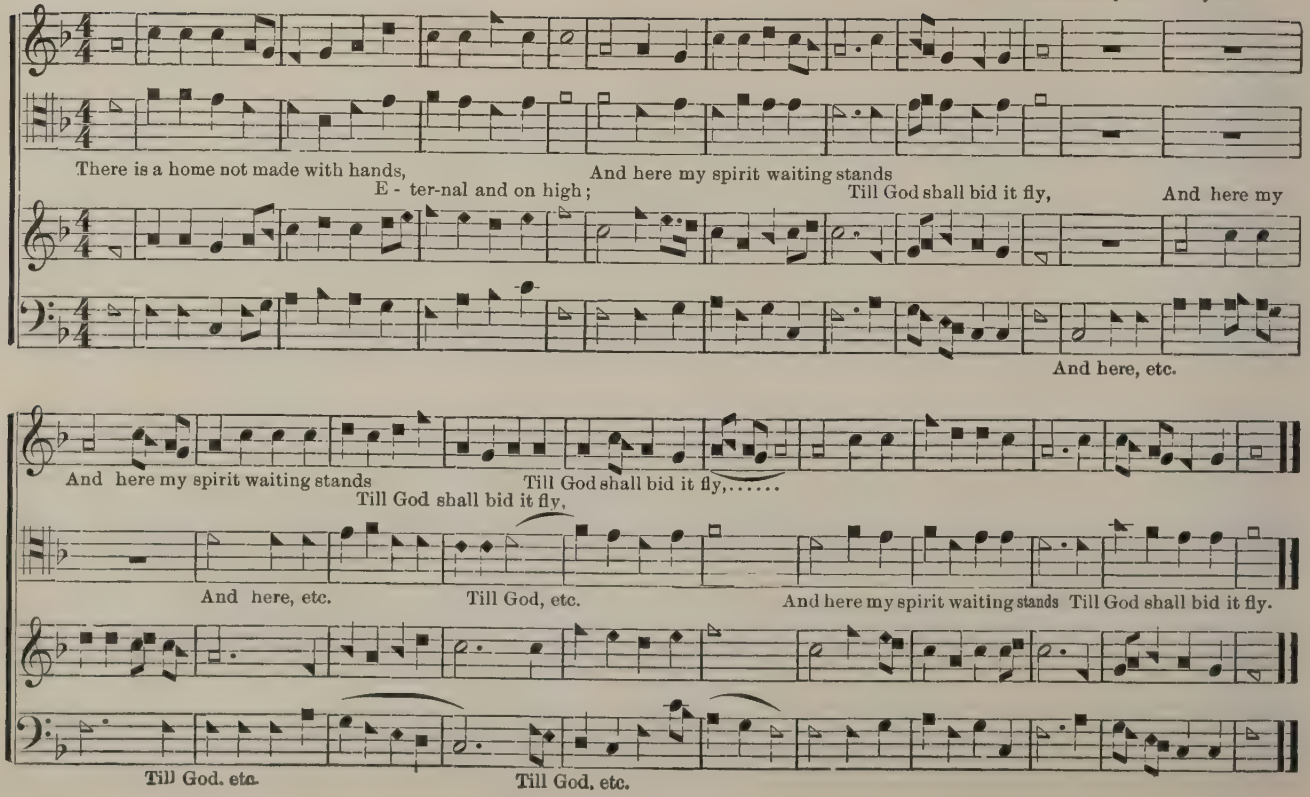
MONROE.

W. S. Turner. Alto by W. R. McCoy


Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be:
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n is still my own.

Kindle a flame of
Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kindle a flame of sacred love In
Kindle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of
Kindle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of sacred love In
1 2
sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
these cold hearts of ours..... Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
these cold hearts of ours.....

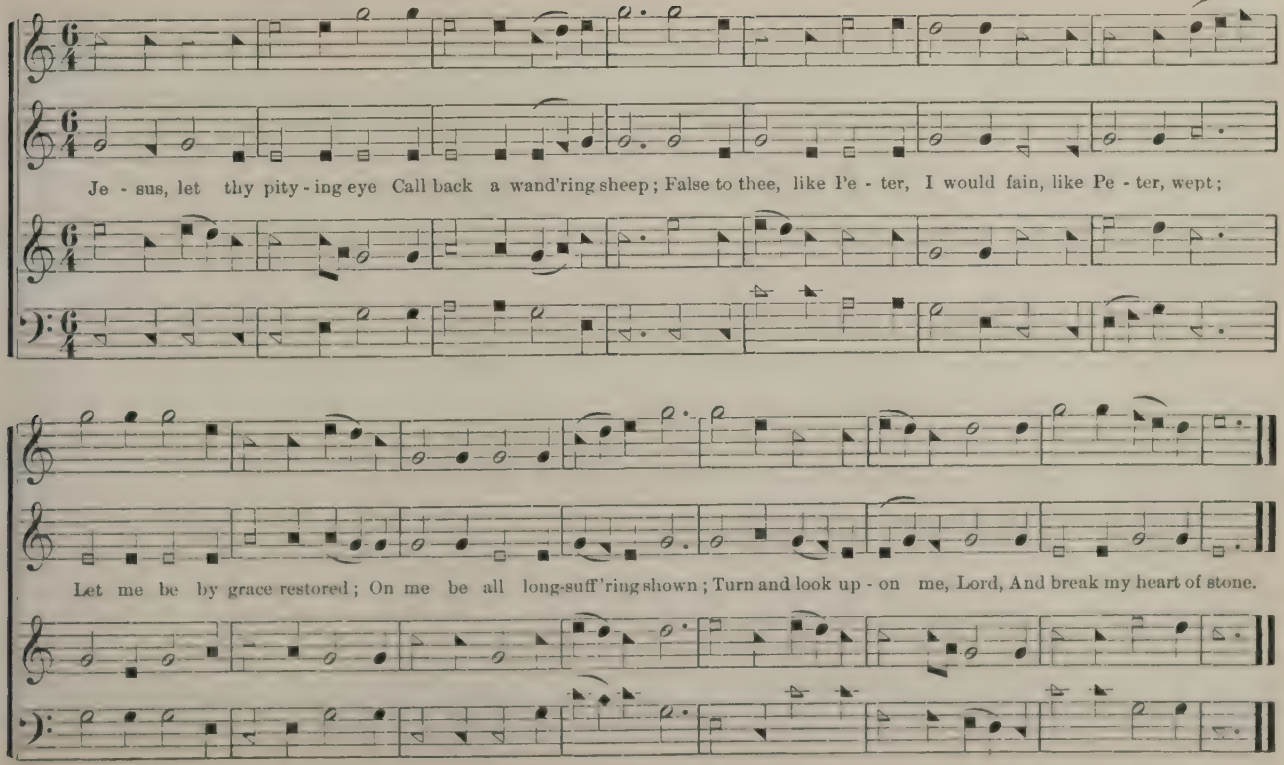
MOUNT PLEASANT.

Revised by B. P. Poyner.


There is a home not made with hands,
E - ter-nal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly,
And here my
And here, etc.
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly,
Till God shall bid it fly,.....
And here, etc.
Till God, etc.
And here my spirit waiting stands Till God shall bid it fly.
Till God, etc.
Till God, etc.

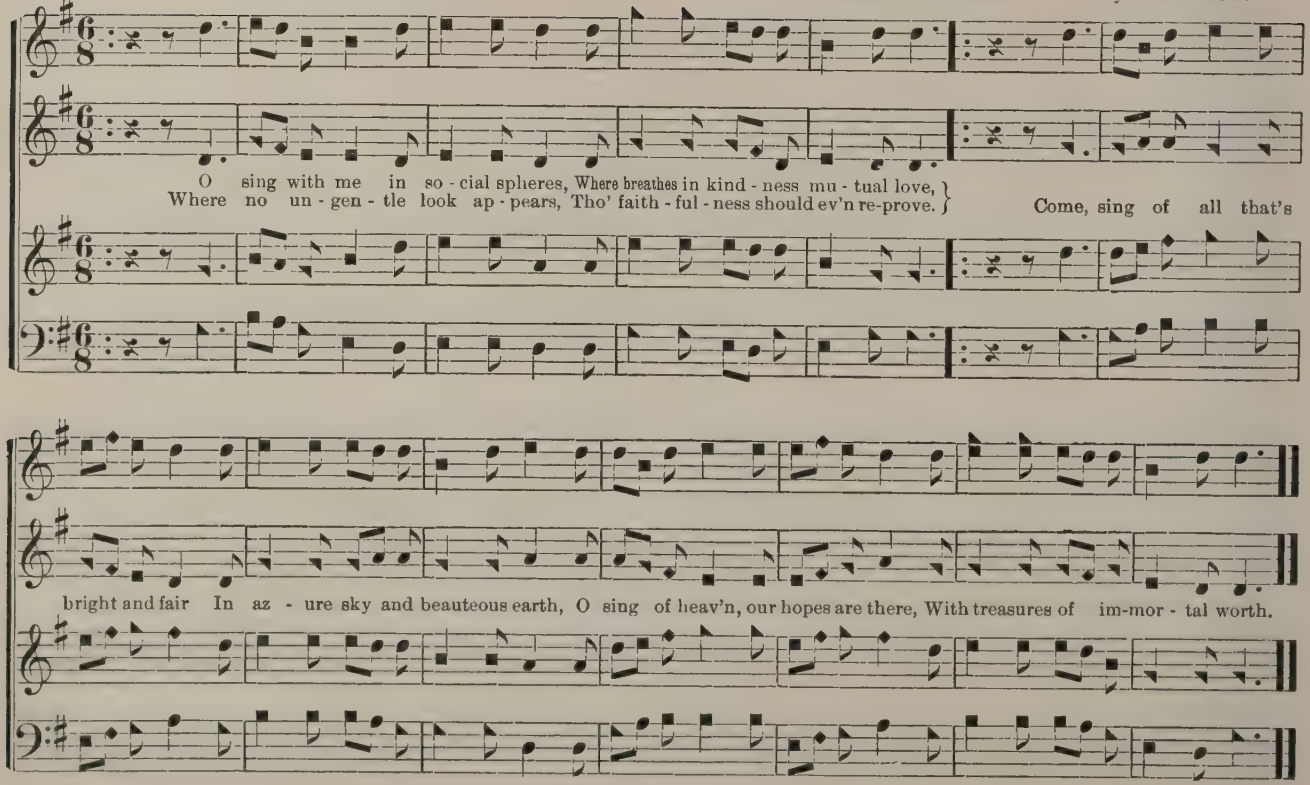
WEEPING PETER.

Alto by J. W. McCoy.


Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I would fain, like Pe - ter, wept;
Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suff'ring shown; Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

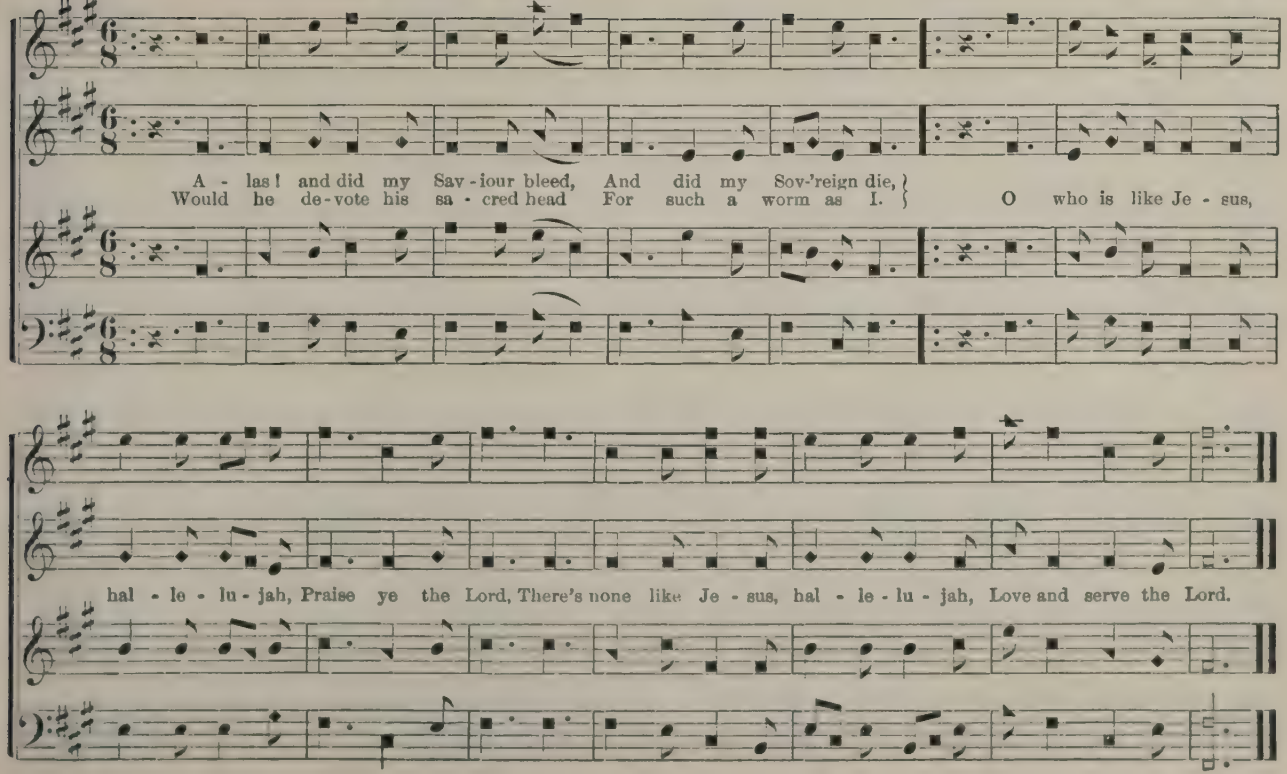
O SING WITH ME.

Miss P. R. Lancaster. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


O sing with me in so - cial spheres, Where breathes in kind - ness mu - tual love,
Where no un - gen - tle look ap - pears, Tho' faith - ful - ness should ev'n re-prove.
Come, sing of all that's
bright and fair In az - ure sky and beauteous earth, O sing of heav'n, our hopes are there, With treasures of im-mor - tal worth.

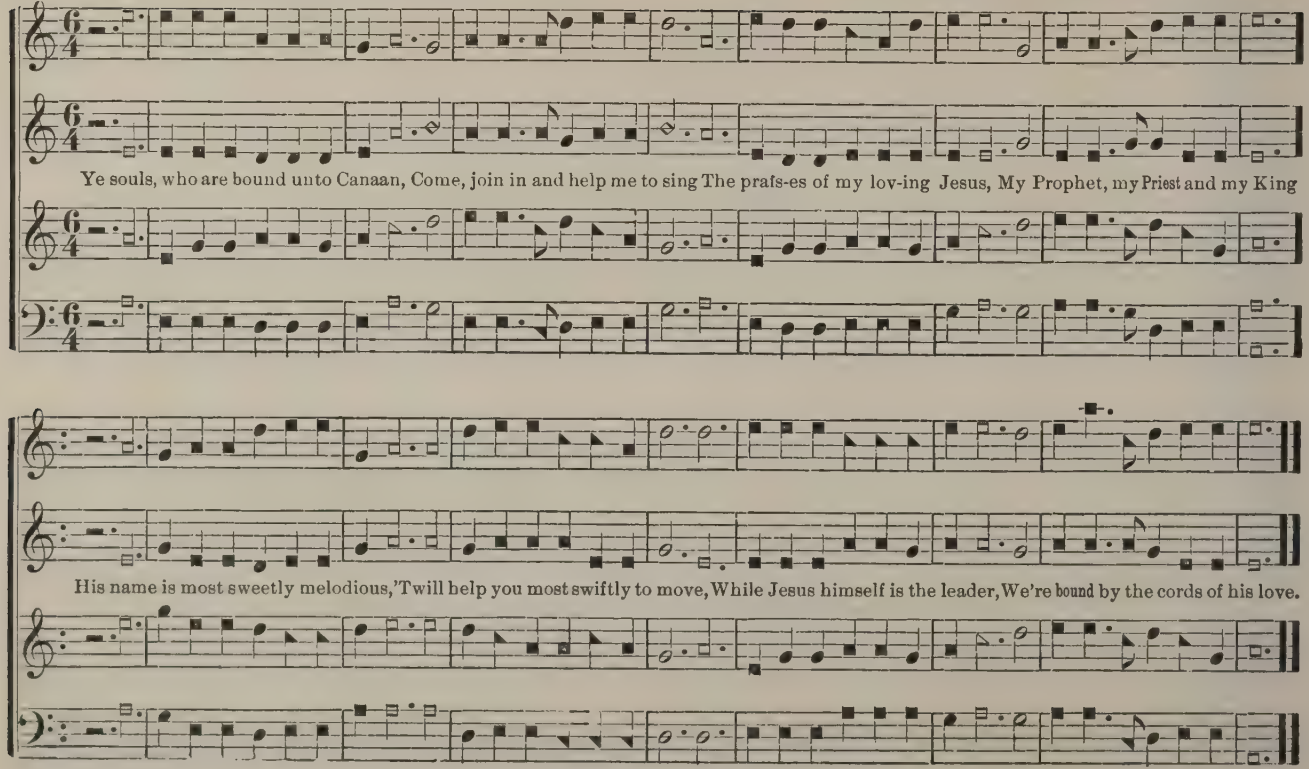
LOVE THE LORD. C. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by B. P. Poyner.


A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
Would he de - vote his sa - cred head For such a worm as I.
O who is like Je - sus,
hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord, There's none like Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and serve the Lord.

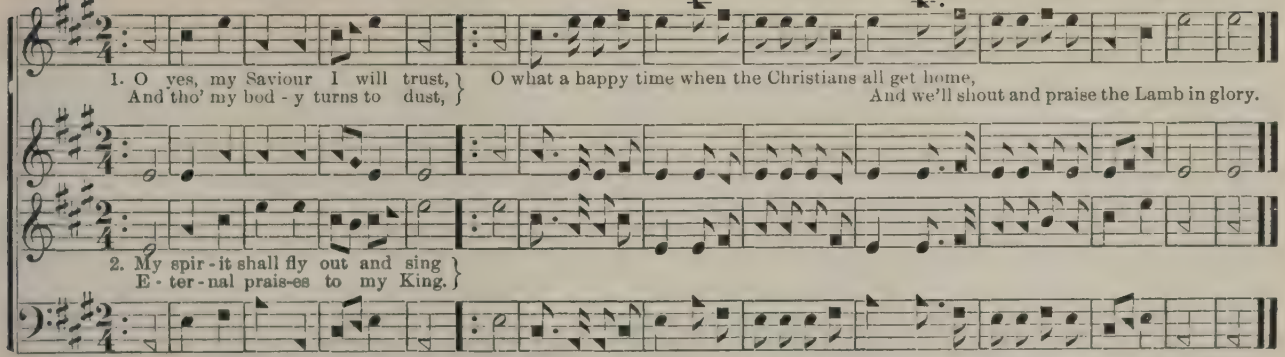
HELP ME TO SING. P. M.

B. F. White. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


Ye souls, who are bound unto Canaan, Come, join in and help me to sing The prafs-es of my lov-ing Jesus, My Prophet, my Priest and my King
His name is most sweetly melodious,'Twill help you most swiftly to move, While Jesus himself is the leader, We're bound by the cords of his love.

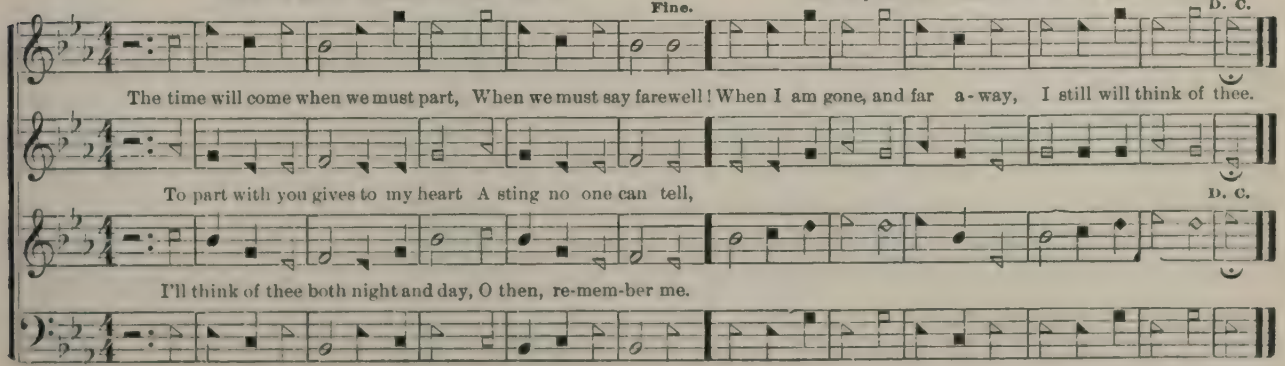
HAPPY HOME. L. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Miss Henrietta Spivey.


1. O yes, my Saviour I will trust,
And tho' my bod - y turns to dust,
O what a happy time when the Christians all get home,
And we'll shout and praise the Lamb in glory.
2. My spir - it shall fly out and sing
E - ter - nal prais-es to my King.

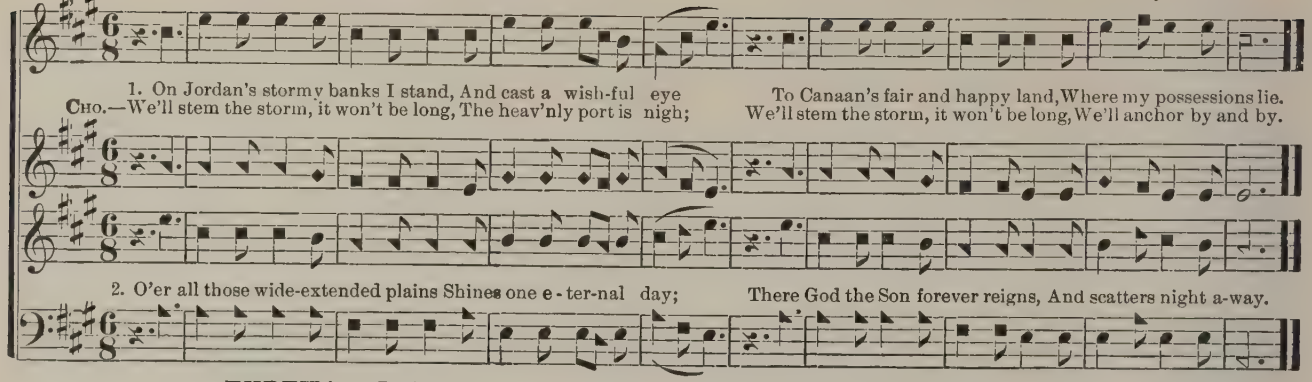
PARTING FRIENDS. C. M.

Arr. by J. C. Graham. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


Fine.
D. C.
The time will come when we must part, When we must say farewell! When I am gone, and far a - way, I still will think of thee.
To part with you gives to my heart A sting no one can tell,
D. C.
I'll think of thee both night and day, O then, re-mem-ber me.

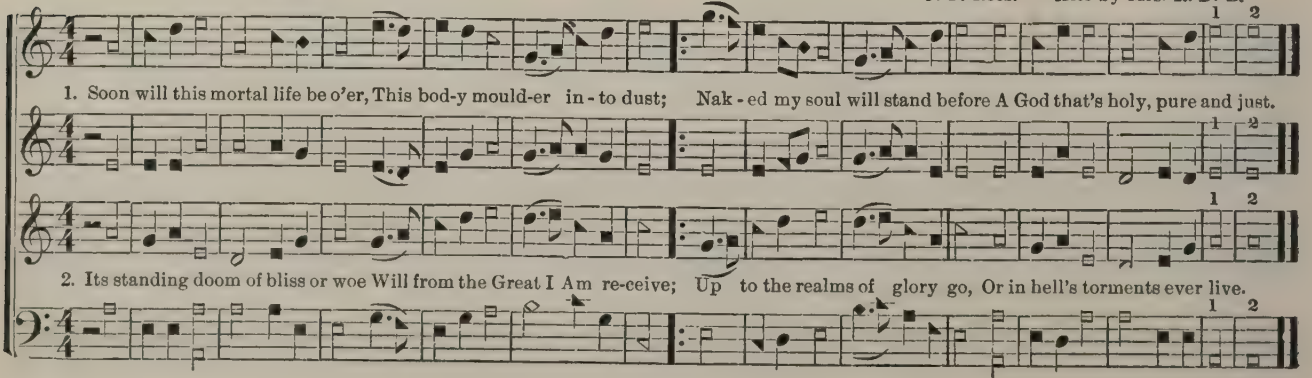
THE HEAVENLY PORT. C. M.

Eld. E. Dumas. 1859. Alto by W. M. C.


1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
Cho.—We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, The heav'nly port is nigh; We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by and by.
2. O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night a-way.

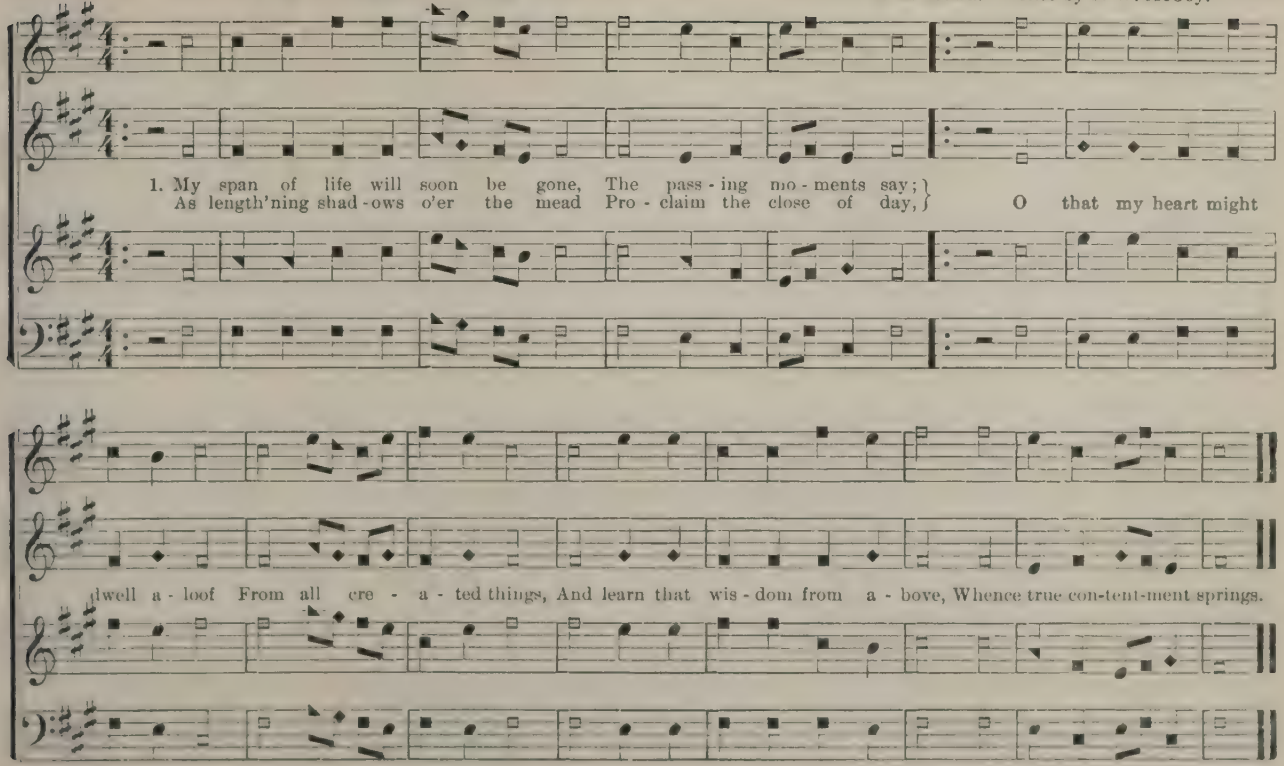
EUREKA. L. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. Soon will this mortal life be o'er, This bod-y mould-er in-to dust; Nak-ed my soul will stand before A God that's holy, pure and just.
2. Its standing doom of bliss or woe Will from the Great I Am re-ceive; Up to the realms of glory go, Or in hell's torments ever live.

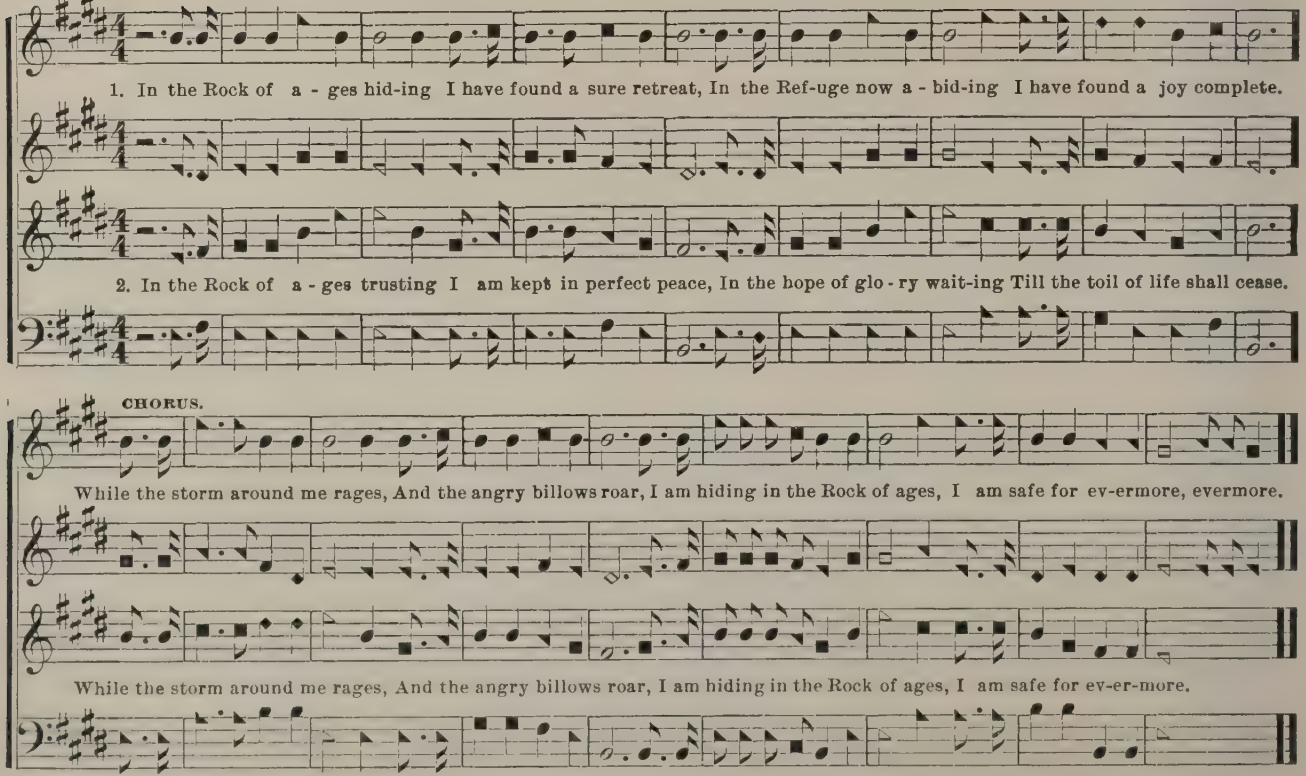
SPAN OF LIFE. C. M. D.

S. M. Brown. Alto by J. W. McCoy.


1. My span of life will soon be gone, The pass - ing mo - ments say;
As length'ning shad - ows o'er the mead Pro - claim the close of day,
O that my heart might
dwell a - loof From all cre - a - ted things, And learn that wis - dom from a - bove, Whence true con-tent-ment springs.

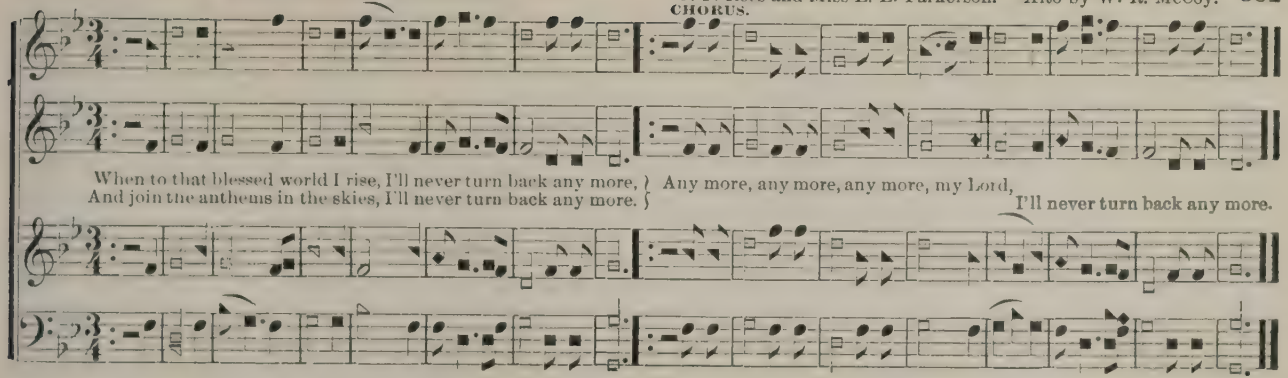
THE ROCK OF AGES.

W. C. Givens.


1. In the Rock of a - ges hid-ing I have found a sure retreat, In the Ref-uge now a - bid-ing I have found a joy complete.
2. In the Rock of a - ges trusting I am kept in perfect peace, In the hope of glo - ry wait-ing Till the toil of life shall cease.
CHORUS.
While the storm around me rages, And the angry billows roar, I am hiding in the Rock of ages, I am safe for ev-ermore, evermore.
While the storm around me rages, And the angry billows roar, I am hiding in the Rock of ages, I am safe for ev-er-more.

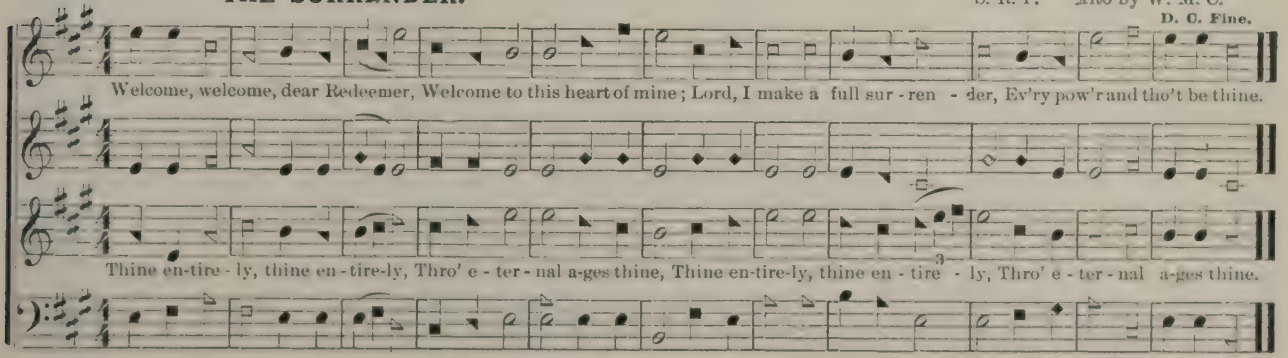
NEVER TURN BACK.

J. P. Rees and Miss E. E. Parkerson. Alto by W. R. McCoy.


CHORUS.
When to that blessed world I rise, I'll never turn back any more,
And join the anthems in the skies, I'll never turn back any more.
Any more, any more, any more, my Lord,
I'll never turn back any more.

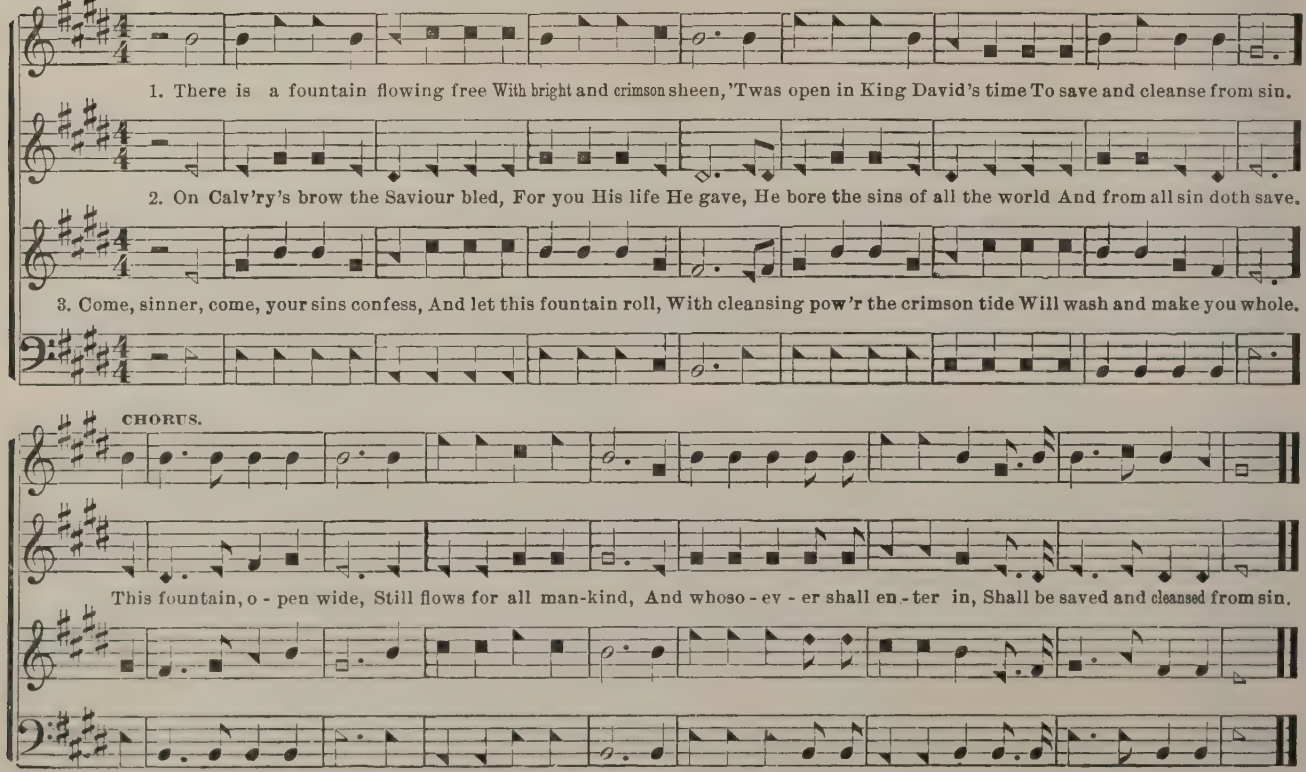
THE SURRENDER.

S. R. P. Alto by W. M. C.

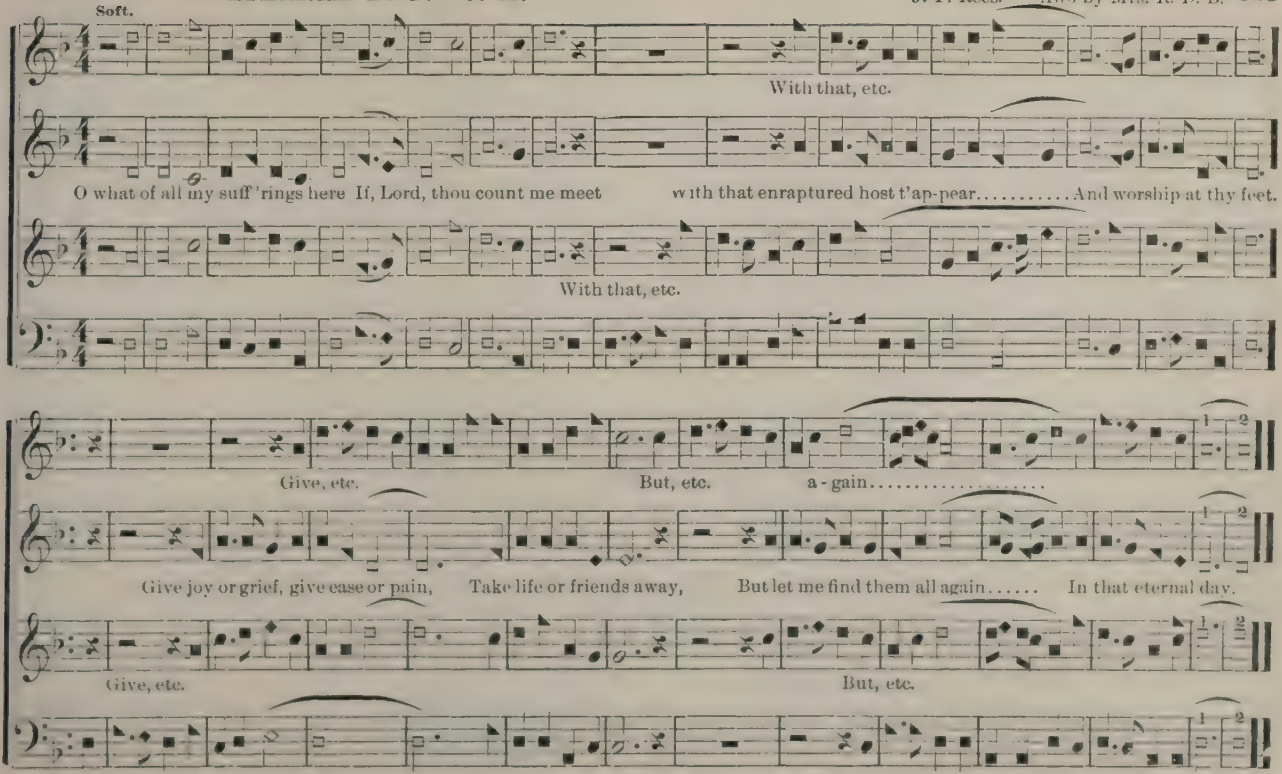

D. C. Fine.
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer, Welcome to this heart of mine; Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, Ev'ry pow'r and tho't be thine.
Thine en-tire - ly, thine en - tire-ly, Thro' e - ter - nal a-ges thine, Thine en-tire-ly, thine en - tire - ly, Thro' e - ter - nal a-ges thine.

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

W. C. Givens.

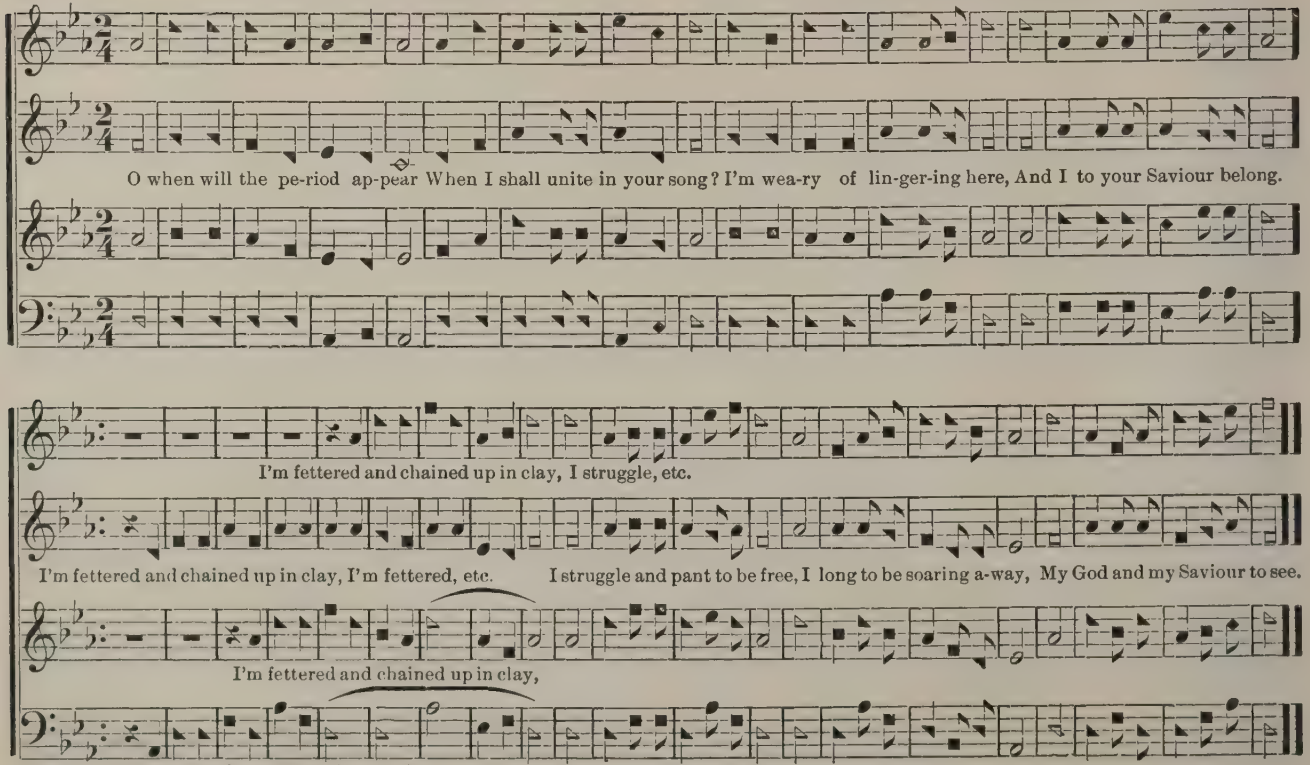

1. There is a fountain flowing free With bright and crimson sheen, 'Twas open in King David's time To save and cleanse from sin.
2. On Calv'ry's brow the Saviour bled, For you His life He gave, He bore the sins of all the world And from all sin doth save.
3. Come, sinner, come, your sins confess, And let this fountain roll, With cleansing pow'r the crimson tide Will wash and make you whole.
CHORUS.
This fountain, o - pen wide, Still flows for all man-kind, And whoso - ev - er shall en - ter in, Shall be saved and cleansed from sin.

ETERNAL DAY. C. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

Soft.
With that, etc.
O what of all my suff'rings here If, Lord, thou count me meet with that enraptured host t'ap-pear.....And worship at thy feet.
With that, etc.
Give, etc.
But, etc.
a-gain.....
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away, But let me find them all again..... In that eternal day.
Give, etc.
But, etc.

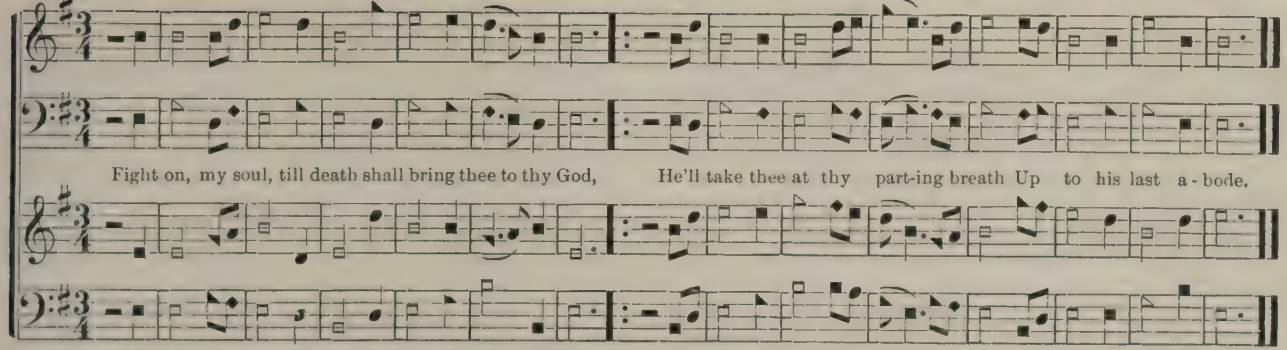
LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

S. M. Brown. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


O when will the pe-riod ap-pear When I shall unite in your song? I'm wea-ry of lin-ger-ing here, And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay, I struggle, etc.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay, I'm fettered, etc.
I struggle and pant to be free, I long to be soaring a-way, My God and my Saviour to see.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;.....

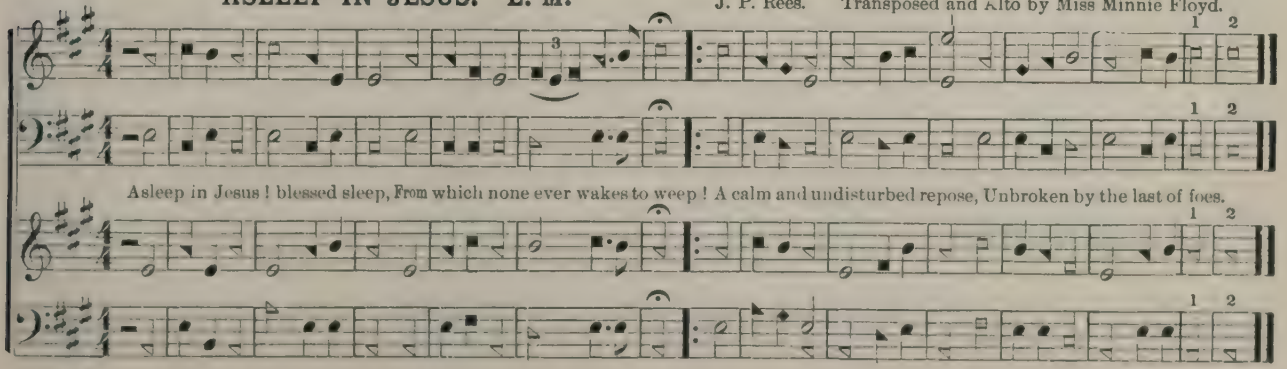
FIGHT ON. S. M.

J. P. Rees. Re-arranged and Alto by W. L. McGee and W. R. McCoy.



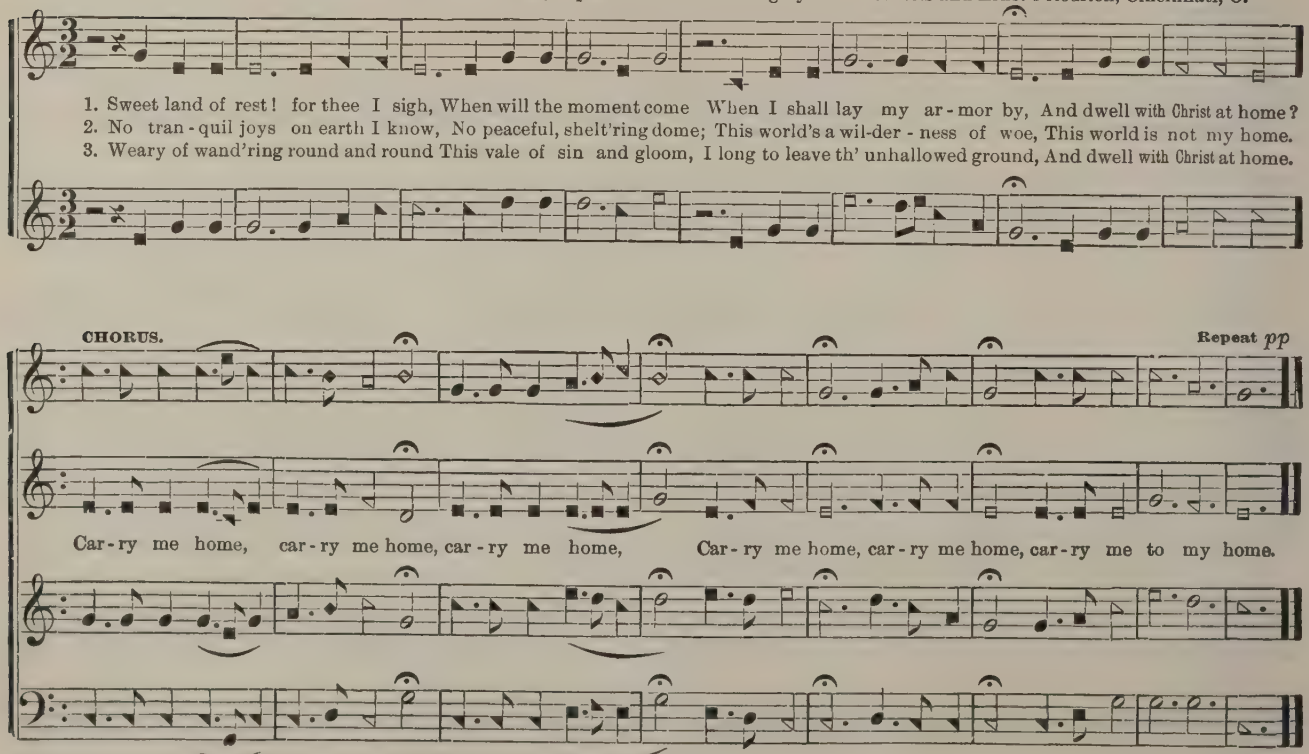
ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M.

J. P. Rees. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

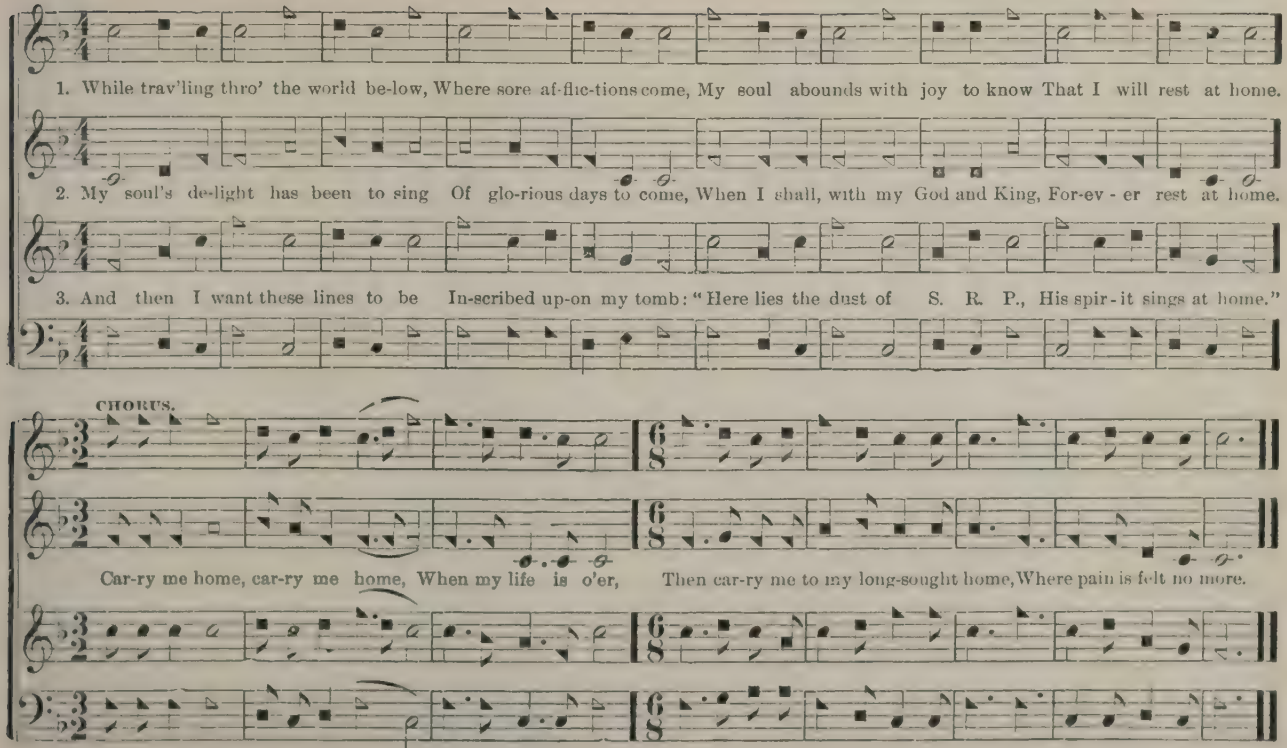
CARRY ME HOME.

Duet, Soprano and Alto as sung by Frank J. Reis and Ernst Friedrich, Cincinnati, O.


1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome; This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
3. Weary of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.
CHORUS.
Repeat pp
Car-ry me home, car-ry me home, car-ry me home,
Car-ry me home, car-ry me home, car-ry me to my home.

PENNICK. C. M.

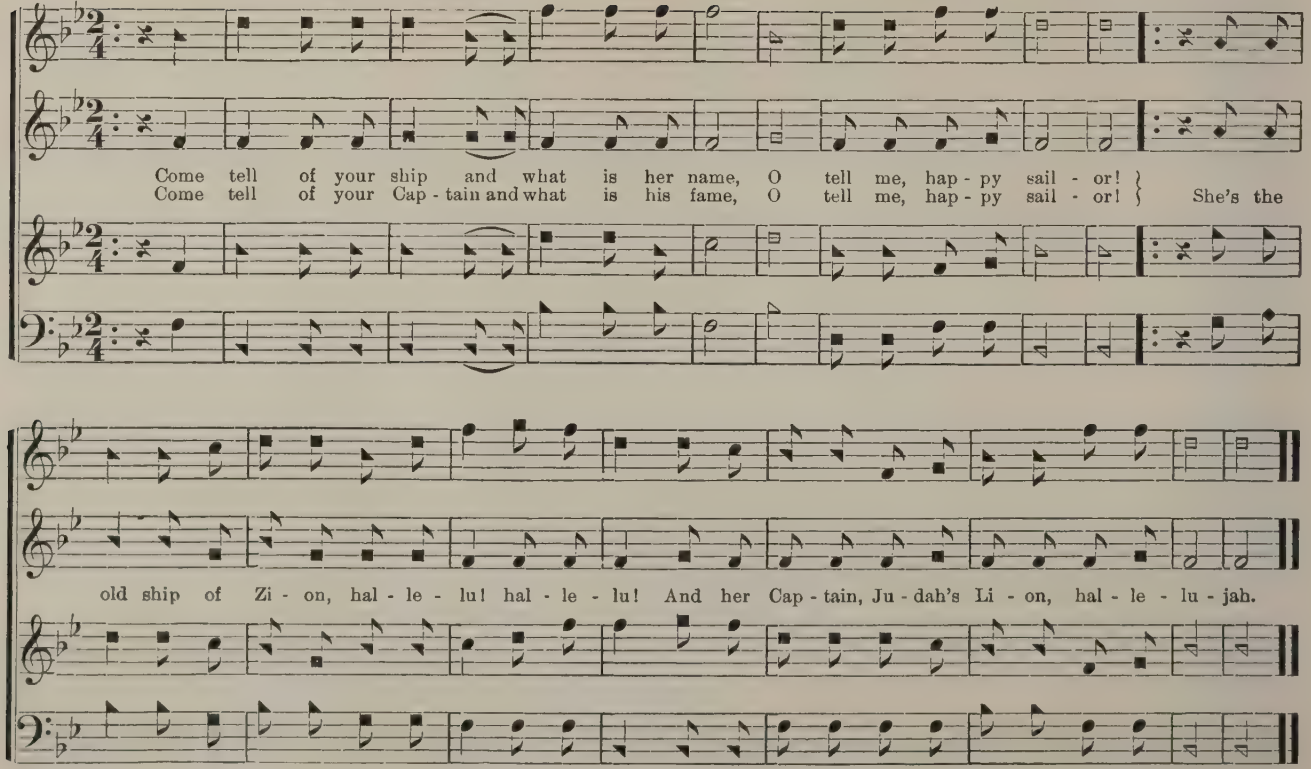
M. Sikes. Alto by Mrs. E. D. Martin.*


1. While trav'ling thro' the world be-low, Where sore af-flic-tions come, My soul abounds with joy to know That I will rest at home.
2. My soul's de-light has been to sing Of glo-rious days to come, When I shall, with my God and King, For-ev - er rest at home.
3. And then I want these lines to be In-scribed up-on my tomb: "Here lies the dust of S. R. P., His spir - it sings at home."
CHORUS.
Car-ry me home, car-ry me home, When my life is o'er, Then car-ry me to my long-sought home, Where pain is felt no more.

* In memory of my sister, Clara Deloney.

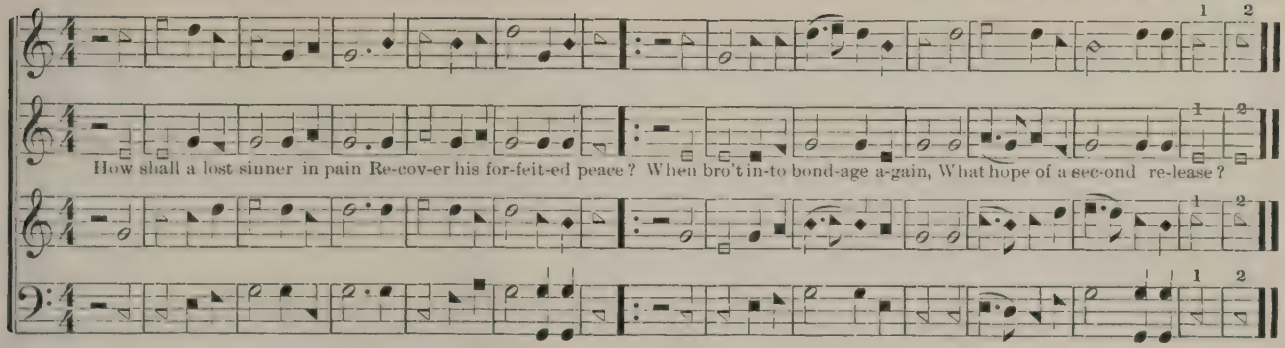
THE HAPPY SAILOR.

B. F. White. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


Come tell of your ship and what is her name, O tell me, hap - py sail - or!
Come tell of your Cap - tain and what is his fame, O tell me, hap - py sail - or!
She's the
old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu! hal - le - lu! And her Cap - tain, Ju - dah's Li - on, hal - le - lu - jah.

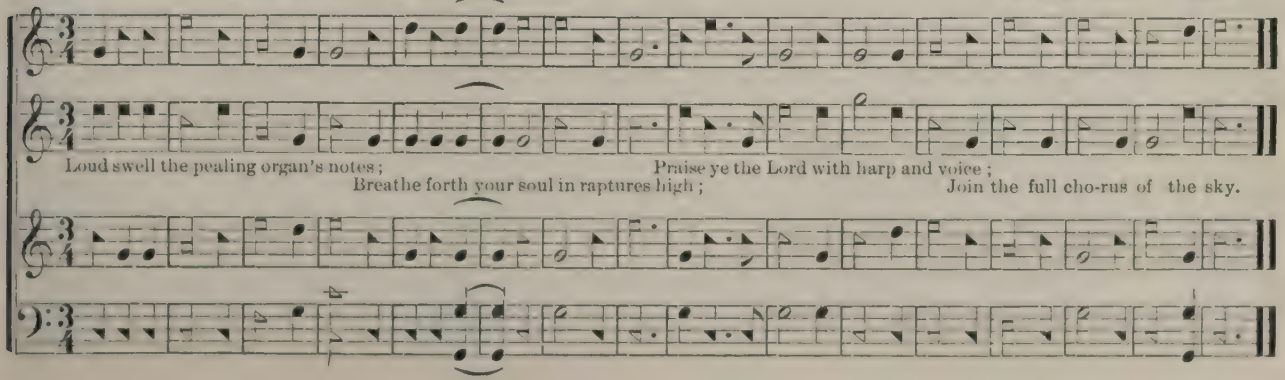
ST. PETERS.

Billings. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.



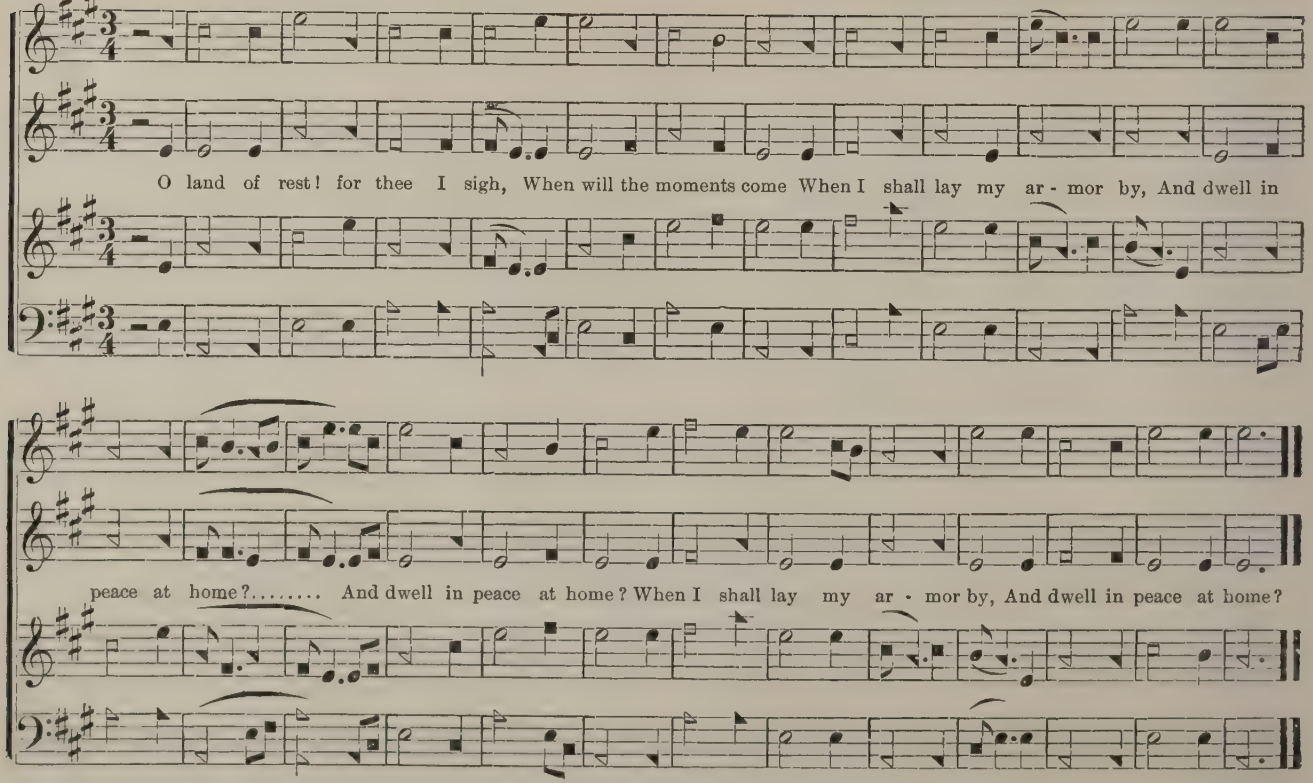
THE SKY. L. M.

R. F. M. Mann. 1869.

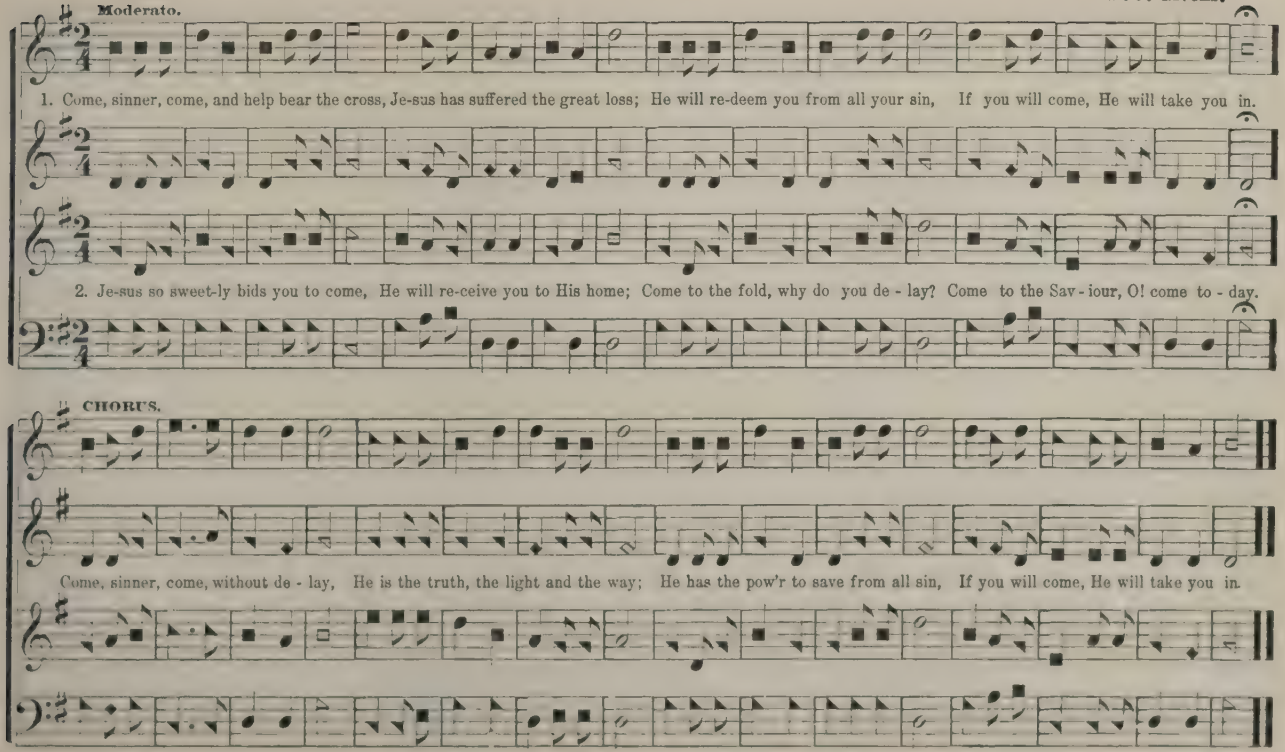

Loud swell the pealing organ's notes;
Breathe forth your soul in raptures high;
Praise ye the Lord with harp and voice;
Join the full cho-rus of the sky.

NEW PROSPECT. C. M.

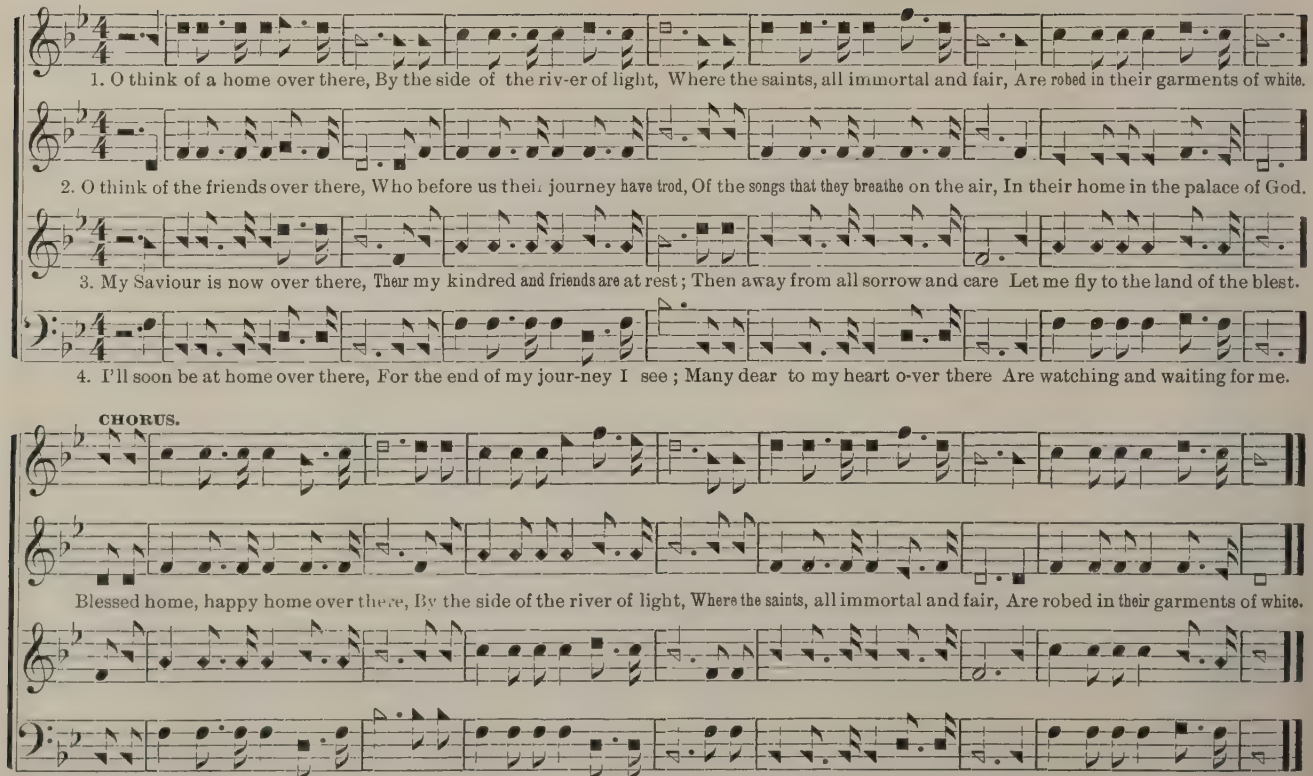
W. S. Turner. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


O land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moments come When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in
peace at home?..... And dwell in peace at home? When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?

THE ROYAL INVITATION.

D. J. Givens.

Moderato.
1. Come, sinner, come, and help bear the cross, Je-sus has suffered the great loss; He will re-deem you from all your sin, If you will come, He will take you in.
2. Je-sus so sweet-ly bids you to come, He will re-ceive you to His home; Come to the fold, why do you de - lay? Come to the Sav - iour, O! come to - day.
CHORUS.
Come, sinner, come, without de - lay, He is the truth, the light and the way; He has the pow'r to save from all sin, If you will come, He will take you in.

OVER THERE.

T. J. Allen. 1902.

1. O think of a home over there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us their journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
3. My Saviour is now over there, Their my kindred and friends are at rest; Then away from all sorrow and care Let me fly to the land of the blest.
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Many dear to my heart o-ver there Are watching and waiting for me.
CHORUS.
Blessed home, happy home over there, By the side of the river of light, Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.

I'M WANDERING TO AND FRO.

Author unknown.

DUET. Soprano and Alto. Ladies sing Duet.

1. I'm wand - 'ring to and fro,..... In this wide world of woe,.... Where streams of sor - row flow,.... And then I'm go - ing home.
2. And when my faith is tried..... In Him I will con - fide,.... And all the storms out - ride, ... And then I'm go - ing home.

CHORUS.

We'll camp a while in the wil - der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil - der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil - der-ness, And then we're go - ing home.

Copyright, 1907, by W. M. Cooper.

I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME.

Composed by Miss S. Lancaster. Alto, Miss Belle Spivey.

CHORUS.

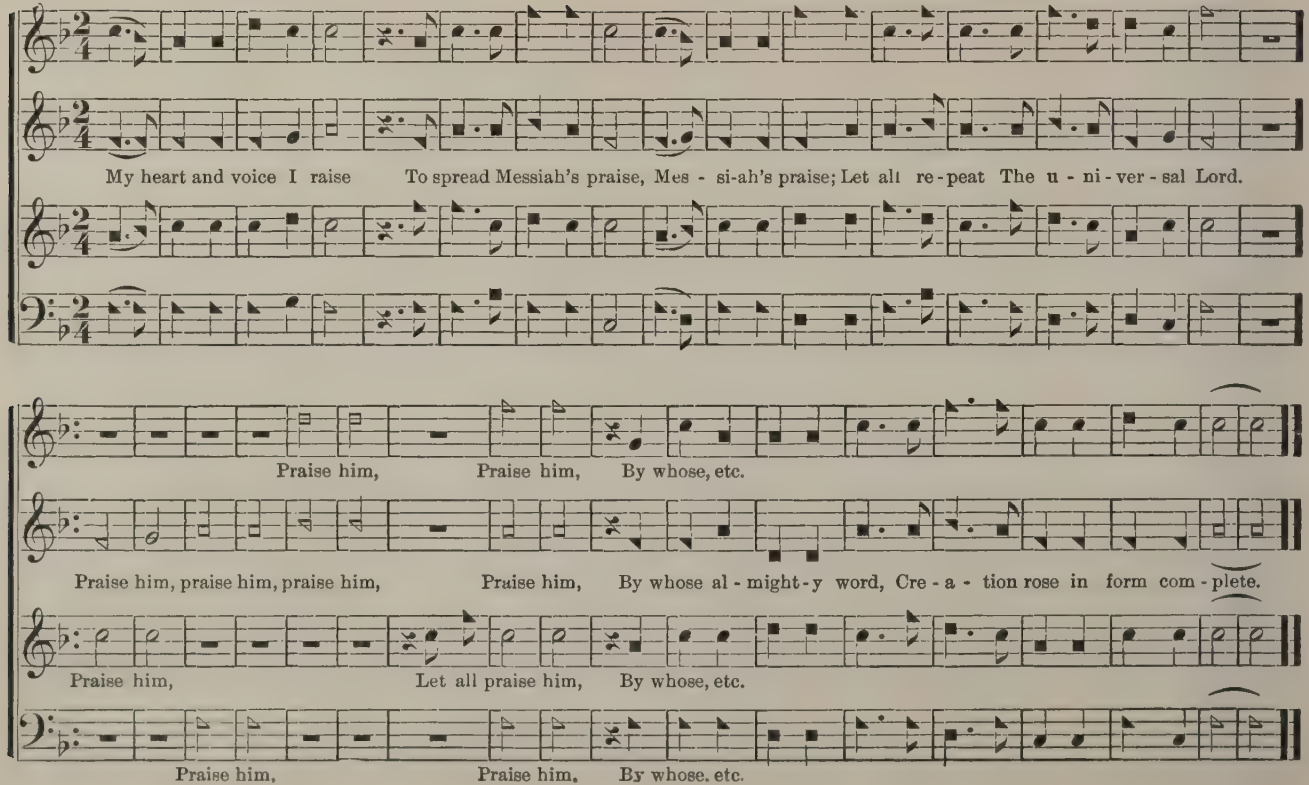
1. O who will come and go with me, I am on my journey home;
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am on my journey home.

2. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, I am on my journey home;
My Sav-ior smiles and bids me come, I am on my journey home.

O come and go with me, O come and go with me, O come and go with me, For I'm on my journey home.

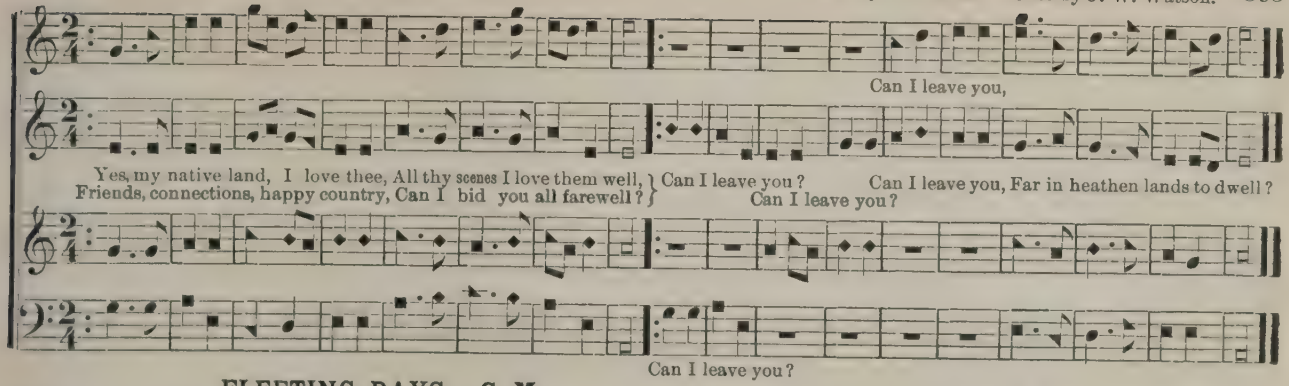
3. Sweet angels beckon me a - way, I am on my journey home;
To sing God's praise in endless day, I am on my journey home.

MESSIAH'S PRAISE.

R. F. M. Mann and J. A. Spark. Alto by Miss Dosia McCoy.

My heart and voice I raise To spread Messiah's praise, Mes - si-ah's praise; Let all re-peat The u - ni-ver-sal Lord.
Praise him, Praise him, By whose, etc.
Praise him, praise him, praise him, Praise him, By whose al-might-y word, Cre-a-tion rose in form com-plete.
Praise him, Let all praise him, By whose, etc.
Praise him, Praise him, By whose, etc.

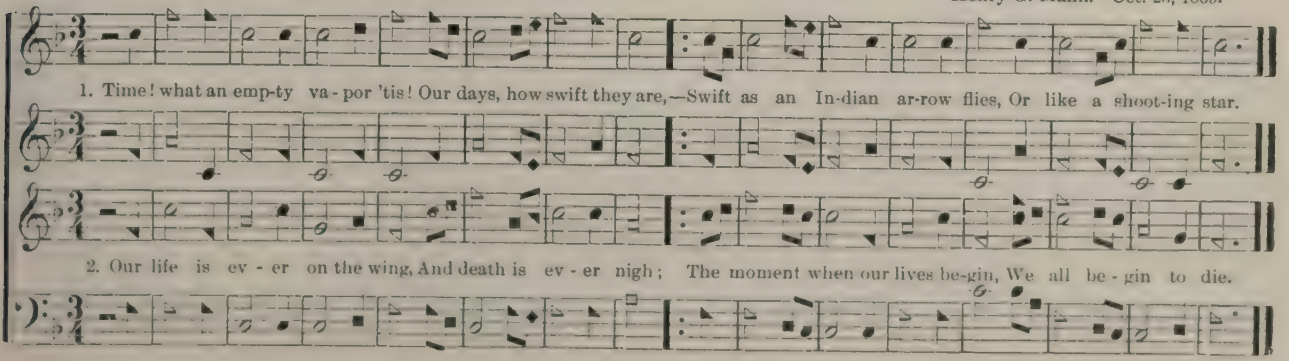
CAN I LEAVE YOU?

Arr. by J. P. Rees. Alto by J. W. Watson.


Can I leave you,
Yes, my native land, I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well, Can I leave you? Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Friends, connections, happy country, Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave you?
Can I leave you?

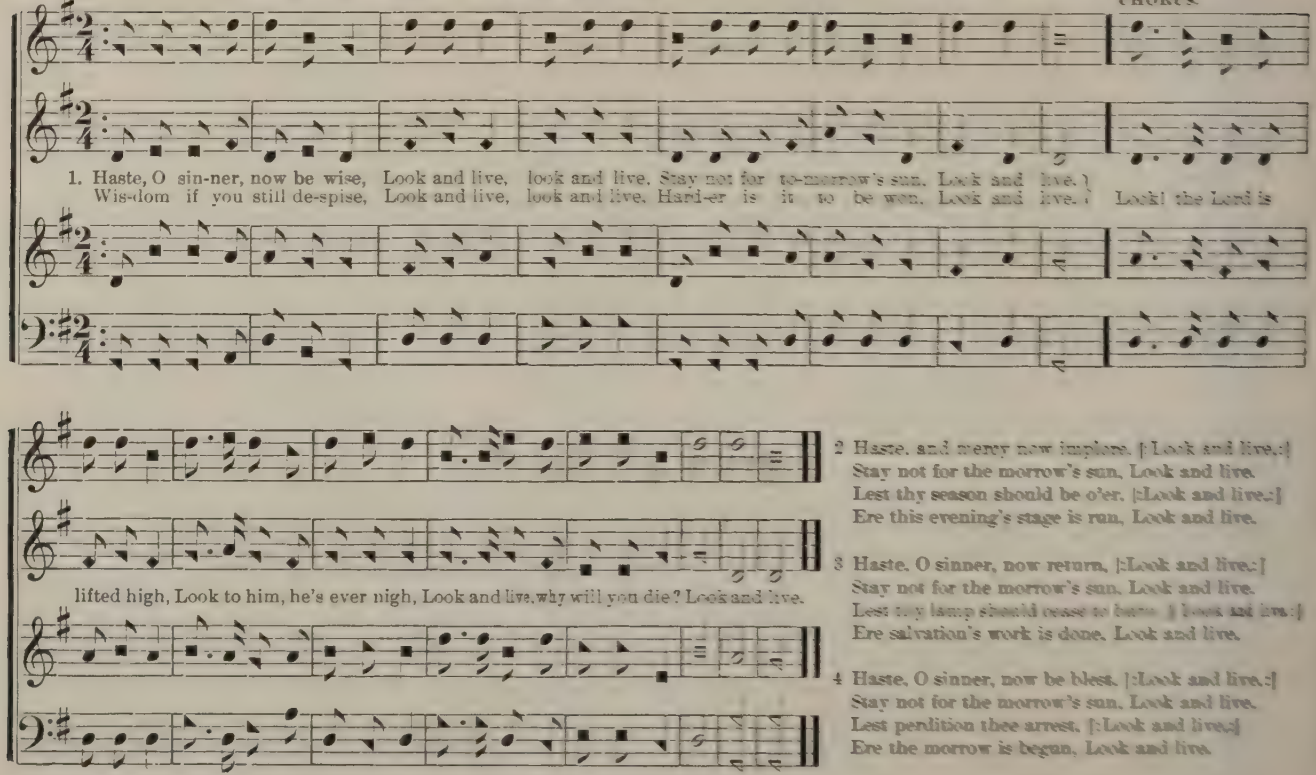
FLEETING DAYS. C. M.

Henry G. Mann. Oct. 26, 1869.


1. Time! what an emp-ty va-por 'tis! Our days, how swift they are,—Swift as an In-dian ar-row flies, Or like a shoot-ing star.
2. Our life is ev-er on the wing, And death is ev-er nigh; The moment when our lives be-gin, We all be-gin to die.

LOOK TO JESUS, WEARY ONE.

Bass, Alto and Treble by W. M. Cooper.


CHORUS.
1. Haste, O sin-ner, now be wise, Look and live, look and live. Stay not for to-morrow's sun, Look and live.
Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Look and live, look and live, Hard-er is it to be won, Look and live.
Look! the Lord is
lifted high, Look to him, he's ever nigh, Look and live, why will you die? Look and live.

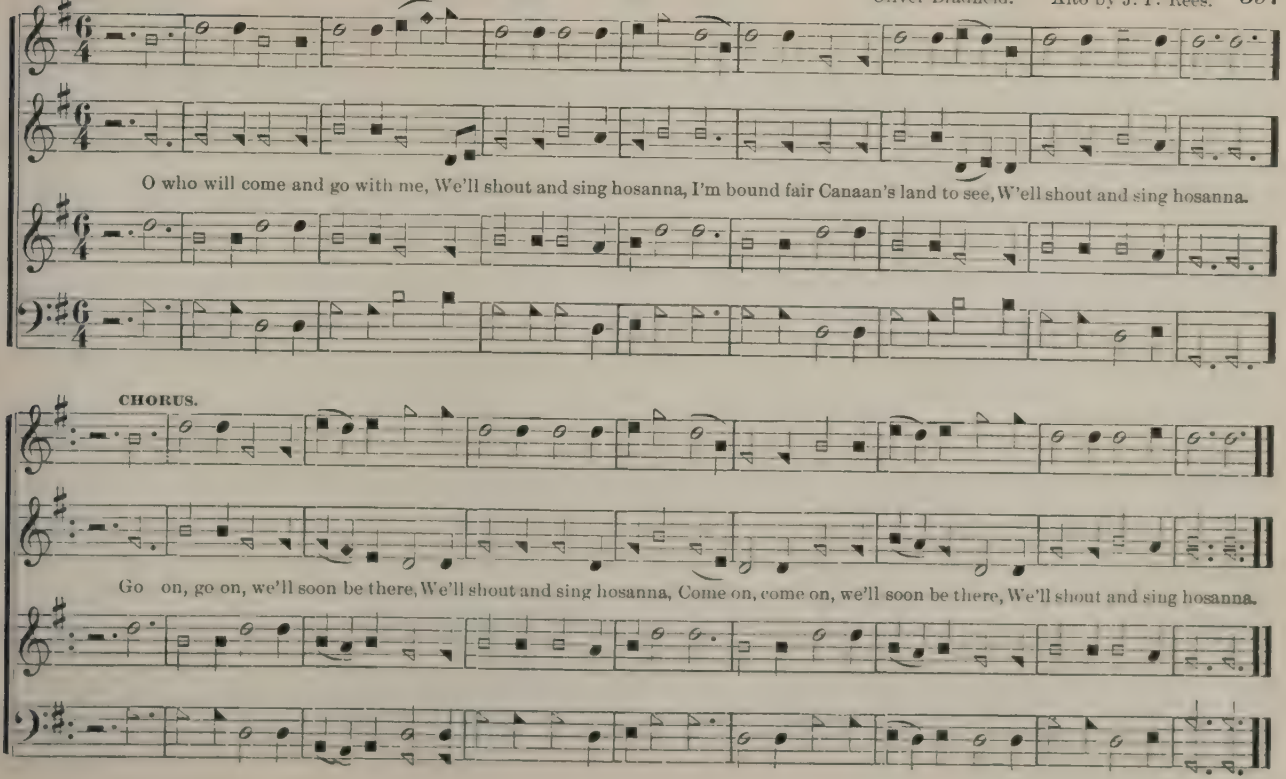
2 Haste, and mercy now implore. [:Look and live.:]
Stay not for the morrow's sun, Look and live.
Lest thy season should be o'er. [:Look and live.:]
Ere this evening's stage is run, Look and live.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return, [:Look and live.:]
Stay not for the morrow's sun, Look and live.
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn. [:Look and live.:]
Ere salvation's work is done, Look and live.

4 Haste, O sinner, now be blest. [:Look and live.:]
Stay not for the morrow's sun, Look and live.
Lest perdition thee arrest. [:Look and live.:]
Ere the morrow is begun, Look and live.

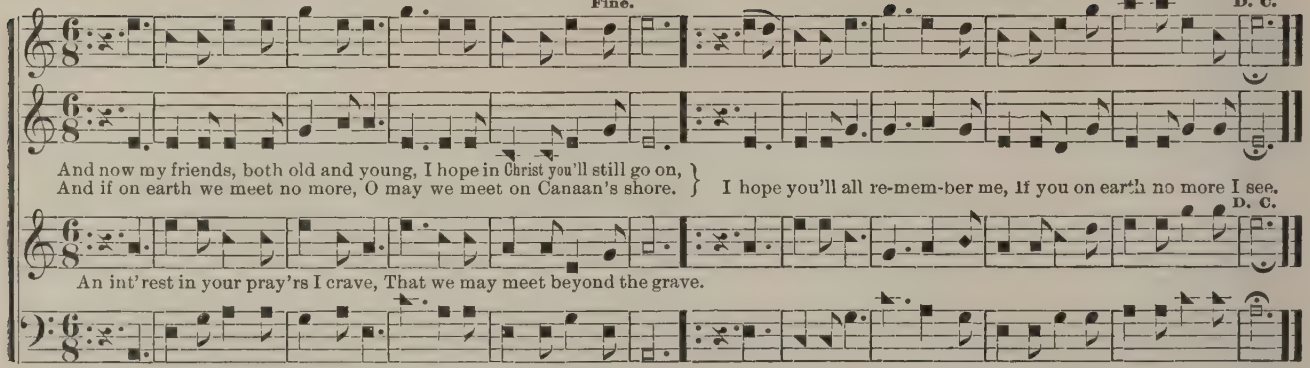
WE'LL SOON BE THERE. L. M.

Oliver Bradfield. Alto by J. P. Rees.


O who will come and go with me, We'll shout and sing hosanna, I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, W'ell shout and sing hosanna.
CHORUS.
Go on, go on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing hosanna, Come on, come on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing hosanna.

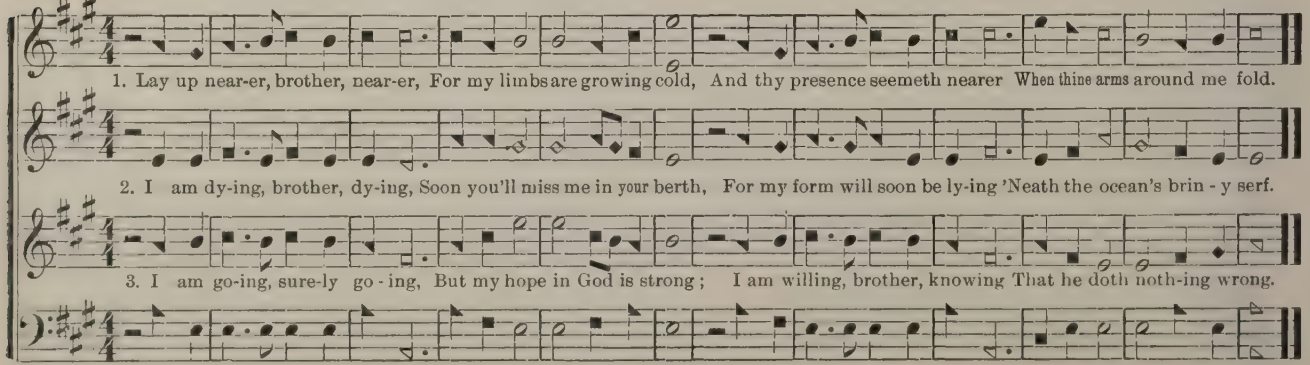
FAREWELL TO ALL. L. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by W. M. C.


Fine.
D. C.
And now my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on,
And if on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
I hope you'll all re-mem-ber me, If you on earth no more I see.
D. C.
An int'rest in your pray'rs I crave, That we may meet beyond the grave.

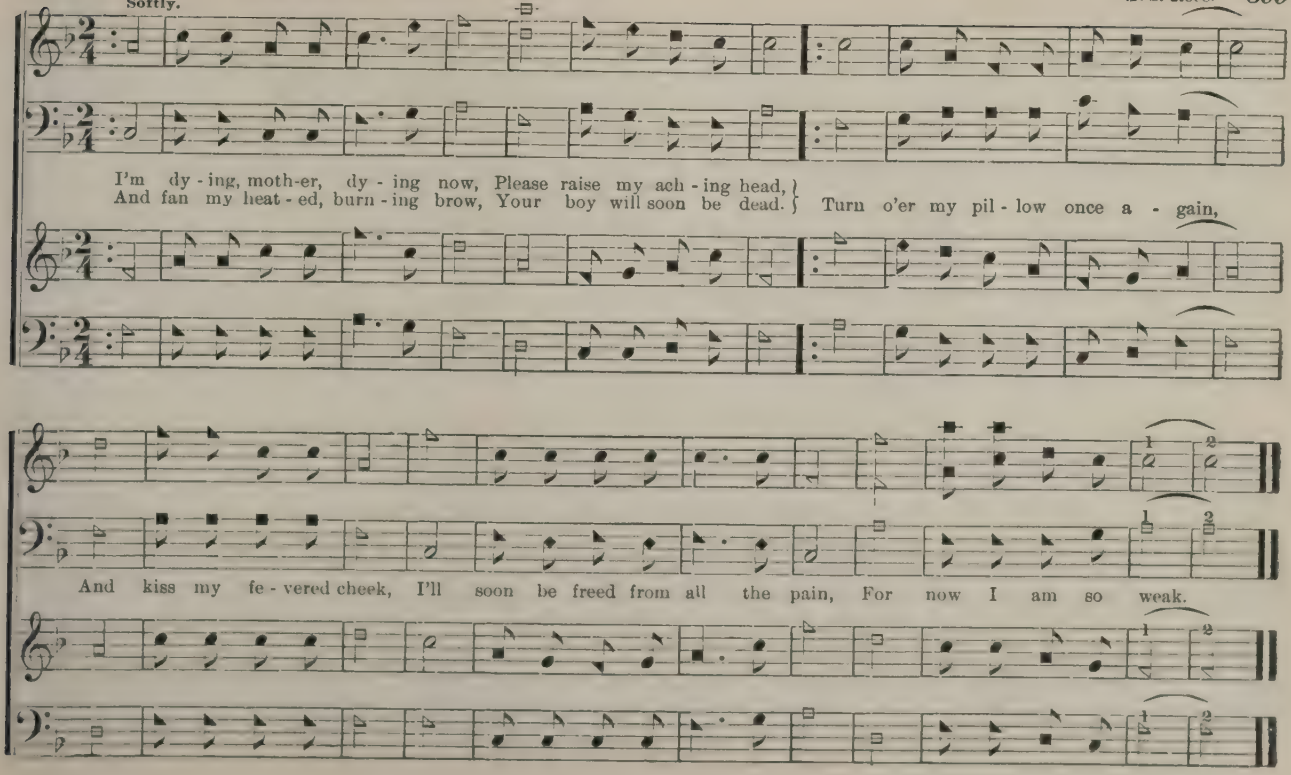
THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Ball and Drinkard. Alto by W. M. C.


1. Lay up near-er, brother, near-er, For my limbs are growing cold, And thy presence seemeth nearer When thine arms around me fold.
2. I am dy-ing, brother, dy-ing, Soon you'll miss me in your berth, For my form will soon be ly-ing 'Neath the ocean's brin - y serf.
3. I am go-ing, sure-ly go - ing, But my hope in God is strong; I am willing, brother, knowing That he doth noth-ing wrong.

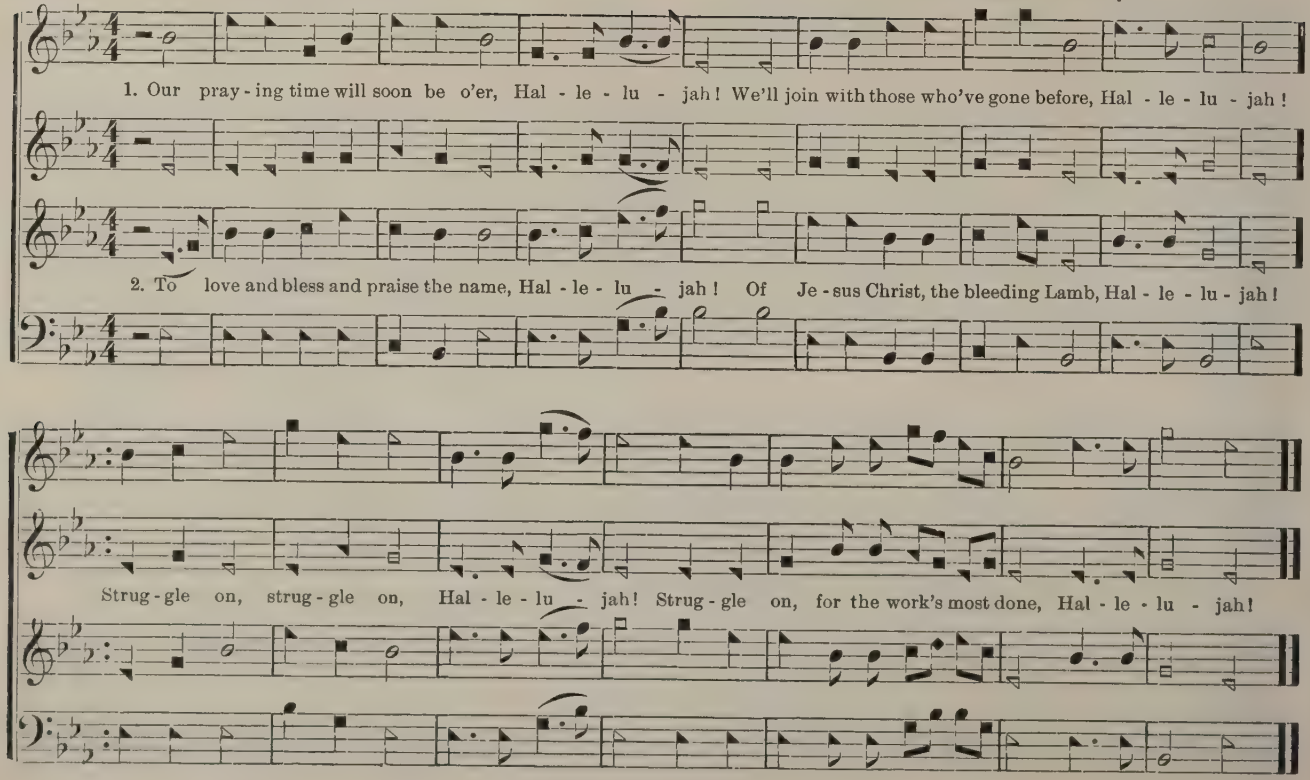
THE DYING BOY. C. M. D.

H. S. Rees.


Softly.
I'm dy - ing, moth-er, dy - ing now, Please raise my ach - ing head,
And fan my heat - ed, burn - ing brow, Your boy will soon be dead.
Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain,
And kiss my fe - vered cheek, I'll soon be freed from all the pain, For now I am so weak.

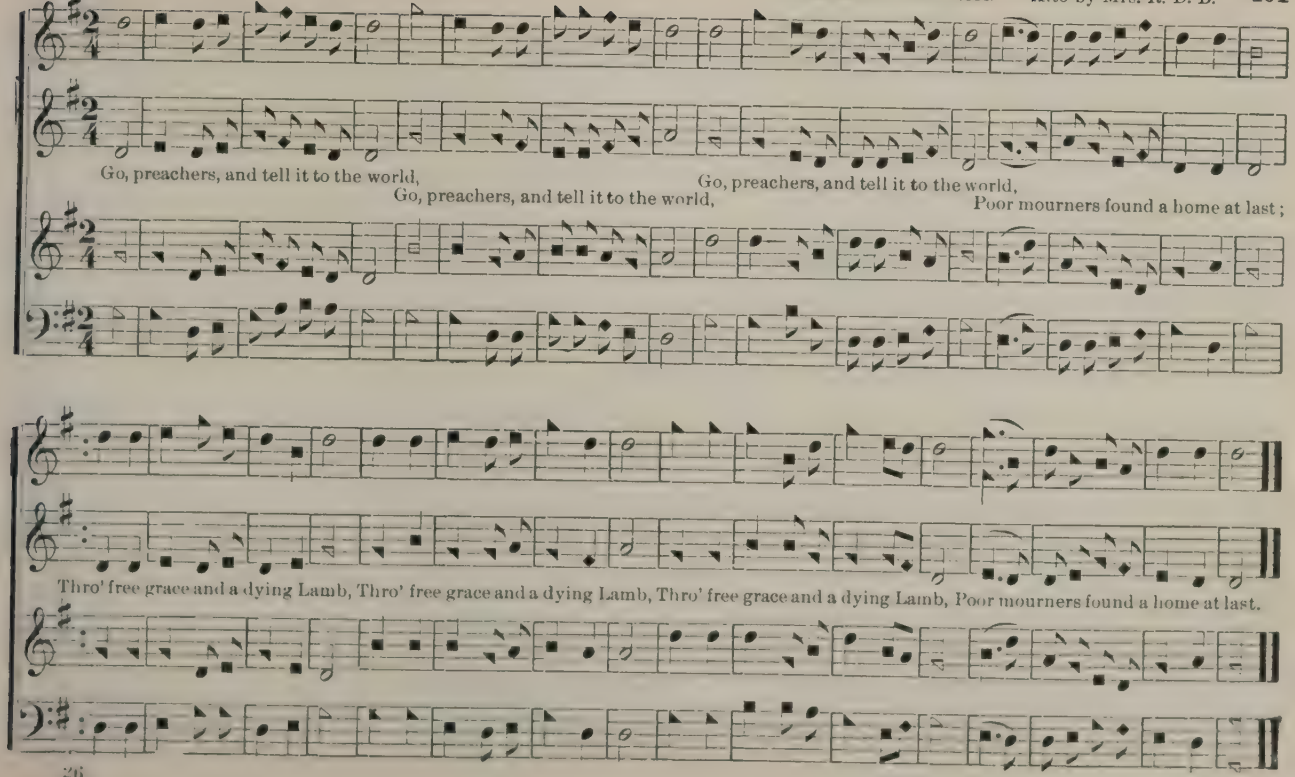
STRUGGLE ON.

H. S. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. Our pray - ing time will soon be o'er, Hal - le - lu - jah! We'll join with those who've gone before, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. To love and bless and praise the name, Hal - le - lu - jah! Of Je - sus Christ, the bleeding Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Strug - gle on, strug - gle on, Hal - le - lu - jah! Strug - gle on, for the work's most done, Hal - le - lu - jah!

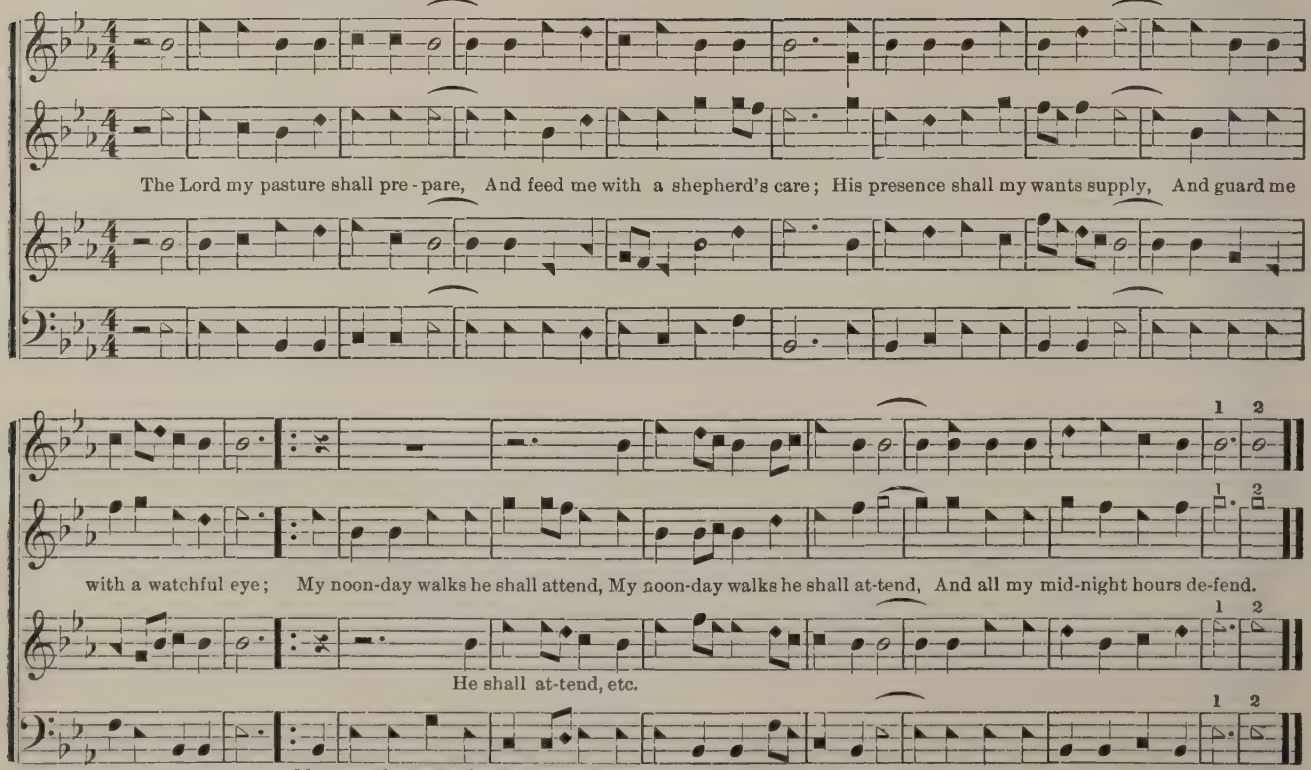
CUBA.

J. H. Bolen and H. S. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

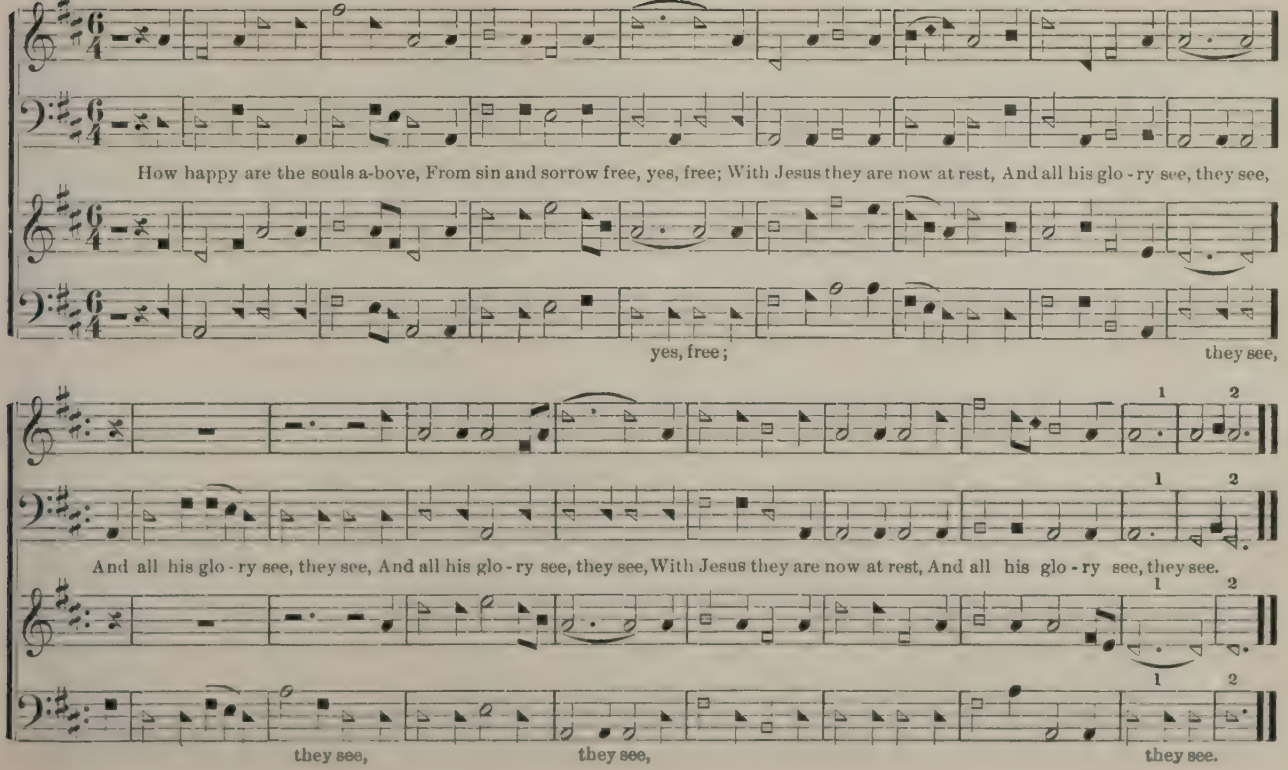

Go, preachers, and tell it to the world,
Go, preachers, and tell it to the world,
Go, preachers, and tell it to the world,
Poor mourners found a home at last;
Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Poor mourners found a home at last.

PROTECTION. L. M.

C. F. Letson.

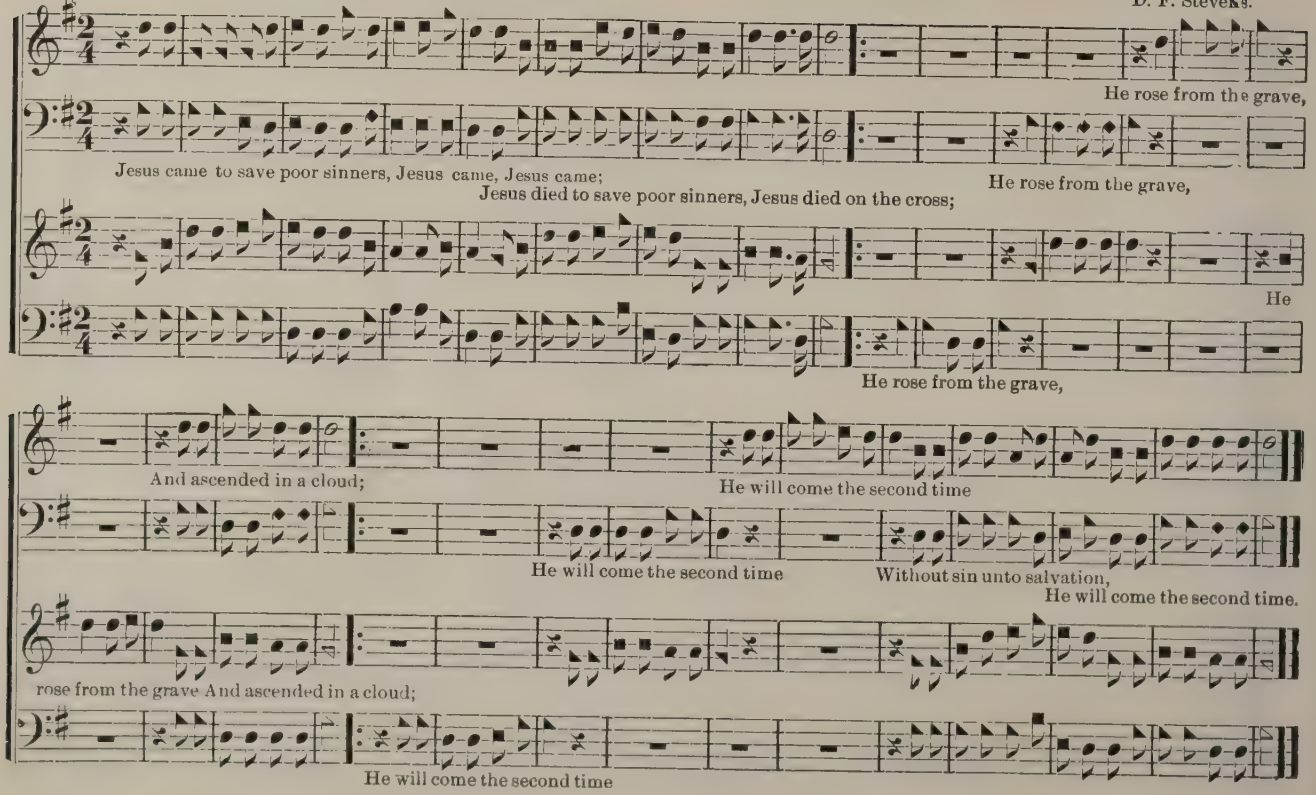

The Lord my pasture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me
with a watchful eye; My noon-day walks he shall attend, My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.
He shall at-tend, etc.
My noon-day walks he shall attend, etc.
1 2
1 2
1 2
1 2

HEAVENLY REST. C. M.

John S. Terry. Alto and change in Bass by W. M. C.

How happy are the souls a-bove, From sin and sorrow free, yes, free; With Jesus they are now at rest, And all his glo - ry see, they see,
yes, free;
they see,
1
2
And all his glo - ry see, they see, And all his glo - ry see, they see, With Jesus they are now at rest, And all his glo - ry see, they see.
they see,
they see,
they see.

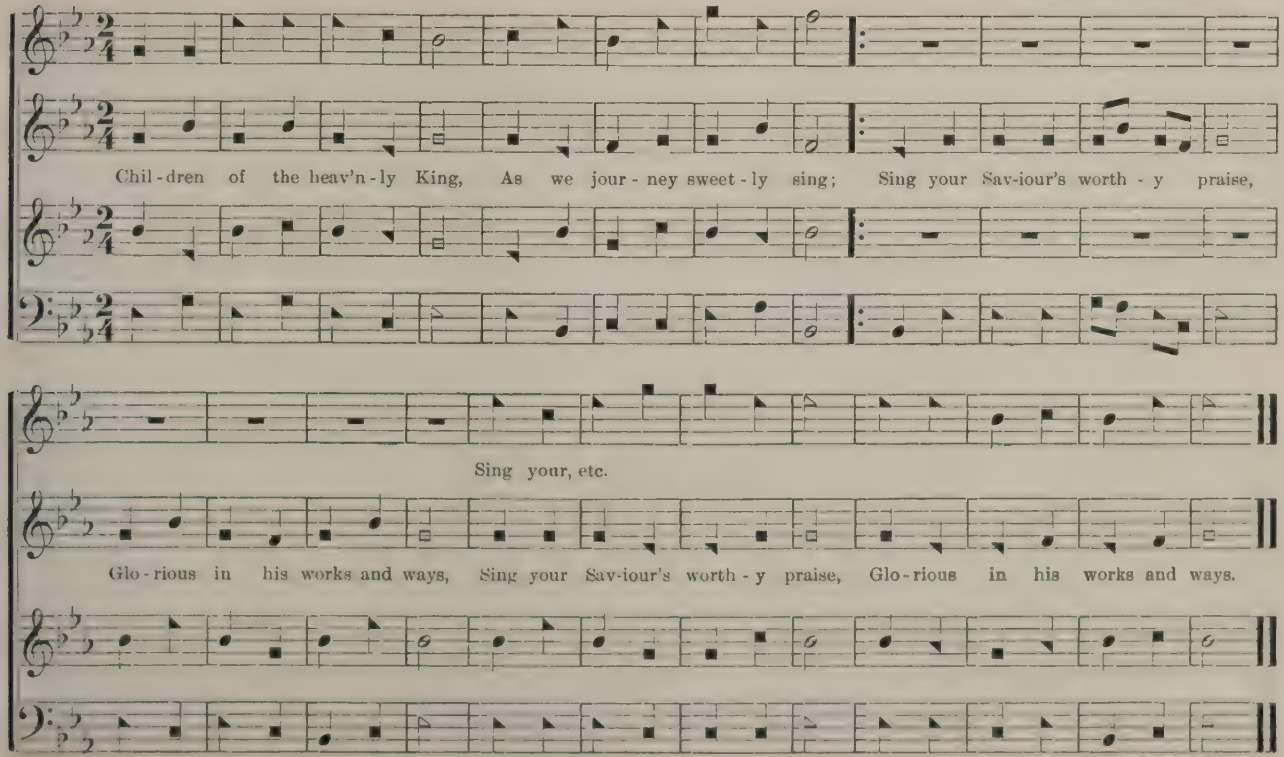
HE DIED ON THE CROSS.

D. F. Stevens.


He rose from the grave,
Jesus came to save poor sinners, Jesus came, Jesus came;
Jesus died to save poor sinners, Jesus died on the cross;
He rose from the grave,
He
He rose from the grave,
And ascended in a cloud;
He will come the second time
He will come the second time
Without sin unto salvation,
He will come the second time.
rose from the grave And ascended in a cloud;
He will come the second time

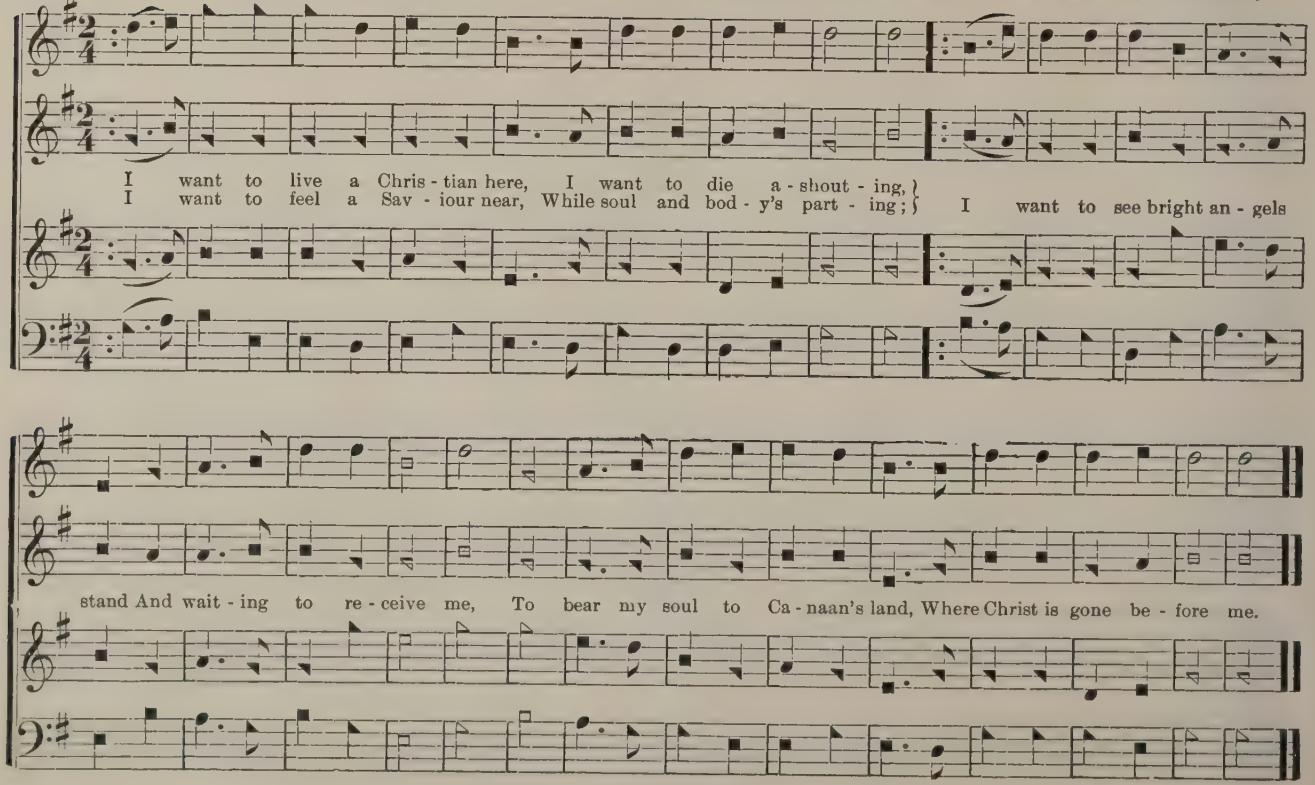
CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

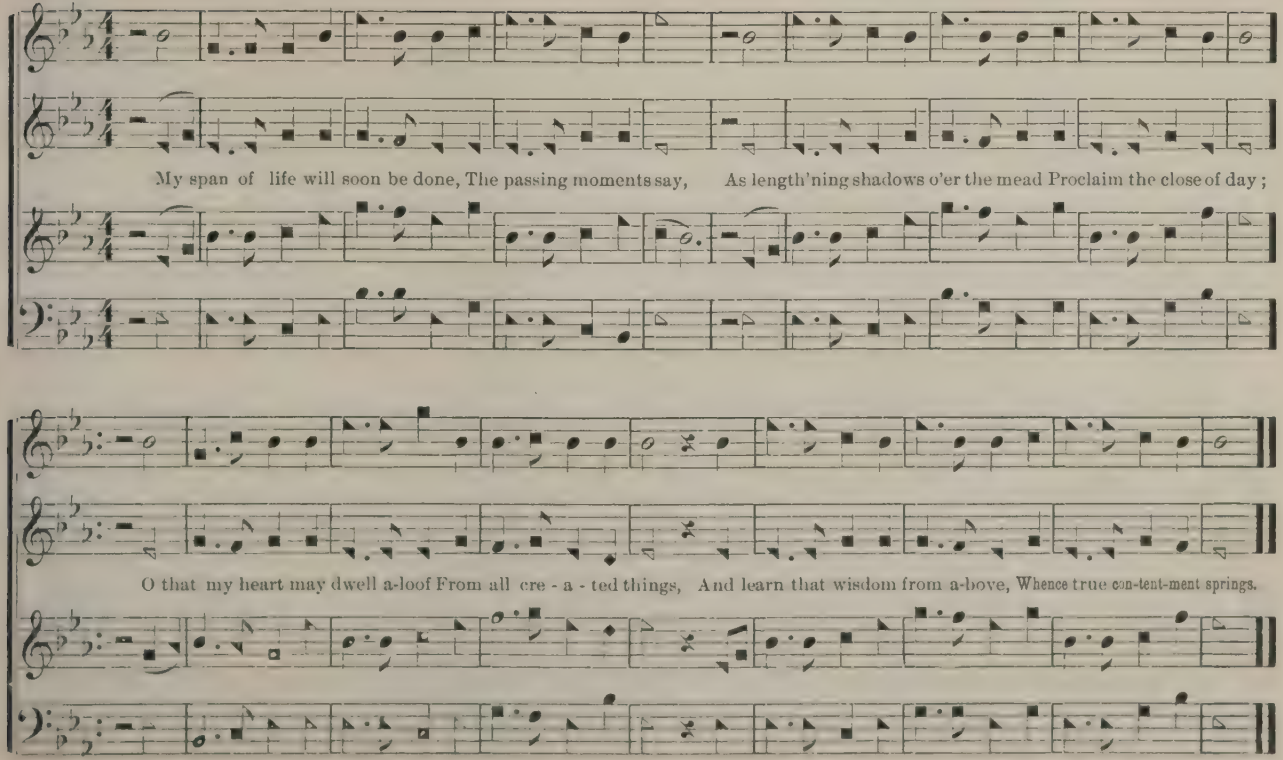
Alto by B. P. Poyner.


Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour-ney sweet-ly sing; Sing your Sav-iour's worth-y praise,
Sing your, etc.
Glo-rious in his works and ways, Sing your Sav-iour's worth-y praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.

NEW HARMONY.

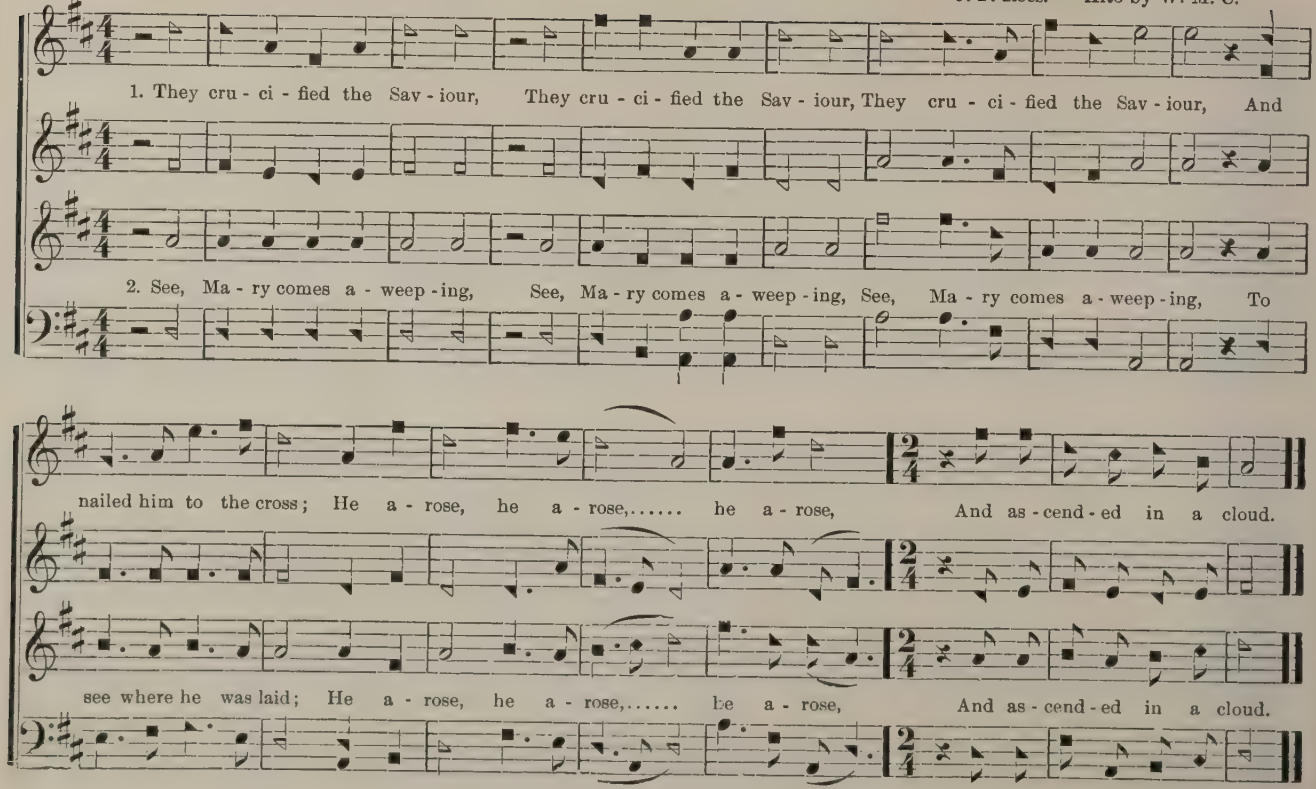
Miss M. L. A. Lancaster. Alto arranged by W. J. McCoy.


I want to live a Chris - tian here, I want to die a - shout - ing,
I want to feel a Sav - iour near, While soul and bod - y's part - ing;
I want to see bright an - gels
stand And wait - ing to re - ceive me, To bear my soul to Ca - naan's land, Where Christ is gone be - fore me.


My span of life will soon be done, The passing moments say, As length'ning shadows o'er the mead Proclaim the close of day;
O that my heart may dwell a-loof From all cre - a - ted things, And learn that wisdom from a-bove, Whence true con-tent-ment springs.

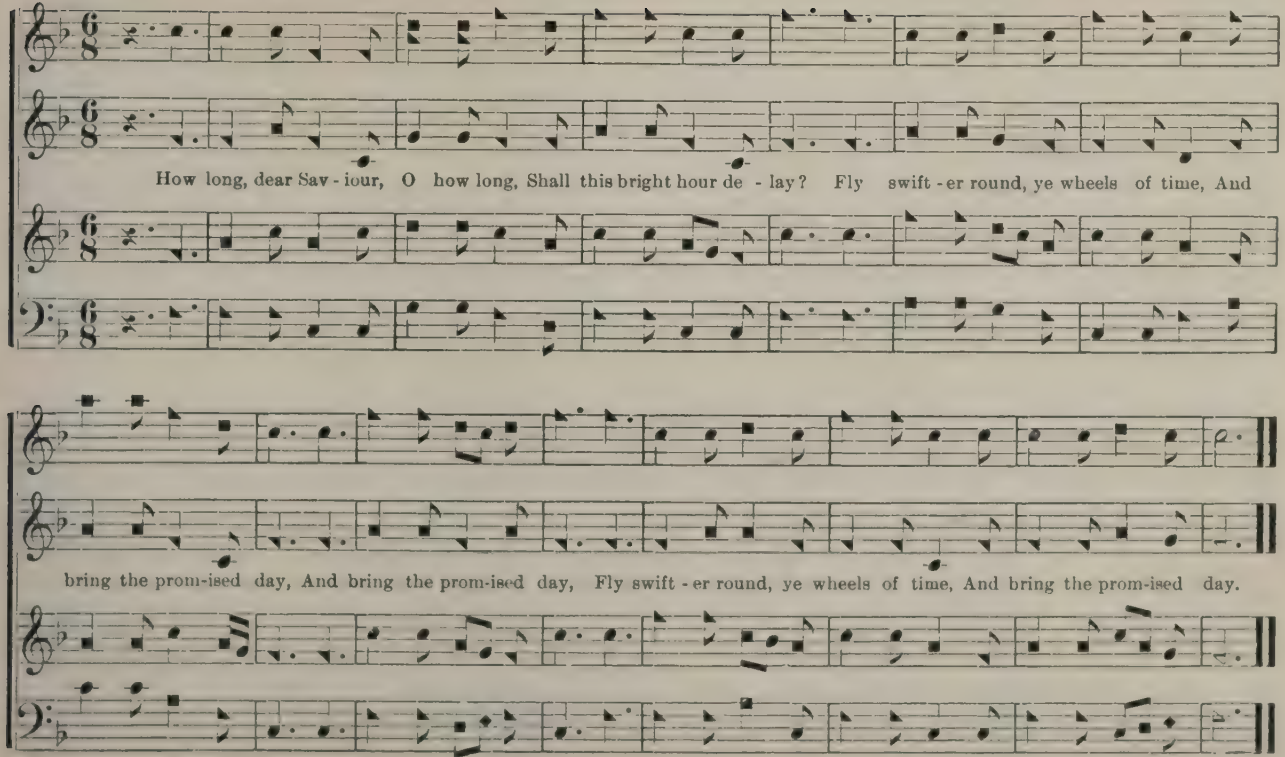
WEEPING MARY.

J. P. Rees. Alto by W. M. C.


1. They cru - ci - fied the Sav - iour, They cru - ci - fied the Sav - iour, They cru - ci - fied the Sav - iour, And
2. See, Ma - ry comes a - weep - ing, See, Ma - ry comes a - weep - ing, See, Ma - ry comes a - weep - ing, To
nailed him to the cross; He a - rose, he a - rose,..... he a - rose, And as - cend - ed in a cloud.
see where he was laid; He a - rose, he a - rose,..... he a - rose, And as - cend - ed in a cloud.

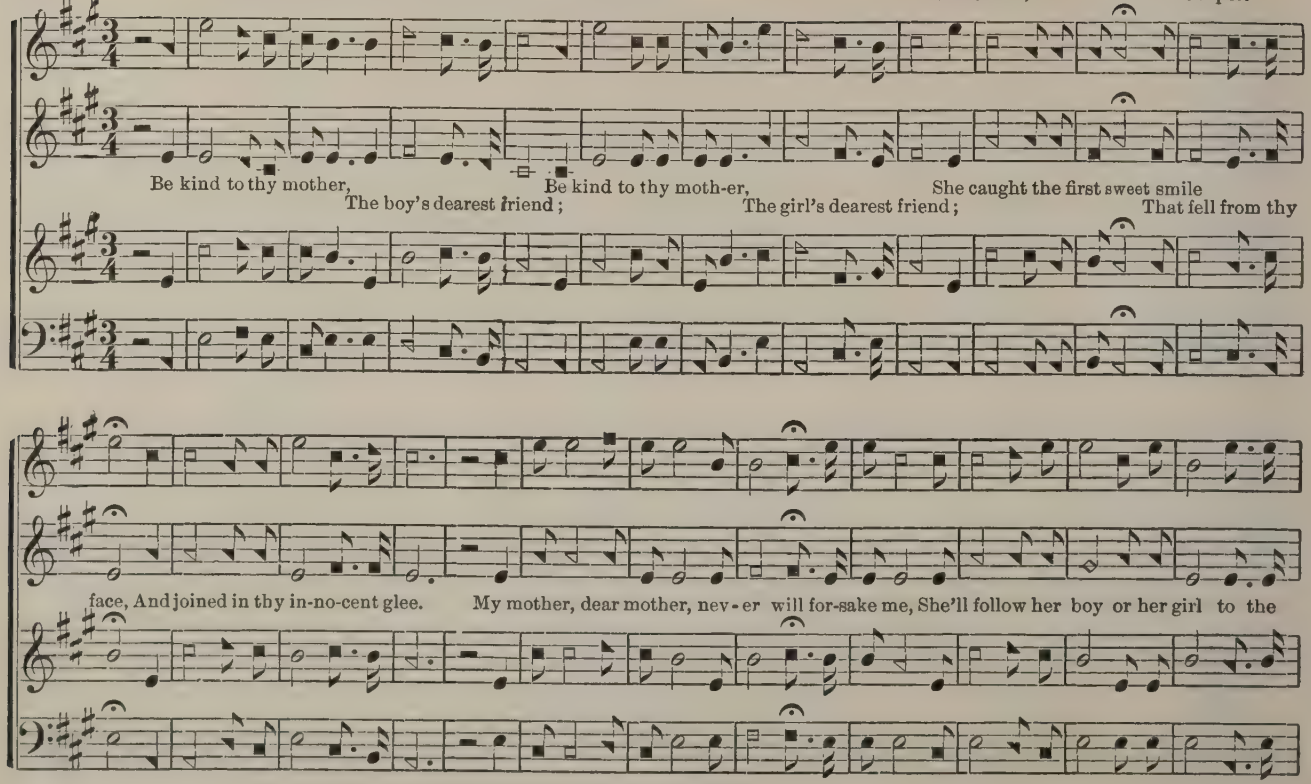
PROMISED DAY. L. M.

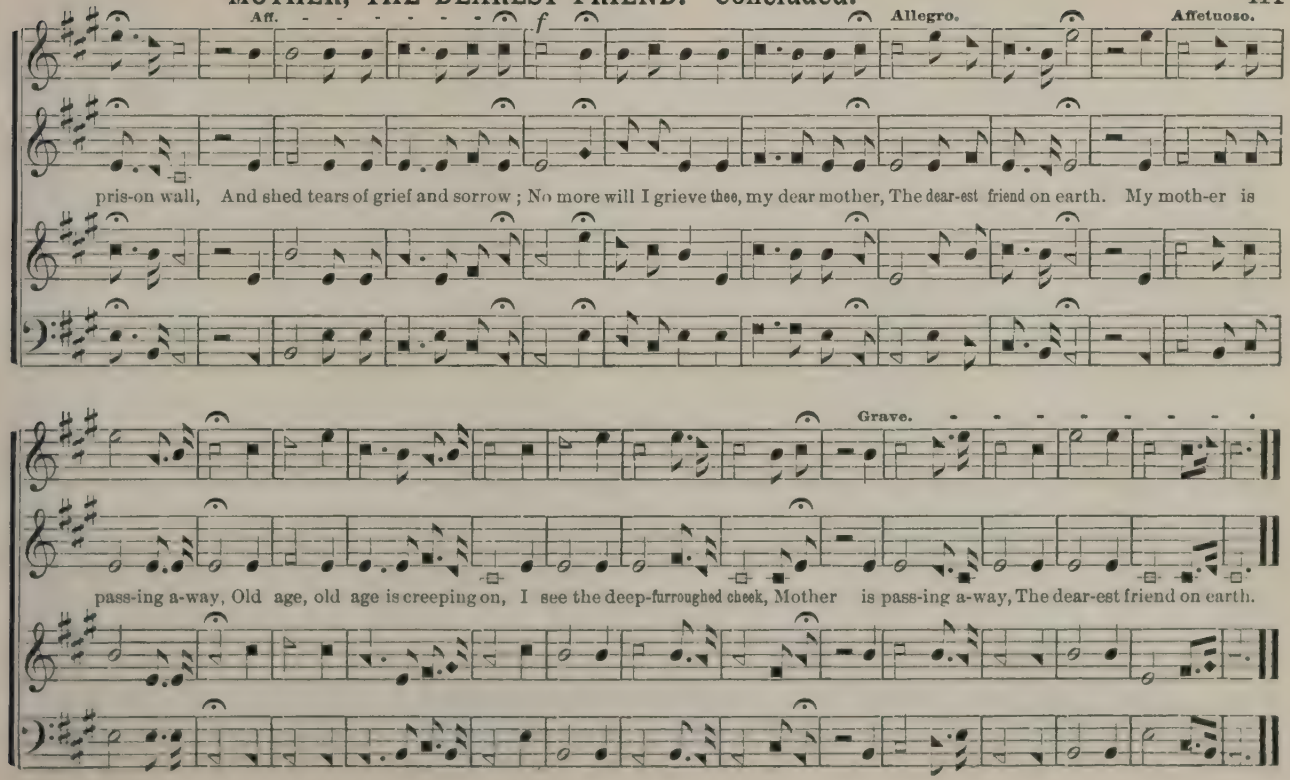
L. M. Raiford. Alto by W. M. C.


How long, dear Sav - iour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time, And
bring the prom-ised day, And bring the prom-ised day, Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time, And bring the prom-ised day.

MOTHER, THE DEAREST FRIEND.

(Original.) W. M. Cooper.


Be kind to thy mother, The boy's dearest friend;
Be kind to thy moth-er, The girl's dearest friend;
She caught the first sweet smile That fell from thy
face, And joined in thy in-no-cent glee.
My mother, dear mother, nev-er will for-sake me, She'll follow her boy or her girl to the


Aff.
f
Allegro.
Affetuoso.
pris-on wall, And shed tears of grief and sorrow ; No more will I grieve thee, my dear mother, The dear-est friend on earth. My moth-er is
Grave.
pass-ing a-way, Old age, old age is creeping on, I see the deep-furroughed cheek, Mother is pass-ing a-way, The dear-est friend on earth.

NEW HOSANNA. L. M.

H. S. Rees. Transposed from C to A and Alto by W. M. C.

CHORUS. Moderato.

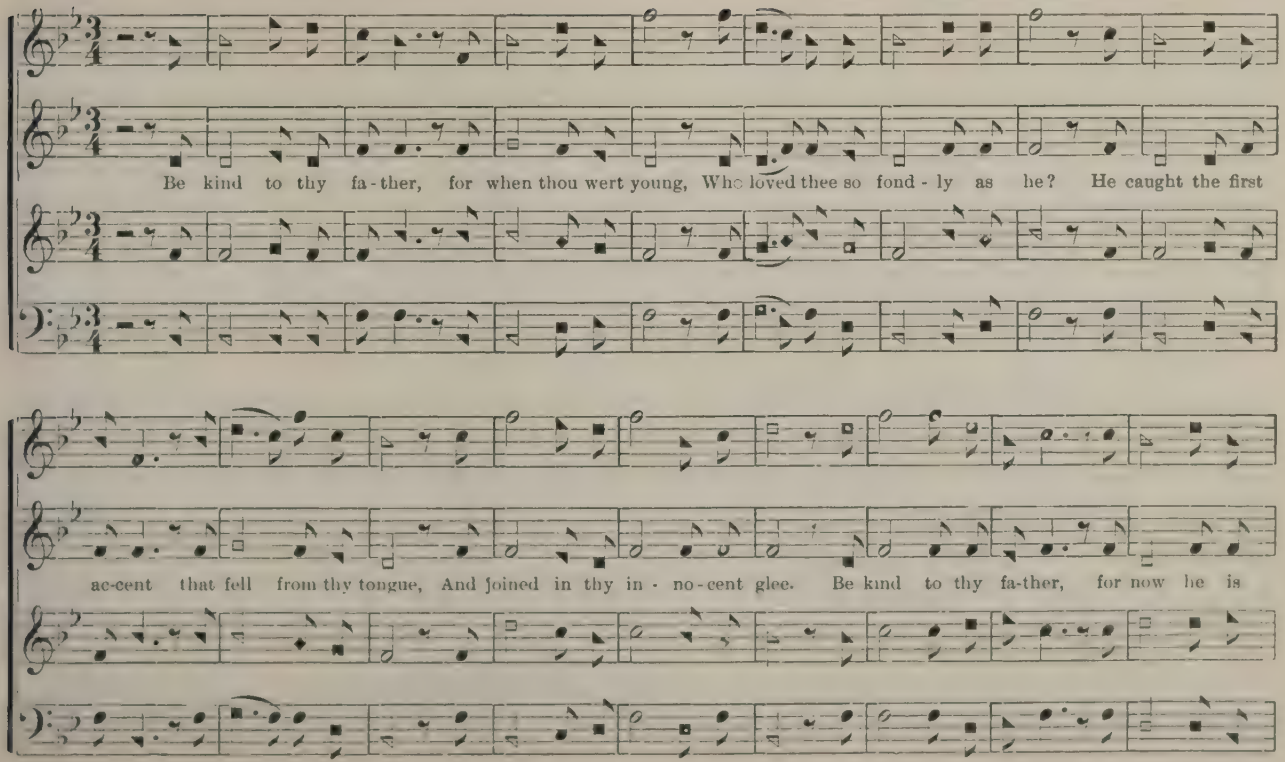
1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born;
See how the an-gels wing their way To usher in the glorious day. } Glory, glo - ry, let us sing, While heaven and earth his praises ring, Hosanna,

2. Hark! what sweet music—what a song—Sounds from the bright celestial throng;
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured list'ning heart. } Glory, glory, etc.

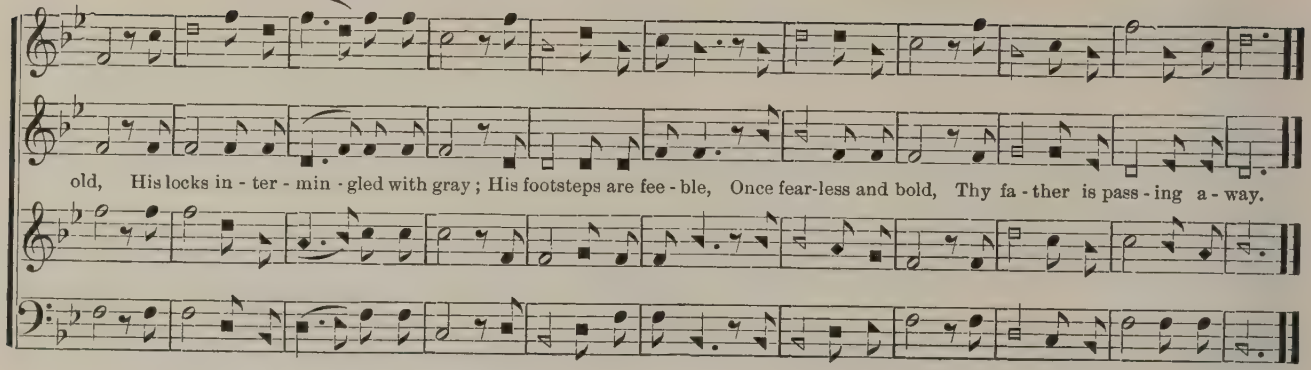
hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God. Glory, glory let us sing, While heav'n and earth his praises ring,
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God.

THE LOVED ONES.

E. T. Pound. Transposed and Alto by W. M. C.

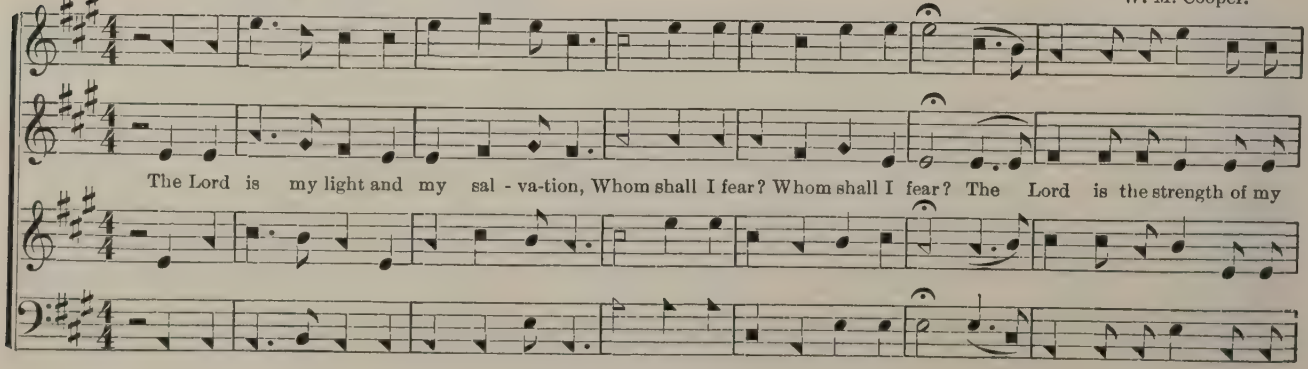

Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond-ly as he? He caught the first
ac-cent that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in-no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for now he is

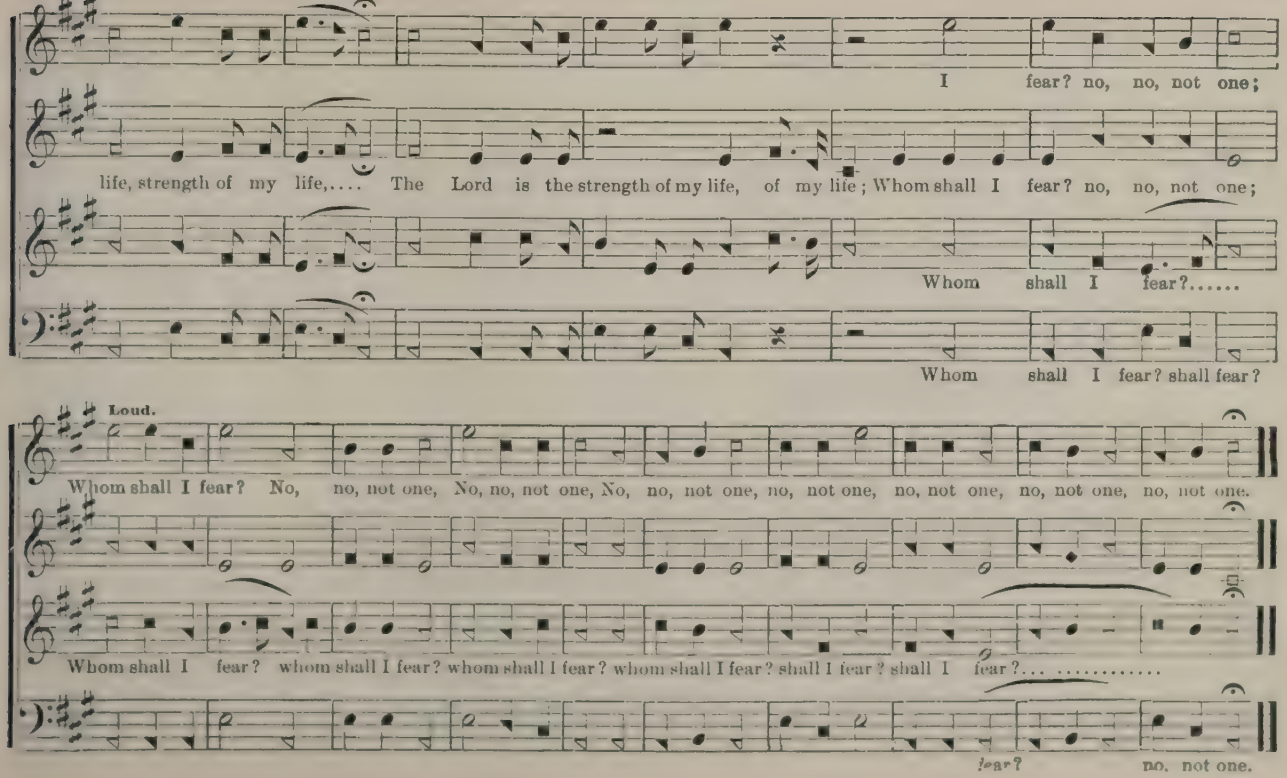
THE LOVED ONES. Concluded.



WHOM SHALL I FEAR?

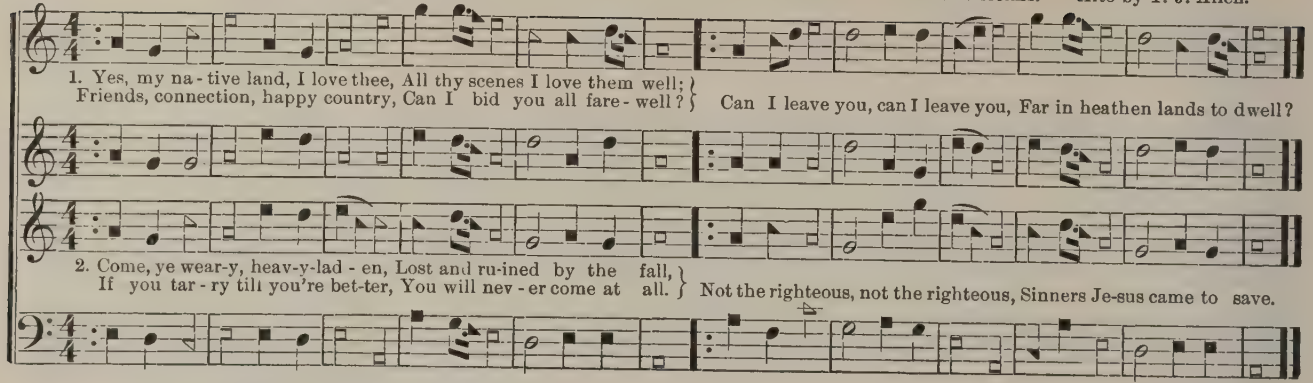
W. M. Cooper.




I fear? no, no, not one;
life, strength of my life,.... The Lord is the strength of my life, of my life; Whom shall I fear? no, no, not one;
Whom shall I fear?.....
Whom shall I fear? shall fear?
Loud.
Whom shall I fear? No, no, not one, No, no, not one, No, no, not one, no, not one, no, not one, no, not one, no, not one.
Whom shall I fear? whom shall I fear? whom shall I fear? whom shall I fear? shall I fear? shall I fear?... .....
fear? no, not one.

MY NATIVE LAND.

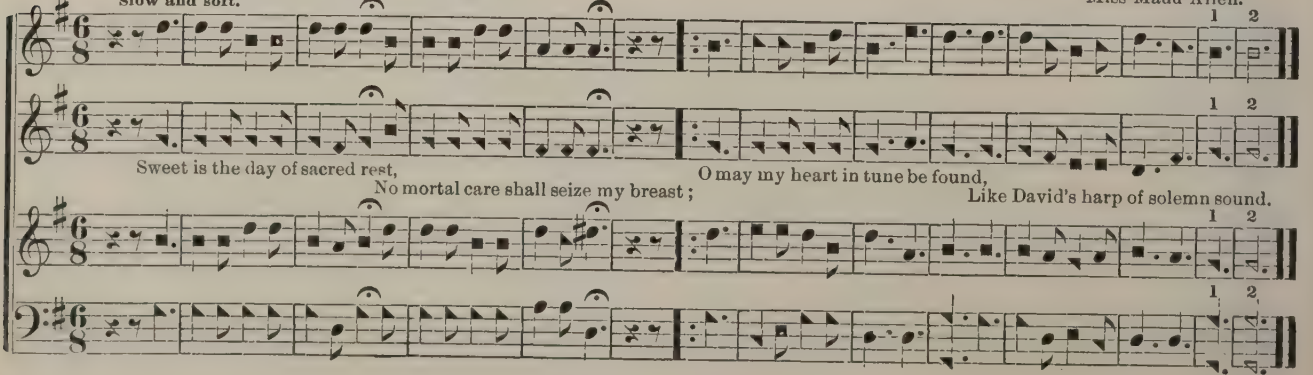
R. B. Helms. Alto by T. J. Allen.


1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connection, happy country, Can I bid you all fare - well?
Can I leave you, can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?
2. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y-lad - en, Lost and ru-ined by the fall,
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, Sinners Je-sus came to save.

DAY OF JOY. L. M.

Slow and soft.

Miss Maud Allen.


1 2
Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

WEEPING PILGRIM.

J. P. Rees. Alto by W. M. C.

Moderate.

1. You may tell them, fa - ther, when you see them, I m a poor mourning pil - grim, I'm bound for Ca-naan's land ;
You may tell them, moth - er, when you see them, I'm a poor mourning pil - grim, I'm bound for Ca-naan's land.

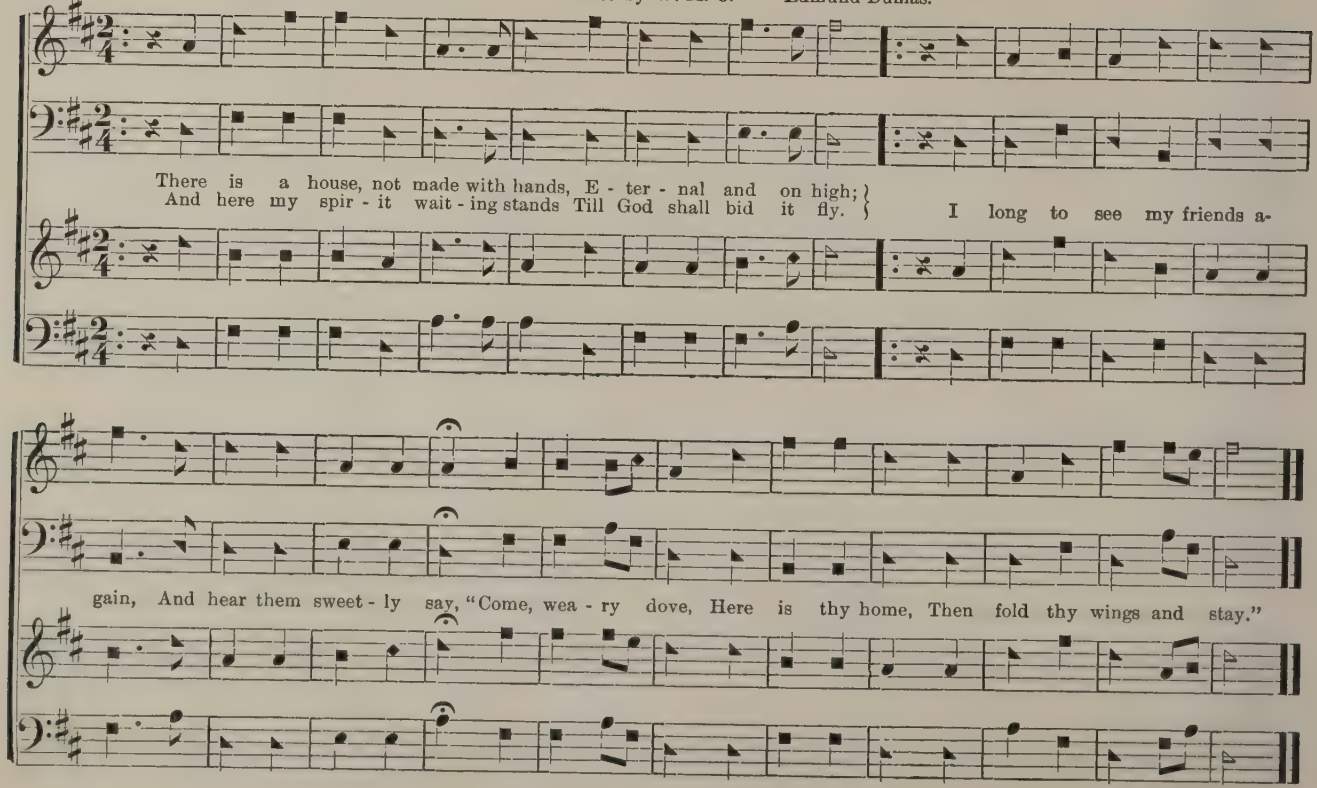
2. You may tell them, broth-ers, when you see them, I'm a poor mourn-ing pil - grim, I'm bound for Ca-naan's land ;
You may tell them, sis - ters, when you see them, I'm a poor mourn-ing pil - grim, I'm bound for Ca-naan's land.

Soft and slow.

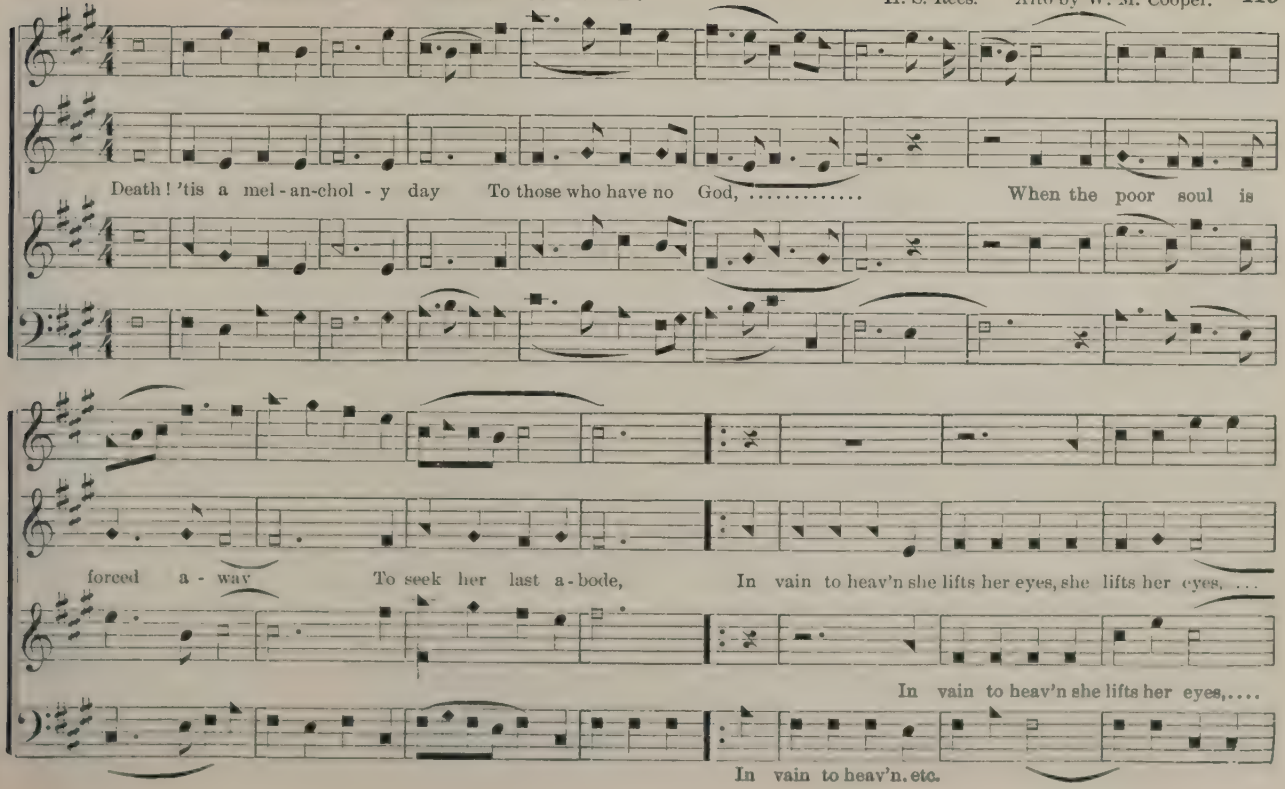
I weep, and I mourn, and I move slow - ly on, I'm a poor mourning pil-grim, I'm bound for Ca-naan's land.

REES. C. M.

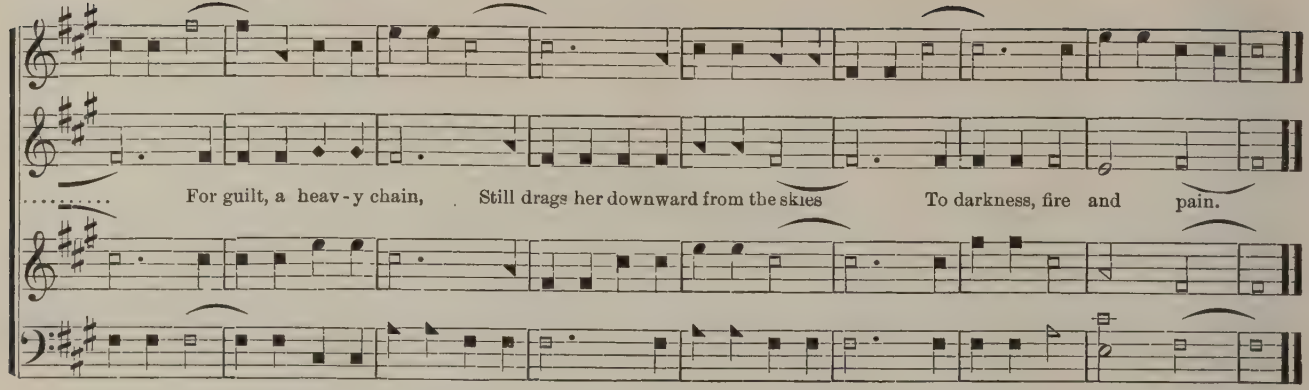
Alto by W. M. C. Edmund Dumas.


There is a house, not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high;
And here my spir - it wait - ing stands Till God shall bid it fly.
I long to see my friends a-
gain, And hear them sweet - ly say, "Come, wea - ry dove, Here is thy home, Then fold thy wings and stay."

MELANCHOLY DAY. C. M. D.

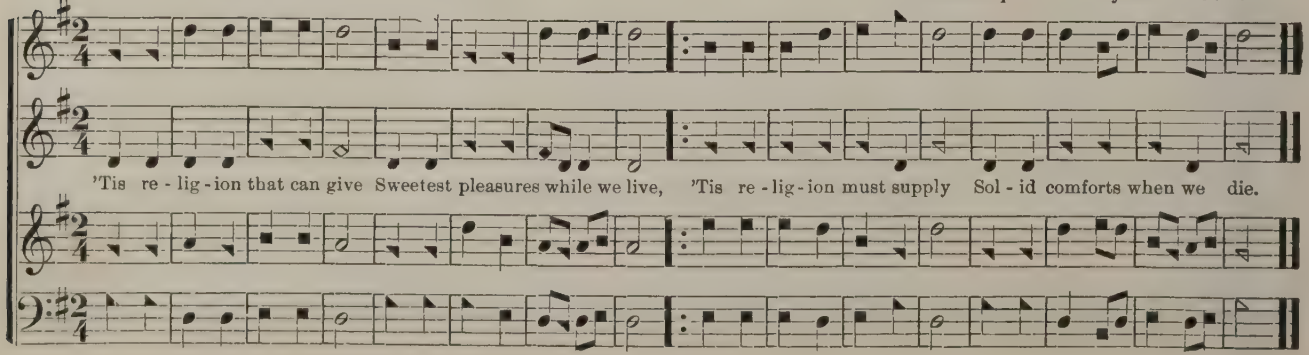
H. S. Rees. Alto by W. M. Cooper.

Death! 'tis a mel-an-chol-y day To those who have no God, ... When the poor soul is
forced a-way To seek her last a-bode, In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes, she lifts her eyes, ...
In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,....
In vain to heav'n. etc.

MELANCHOLY DAY. Concluded.



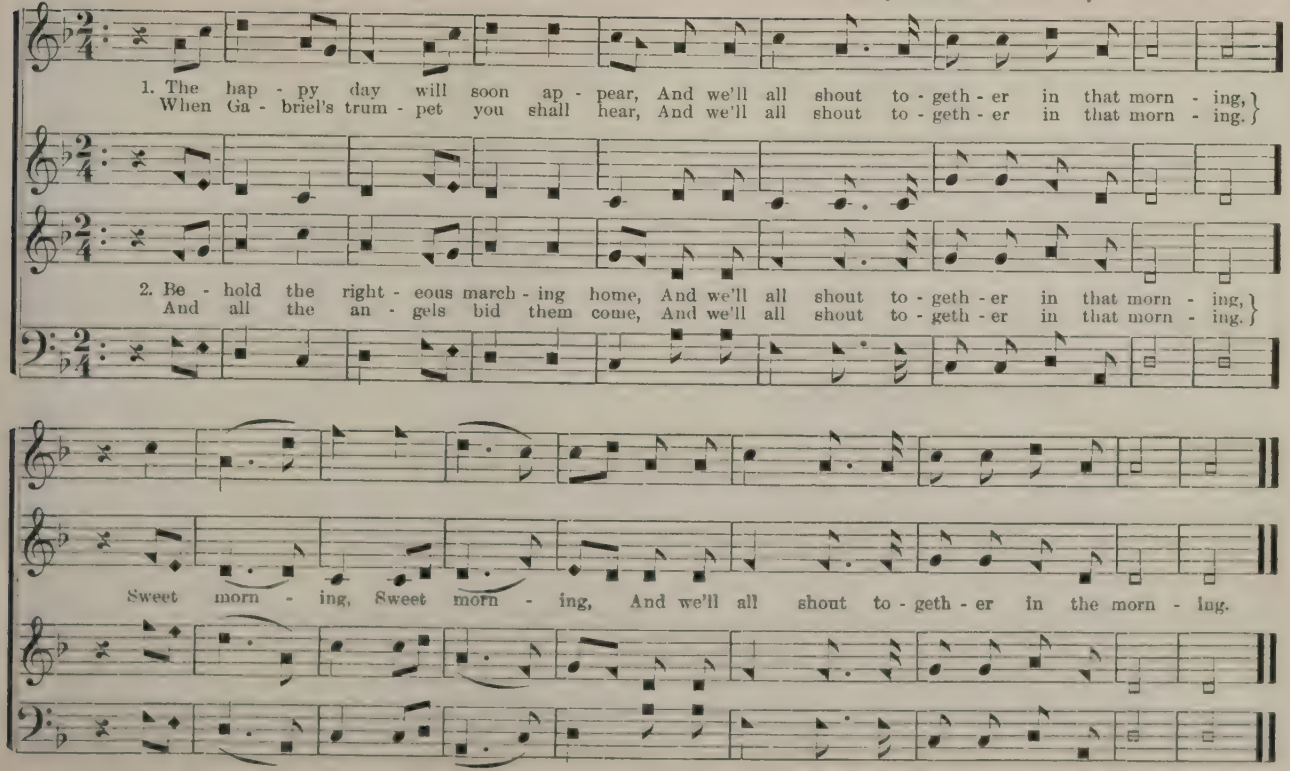
RELIGION IS SWEET.

W. R. Waldrup. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.



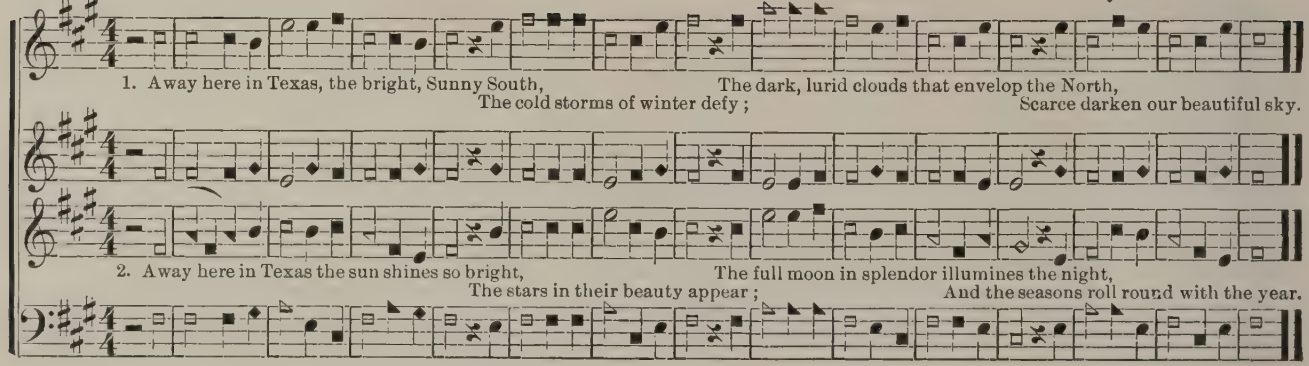
SWEET MORNING. L. M.

Arr. by H. S. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. The hap - py day will soon ap - pear, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing,
When Ga - briel's trum - pet you shall hear, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
2. Be - hold the right - eous march - ing home, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing,
And all the an - gels bid them come, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
Sweet morn - ing, Sweet morn - ing, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in the morn - ing.

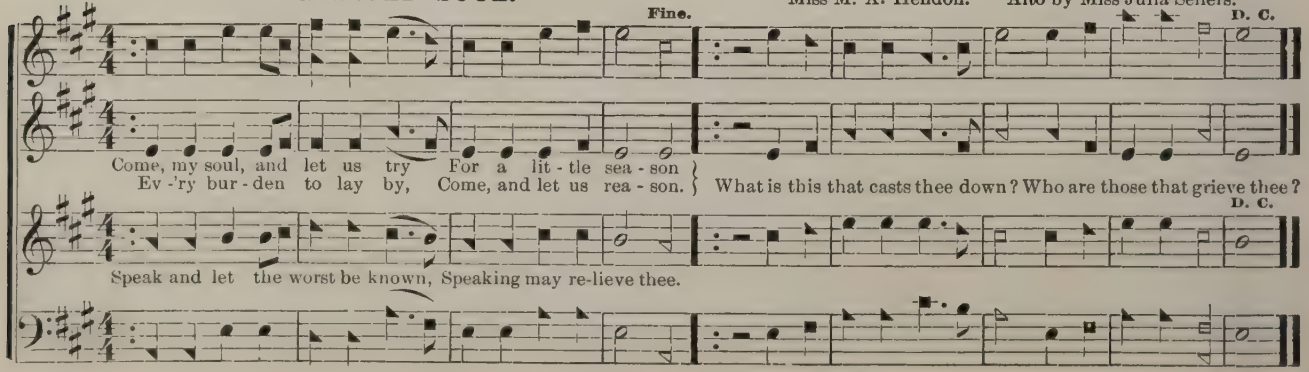
A SONG OF TEXAS.

S. W. Palmer and H. S. R. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. Away here in Texas, the bright, Sunny South, The dark, lurid clouds that envelop the North,
The cold storms of winter defy ; Scarce darken our beautiful sky.
2. Away here in Texas the sun shines so bright, The full moon in splendor illumines the night,
The stars in their beauty appear ; And the seasons roll round with the year.

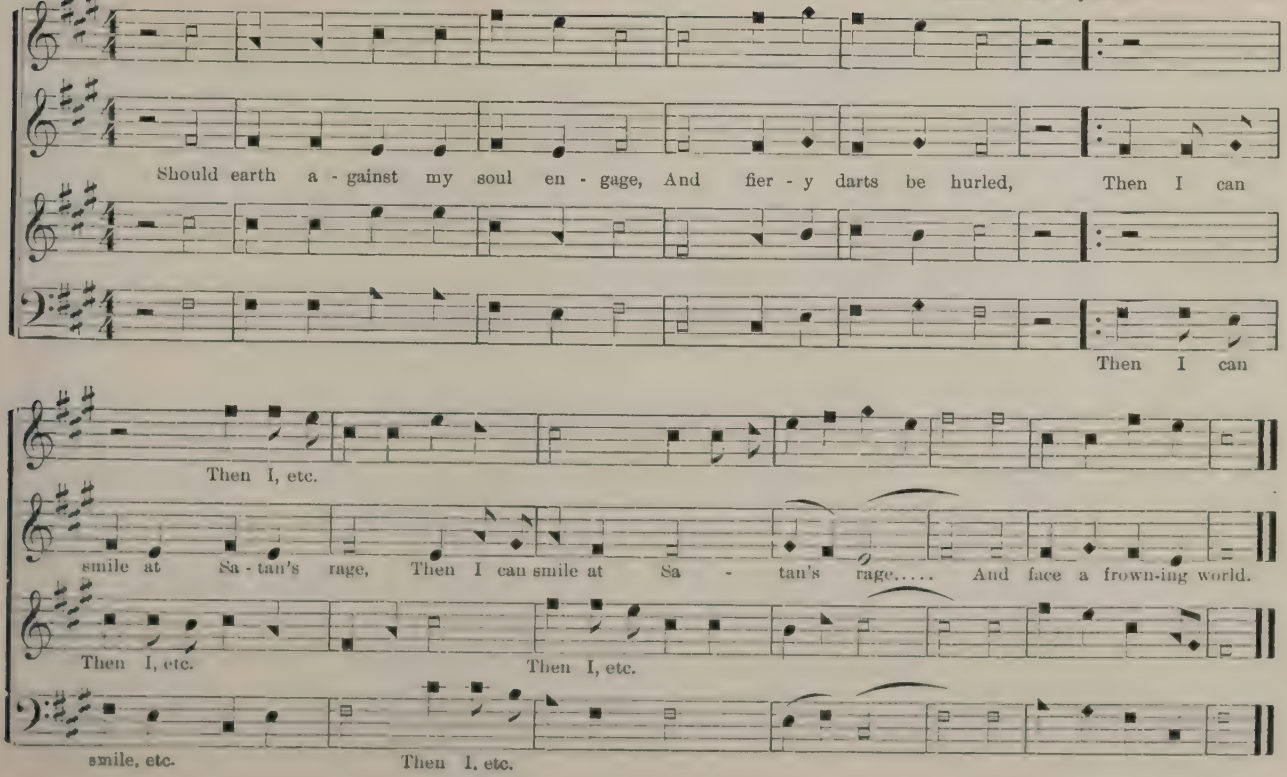
THE GRIEVED SOUL.

Miss M. A. Hendon. Alto by Miss Julia Sellers.


Fine.
D. C.
Come, my soul, and let us try For a lit - tle sea - son
Ev - 'ry bur - den to lay by, Come, and let us rea - son.
What is this that casts thee down? Who are those that grieve thee?
D. C.
Speak and let the worst be known, Speaking may re-lieve thee.

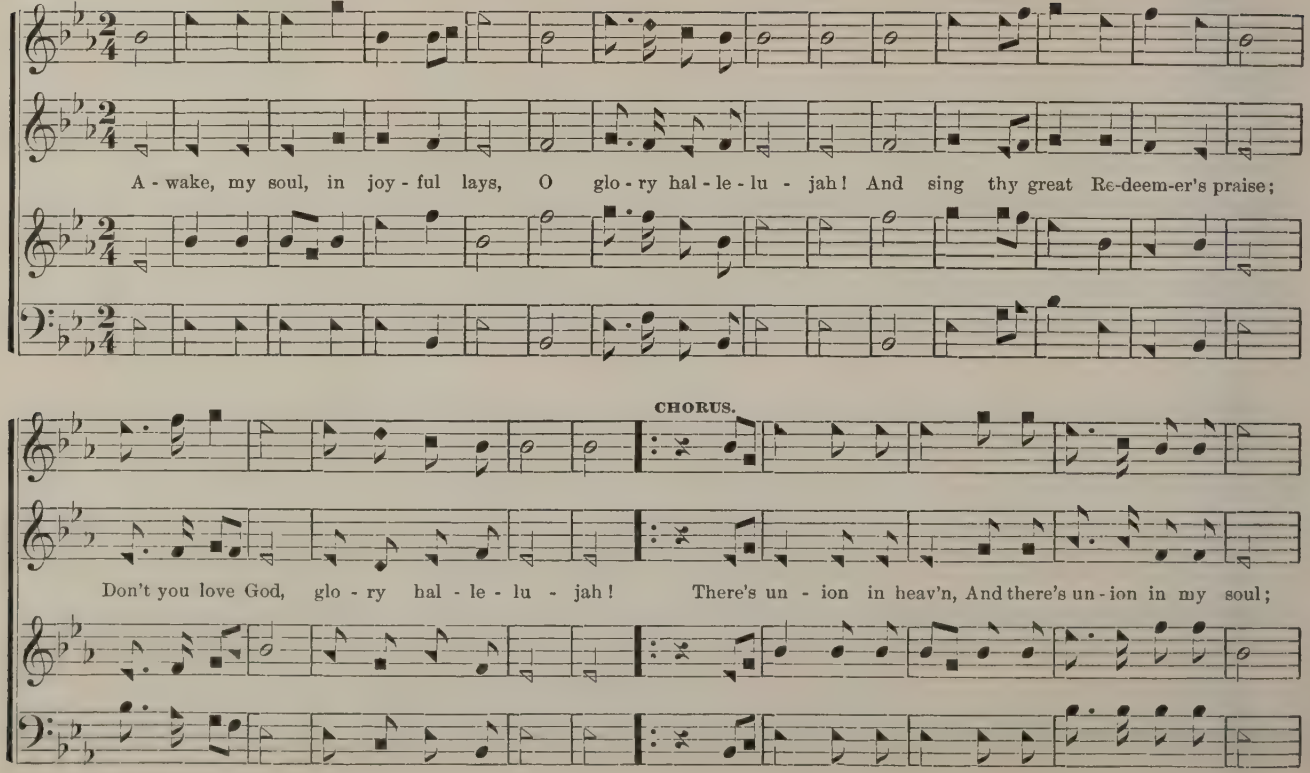
GRANTVILLE. C. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can
Then I can
Then I, etc.
smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage..... And face a frown-ing world.
Then I, etc.
Then I, etc.
smile, etc.
Then I, etc.

SWEET UNION. L. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
CHORUS.
Don't you love God, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! There's un - ion in heav'n, And there's un - ion in my soul;

SWEET UNION. Concluded.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Sweet mu - sic in Zi - on's be - gin-ning to roll, Don't you love God, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

GOLDEN STREETS.

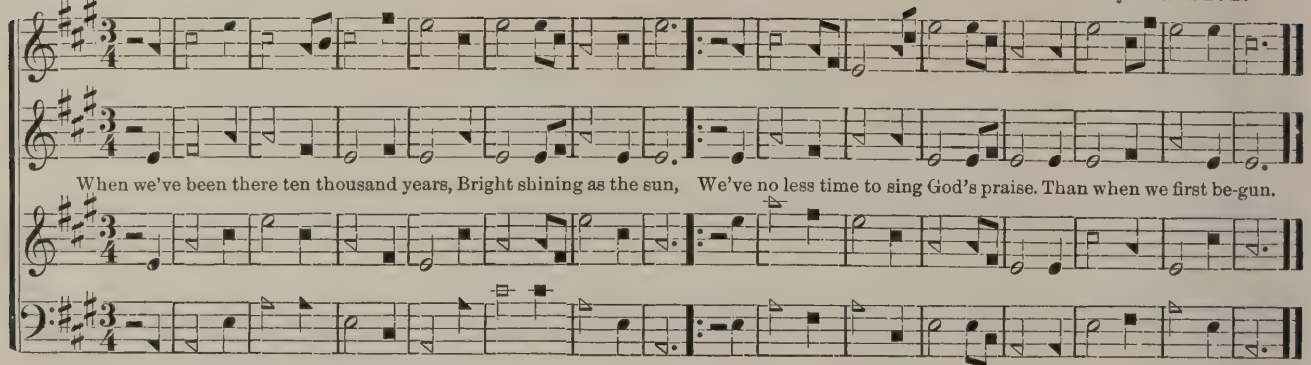
J. L. Pickard. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

D. C. Fine.

I am on my jour-ney home, I am on my jour-ney home, I am on,..... I am on..... my jour-ney home,
To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, To the New,..... To the New.... Je - ru - sa - lem.

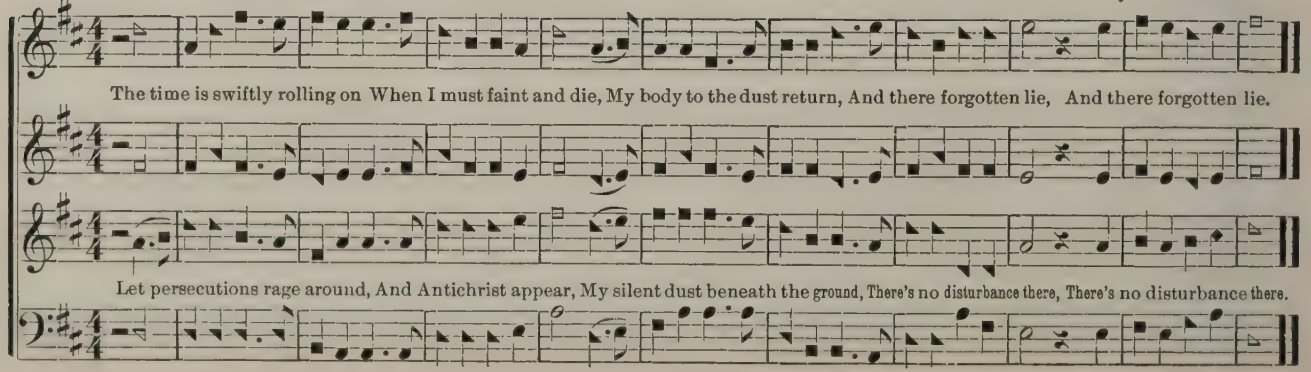
DUMAS. C. M.

J. P. Rees. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less time to sing God's praise. Than when we first be-gun.

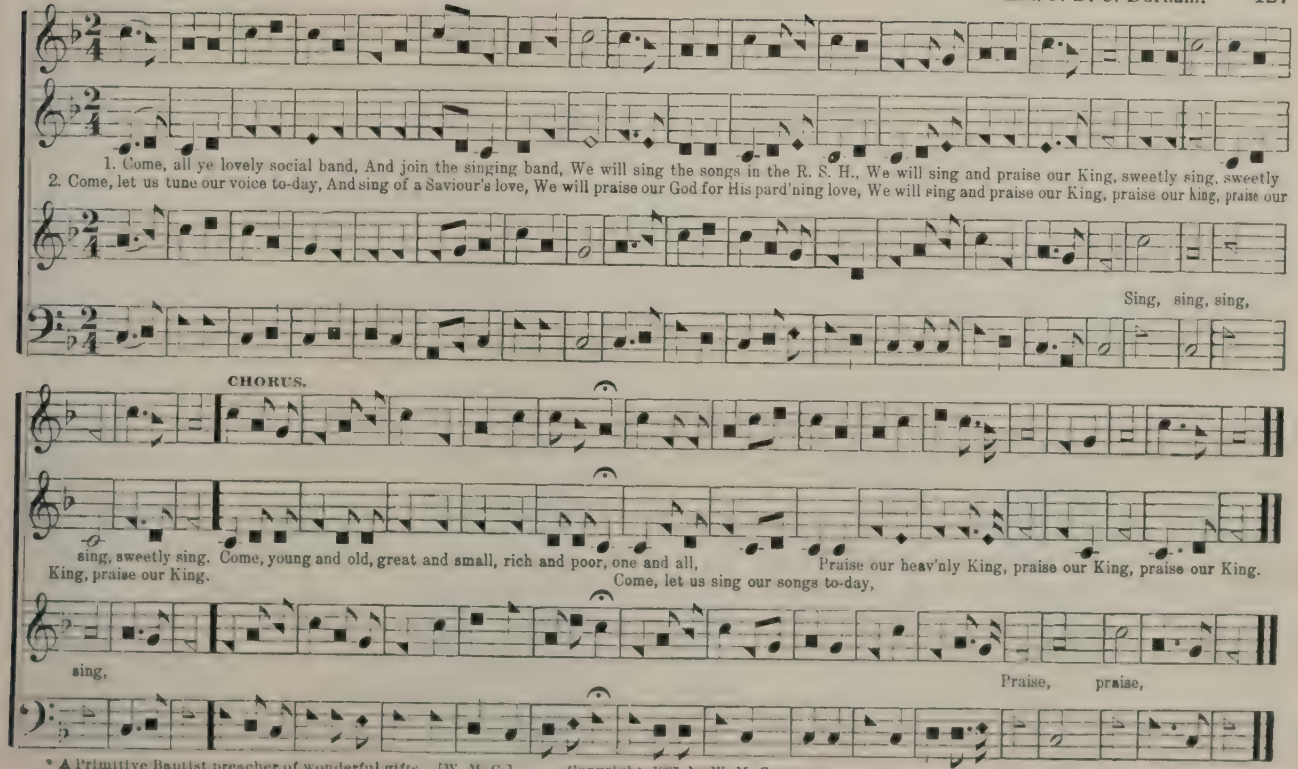
THE TIME IS ROLLING ON.

T. Waller. Alto by Julia Sellers.


The time is swiftly rolling on When I must faint and die, My body to the dust return, And there forgotten lie, And there forgotten lie.
Let persecutions rage around, And Antichrist appear, My silent dust beneath the ground, There's no disturbance there, There's no disturbance there.

PRAISE OUR KING. C. M.

Eld. J. D. C. Durham.*


1. Come, all ye lovely social band, And join the singing band, We will sing the songs in the R. S. H., We will sing and praise our King, sweetly sing, sweetly
2. Come, let us tune our voice to-day, And sing of a Saviour's love, We will praise our God for His pard'ning love, We will sing and praise our King, praise our king, praise our
Sing, sing, sing,
CHORUS.
sing, sweetly sing. Come, young and old, great and small, rich and poor, one and all, Praise our heav'nly King, praise our King, praise our King.
King, praise our King.
Come, let us sing our songs to-day,
sing,
Praise, praise,

* A Primitive Baptist preacher of wonderful gifts. [W. M. C.]

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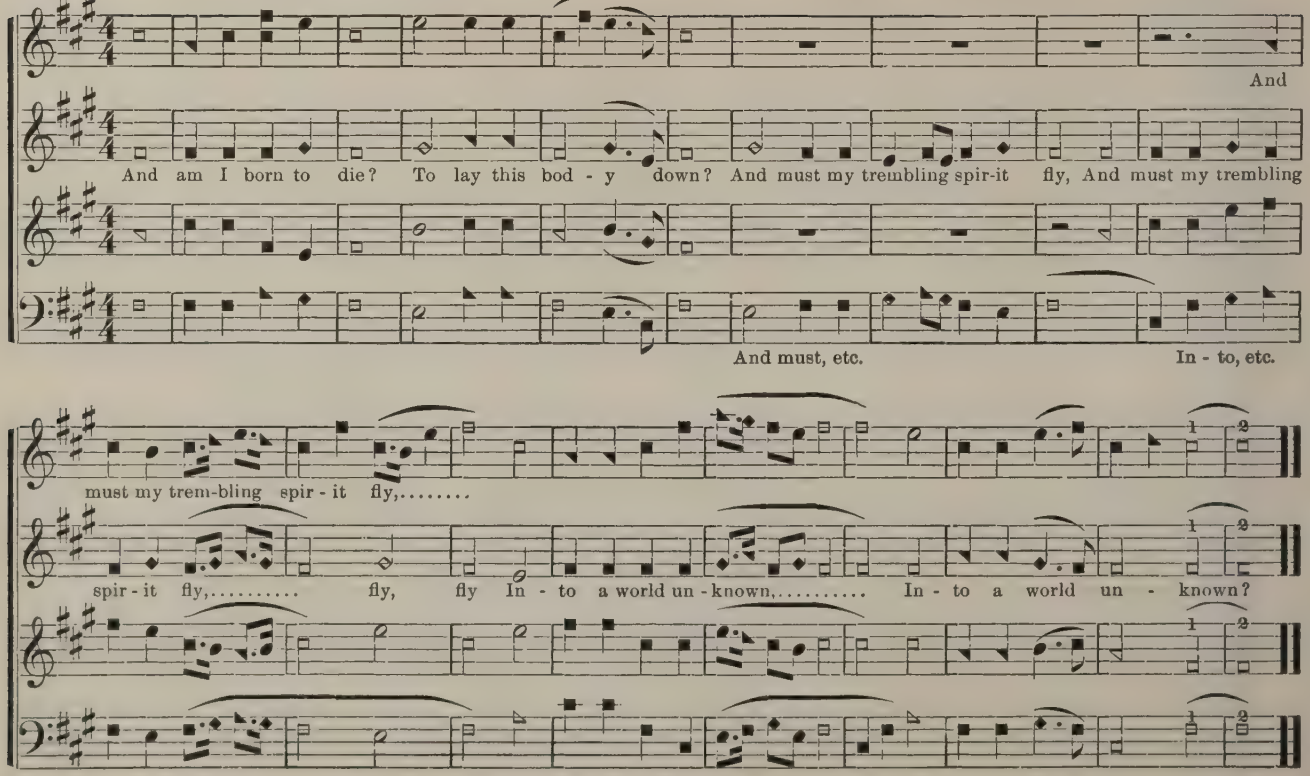
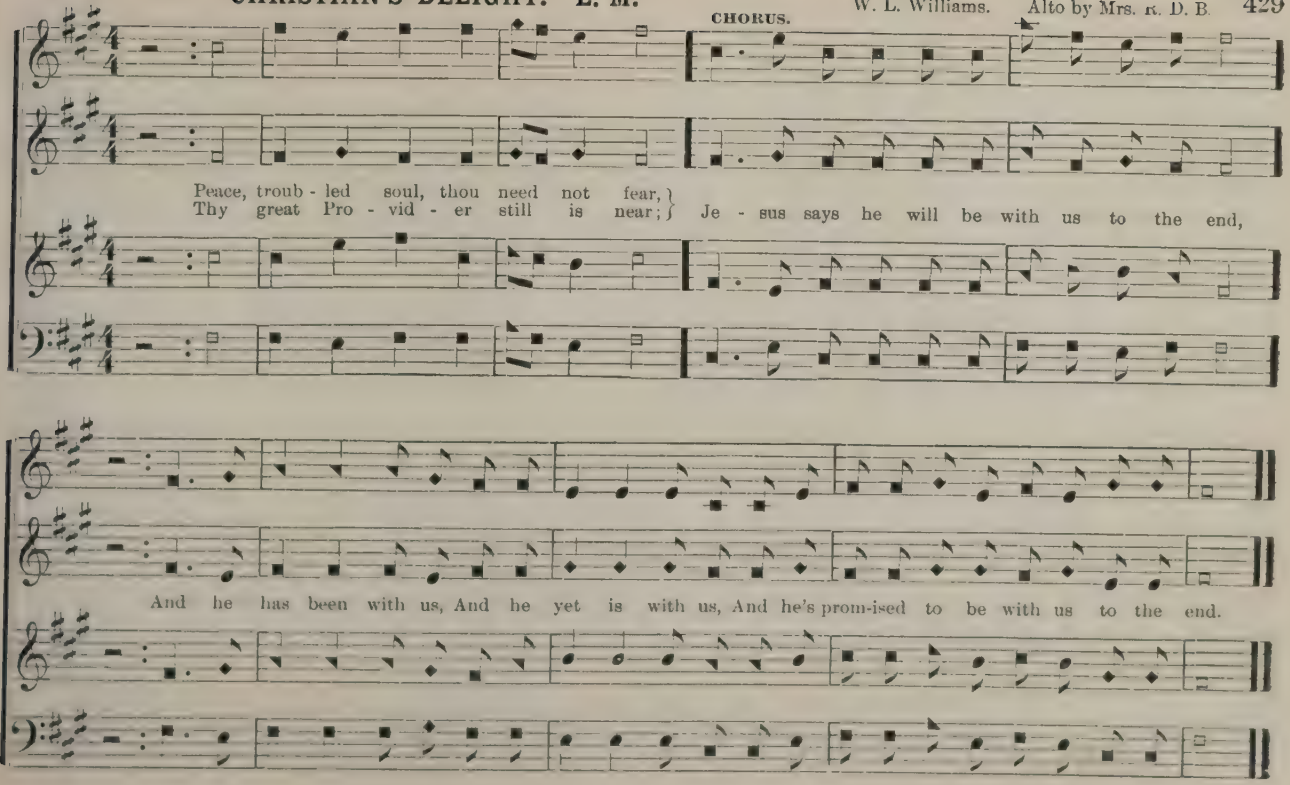
WORLD UNKNOWN. S. M.

H. S. Rees. Alto by W. M. C.


And
And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And must my trembling spir-it fly, And must my trembling
And must, etc.
In - to, etc.
must my trem-bling spir - it fly,.....
spir - it fly,..... fly, fly In - to a world un - known,..... In - to a world un - known?
1
2

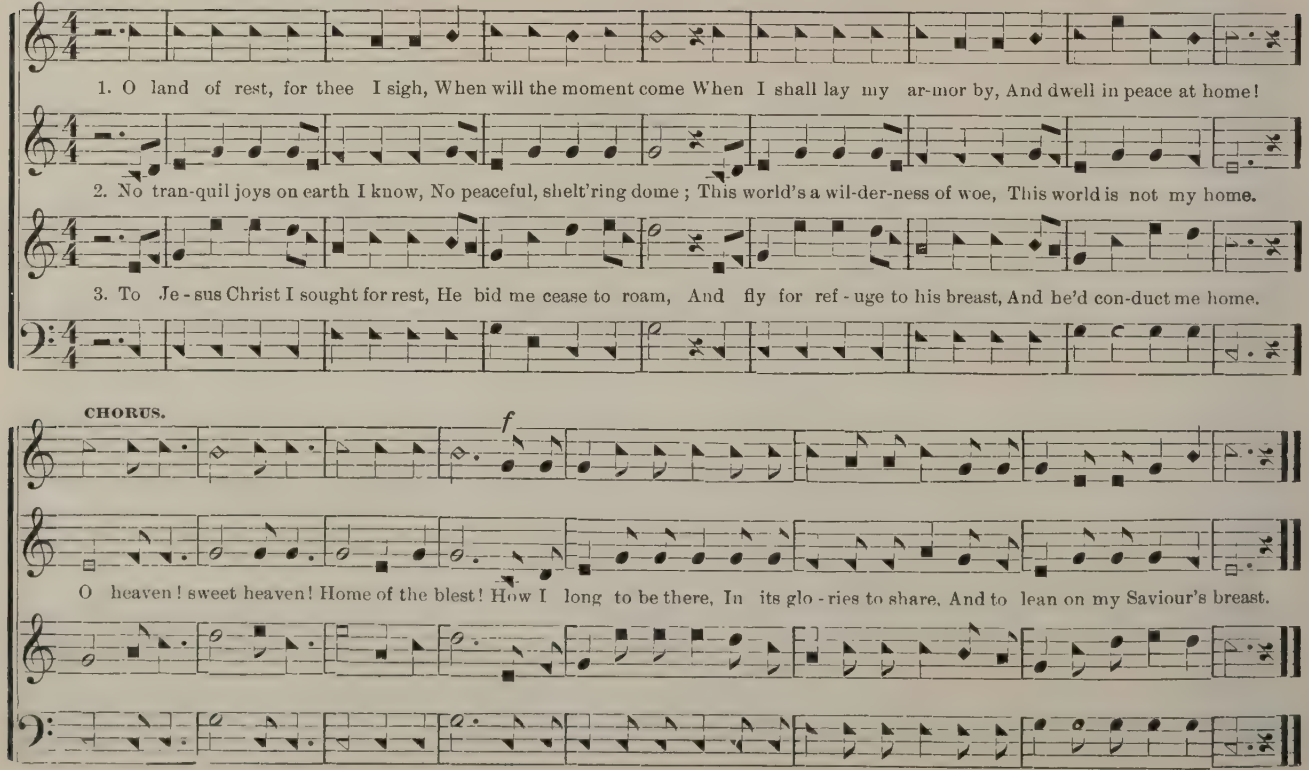
CHRISTIAN'S DELIGHT. L. M.

W. L. Williams. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


CHORUS.
Peace, troub - led soul, thou need not fear,
Thy great Pro - vid - er still is near;
Je - sus says he will be with us to the end,
And he has been with us, And he yet is with us, And he's prom-ised to be with us to the end.

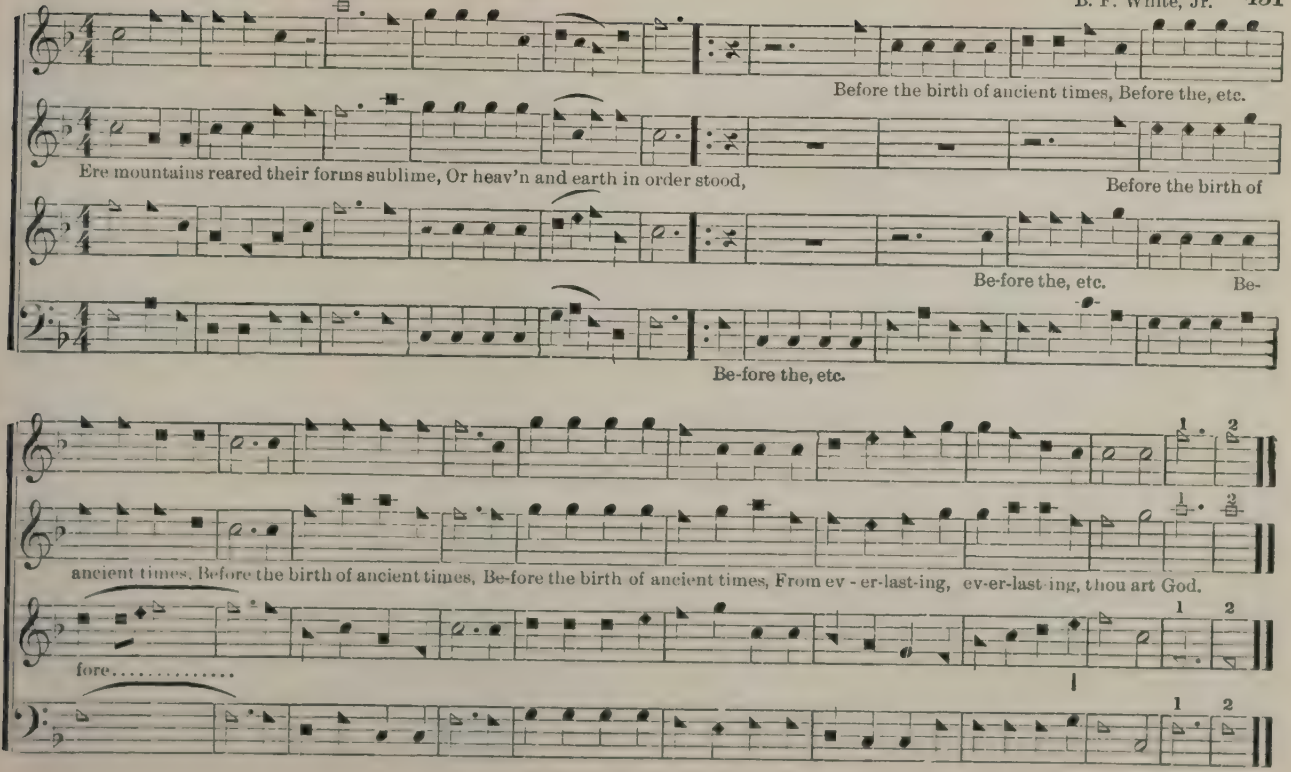
LAND OF REST.

Arranged by A. S. Kieffer.


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home!
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome; This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I sought for rest, He bid me cease to roam, And fly for ref-uge to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.
CHORUS.
f
O heaven! sweet heaven! Home of the blest! How I long to be there, In its glo-ries to share, And to lean on my Saviour's breast.

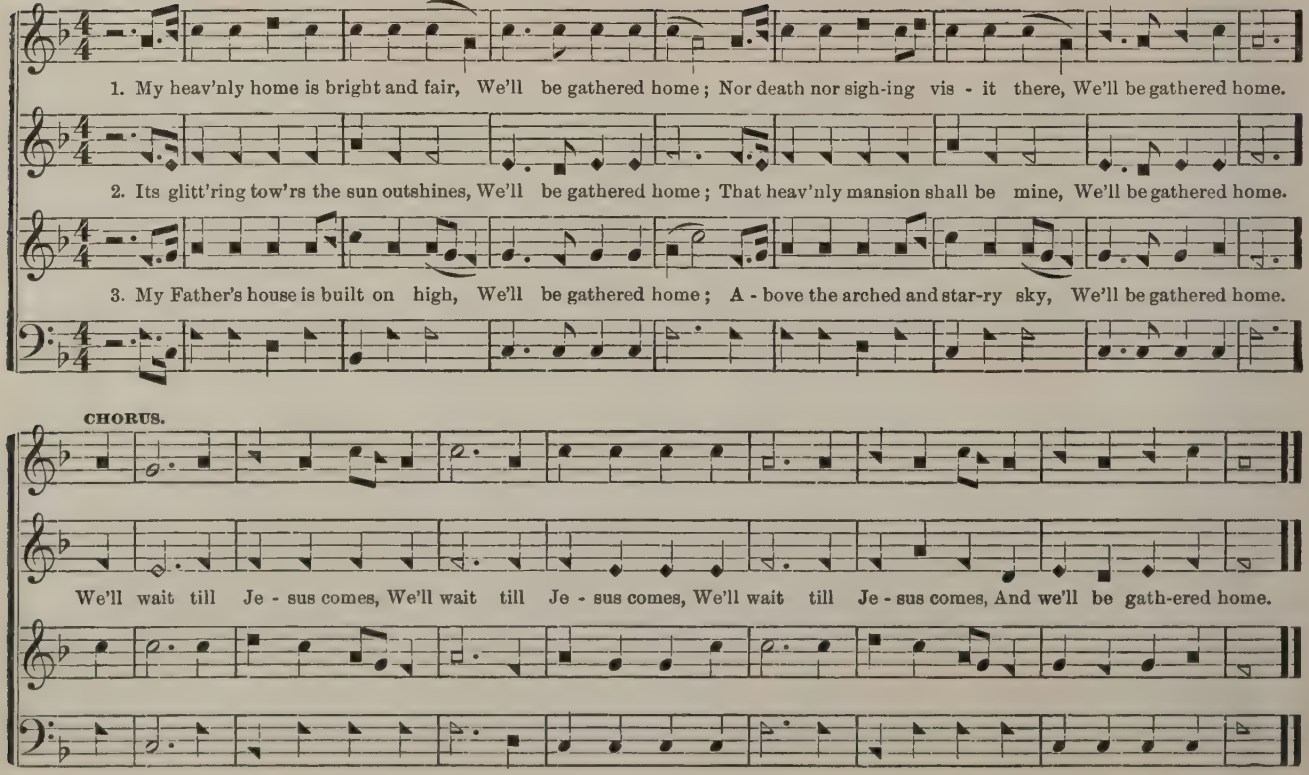
NEW BETHANY. L. M.

B. F. White, Jr.


Before the birth of ancient times, Before the, etc.
Ere mountains reared their forms sublime, Or heav'n and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of
Be-fore the, etc.
Be-
Be-fore the, etc.
1
2
ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times, Be-fore the birth of ancient times, From ev - er-last-ing, ev-er-last-ing, thou art God.
fore.....

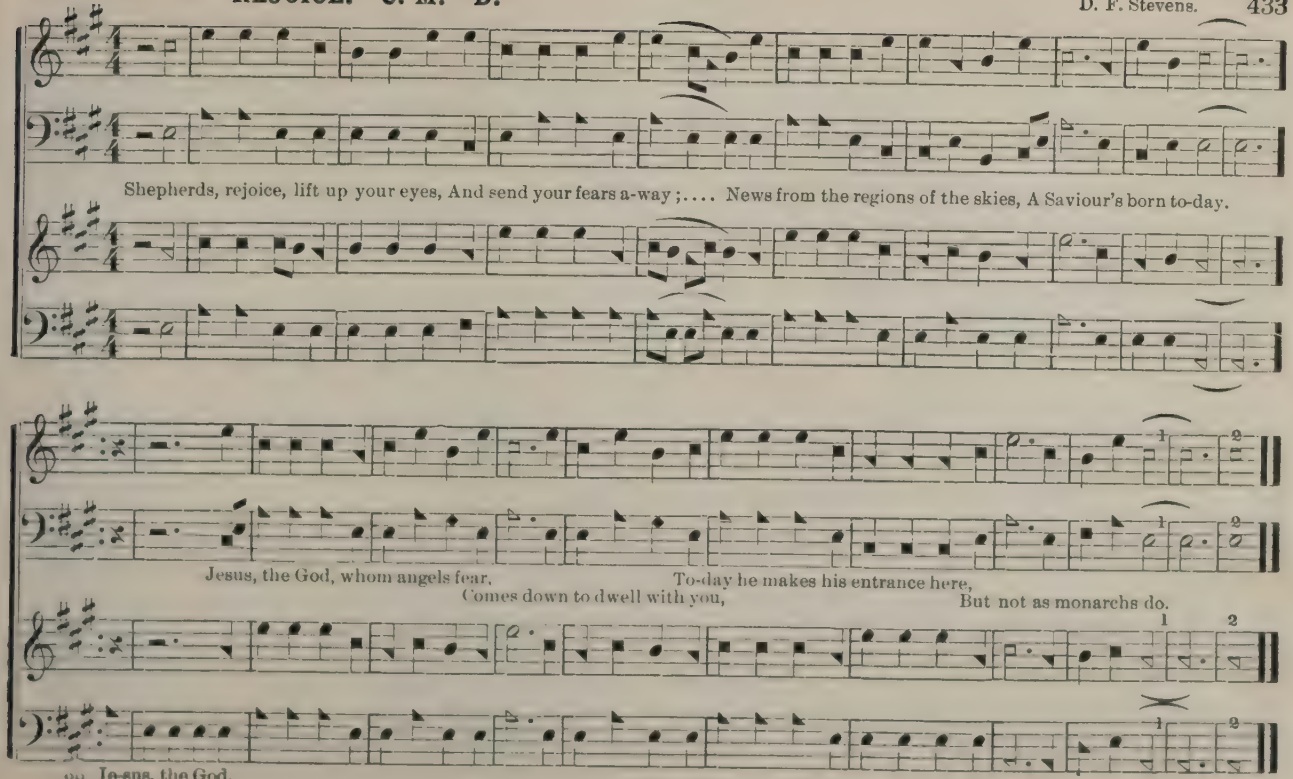
THE HEAVENLY MANSION.

From The Gem. By per.


1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; Nor death nor sigh-ing vis - it there, We'll be gathered home.
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshines, We'll be gathered home; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, We'll be gathered home.
3. My Father's house is built on high, We'll be gathered home; A - bove the arched and star-ry sky, We'll be gathered home.
CHORUS.
We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.

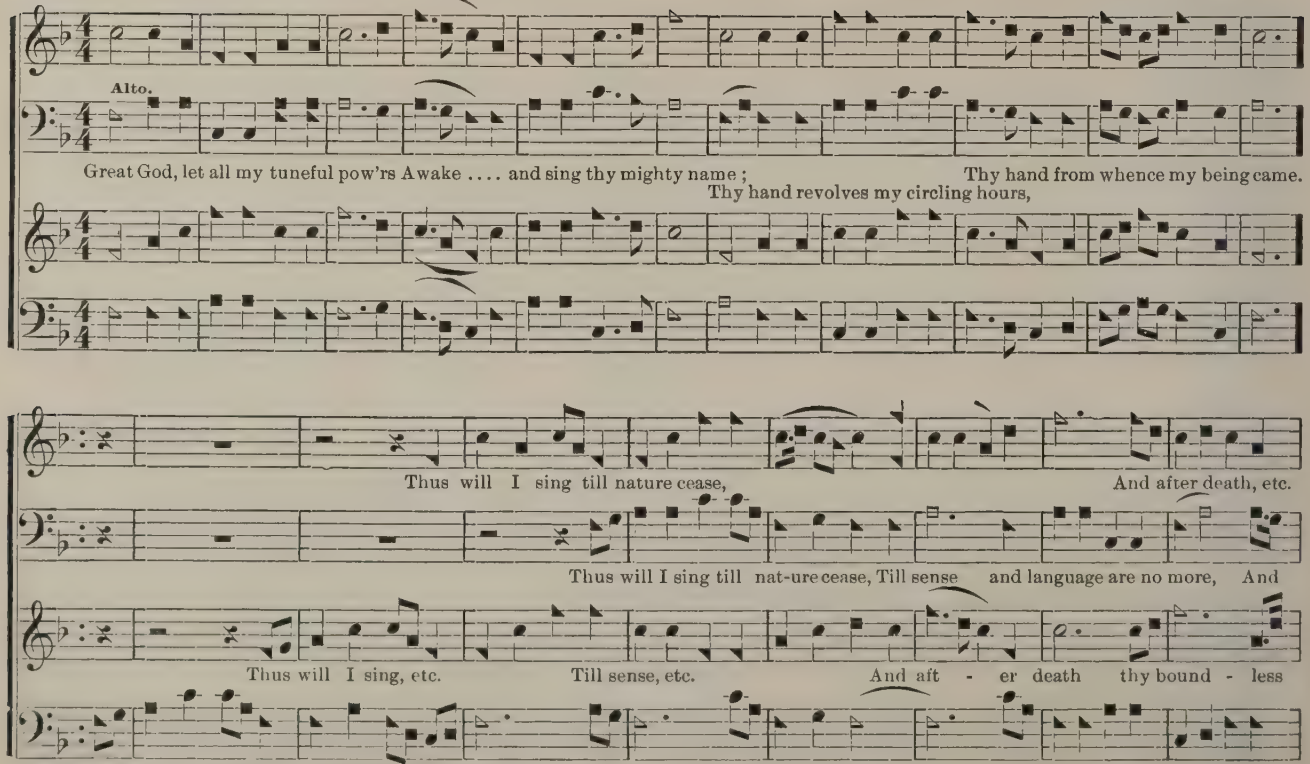
REJOICE. C. M. D.

D. F. Stevens.

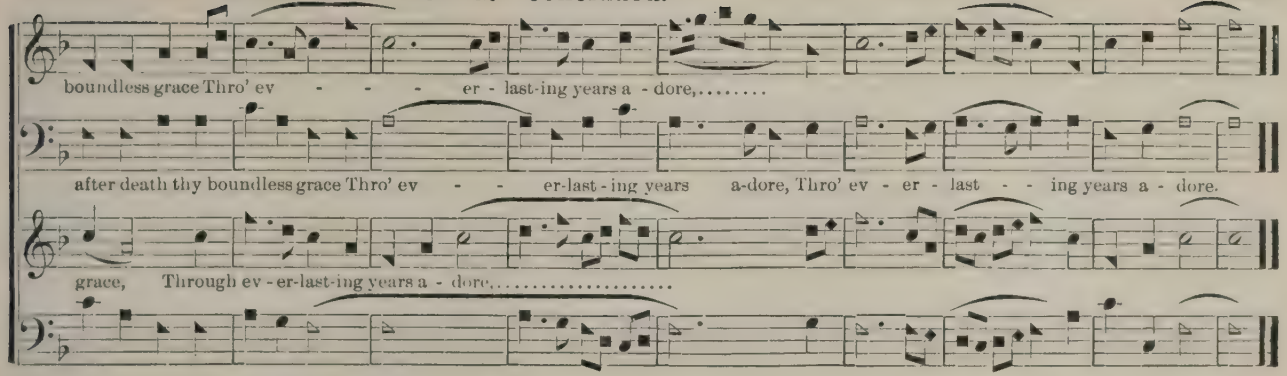

Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a-way ; .... News from the regions of the skies, A Saviour's born to-day.
Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you,
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
28 Je-sus, the God,

THUS WILL I SING. L. M.

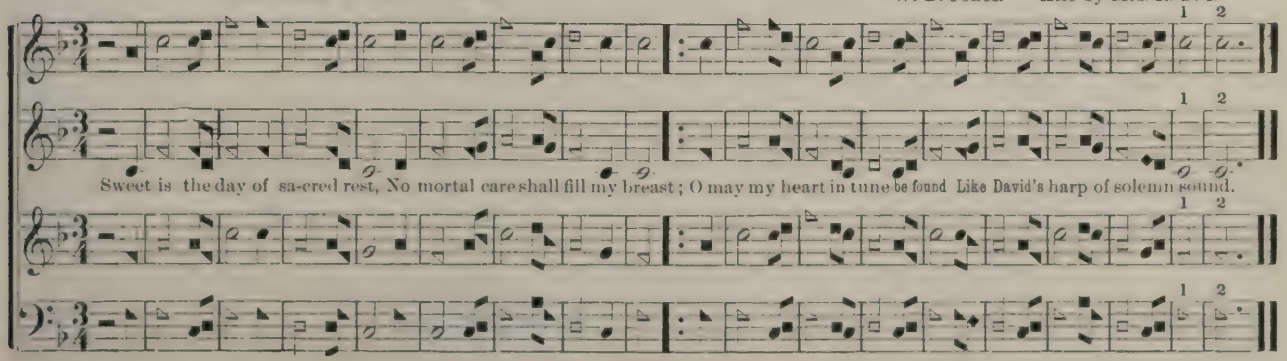
John P. Rees.


Alto.
Great God, let all my tuneful pow'rs Awake .... and sing thy mighty name ;
Thy hand from whence my being came.
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,
Thus will I sing till nature cease,
And after death, etc.
Thus will I sing till nat-ure cease, Till sense and language are no more, And
Thus will I sing, etc.
Till sense, etc.
And aft - er death thy bound - less
Thus will I sing till nat-ure cease, Till sense and lan - guage are no more,
After death, etc.

THUS WILL I SING. Concluded.


boundless grace Thro' ev - - - er - last-ing years a - dore,.....
after death thy boundless grace Thro' ev - - er-last-ing years a-dore, Thro' ev - er - last - - ing years a - dore.
grace, Through ev - er-last-ing years a - dore.....

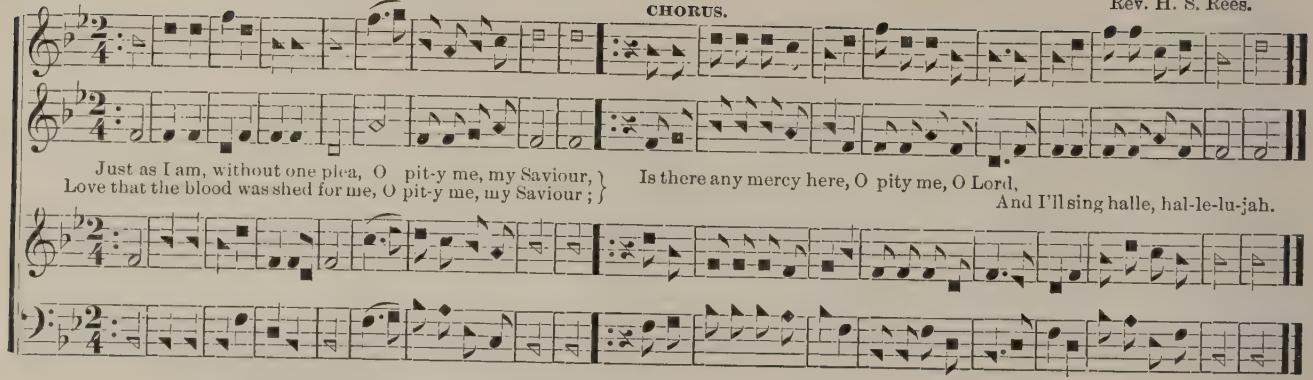
SACRED REST. L. M.

W. D. Jones. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

1 2
Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mortal care shall fill my breast; O may my heart in tune be found Like David's harp of solemn sound.

HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

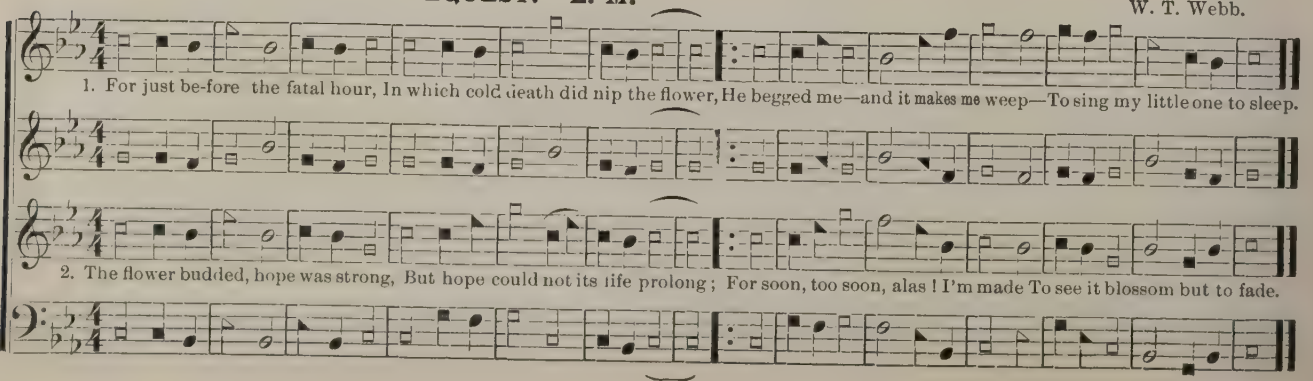
CHORUS.

Rev. H. S. Rees.


Just as I am, without one plea, O pit-y me, my Saviour,
Love that the blood was shed for me, O pit-y me, my Saviour;
Is there any mercy here, O pity me, O Lord,
And I'll sing halle, hal-le-lu-jah.

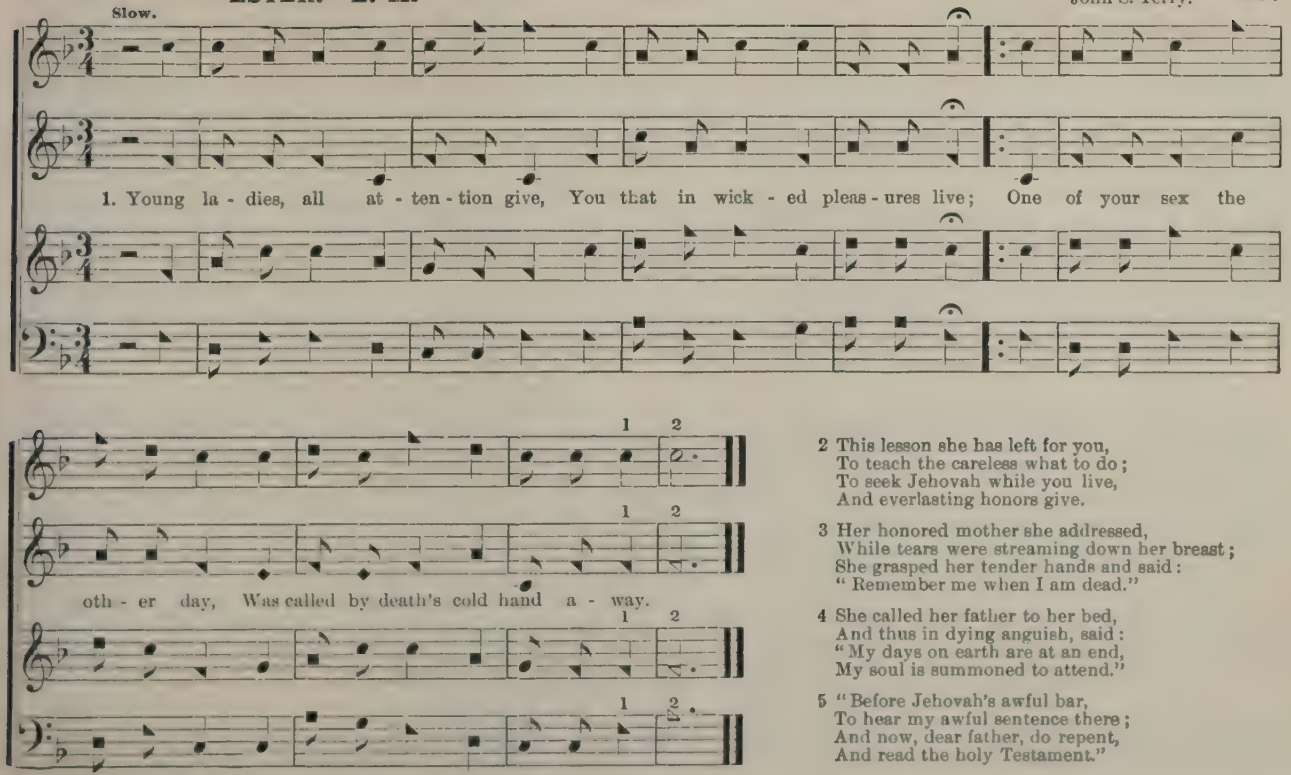
THE INFANT REQUEST. L. M.

W. T. Webb.


1. For just be-fore the fatal hour, In which cold death did nip the flower, He begged me—and it makes me weep—To sing my little one to sleep.
2. The flower budded, hope was strong, But hope could not its life prolong; For soon, too soon, alas! I'm made To see it blossom but to fade.

ESTER. L. M.

John S. Terry.


Slow.
1. Young la - dies, all at - ten - tion give, You that in wick - ed pleas - ures live; One of your sex the
oth - er day, Was called by death's cold hand a - way.

2 This lesson she has left for you,
To teach the careless what to do;
To seek Jehovah while you live,
And everlasting honors give.

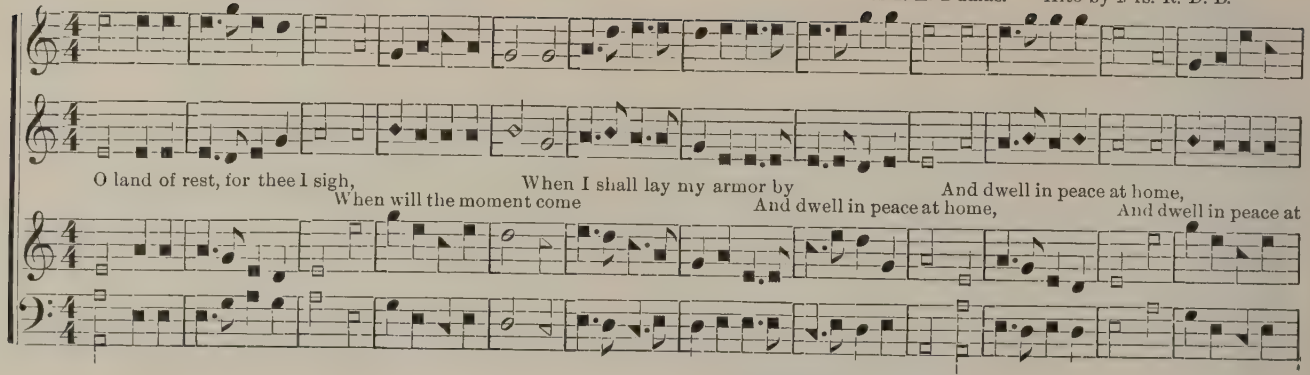
3 Her honored mother she addressed,
While tears were streaming down her breast;
She grasped her tender hands and said:
"Remember me when I am dead."

4 She called her father to her bed,
And thus in dying anguish, said:
"My days on earth are at an end,
My soul is summoned to attend."

5 "Before Jehovah's awful bar,
To hear my awful sentence there;
And now, dear father, do repent,
And read the holy Testament."

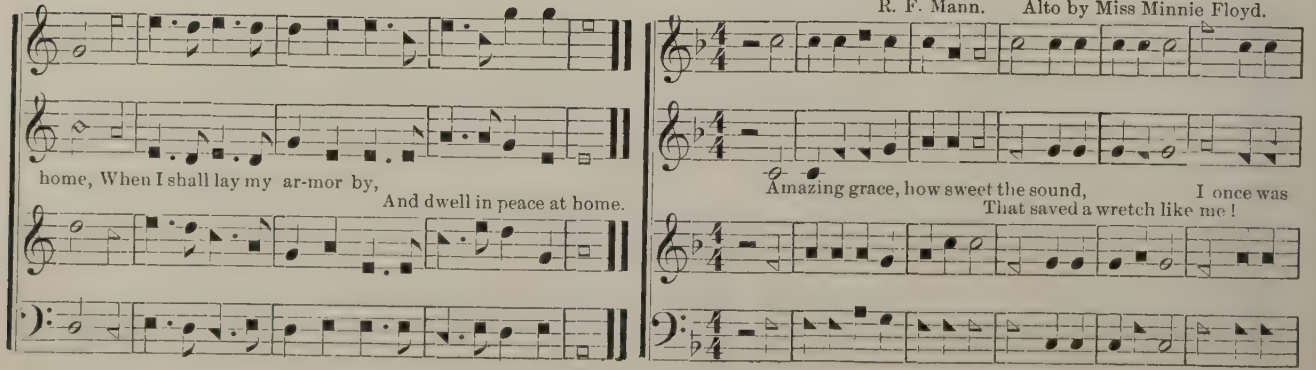
MISSOURI. C. M.

Eld. E. Dumas. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.

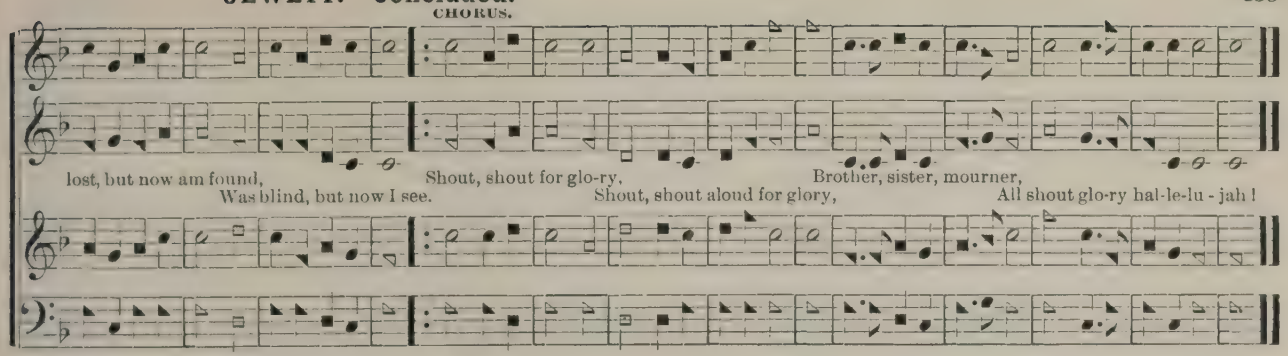

O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home,
And dwell in peace at home,
And dwell in peace at

JEWETT. C. M.

R. F. Mann. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

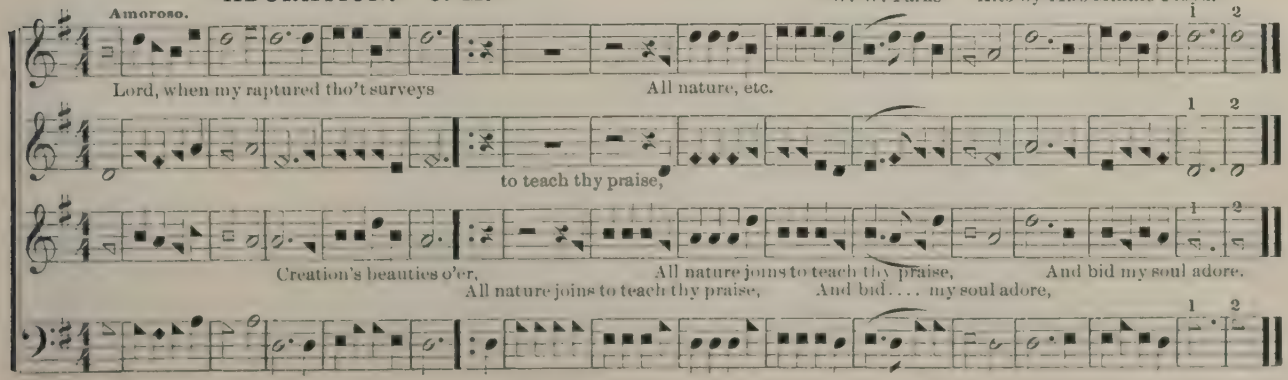

home, When I shall lay my ar-mor by,
And dwell in peace at home.
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was

JEWETT. Concluded.


CHORUS.
lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
Shout, shout for glo-ry, Shout, shout aloud for glory,
Brother, sister, mourner, All shout glo-ry hal-le-lu - jah !

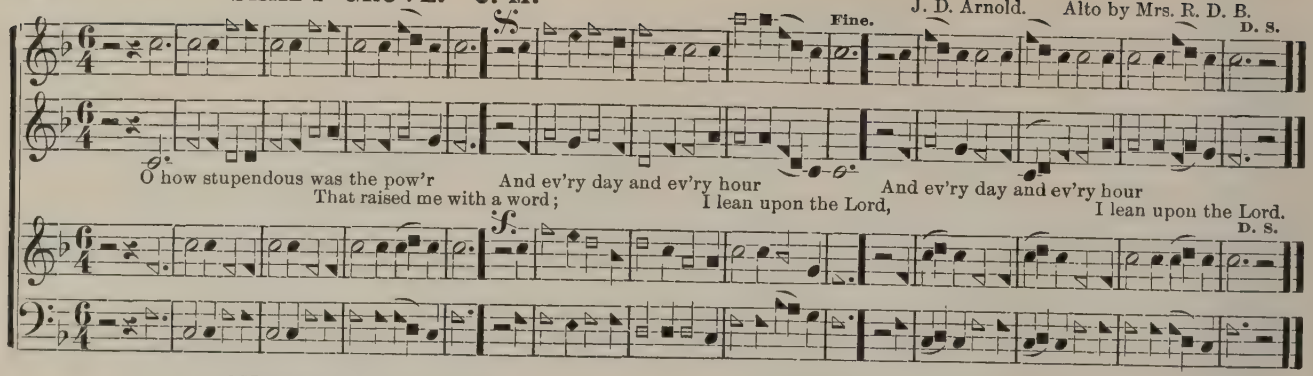
ADORATION. C. M.

W. W. Parks Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.



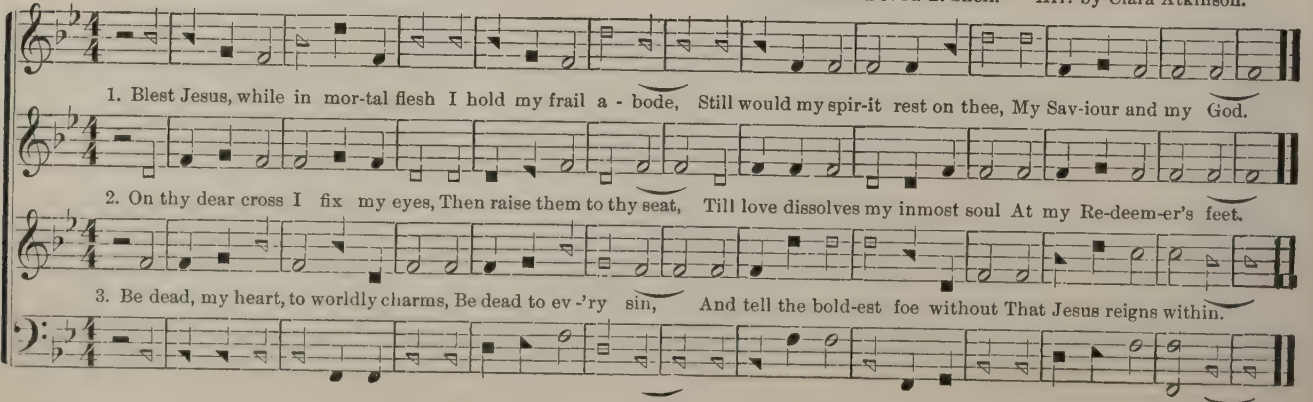
SHADY GROVE. C. M.

J. D. Arnold. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


Fine.
D. S.
O how stupendous was the pow'r That raised me with a word;
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour I lean upon the Lord,
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour I lean upon the Lord.
D. S.

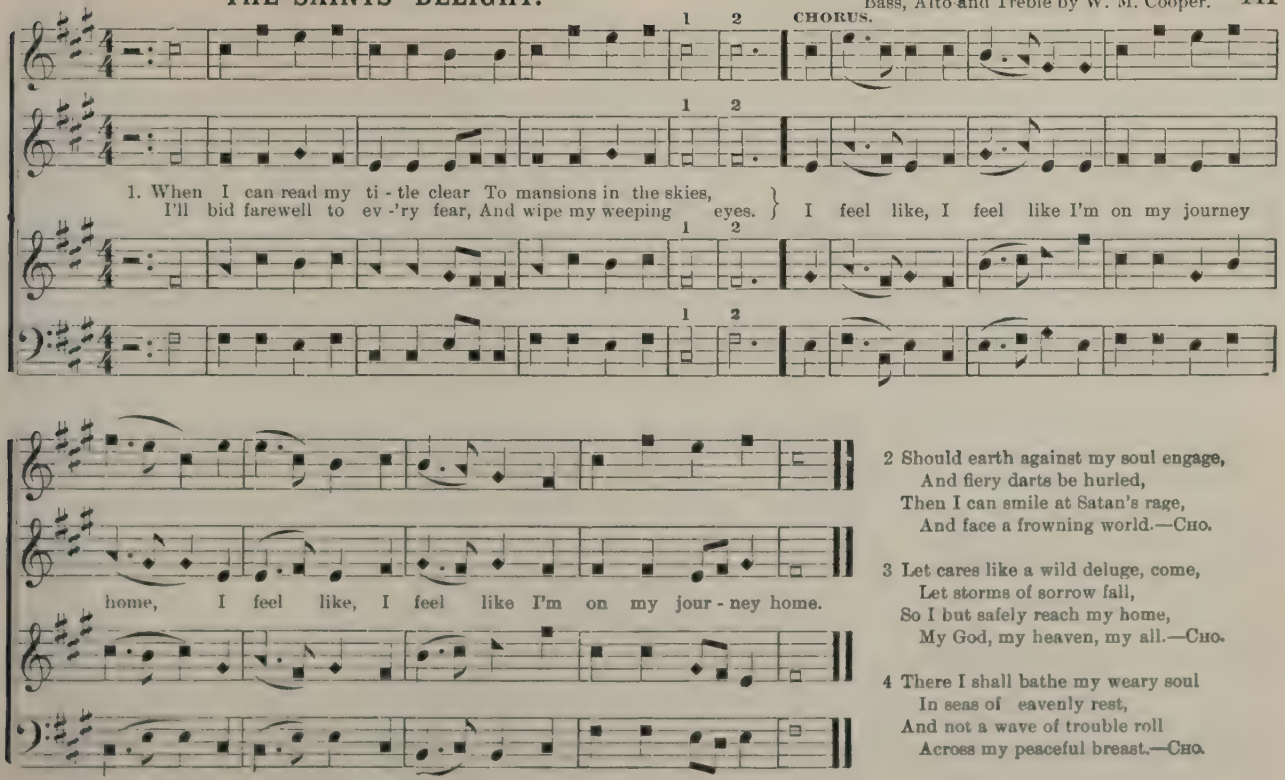
SHARPSBURG. C. M.

J. P. Rees and J. A. T. Shell. Arr. by Clara Atkinson.


1. Blest Jesus, while in mor-tal flesh I hold my frail a - bode, Still would my spir-it rest on thee, My Sav-iour and my God.
2. On thy dear cross I fix my eyes, Then raise them to thy seat, Till love dissolves my inmost soul At my Re-deem-er's feet.
3. Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms, Be dead to ev'ry sin, And tell the bold-est foe without That Jesus reigns within.

THE SAINTS' DELIGHT.

Bass, Alto and Treble by W. M. Cooper.


1 2
CHORUS.
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev -'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
I feel like, I feel like I'm on my journey
home, I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home.

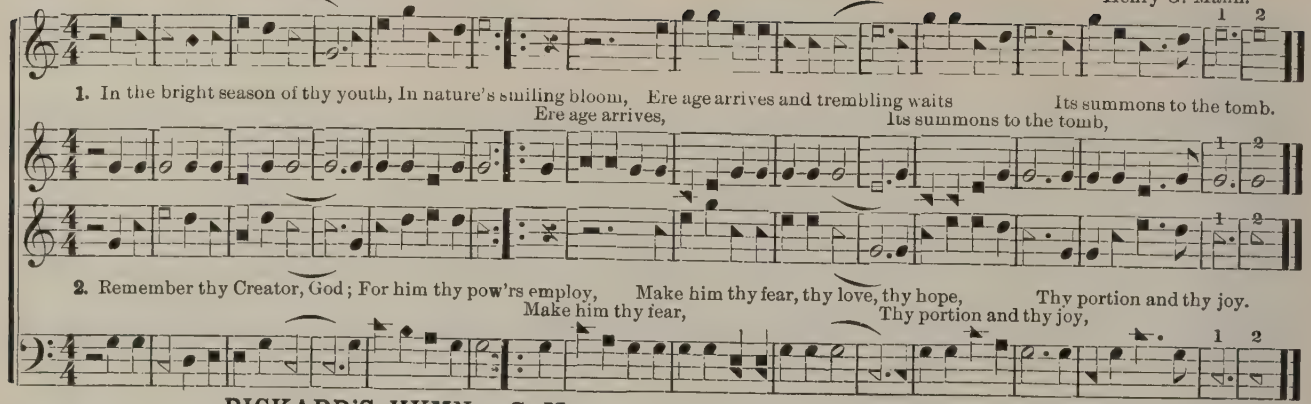
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—Cho.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—Cho.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of eavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—Cho.

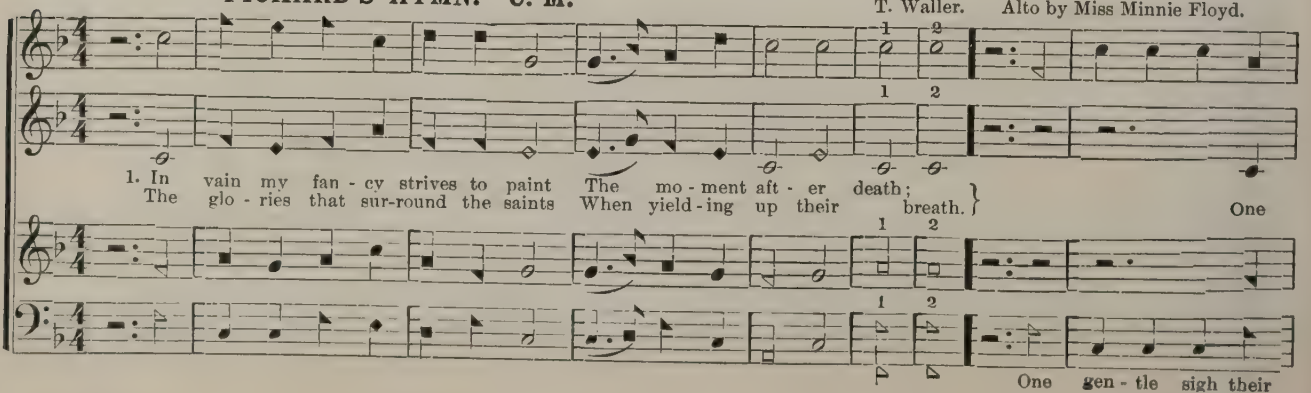
BLOOMING YOUTH. C. M.

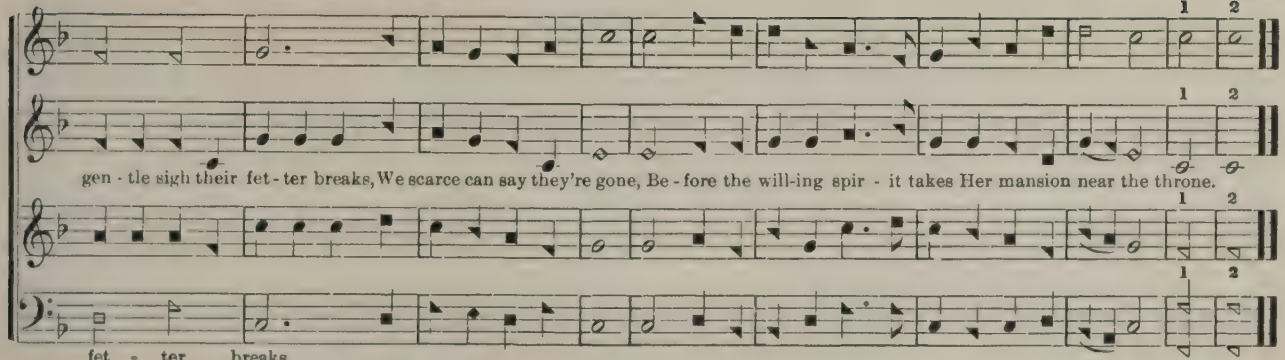
Henry G. Mann.


1. In the bright season of thy youth, In nature's smiling bloom, Ere age arrives and trembling waits Its summons to the tomb.
Ere age arrives, Its summons to the tomb,
2. Remember thy Creator, God; For him thy pow'rs employ, Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope, Thy portion and thy joy.
Make him thy fear, Thy portion and thy joy,

PICKARD'S HYMN. C. M.

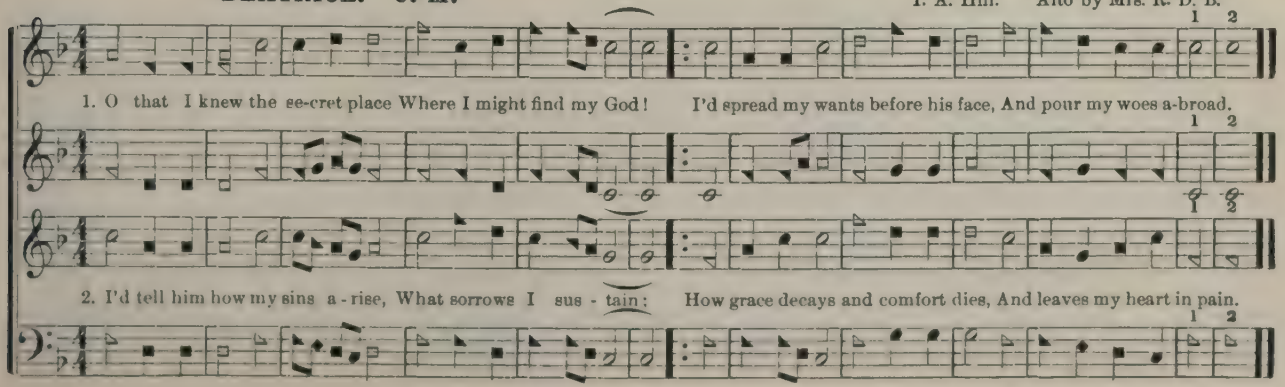
T. Waller. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. In vain my fan - cy strives to paint The mo - ment aft - er death;
The glo - ries that sur-round the saints When yield - ing up their breath.
One
One gen - tle sigh their


gen - tle sigh their fet - ter breaks, We scarce can say they're gone, Be - fore the will-ing spir - it takes Her mansion near the throne.
fet - ter breaks,

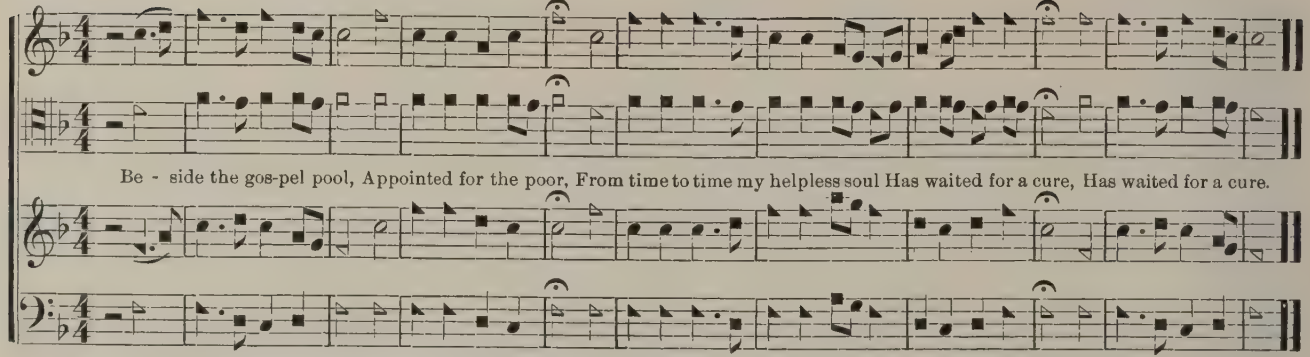
BEATRICE. C. M.

I. A. Hill. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


1. O that I knew the se-cret place Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants before his face, And pour my woes a-broad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins a - rise, What sorrows I sus - tain: How grace decays and comfort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.

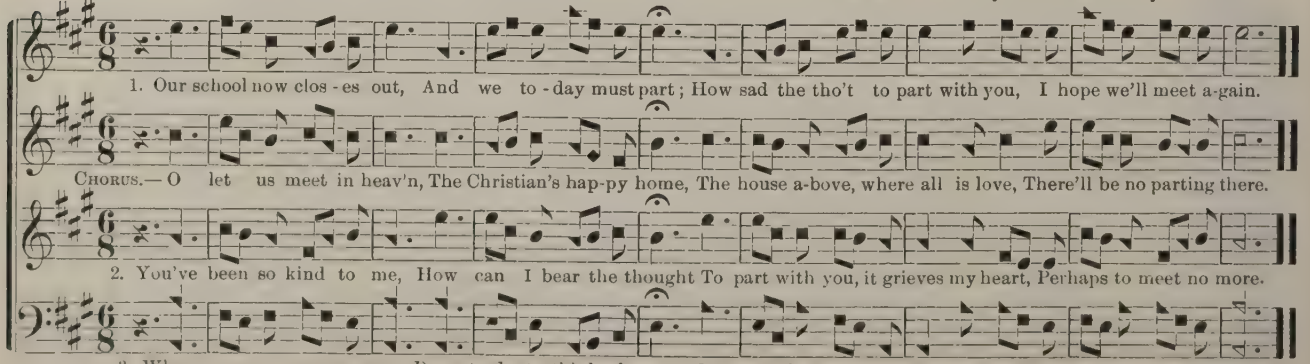
THE GOSPEL POOL. S. M.

Eld. E. Dumas.


Be - side the gos-pel pool, Appointed for the poor, From time to time my helpless soul Has waited for a cure, Has waited for a cure.

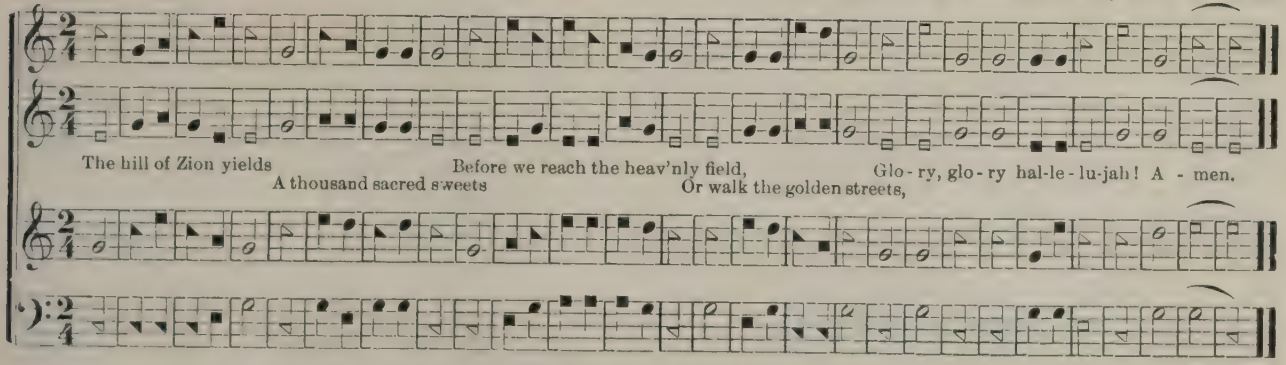
THE TEACHER'S FAREWELL. S. M.

Eld. E. Dumas. Alto by Miss Lina McCoy. 1858.


1. Our school now clos - es out, And we to - day must part; How sad the tho't to part with you, I hope we'll meet a-gain.
Chorus.— O let us meet in heav'n, The Christian's hap-py home, The house a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no parting there.
2. You've been so kind to me, How can I bear the thought To part with you, it grieves my heart, Perhaps to meet no more.
3. Wher - ev - er you may go, Dear stu-dents, think of me, O pray for me where'er you go, That we may meet in heav'n.

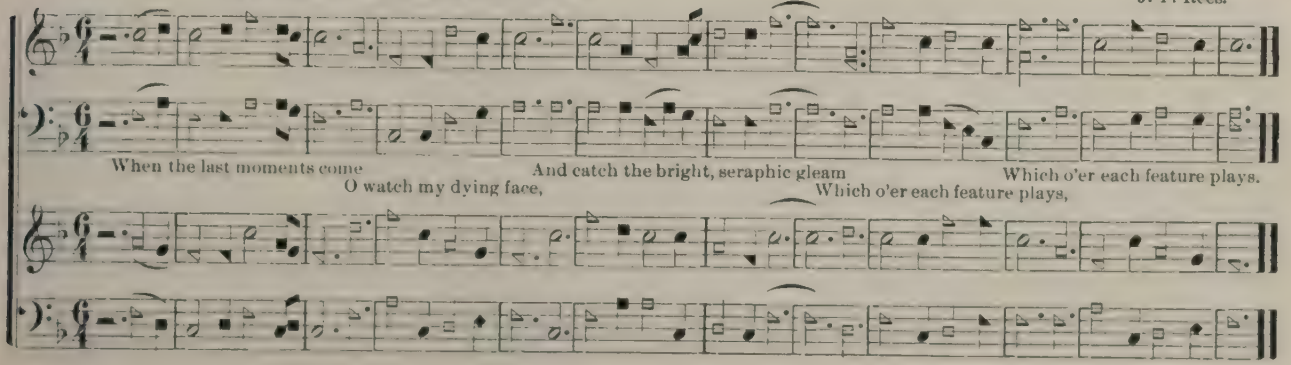
HILL OF ZION. S. M.

R. F. M. Mann. Alto by W. M. C.


The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly field,
Or walk the golden streets,
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

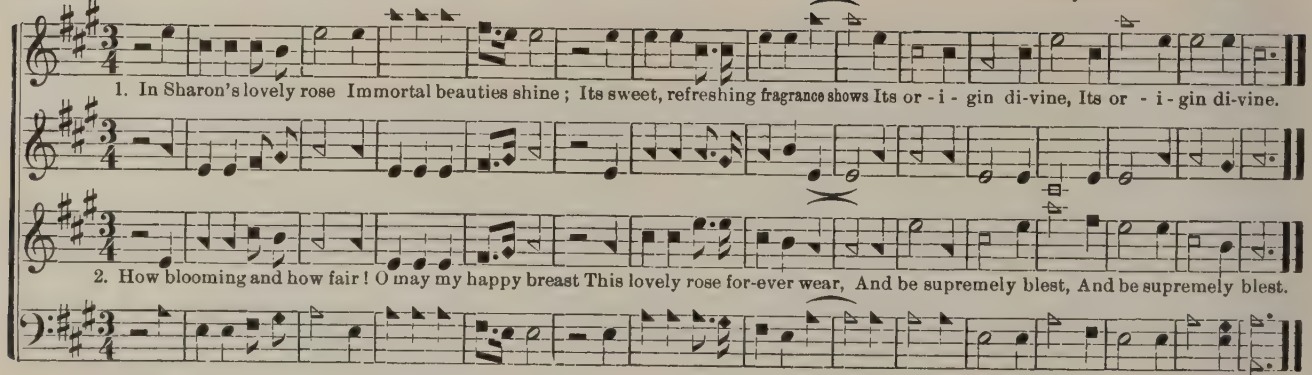
MY LAST MOMENTS. S. M.

J. P. Rees.


When the last moments come
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays,
Which o'er each feature plays.

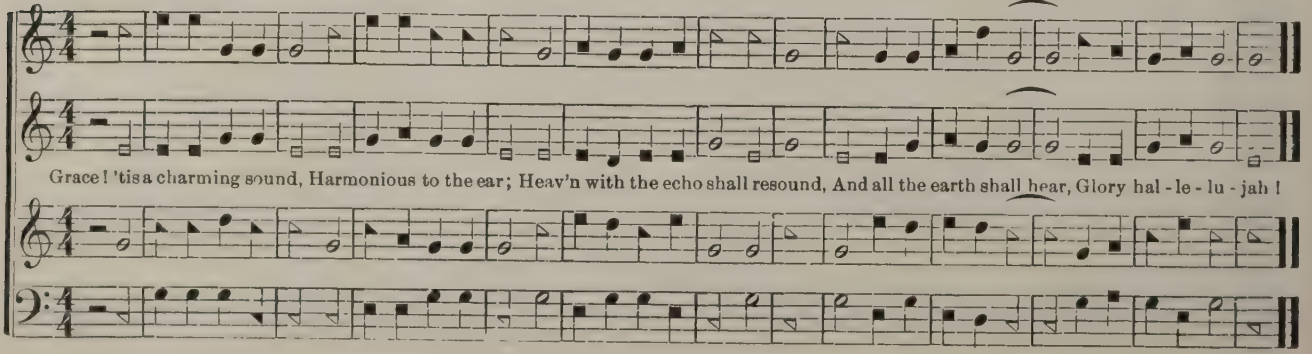
SHARON'S LOVELY ROSE. S. M.

Henry G. Mann. 1869.


1. In Sharon's lovely rose Immortal beauties shine ; Its sweet, refreshing fragrance shows Its or - i - gin di-vine, Its or - i - gin di-vine.
2. How blooming and how fair ! O may my happy breast This lovely rose for-ever wear, And be supremely blest, And be supremely blest.

CHARMING SOUND. S. M.

R. F. M. Mann. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B. 1858.


Grace ! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, Glory hal - le - lu - jah !

BOYLSTON. S. M.

From Pilsbury. Revised by B. P. Poyner.

1. My God, my Life, my Love, To thee, to thee I call; I can-not live if thou re-move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shin-ing grace can cheer This dun-geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smil-ings of thy face, How ami - a - ble they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace, And no-where else but there.

4. To thee, and thee a - lone, The an-gels owe their bliss; They sit a-round thy gracious throne, And dwell where Je-sus is.

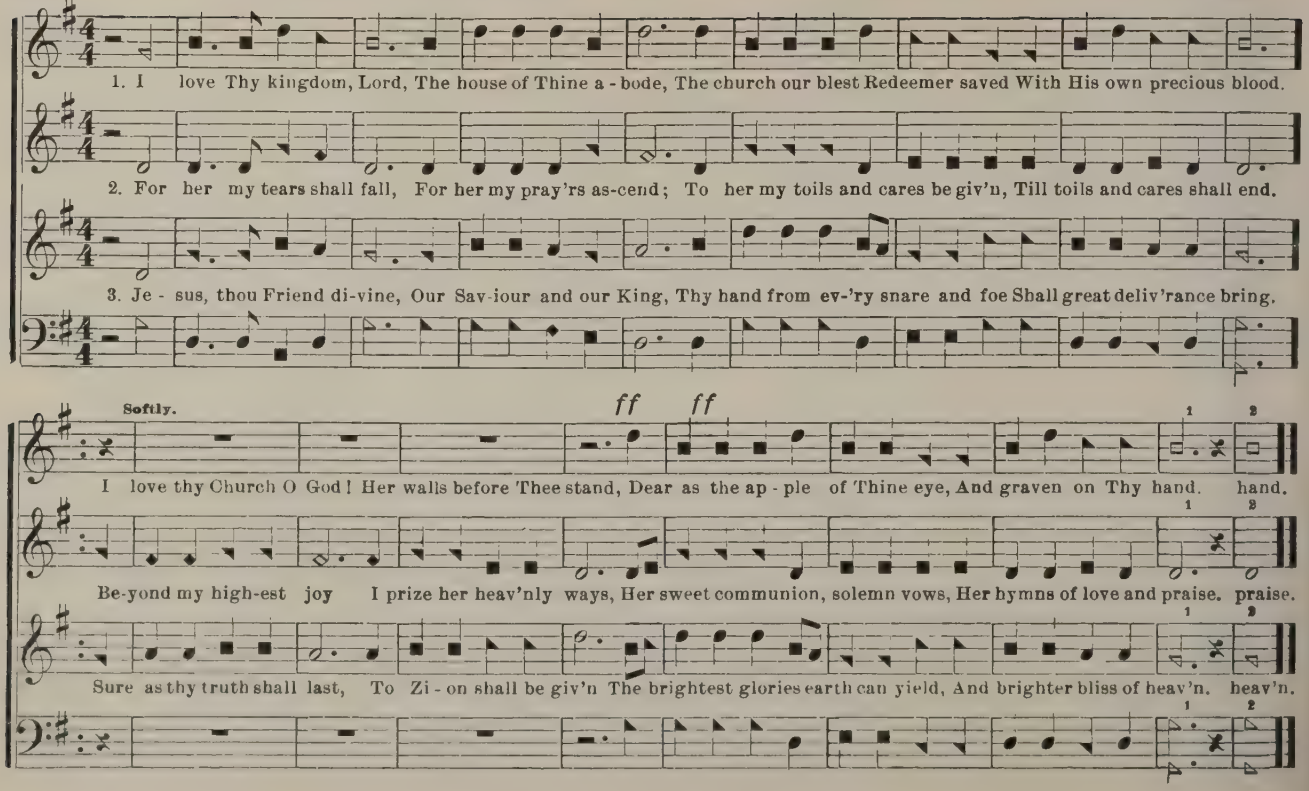
LABAN. S. M.

From Holyoke. Revised and Alto by B. P. Poyner

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

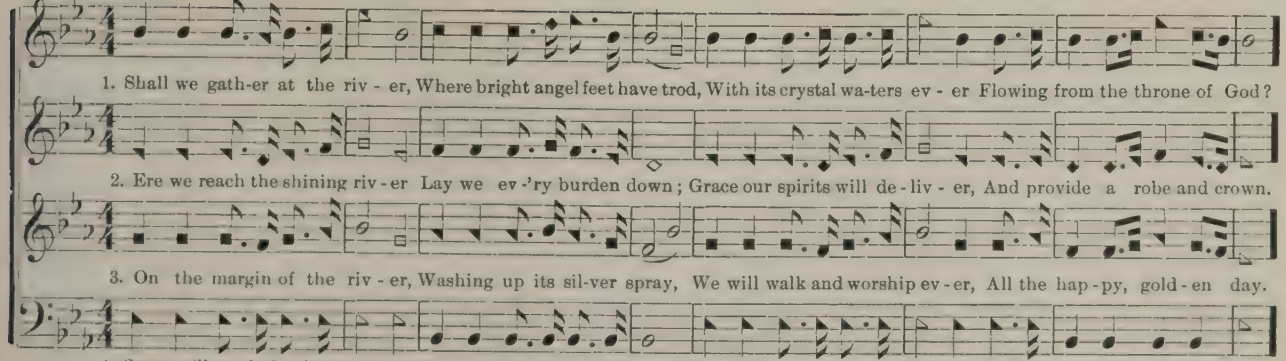
I LOVE THY KINGDOM.

W. C. Givens.

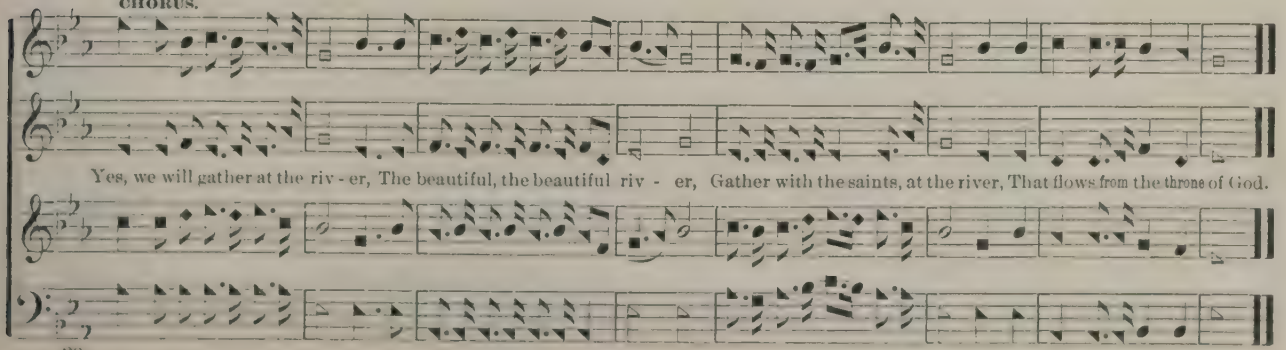

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To her my toils and cares be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
3. Je - sus, thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav-iour and our King, Thy hand from ev-'ry snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring.
Softly.
ff ff
I love thy Church O God! Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand. hand.
Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise. praise.
Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n. heav'n.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

From the Gem. Alto by W. M. Cooper.

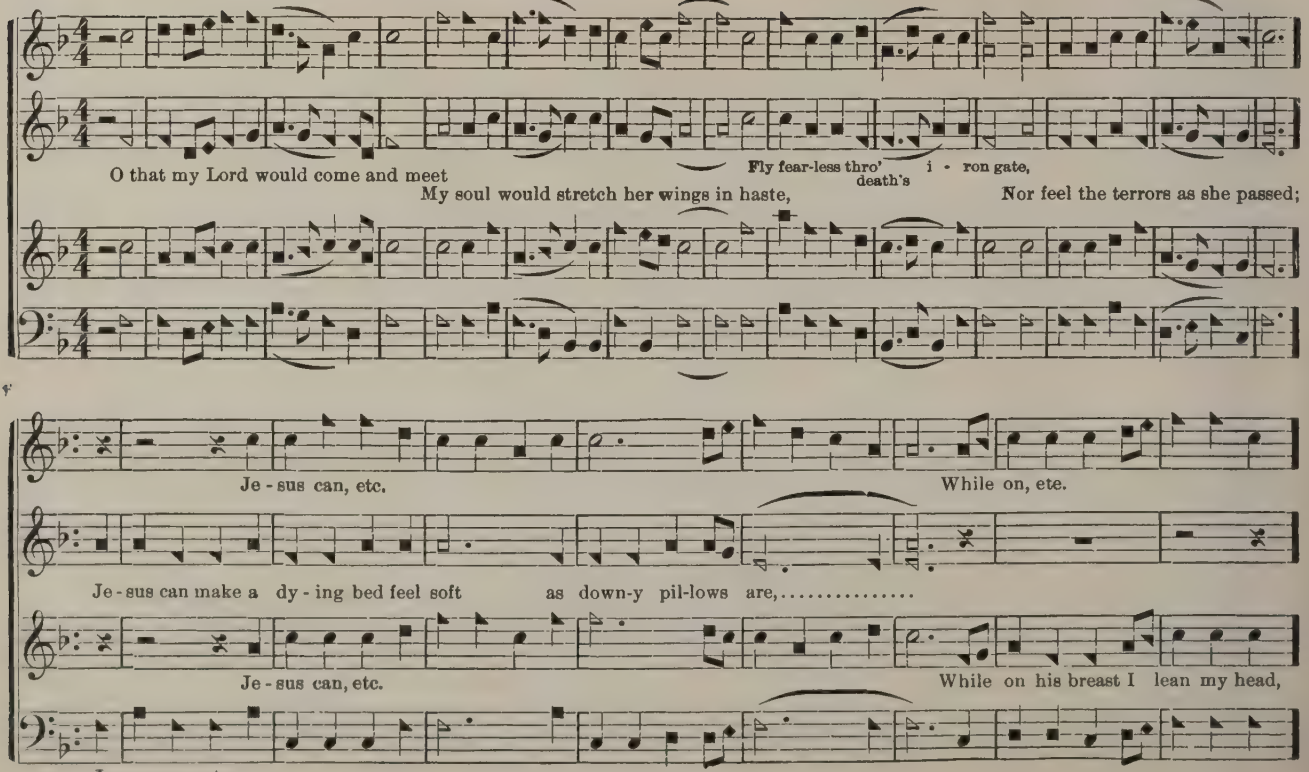

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal wa-ters ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?
2. Ere we reach the shining riv - er Lay we ev -'ry burden down; Grace our spirits will de - liv - er, And provide a robe and crown.
3. On the margin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Then our pilgrimage will cease, Then our happy hearts will quiver With the mel-o - dy of peace.

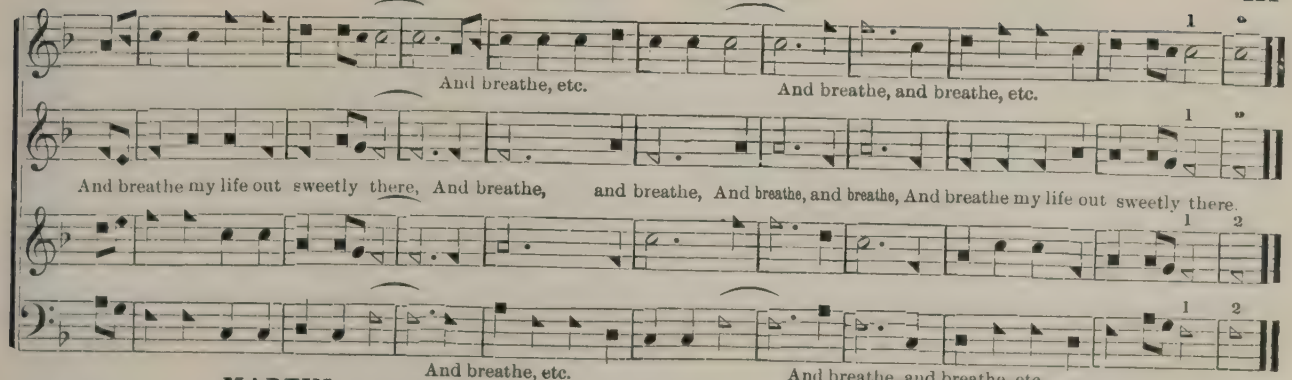
CHORUS.


Yes, we will gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv - er, Gather with the saints, at the river, That flows from the throne of God.

LEANING ON JESUS' BREAST.

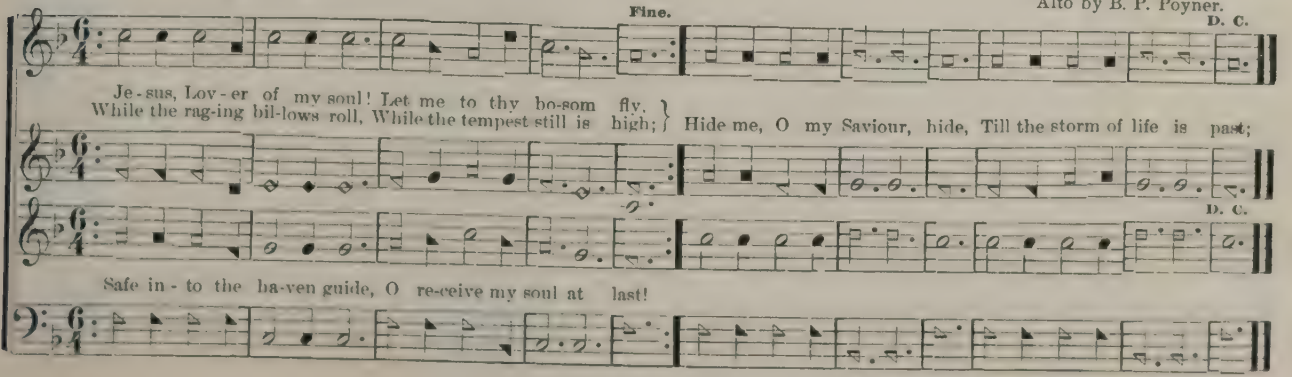
J. T. Allen. Alto by Maud Allen.


O that my Lord would come and meet
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fear-less thro' death's i - ron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed;
Je - sus can, etc.
While on, etc.
Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed feel soft as down-y pil-lows are,.....
Je - sus can, etc.
While on his breast I lean my head,
Je - sus can, etc.


And breathe, etc.
And breathe, and breathe, etc.
And breathe my life out sweetly there, And breathe, and breathe, And breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there.
And breathe, etc.
And breathe, and breathe, etc.

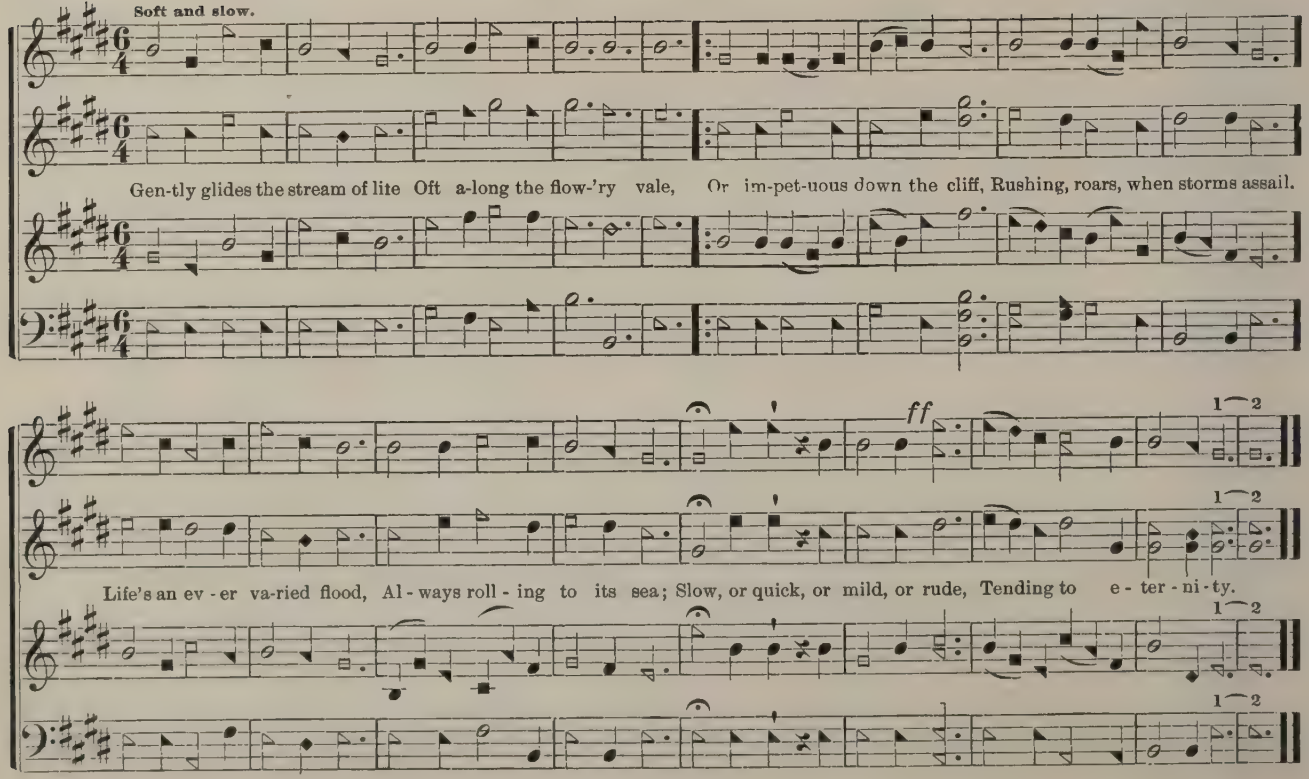
MARTIN.

Alto by B. P. Poyner.


Fine.
D. C.
Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul! Let me to thy bo-som fly,
While the rag-ing bil-lows roll, While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
D. C.
Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

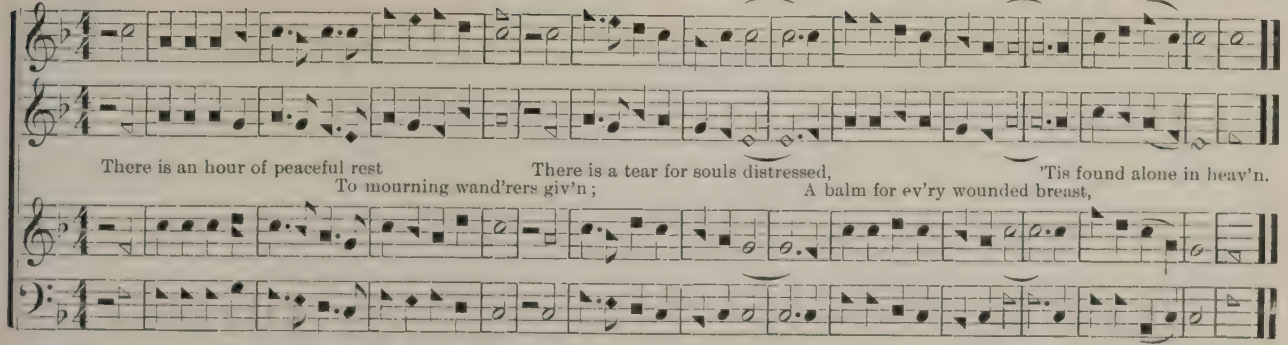
ELDER.

M. Mark Wynn.

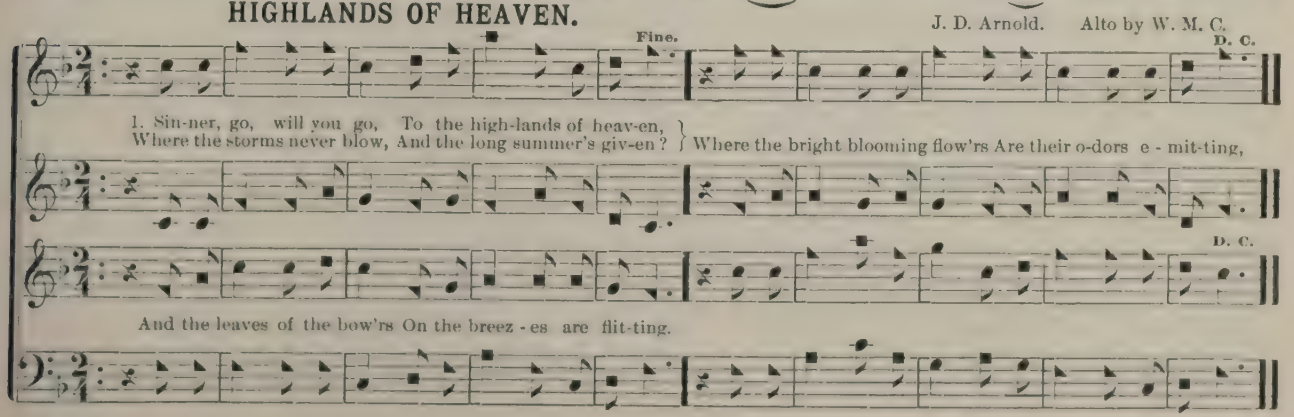

Soft and slow.
Gen-tly glides the stream of life Oft a-long the flow-'ry vale, Or im-pet-uous down the cliff, Rushing, roars, when storms assail.
ff
1 2
Life's an ev-er va-ried flood, Al-ways roll-ing to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tending to e-ter-ni-ty.

PEACEFUL REST.

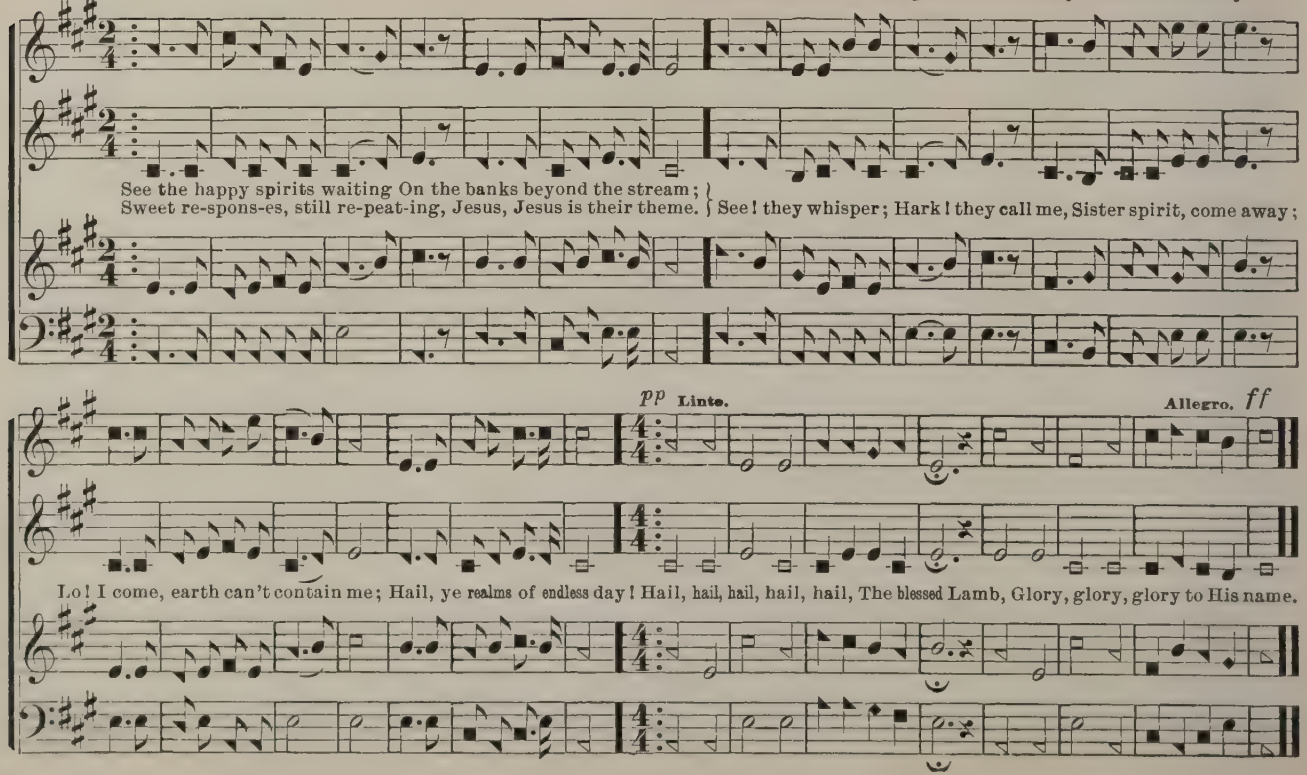
H. G. Mann. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'rers giv'n ;
There is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in heav'n.

HIGHLANDS OF HEAVEN.

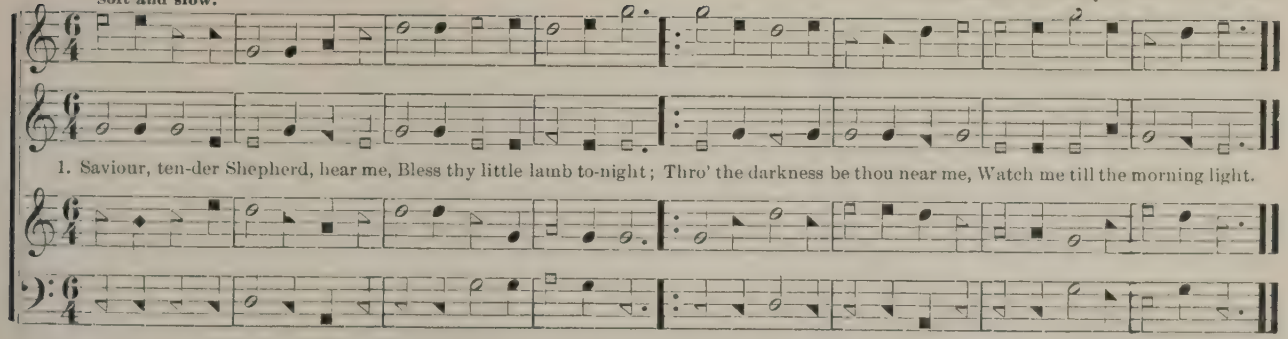
J. D. Arnold. Alto by W. M. C.

Fine.
D. C.
1. Sin-ner, go, will you go, To the high-lands of heav-en, Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's giv-en ? Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o-dors e - mit-ting,
D. C.
And the leaves of the bow'rs On the breez - es are flit-ting.

THE BLESSED LAMB.

Arr. by Miss Mattie Pope. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

See the happy spirits waiting On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet re-spons-es, still re-peat-ing, Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
See! they whisper; Hark! they call me, Sister spirit, come away;
pp
Linto.
Allegro.
ff
Lo! I come, earth can't contain me; Hail, ye realms of endless day! Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, The blessed Lamb, Glory, glory, glory to His name.

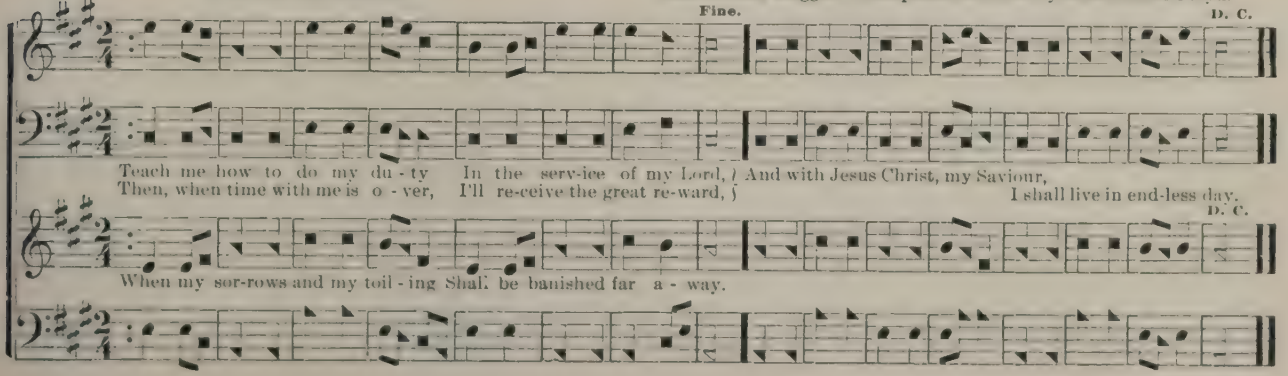
VESPER.

C. F. Letson. Alto by W. M. C.


Soft and slow.
1. Saviour, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness be thou near me, Watch me till the morning light.

STILL BETTER.

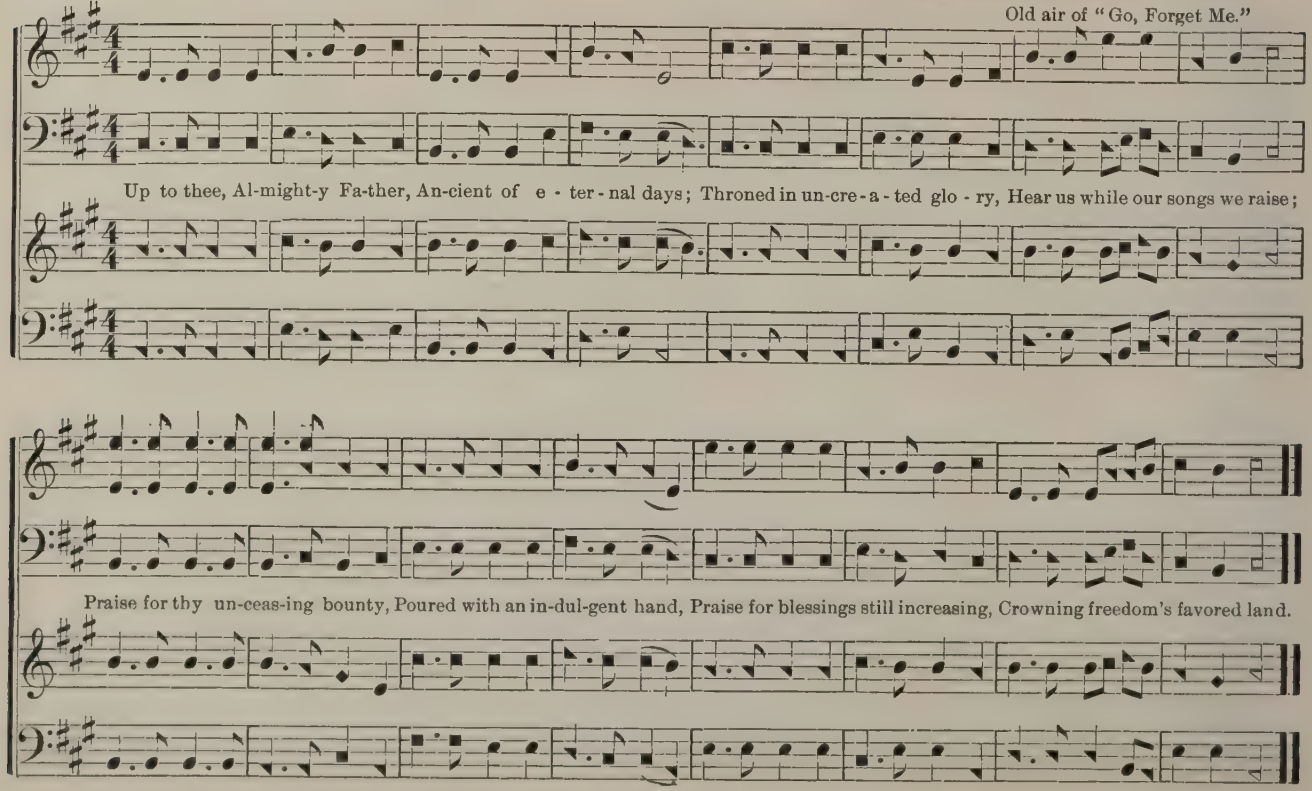
Bradfield and Meggs. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


Fine.
D. C.
Teach me how to do my du - ty In the serv-ice of my Lord, } And with Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
Then, when time with me is o - ver, I'll re-ceive the great re-ward, } I shall live in end-less day.
D. C.
When my sor-rows and my toil - ing Shall be banished far a - way.

ALMIGHTY FATHER.

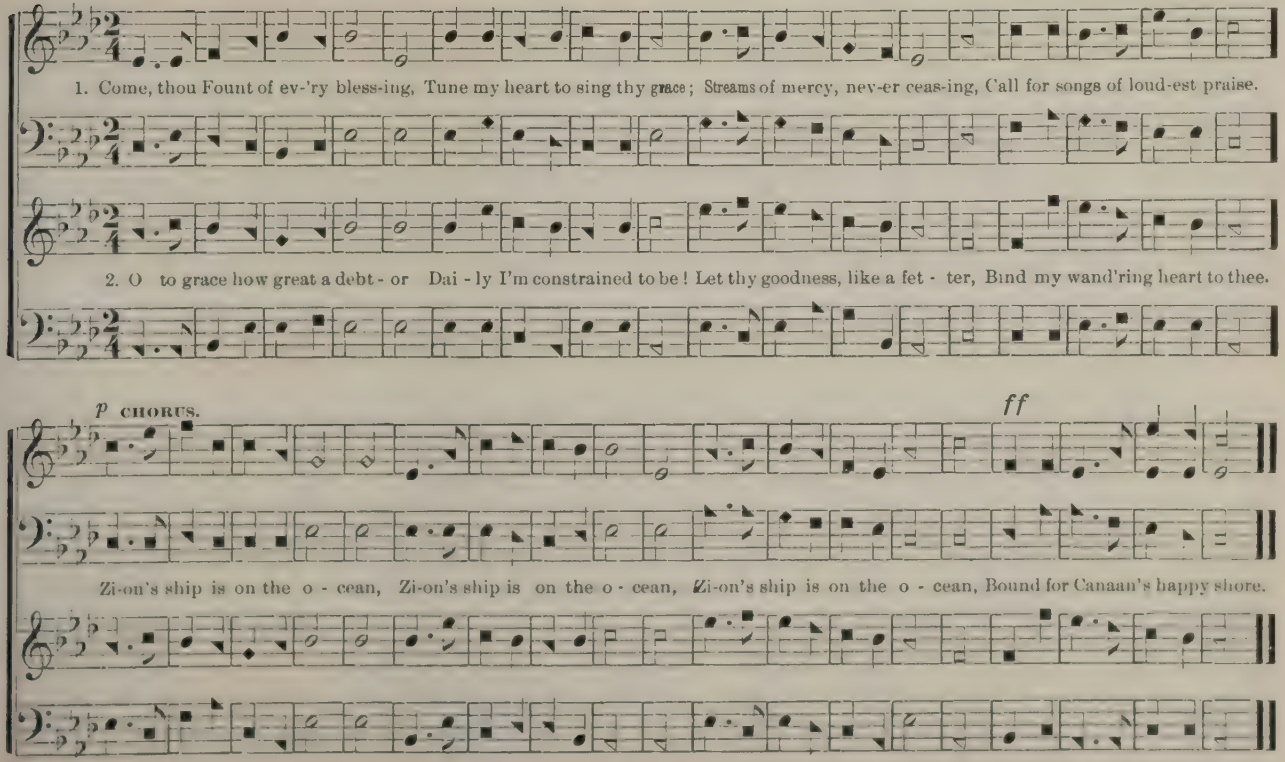
Arranged by B. F. W. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.

Old air of "Go, Forget Me."


Up to thee, Al-might-y Fa-ther, An-cient of e - ter - nal days; Throned in un-cre-a-ted glo - ry, Hear us while our songs we raise;
Praise for thy un-ceas-ing bounty, Poured with an in-dul-gent hand, Praise for blessings still increasing, Crowning freedom's favored land.

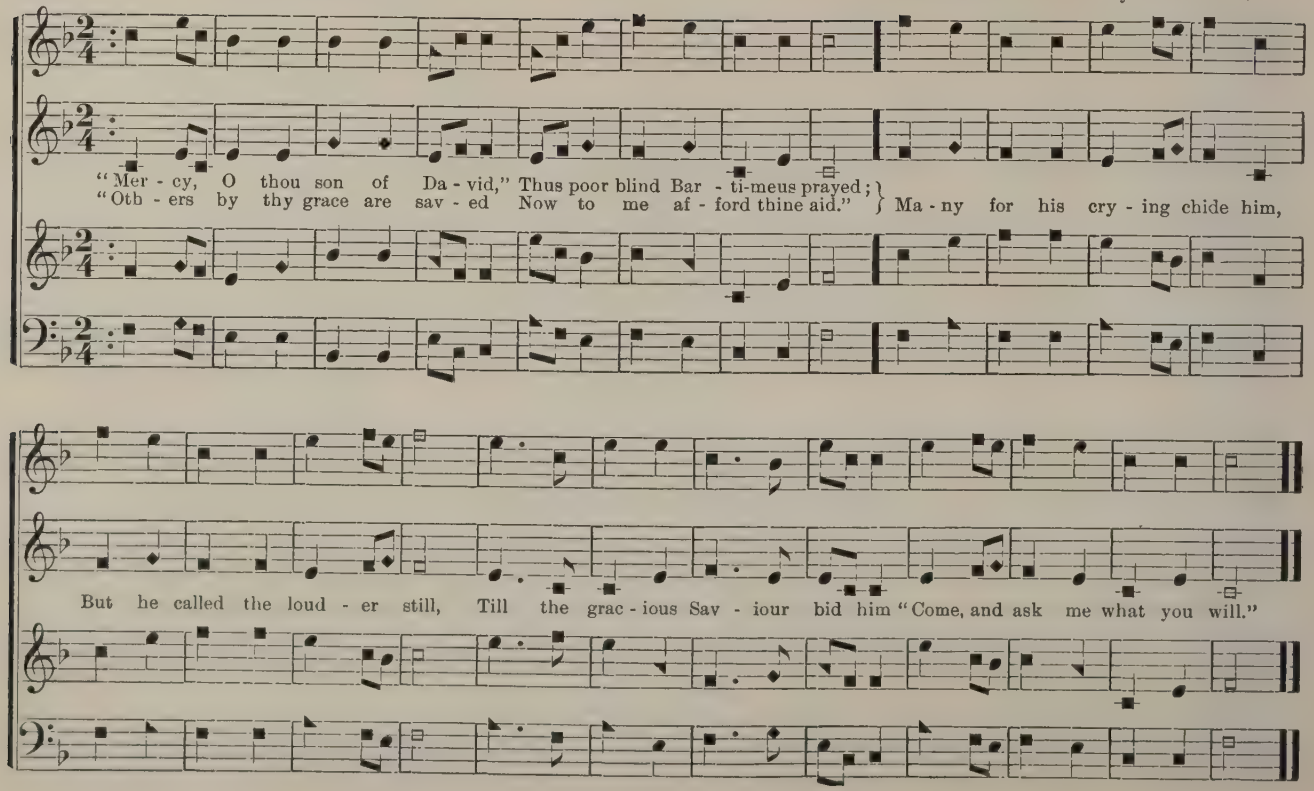
ZION'S SHIP.

Arnold and White. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
2. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
p CHORUS.
ff
Zi-on's ship is on the o - cean, Zi-on's ship is on the o - cean, Zi-on's ship is on the o - cean, Bound for Canaan's happy shore.

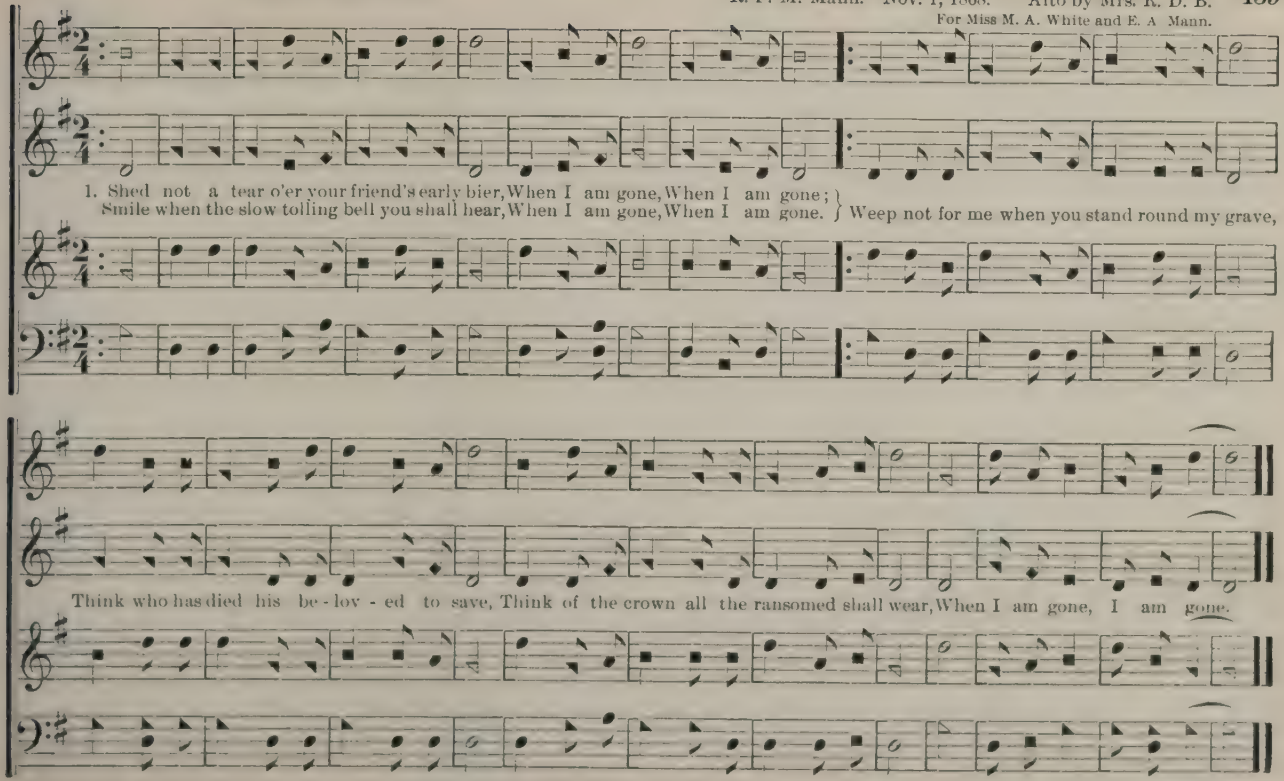
FRIENDSHIP.

E. F. Williams. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.


"Mer - cy, O thou son of Da - vid," Thus poor blind Bar - ti-meus prayed;
"Oth - ers by thy grace are sav - ed Now to me af - ford thine aid."
Ma - ny for his cry - ing chide him,
But he called the loud - er still, Till the grac - ious Sav - iour bid him "Come, and ask me what you will."

TOLLING BELL.

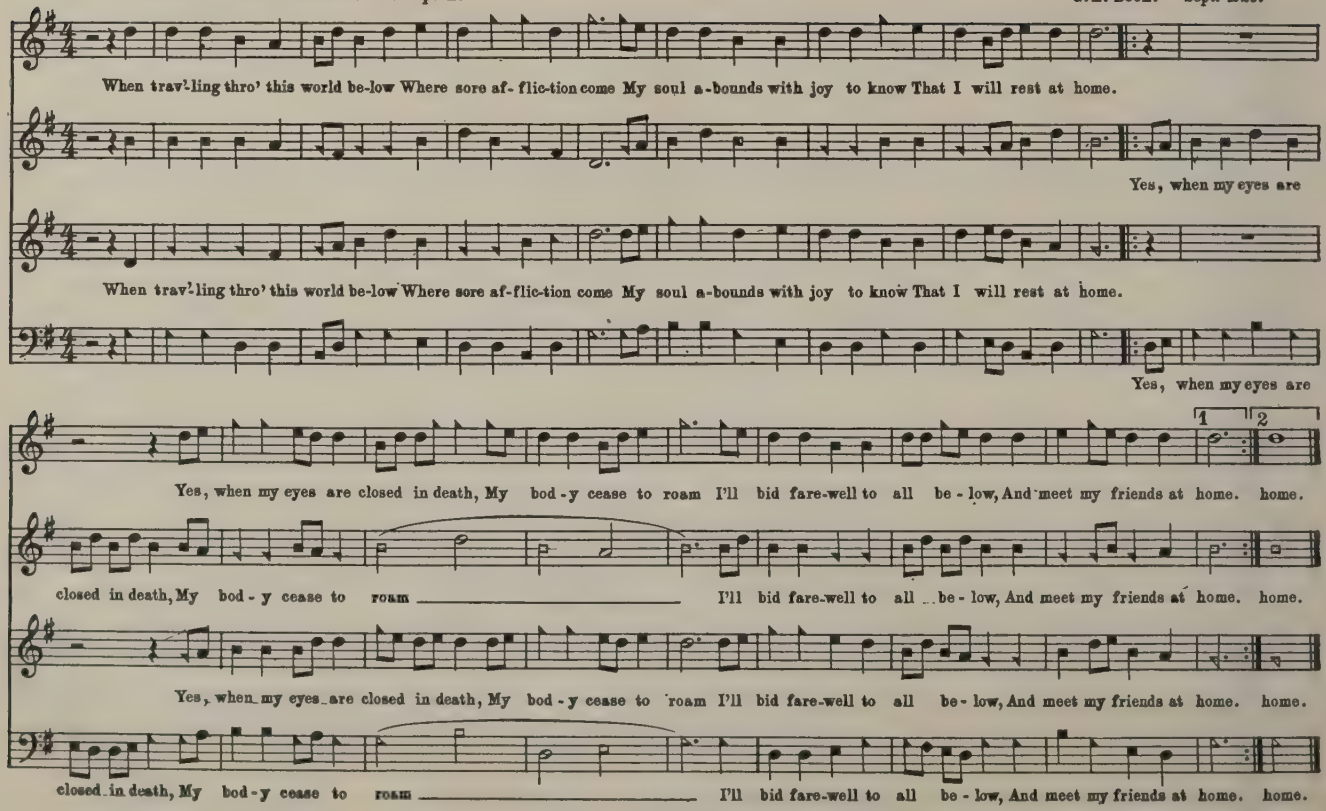
R. F. M. Mann. Nov. 1, 1868. Alto by Mrs. R. D. B.
For Miss M. A. White and E. A Mann.


1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, When I am gone;
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear, When I am gone, When I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died his be - lov - ed to save, Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.

MY SOUL ABOUNDS WITH JOY.

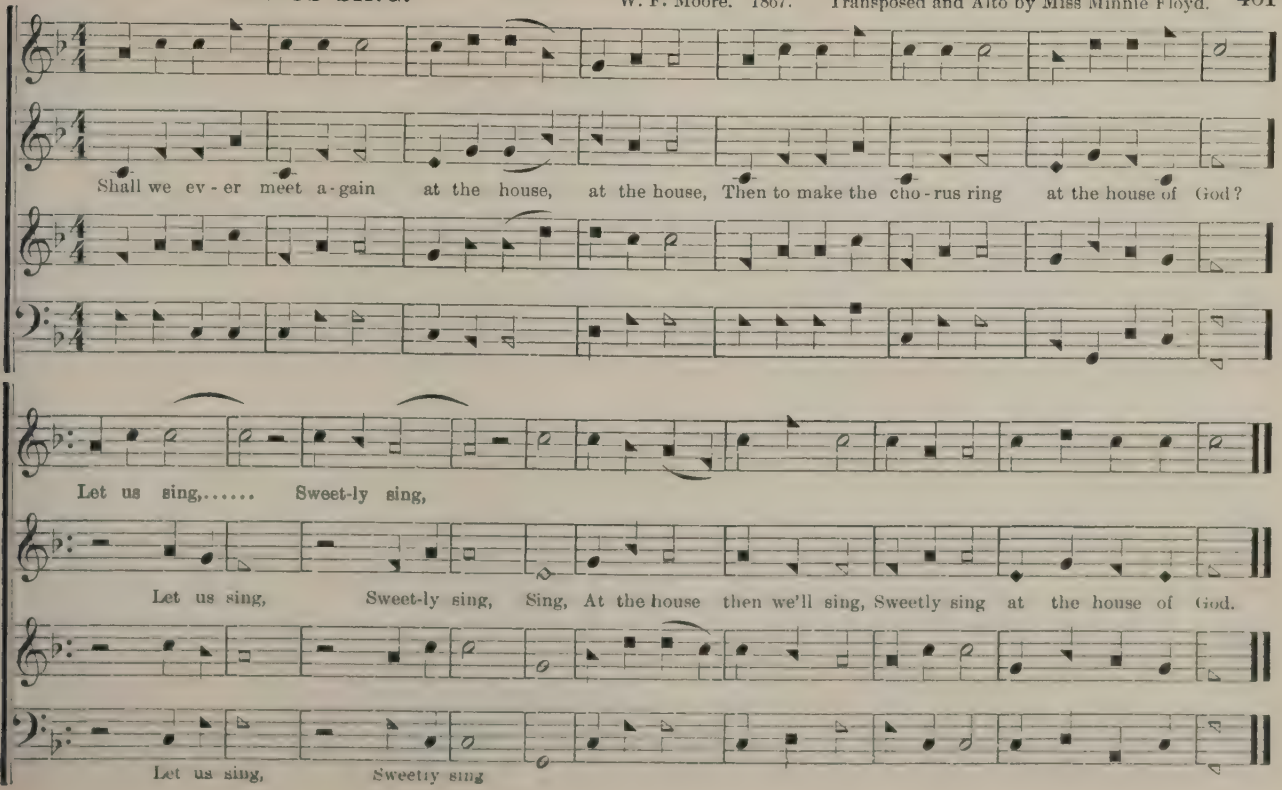
Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Thompson.

G. L. Beck. Sept. 1929.


When trav'-ling thro' this world be-low Where sore af- flic-tion come My soul a-bounds with joy to know That I will rest at home.
Yes, when my eyes are
When trav'-ling thro' this world be-low Where sore af-flic-tion come My soul a-bounds with joy to know That I will rest at home.
Yes, when my eyes are
1
2
Yes, when my eyes are closed in death, My bod-y cease to roam I'll bid fare-well to all be-low, And meet my friends at home. home.
closed in death, My bod-y cease to roam I'll bid fare-well to all be-low, And meet my friends at home. home.
Yes, when my eyes are closed in death, My bod-y cease to roam I'll bid fare-well to all be-low, And meet my friends at home. home.
closed in death, My bod-y cease to roam I'll bid fare-well to all be-low, And meet my friends at home. home.

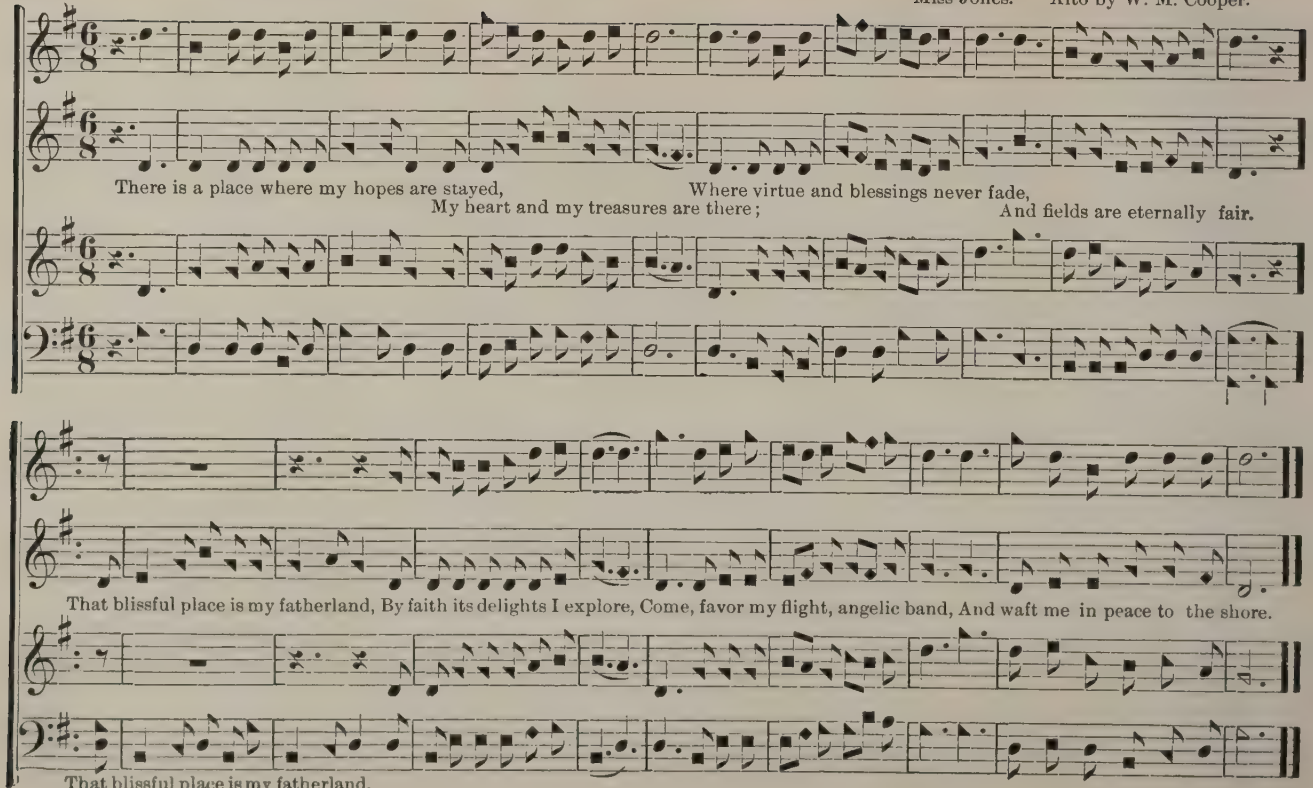
LET US SING.

W. F. Moore. 1867. Transposed and Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


Shall we ev - er meet a - gain at the house, at the house, Then to make the cho - rus ring at the house of God?
Let us sing,..... Sweet-ly sing,
Let us sing, Sweet-ly sing, Sing, At the house then we'll sing, Sweetly sing at the house of God.
Let us sing, Sweetly sing

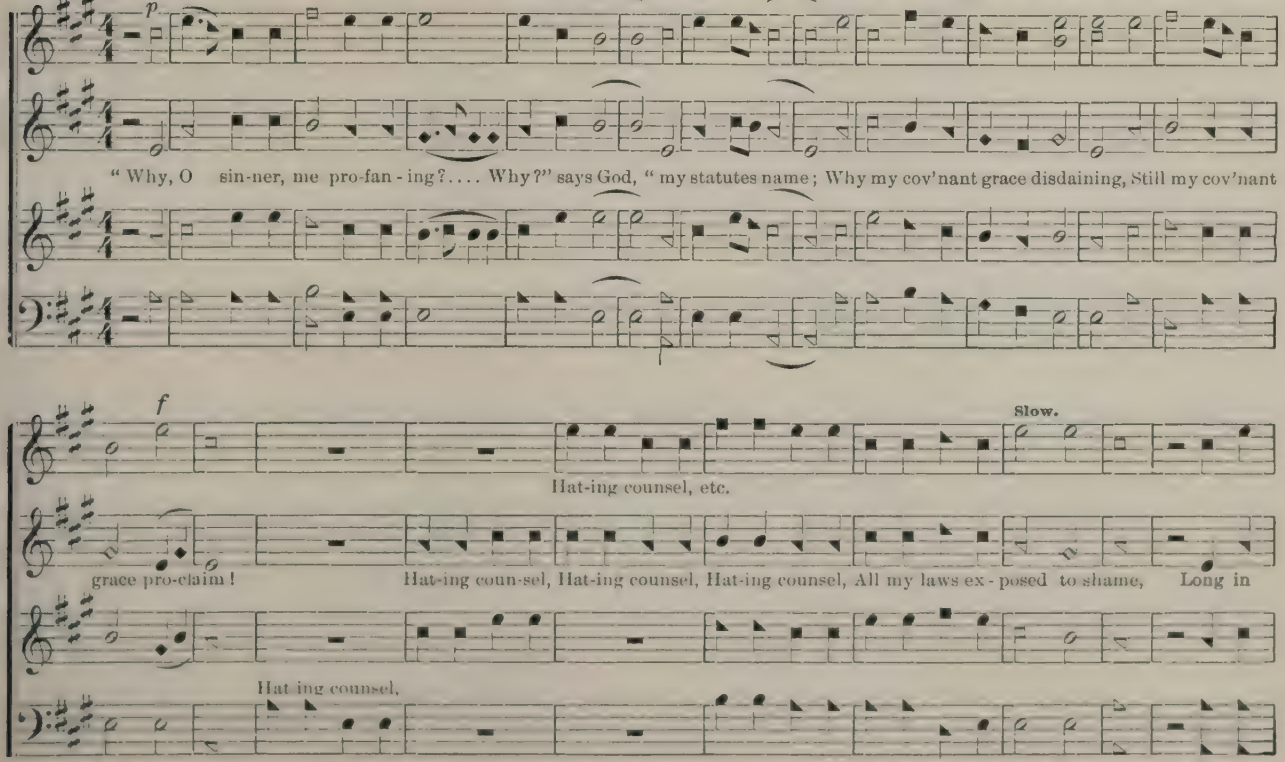
FATHERLAND.

Miss Jones. Alto by W. M. Cooper.

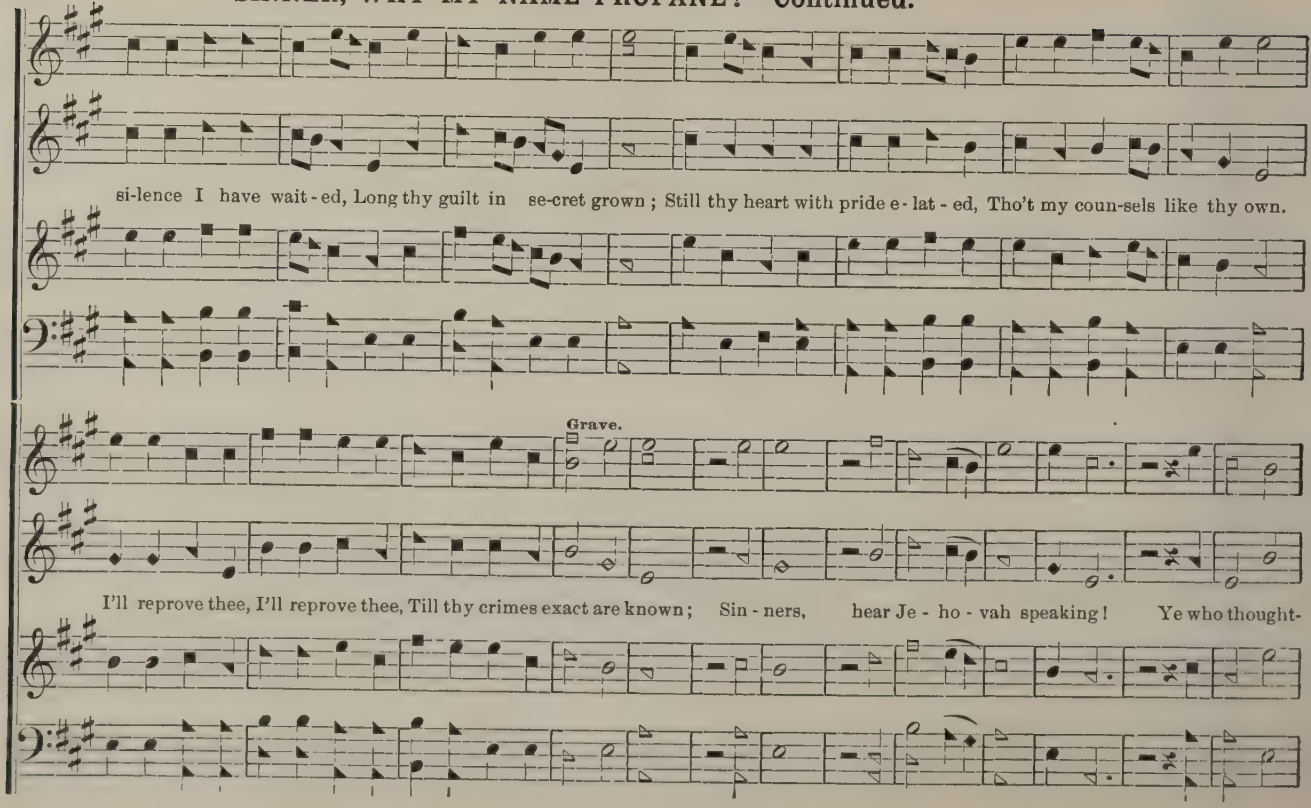

There is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasures are there;
Where virtue and blessings never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.
That blissful place is my fatherland, By faith its delights I explore, Come, favor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.
That blissful place is my fatherland,

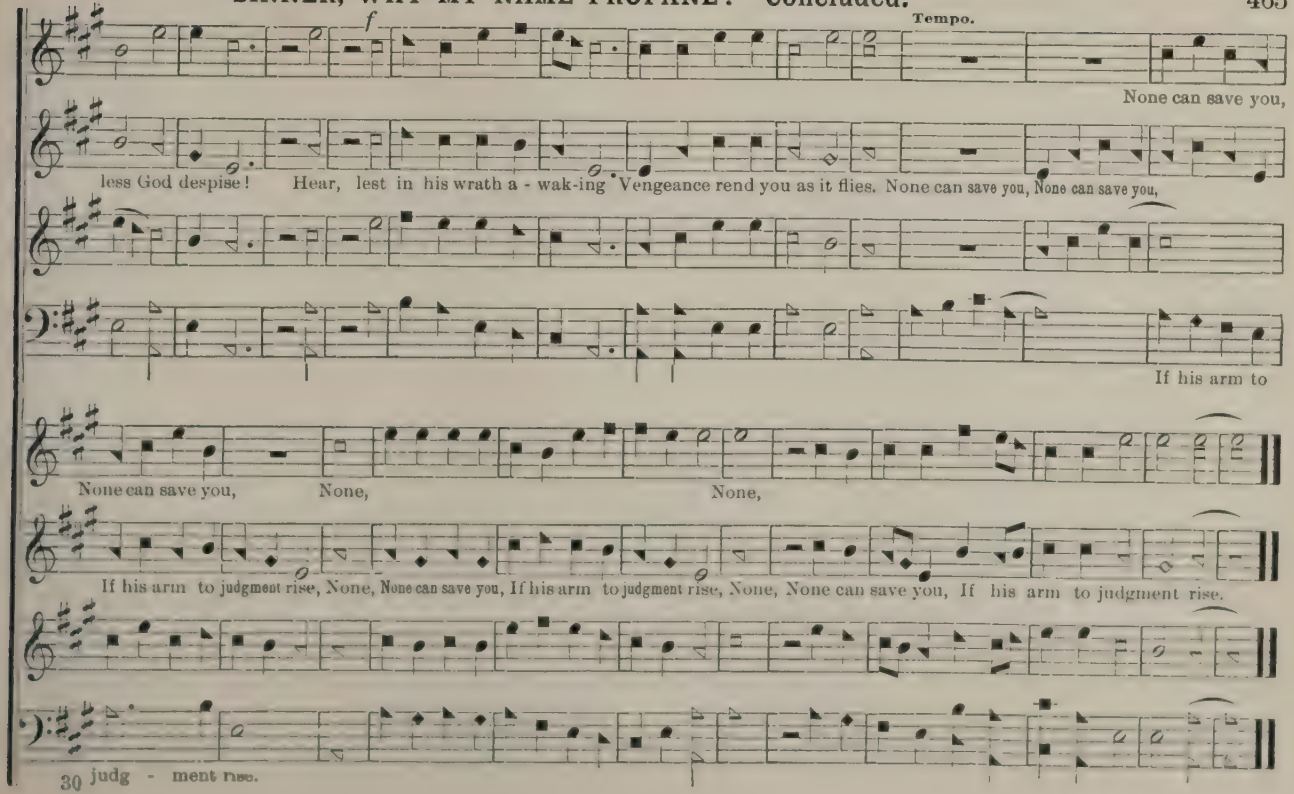
SINNER, WHY MY NAME PROFANE?

M. M. Wynn. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


p
"Why, O sin-ner, me pro-fan-ing?.... Why?" says God, "my statutes name; Why my cov'nant grace disdaining, Still my cov'nant
f
Slow.
Hat-ing counsel, etc.
grace pro-claim! Hat-ing coun-sel, Hat-ing counsel, Hat-ing counsel, All my laws ex-posed to shame, Long in
Hat-ing counsel,

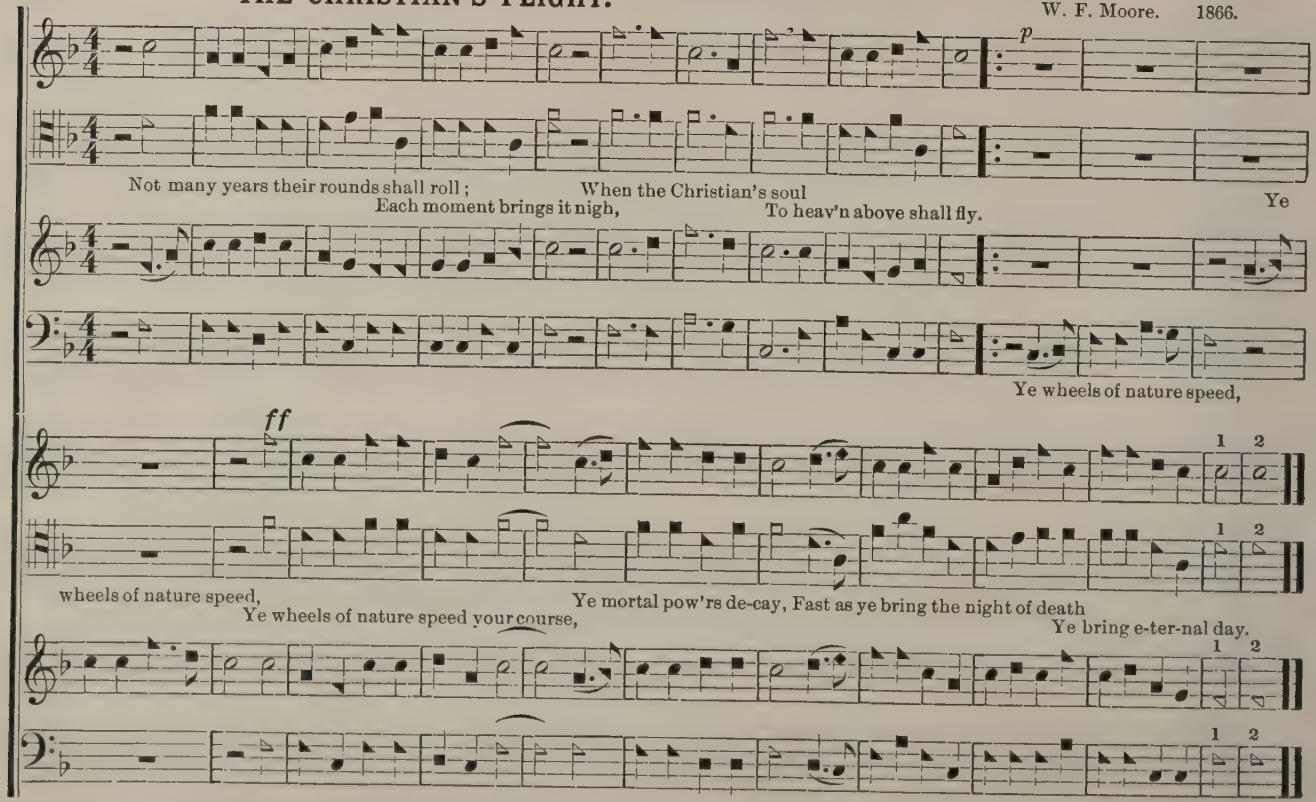
SINNER, WHY MY NAME PROFANE? Continued.


si-lence I have wait-ed, Long thy guilt in se-cret grown; Still thy heart with pride e-lat-ed, Tho't my coun-sels like thy own.
Grave.
I'll reprove thee, I'll reprove thee, Till thy crimes exact are known; Sin-ners, hear Je-ho-vah speaking! Ye who thought-


f
Tempo.
None can save you,
less God despise! Hear, lest in his wrath a - wak-ing Vengeance rend you as it flies. None can save you, None can save you,
If his arm to
None can save you, None, None,
If his arm to judgment rise, None, None can save you, If his arm to judgment rise, None, None can save you, If his arm to judgment rise.
30 judg - ment rise.

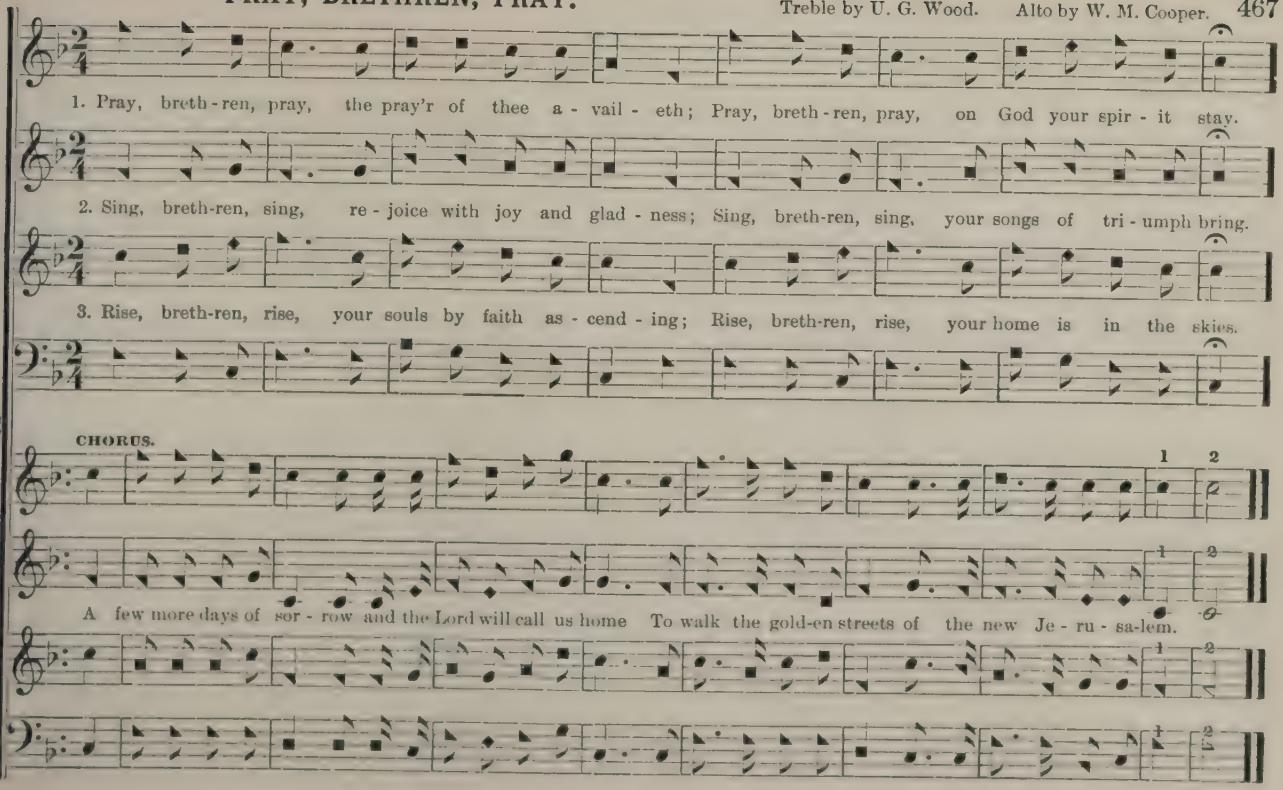
THE CHRISTIAN'S FLIGHT.

W. F. Moore. 1866.

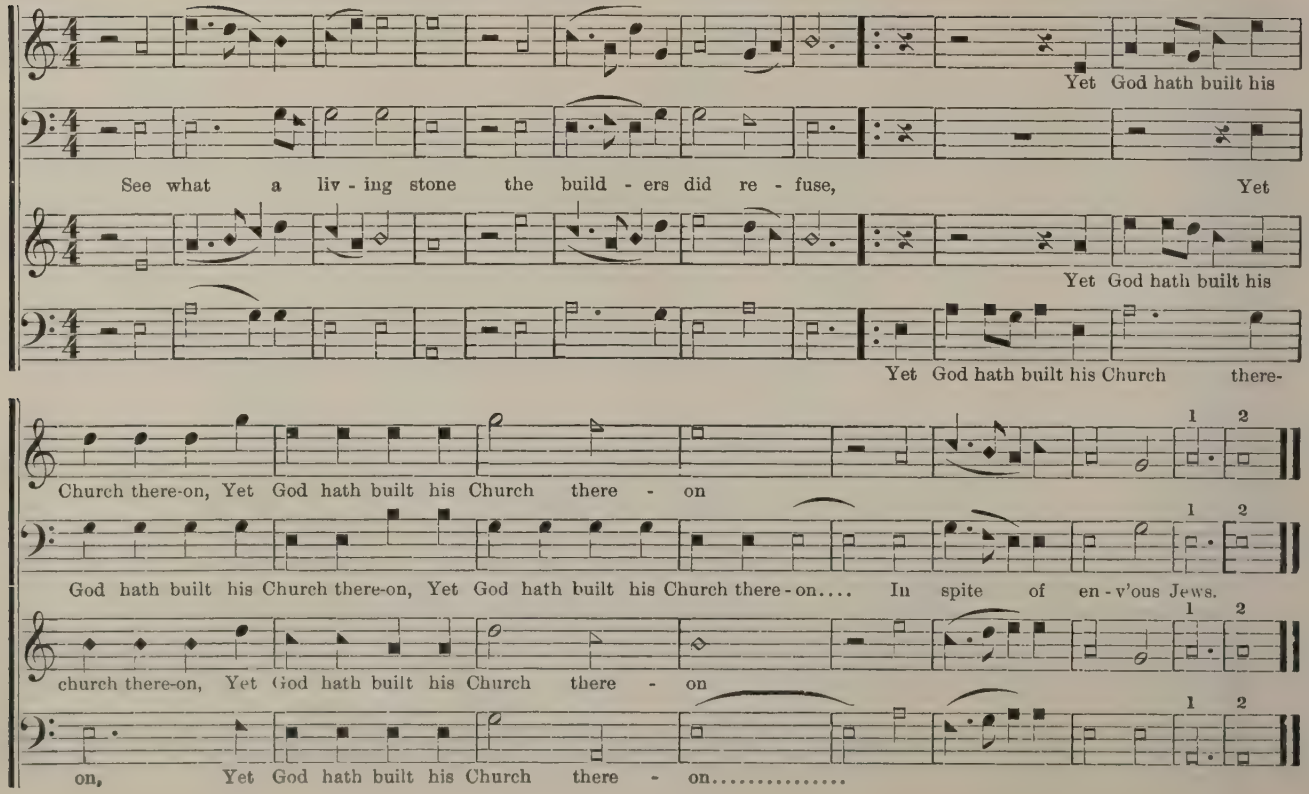

p
Not many years their rounds shall roll ; When the Christian's soul Ye
Each moment brings it nigh, To heav'n above shall fly.
Ye wheels of nature speed,
ff
1 2
wheels of nature speed, Ye mortal pow'rs de-cay, Fast as ye bring the night of death
Ye wheels of nature speed your course, Ye bring e-ter-nal day.

PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY.

Treble by U. G. Wood. Alto by W. M. Cooper.

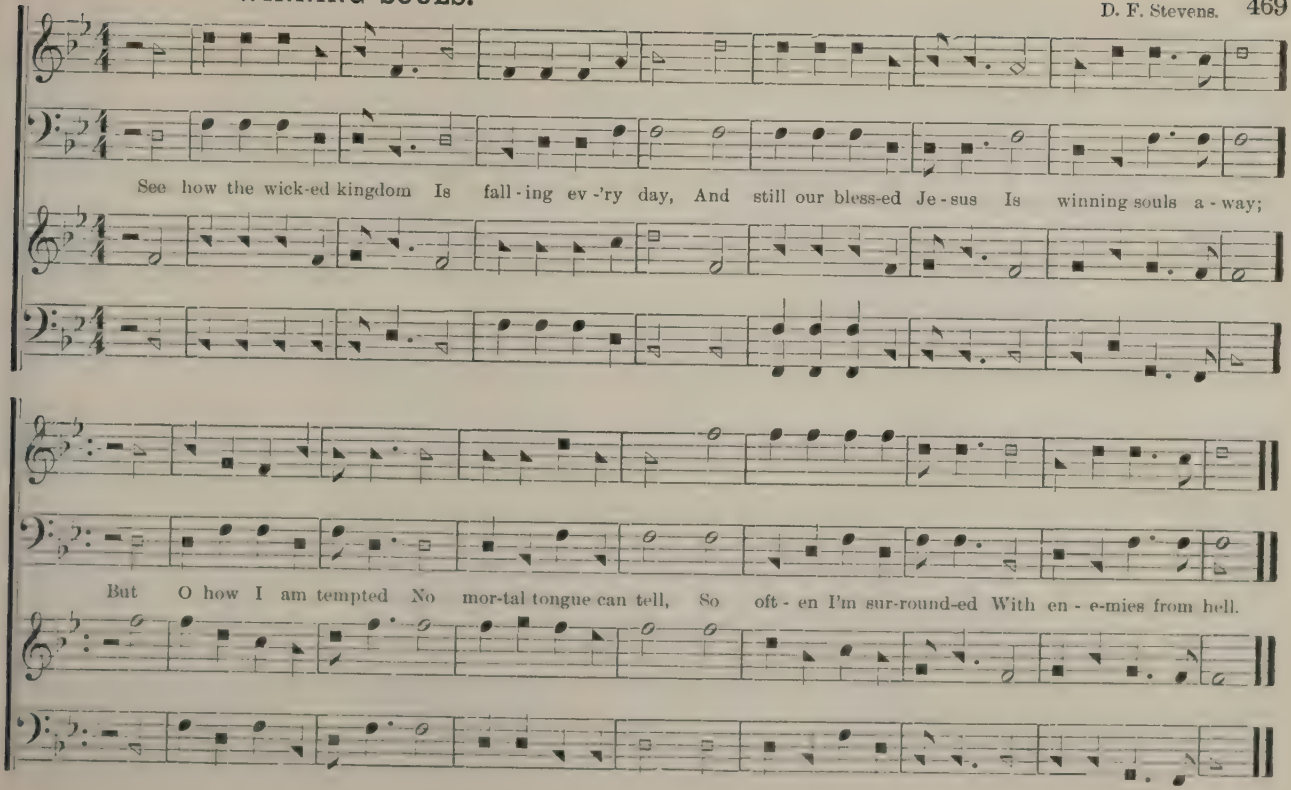

1. Pray, breth-ren, pray, the pray'r of thee a-vail-eth; Pray, breth-ren, pray, on God your spir-it stay.
2. Sing, breth-ren, sing, re-joice with joy and glad-ness; Sing, breth-ren, sing, your songs of tri-umph bring.
3. Rise, breth-ren, rise, your souls by faith as-cend-ing; Rise, breth-ren, rise, your home is in the skies.
CHORUS.
1
2
A few more days of sor-row and the Lord will call us home To walk the gold-en streets of the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

MISTAKE OF THE BUILDERS. L. M.

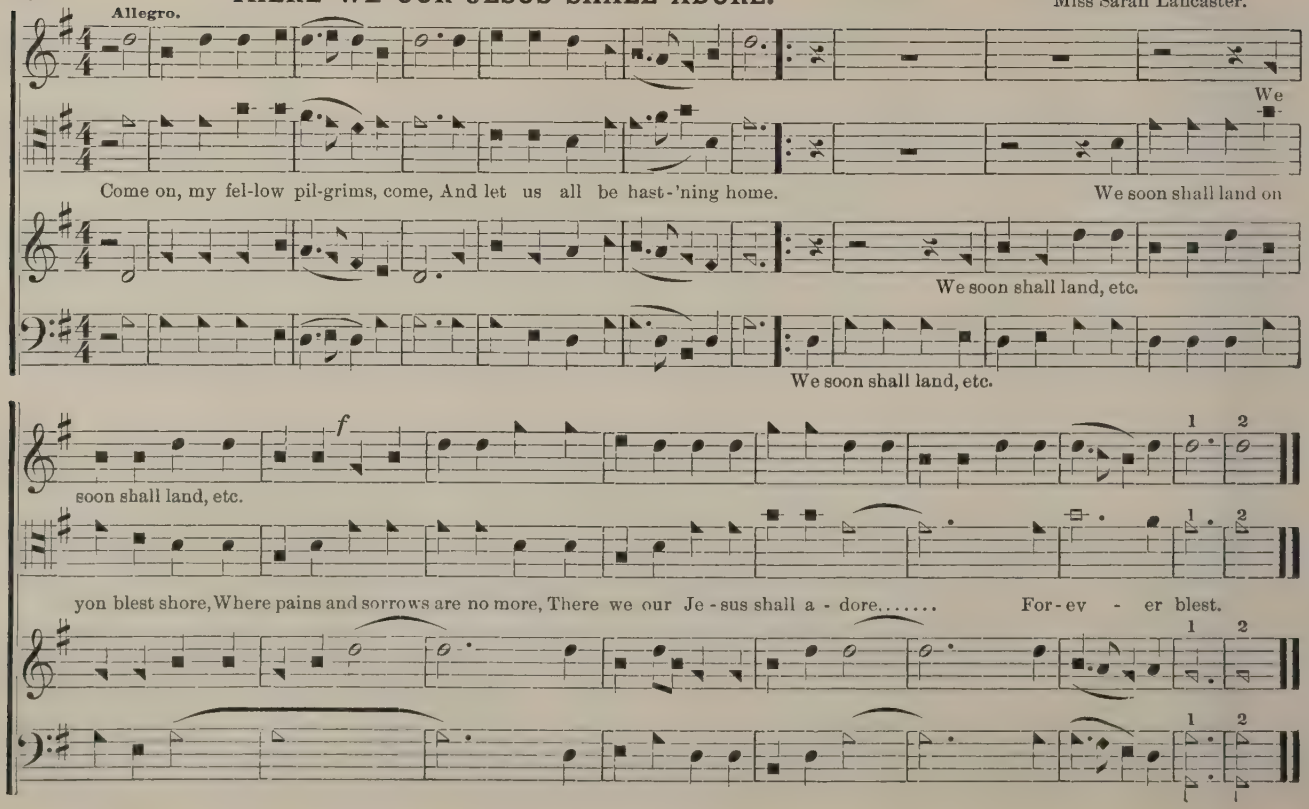
J. M. C. Shaw. 1902.

Yet God hath built his
See what a liv - ing stone the build - ers did re - fuse, Yet
Yet God hath built his
Yet God hath built his Church there-
1 2
Church there-on, Yet God hath built his Church there - on
1 2
God hath built his Church there-on, Yet God hath built his Church there - on.... In spite of en - v'ous Jews.
1 2
church there-on, Yet God hath built his Church there - on
1 2
on, Yet God hath built his Church there - on.....

WINNING SOULS.

D. F. Stevens.

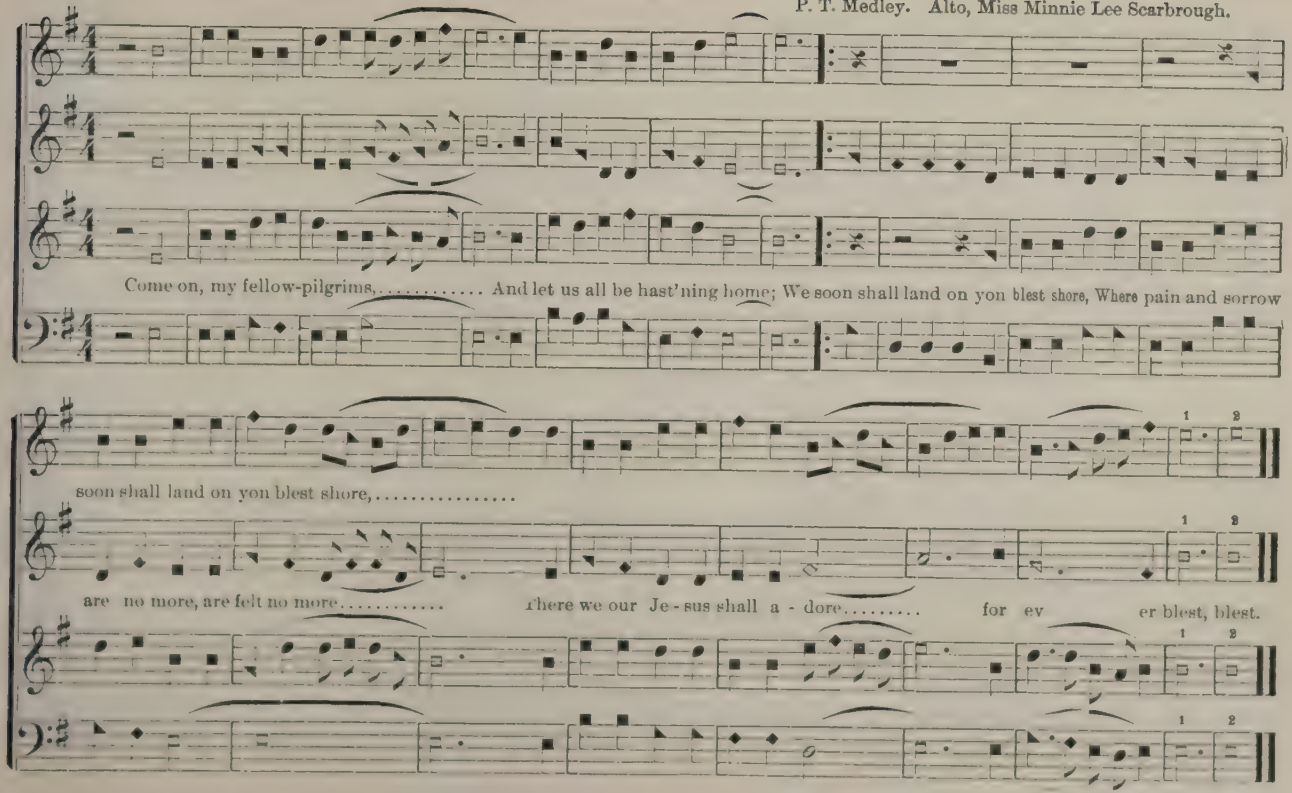

See how the wick-ed kingdom Is fall-ing ev-'ry day, And still our bless-ed Je-sus Is winning souls a-way;
But O how I am tempted No mor-tal tongue can tell, So oft-en I'm sur-round-ed With en-e-mies from hell.

THERE WE OUR JESUS SHALL ADORE.

Miss Sarah Lancaster.

Allegro.
We
Come on, my fel-low pil-grims, come, And let us all be hast-'ning home.
We soon shall land on
We soon shall land, etc.
We soon shall land, etc.
f
1 2
soon shall land, etc.
yon blest shore, Where pains and sorrows are no more, There we our Je-sus shall a-dore.....
For-ev-er blest.

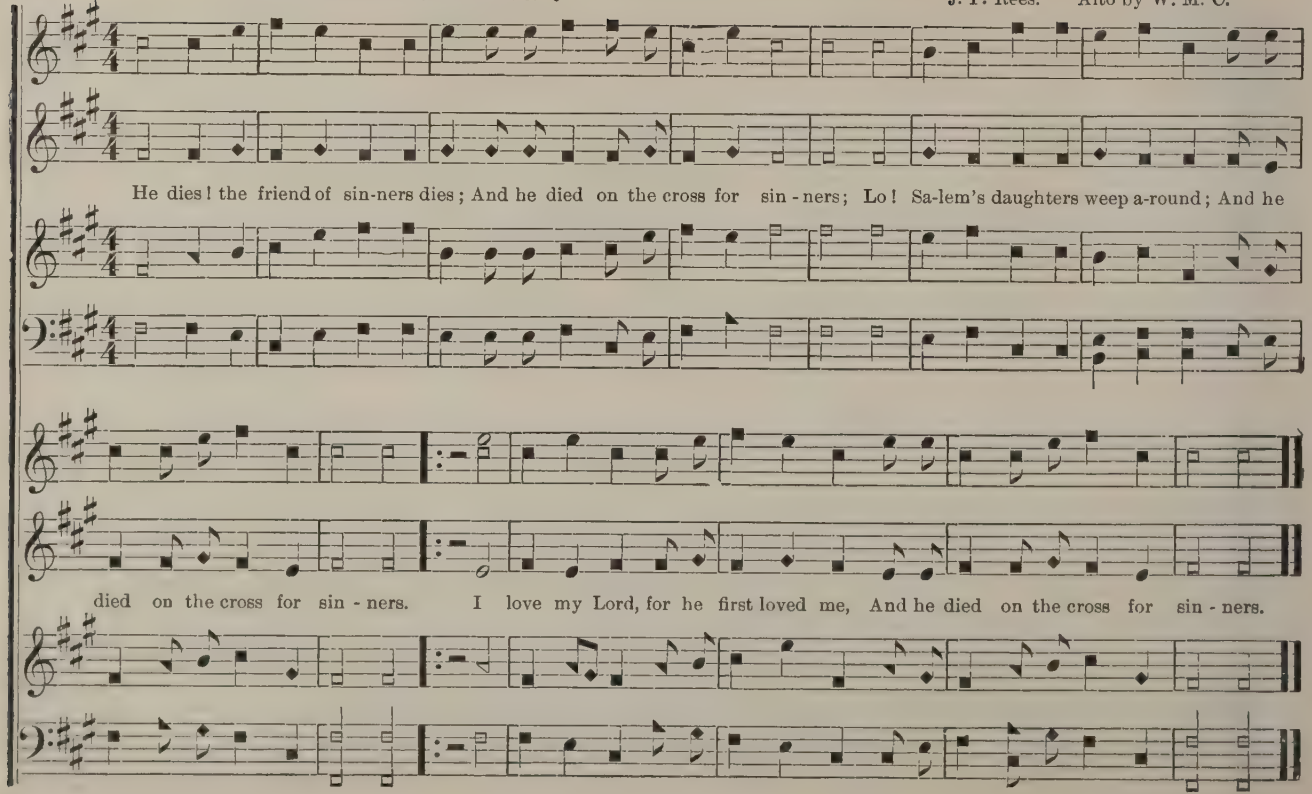
COME ON, MY FELLOW-PILGRIMS.

P. T. Medley. Alto, Miss Minnie Lee Scarbrough.


Come on, my fellow-pilgrims,..... And let us all be hast'ning home; We soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where pain and sorrow
soon shall land on yon blest shore,.....
are no more, are felt no more..... There we our Je - sus shall a - dore..... for ev er blest, blest.

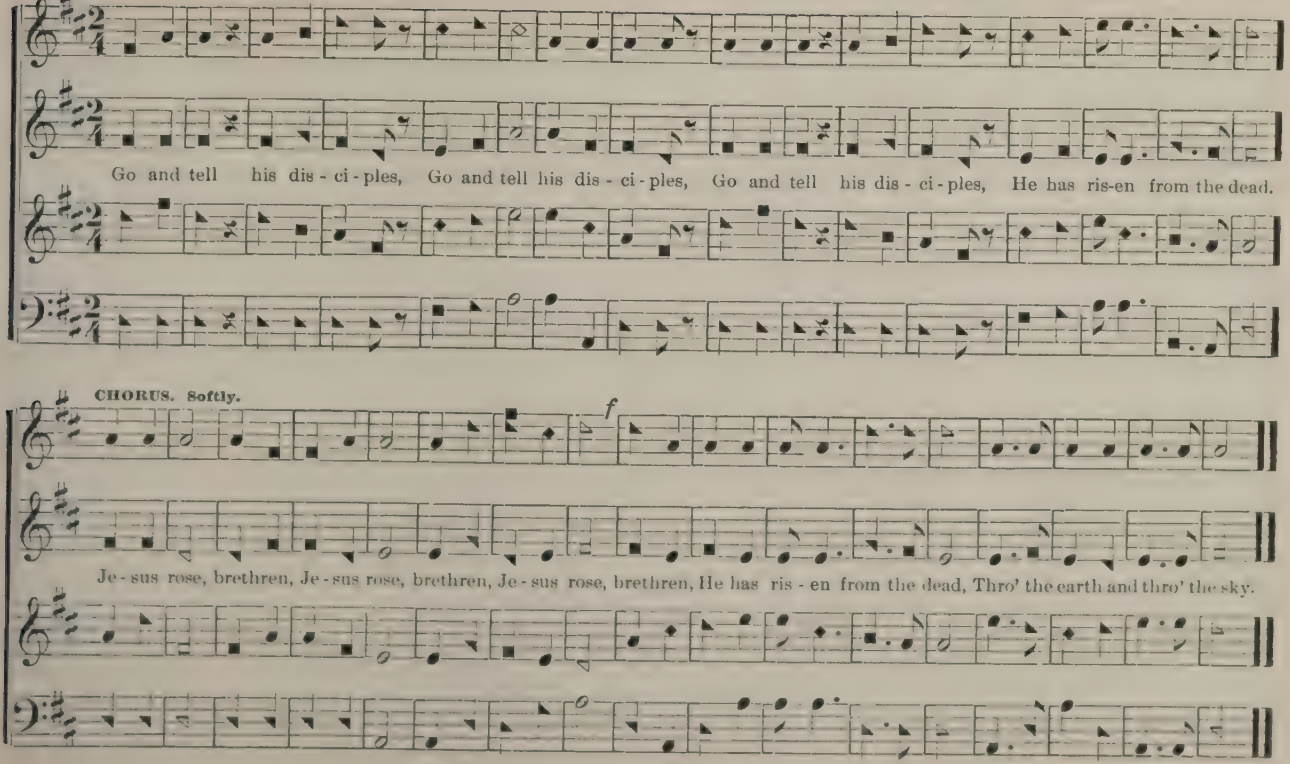
THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

J. P. Rees. Alto by W. M. C.


He dies! the friend of sin-ners dies; And he died on the cross for sin - ners; Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep a-round; And he
died on the cross for sin - ners. I love my Lord, for he first loved me, And he died on the cross for sin - ners.

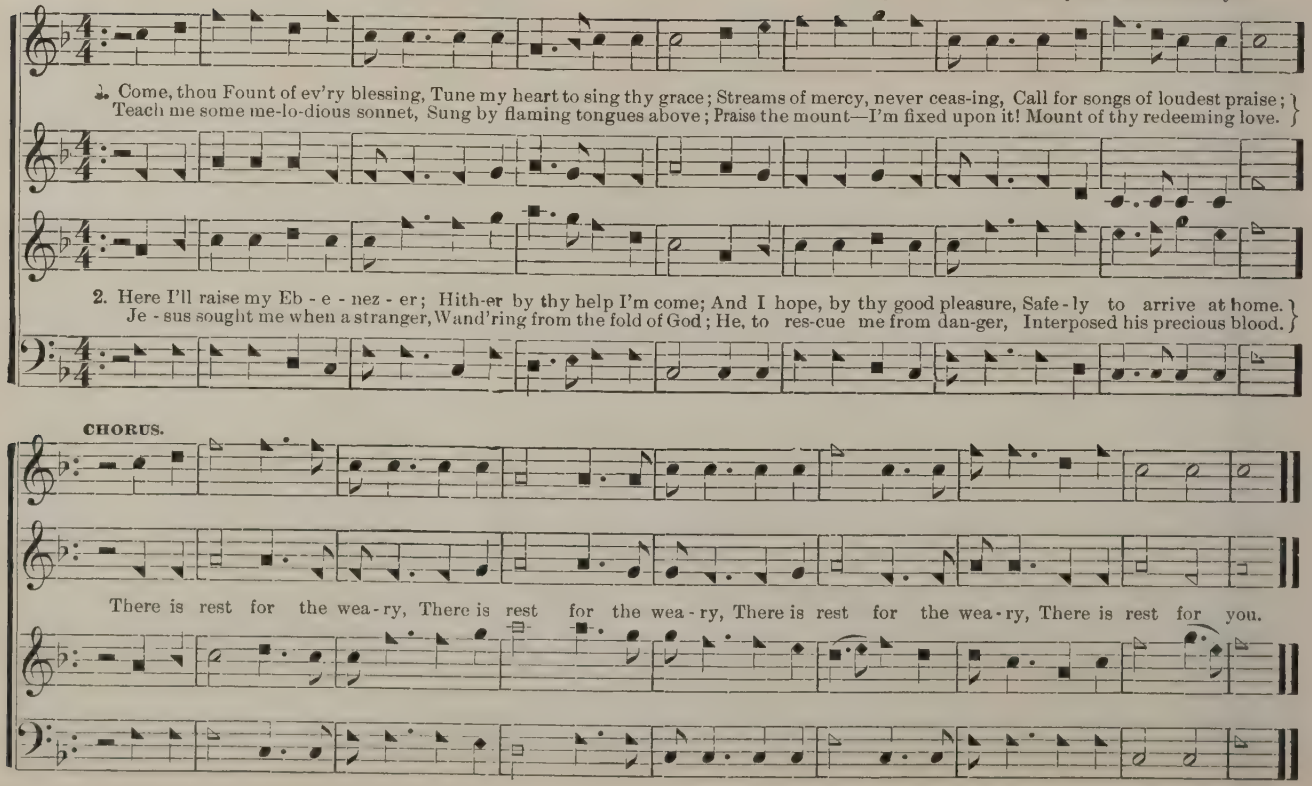
JESUS ROSE.

H. S. Rees. Alto by W. M. C.


Go and tell his dis - ci - ples, Go and tell his dis - ci - ples, Go and tell his dis - ci - ples, He has ris-en from the dead.
CHORUS. Softly.
f
Je - sus rose, brethren, Je - sus rose, brethren, Je - sus rose, brethren, He has ris - en from the dead, Thro' the earth and thro' the sky.

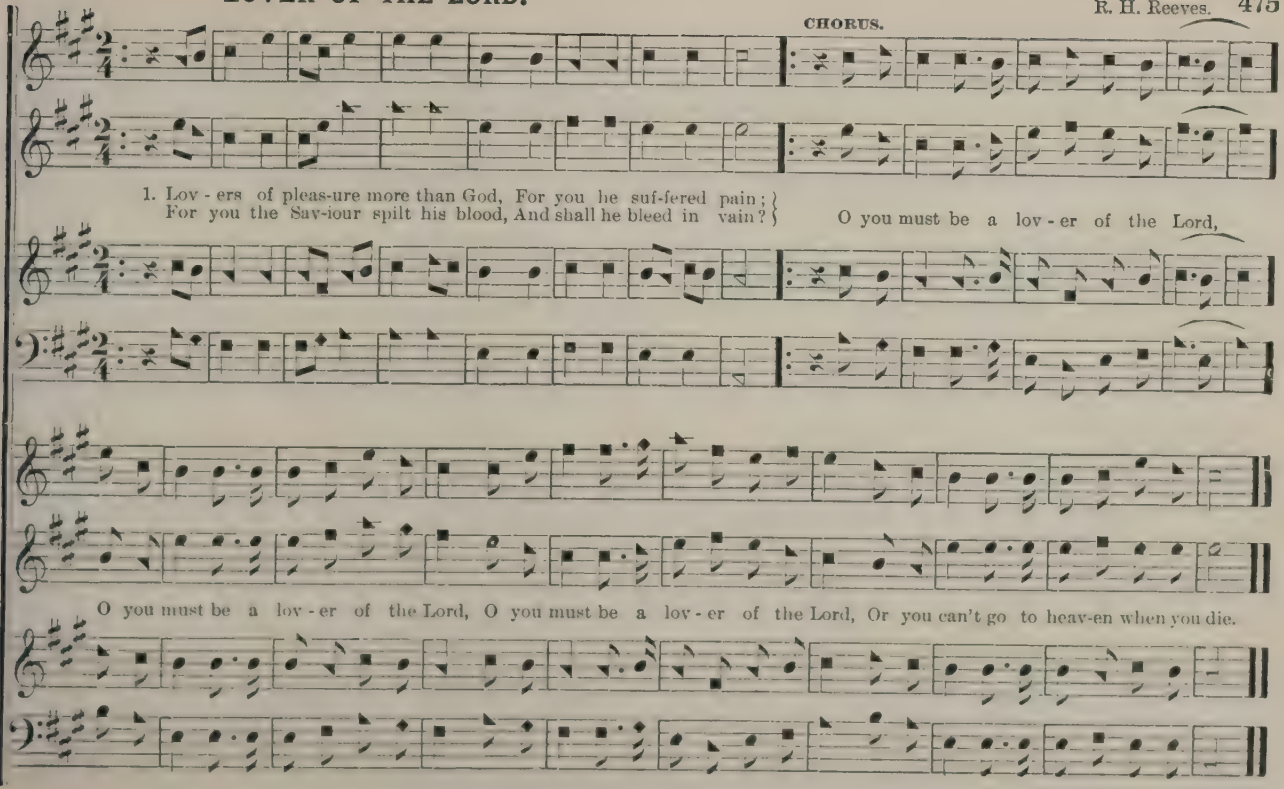
REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arr. by B. F. W. Alto by Miss Minnie Floyd.


1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of thy redeeming love.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - nez - er; Hith-er by thy help I'm come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to arrive at home.
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Interposed his precious blood.
CHORUS.
There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.

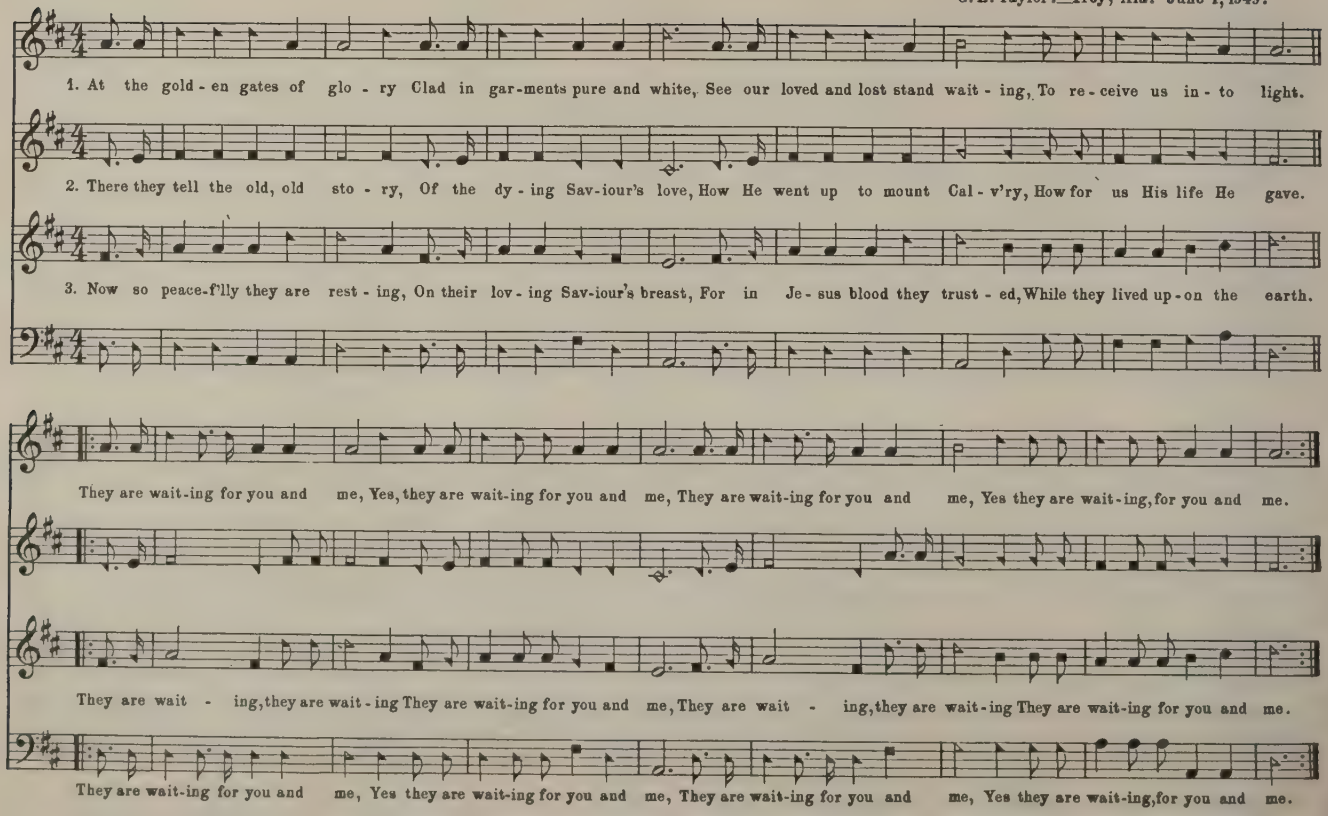
LOVER OF THE LORD.

R. H. Reeves.


CHORUS.
1. Lov - ers of pleas-ure more than God, For you he suf-fered pain;
For you the Sav-iour spilt his blood, And shall he bleed in vain?
O you must be a lov - er of the Lord,
O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heav-en when you die.

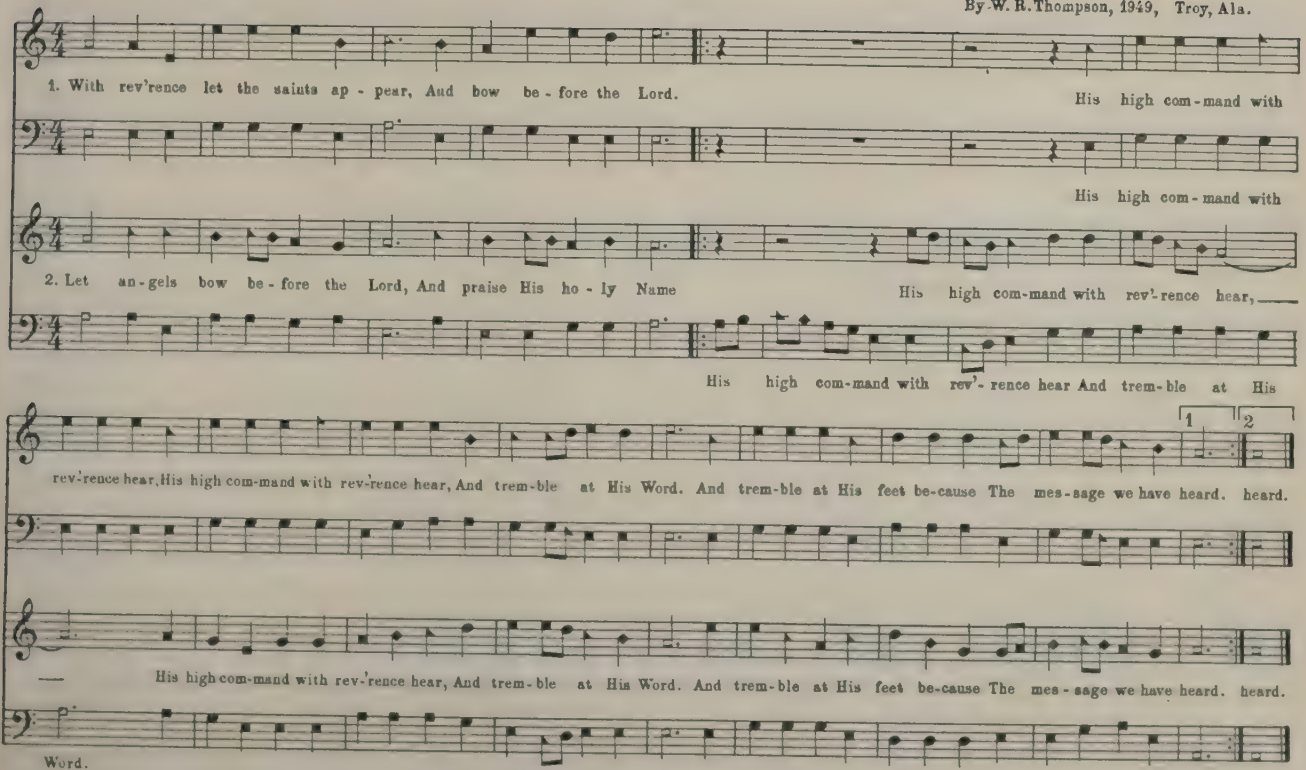
AT THE GOLDEN GATES.

C. E. Taylor. Troy, Ala. June 1, 1949.


1. At the gold - en gates of glo - ry Clad in gar-ments pure and white, See our loved and lost stand wait - ing, To re - ceive us in - to light.
2. There they tell the old, old sto - ry, Of the dy - ing Sav-iour's love, How He went up to mount Cal - v'ry, How for us His life He gave.
3. Now so peace-f'lly they are rest - ing, On their lov - ing Sav-iour's breast, For in Je - sus blood they trust - ed, While they lived up - on the earth.
They are wait-ing for you and me, Yes, they are wait-ing for you and me, They are wait-ing for you and me, Yes they are wait-ing, for you and me.
They are wait - ing, they are wait - ing They are wait-ing for you and me, They are wait - ing, they are wait - ing They are wait-ing for you and me.
They are wait-ing for you and me, Yes they are wait-ing for you and me, They are wait-ing for you and me, Yes they are wait-ing, for you and me.

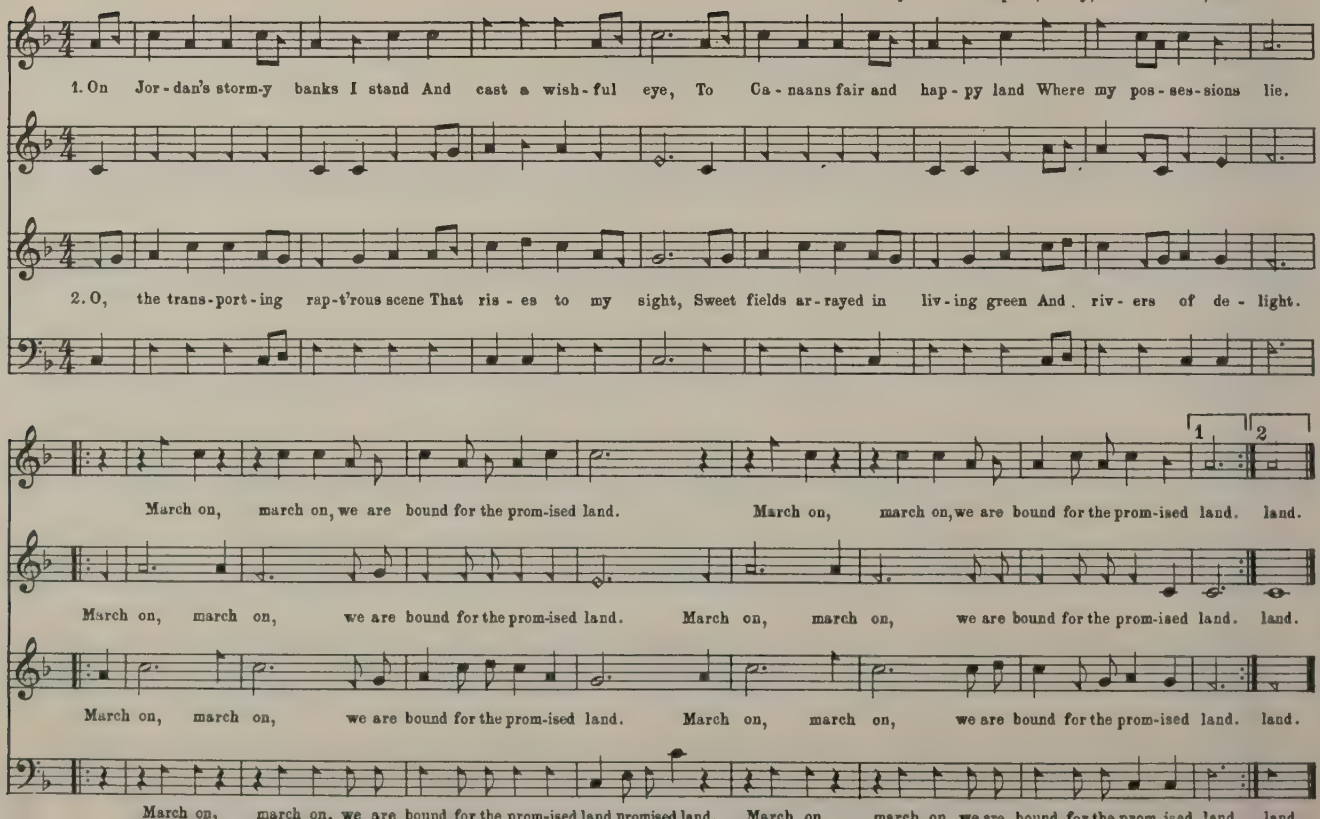
LET THE SAINTS APPEAR.

By W. R. Thompson, 1949, Troy, Ala.


1. With rev'rence let the saints ap - pear, And bow be - fore the Lord.
His high com - mand with
His high com - mand with
2. Let an - gels bow be - fore the Lord, And praise His ho - ly Name
His high com - mand with rev'- rence hear,
His high com - mand with rev'- rence hear And trem - ble at His
1
2
rev'rence hear, His high com - mand with rev'rence hear, And trem - ble at His Word. And trem - ble at His feet be - cause The mes - sage we have heard. heard.
His high com - mand with rev'rence hear, And trem - ble at His Word. And trem - ble at His feet be - cause The mes - sage we have heard. heard.
Word.

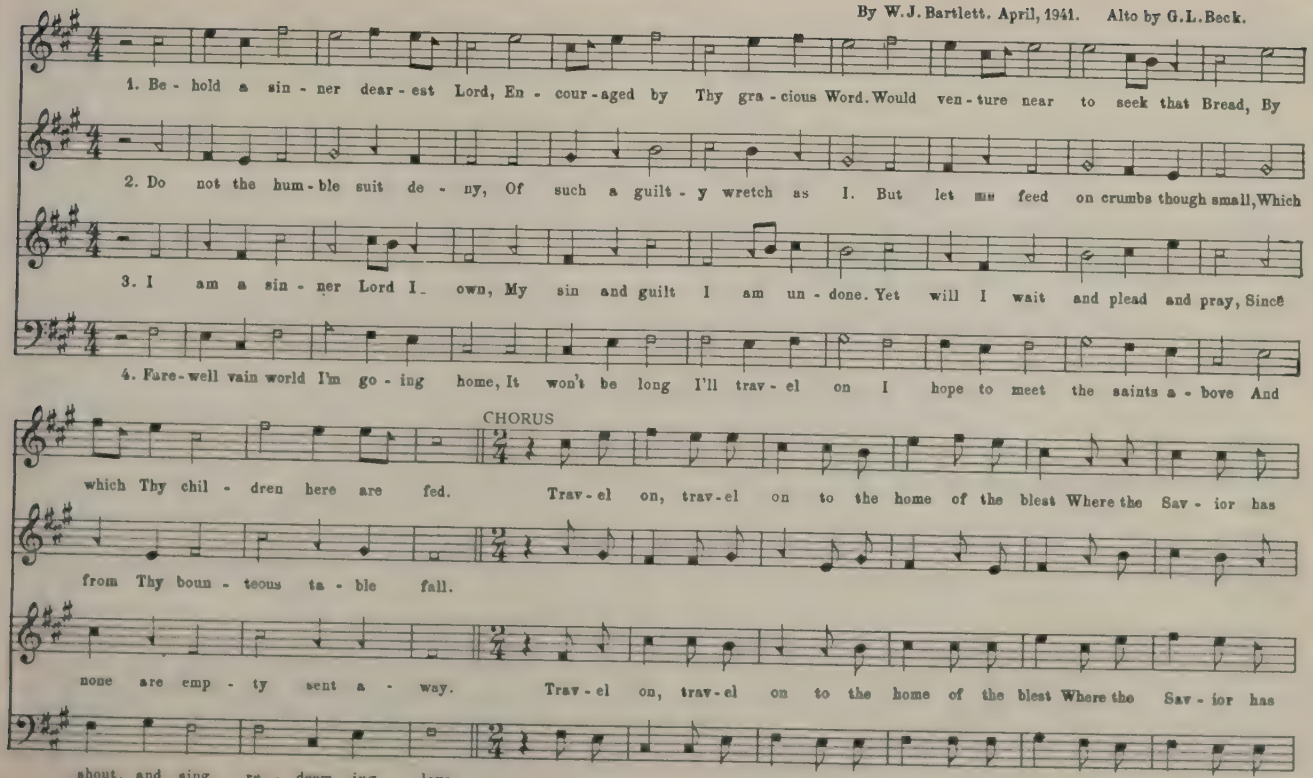
MARCH ON.

By W. R. Thompson, Troy, Ala. Nov. 24, 1949.

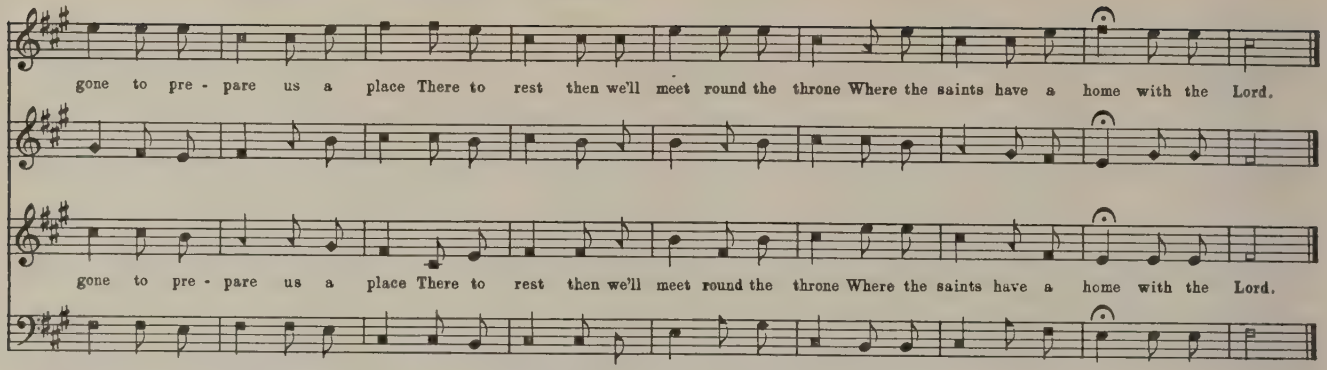

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand And cast a wish-ful eye, To Ca-naans fair and hap-py land Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
2. O, the trans-port-ing rap-t'rous scene That ris-es to my sight, Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green And riv-ers of de-light.
1
2
March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land. March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land. land.
March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land. March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land. land.
March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land. March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land. land.
March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land promised land. March on, march on, we are bound for the prom-ised land. land.

BEHOLD A SINNER. Continued.

By W.J. Bartlett. April, 1941. Alto by G.L. Beck.

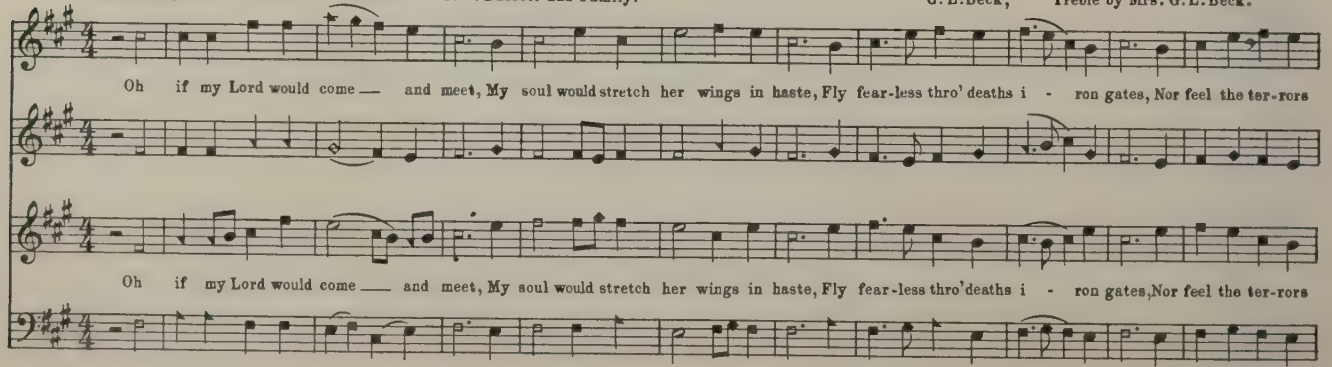

1. Be - hold a sin - ner dear - est Lord, En - cour - aged by Thy gra - cious Word. Would ven - ture near to seek that Bread, By
2. Do not the hum - ble suit de - ny, Of such a guilt - y wretch as I. But let me feed on crumbs though small, Which
3. I am a sin - ner Lord I own, My sin and guilt I am un - done. Yet will I wait and plead and pray, Since
4. Fare - well vain world I'm go - ing home, It won't be long I'll trav - el on I hope to meet the saints a - bove And
CHORUS
which Thy chil - dren here are fed. Trav - el on, trav - el on to the home of the blest Where the Sav - ior has
from Thy boun - teous ta - ble fall.
none are emp - ty sent a - way. Trav - el on, trav - el on to the home of the blest Where the Sav - ior has
shout. and sing re - deem - ing love.

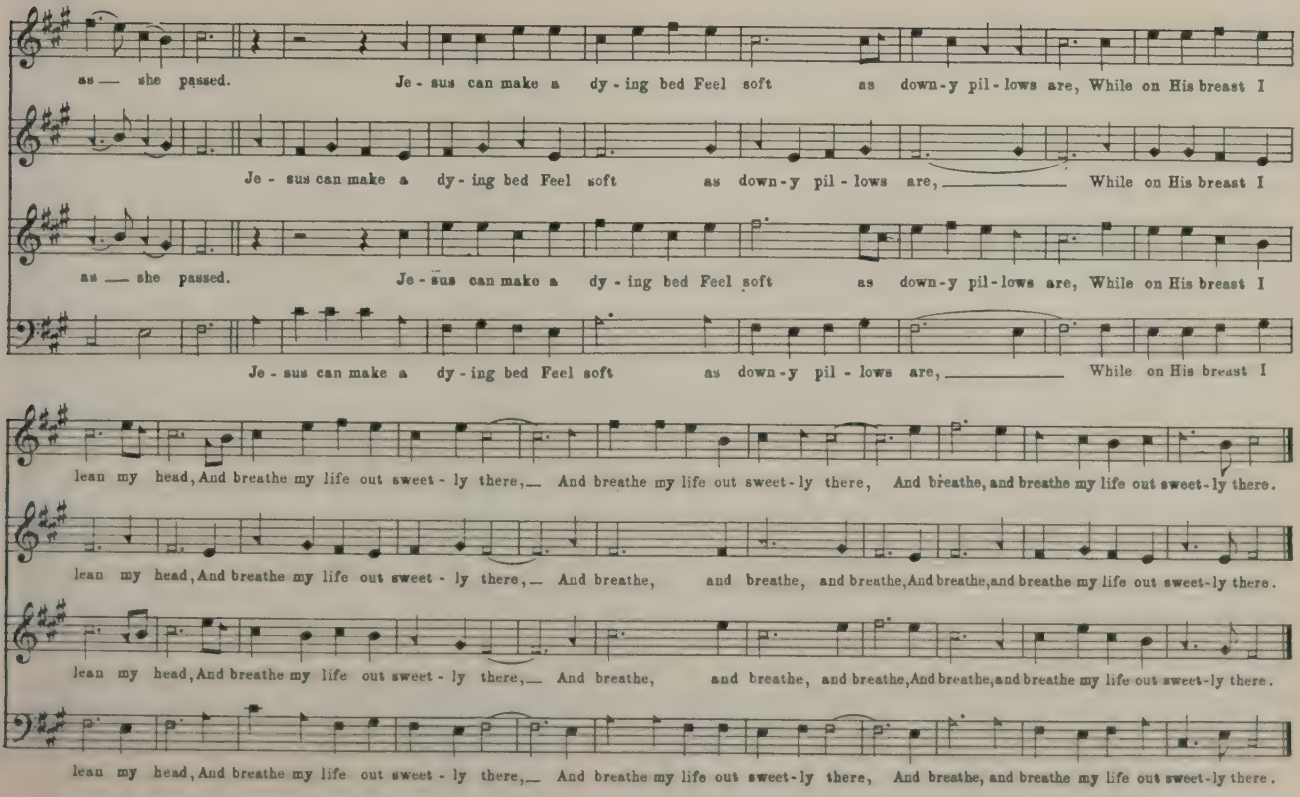
BEHOLD A SINNER. Concluded.


gone to pre - pare us a place There to rest then we'll meet round the throne Where the saints have a home with the Lord.
gone to pre - pare us a place There to rest then we'll meet round the throne Where the saints have a home with the Lord.

LEANING ON JESUS' BREAST. No: 2. Continued

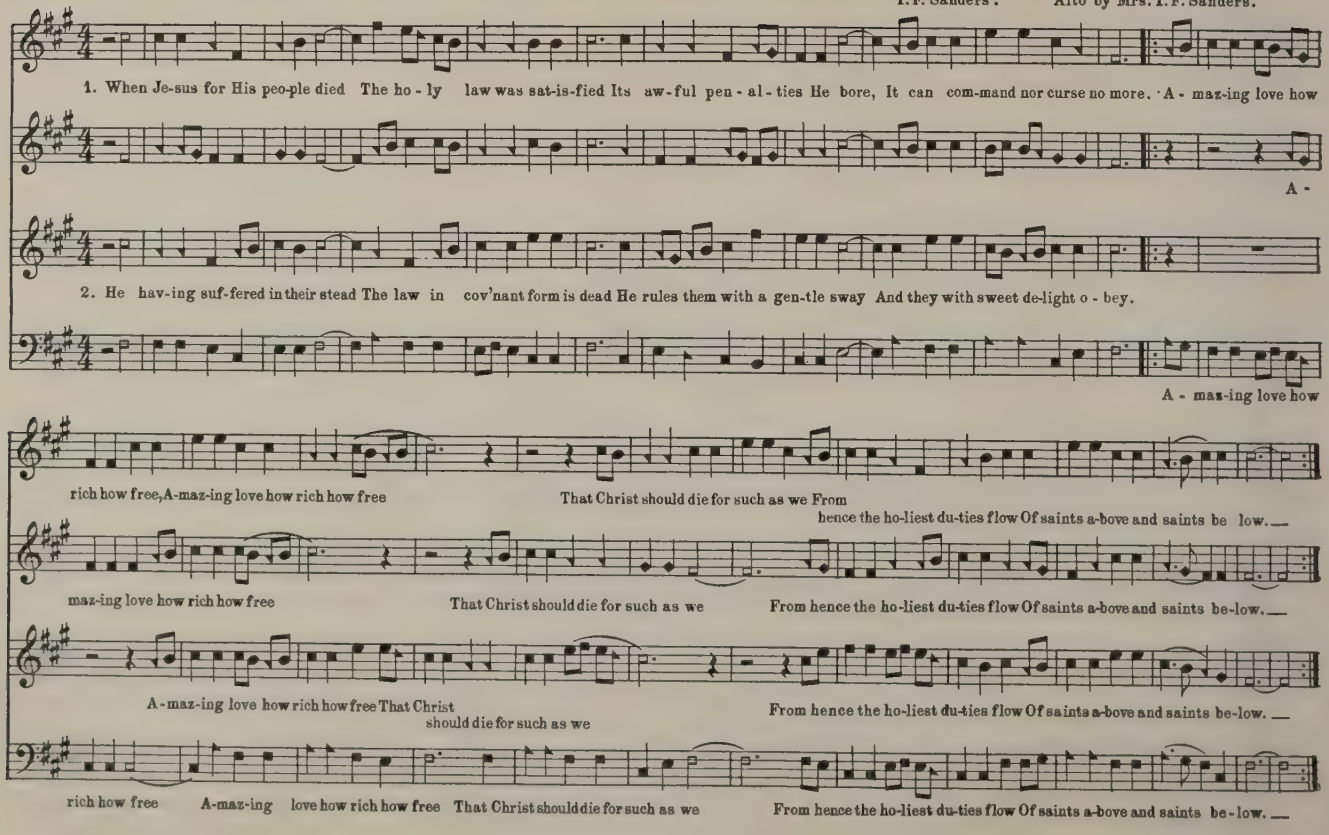
Isaac Watts, 1707. F Minor. Dedicated to J.W. Bassett and Family. G.L.Beck, Treble by Mrs. G.L.Beck.


Oh if my Lord would come — and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fear-less thro' deaths i - ron gates, Nor feel the ter-rors
Oh if my Lord would come — and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fear-less thro'deaths i - ron gates,Nor feel the ter-rors


as — she passed. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are, While on His breast I
Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are, While on His breast I
as — she passed. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are, While on His breast I
Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are, While on His breast I
lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, And breathe, and breathe my life out sweet - ly there.
lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, And breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe, and breathe my life out sweet - ly there.
lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, And breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe, and breathe my life out sweet - ly there.
lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, And breathe, and breathe my life out sweet - ly there.

AMAZING LOVE.

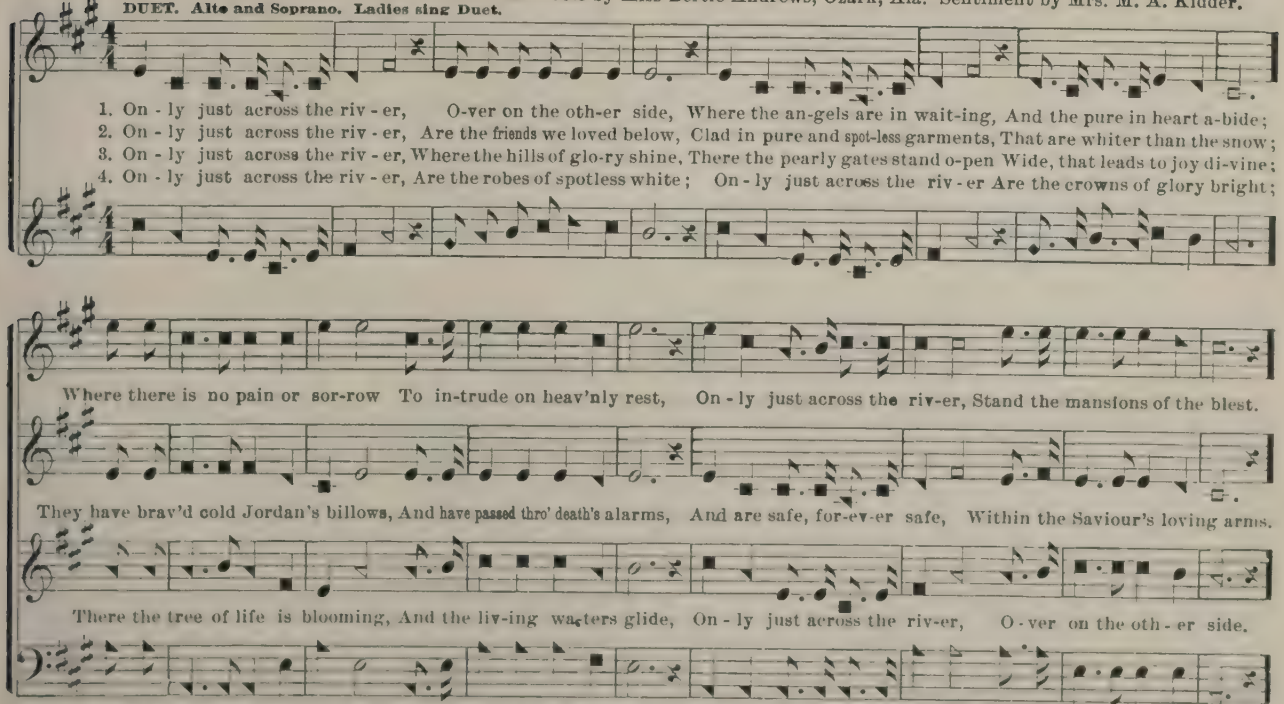
T. F. Sanders. Alto by Mrs. T. F. Sanders.


1. When Je-sus for His peo-ple died The ho - ly law was sat-is-fied Its aw-ful pen - al - ties He bore, It can com-mand nor curse no more. A - maz-ing love how
A -
2. He hav-ing suf-fered in their stead The law in cov'nant form is dead He rules them with a gen-tle sway And they with sweet de-light o - bey.
A - maz-ing love how
rich how free, A-maz-ing love how rich how free
That Christ should die for such as we From
hence the ho-liest du-ties flow Of saints a-bove and saints be low.
maz-ing love how rich how free
That Christ should die for such as we
From hence the ho-liest du-ties flow Of saints a-bove and saints be-low.
A-maz-ing love how rich how free That Christ
should die for such as we
From hence the ho-liest du-ties flow Of saints a-bove and saints be-low.
rich how free A-maz-ing love how rich how free That Christ should die for such as we
From hence the ho-liest du-ties flow Of saints a-bove and saints be - low.

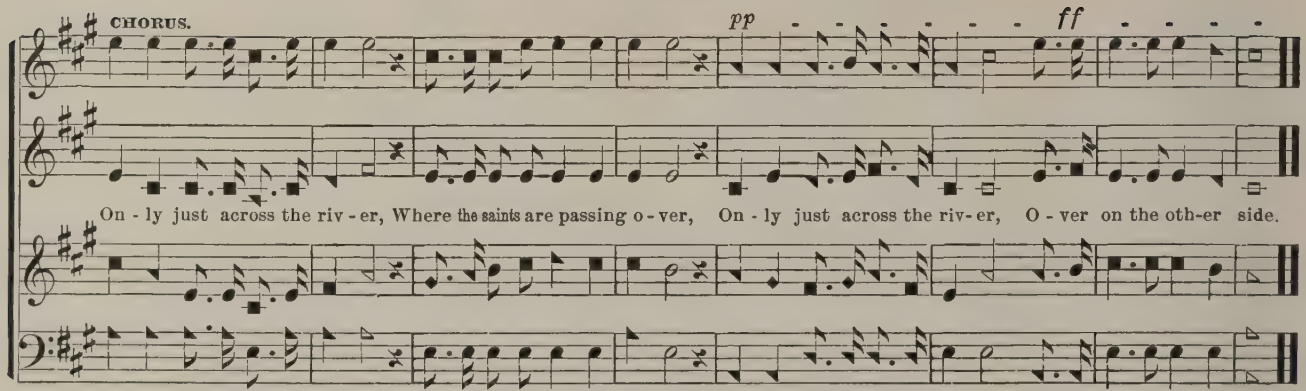
WHERE THE SAINTS ARE PASSING OVER. (Little Seraph.)

Arr. and treble by Miss Bertie Andrews, Ozark, Ala. Sentiment by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

DUET. Alto and Soprano. Ladies sing Duet.

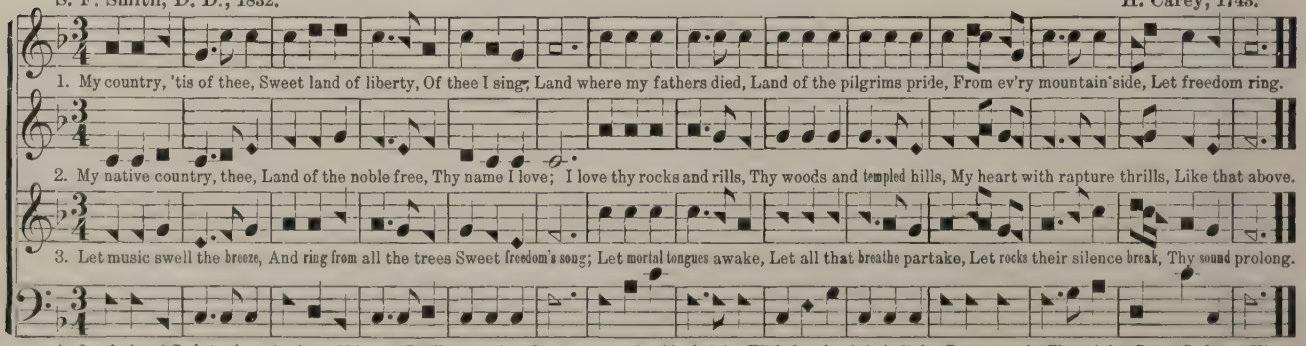

1. On - ly just across the riv - er, O-ver on the oth-er side, Where the an-gels are in wait-ing, And the pure in heart a-bide;
2. On - ly just across the riv - er, Are the friends we loved below, Clad in pure and spot-less garments, That are whiter than the snow;
3. On - ly just across the riv - er, Where the hills of glo-ry shine, There the pearly gates stand o-pen Wide, that leads to joy di-vine;
4. On - ly just across the riv - er, Are the robes of spotless white; On - ly just across the riv - er Are the crowns of glory bright;
Where there is no pain or sor-row To in-trude on heav'nly rest, On - ly just across the riv-er, Stand the mansions of the blest.
They have brav'd cold Jordan's billows, And have passed thro' death's alarms, And are safe, for-ev-er safe, Within the Saviour's loving arms.
There the tree of life is blooming, And the liv-ing wa-ters glide, On - ly just across the riv-er, O - ver on the oth - er side.
And the saints and angels join-ing In the songs of one ac - cord, On - ly just across the riv-er, Sing the prais-es of the Lord

WHERE THE SAINTS ARE PASSING OVER. Concluded.


CHORUS.
pp
ff
On - ly just across the riv - er, Where the saints are passing o - ver, On - ly just across the riv - er, O - ver on the oth-er side.

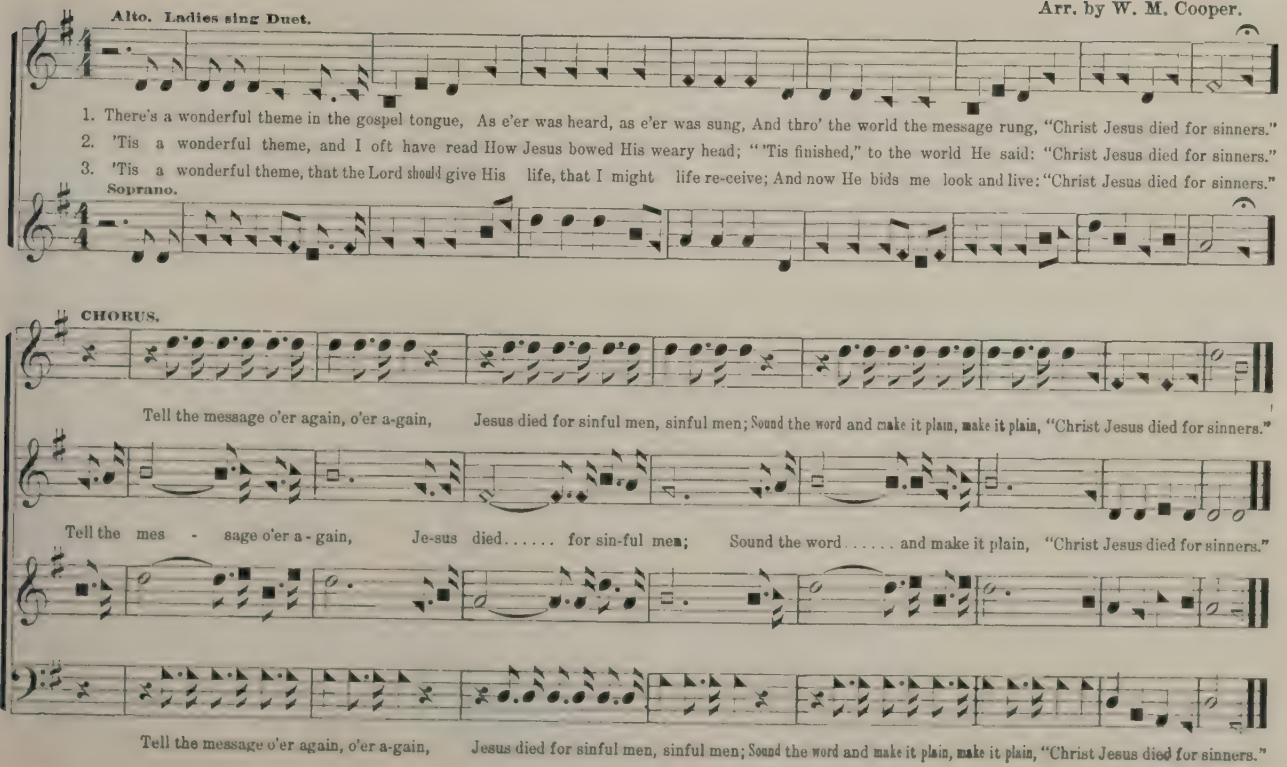
MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE. (America.)

S. F. Smith, D. D., 1832. H. Carey, 1743.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, Thy sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

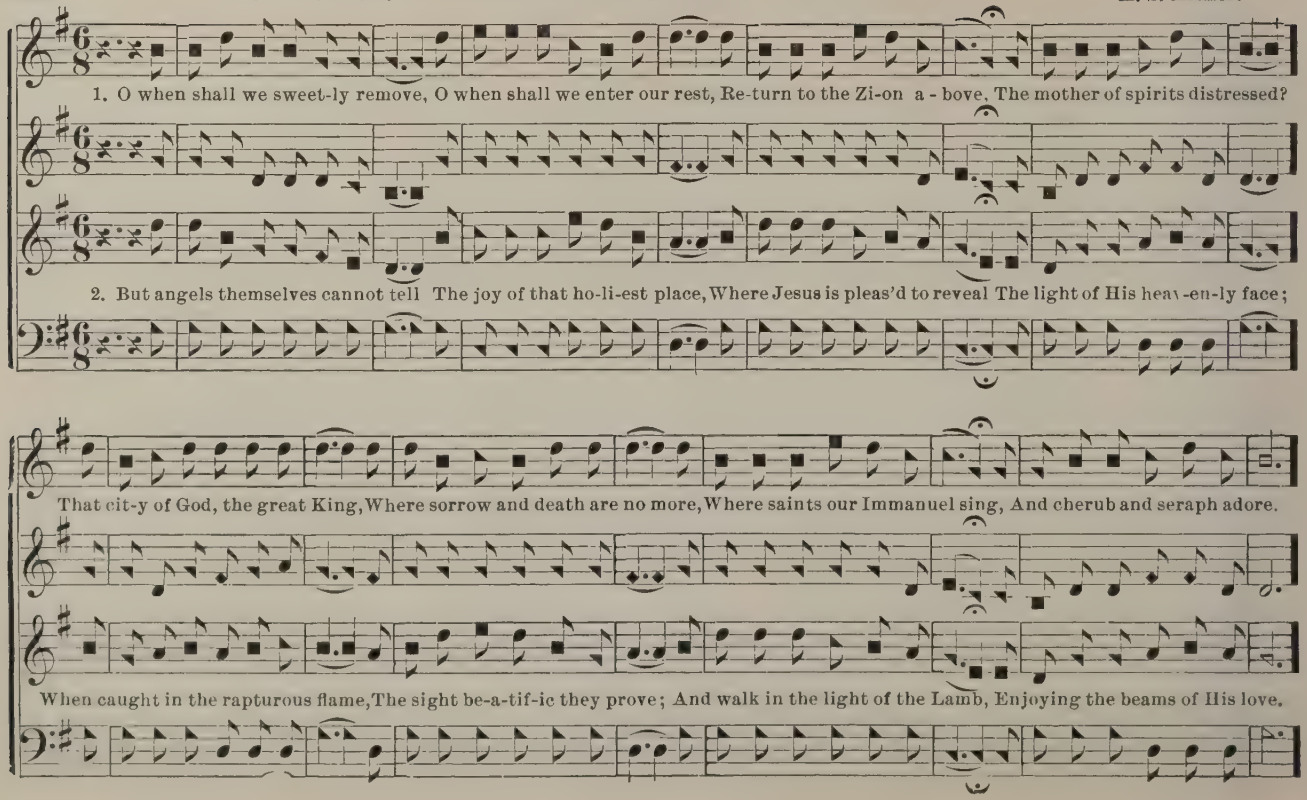
CHRIST JESUS DIED FOR SINNERS.

Arr. by W. M. Cooper.

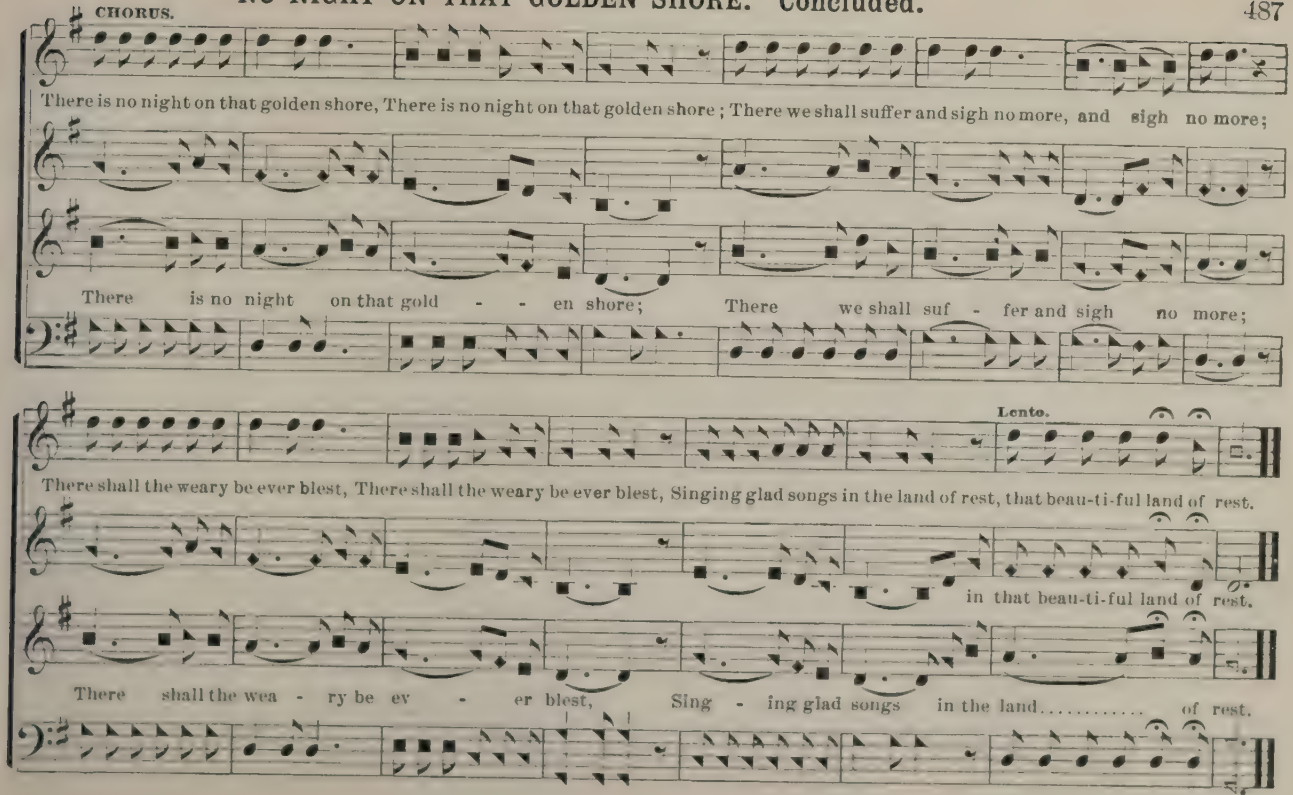

Alto. Ladies sing Duet.
1. There's a wonderful theme in the gospel tongue, As e'er was heard, as e'er was sung, And thro' the world the message rung, "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
2. 'Tis a wonderful theme, and I oft have read How Jesus bowed His weary head; "'Tis finished," to the world He said: "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
3. 'Tis a wonderful theme, that the Lord should give His life, that I might life re-ceive; And now He bids me look and live: "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
Soprano.
CHORUS.
Tell the message o'er again, o'er a-gain, Jesus died for sinful men, sinful men; Sound the word and make it plain, make it plain, "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
Tell the mes - sage o'er a - gain, Je-sus died..... for sin-ful men; Sound the word..... and make it plain, "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
Tell the message o'er again, o'er a-gain, Jesus died for sinful men, sinful men; Sound the word and make it plain, make it plain, "Christ Jesus died for sinners."

NO NIGHT ON THAT GOLDEN SHORE.

A. S. Kieffer.

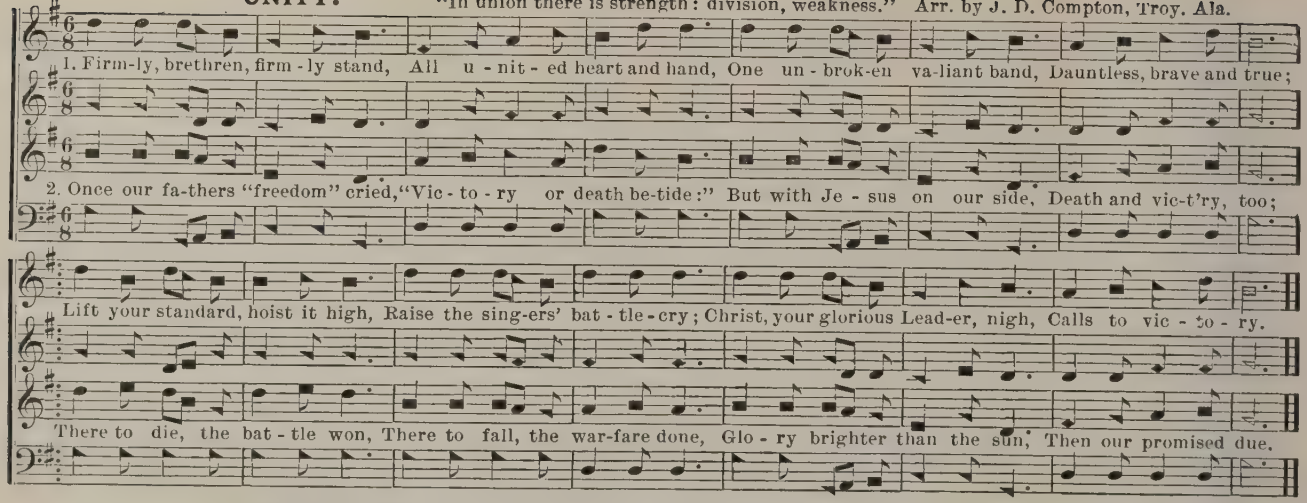

1. O when shall we sweet-ly remove, O when shall we enter our rest, Re-turn to the Zi-on a - bove, The mother of spirits distressed?
2. But angels themselves cannot tell The joy of that ho-li-est place, Where Jesus is pleas'd to reveal The light of His heav-en-ly face;
That cit-y of God, the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more, Where saints our Immanuel sing, And cherub and seraph adore.
When caught in the rapturous flame, The sight be-a-tif-ic they prove; And walk in the light of the Lamb, Enjoying the beams of His love.

NO NIGHT ON THAT GOLDEN SHORE. Concluded.


CHORUS.
There is no night on that golden shore, There is no night on that golden shore ; There we shall suffer and sigh no more, and sigh no more;
There is no night on that gold - - en shore; There we shall suf - fer and sigh no more;
Lento.
There shall the weary be ever blest, There shall the weary be ever blest, Singing glad songs in the land of rest, that beau-ti-ful land of rest.
in that beau-ti-ful land of rest.
There shall the wea - ry be ev - er blest, Sing - ing glad songs in the land..... of rest.

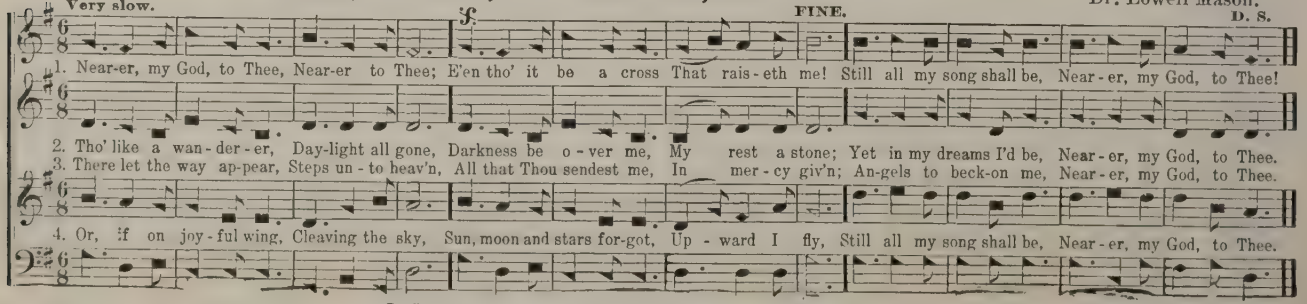
UNITY.

"In union there is strength: division, weakness." Arr. by J. D. Compton, Troy. Ala.


1. Firm-ly, brethren, firm-ly stand, All u-nit-ed heart and hand, One un-brok-en va-liant band, Dauntless, brave and true;
2. Once our fa-thers "freedom" cried, "Vic-to-ry or death be-tide:" But with Je-sus on our side, Death and vic-t'ry, too;
Lift your standard, hoist it high, Raise the sing-ers' bat-tle-cry; Christ, your glorious Lead-er, nigh, Calls to vic-to-ry.
There to die, the bat-tle won, There to fall, the war-fare done, Glo-ry brighter than the sun, Then our promised due.

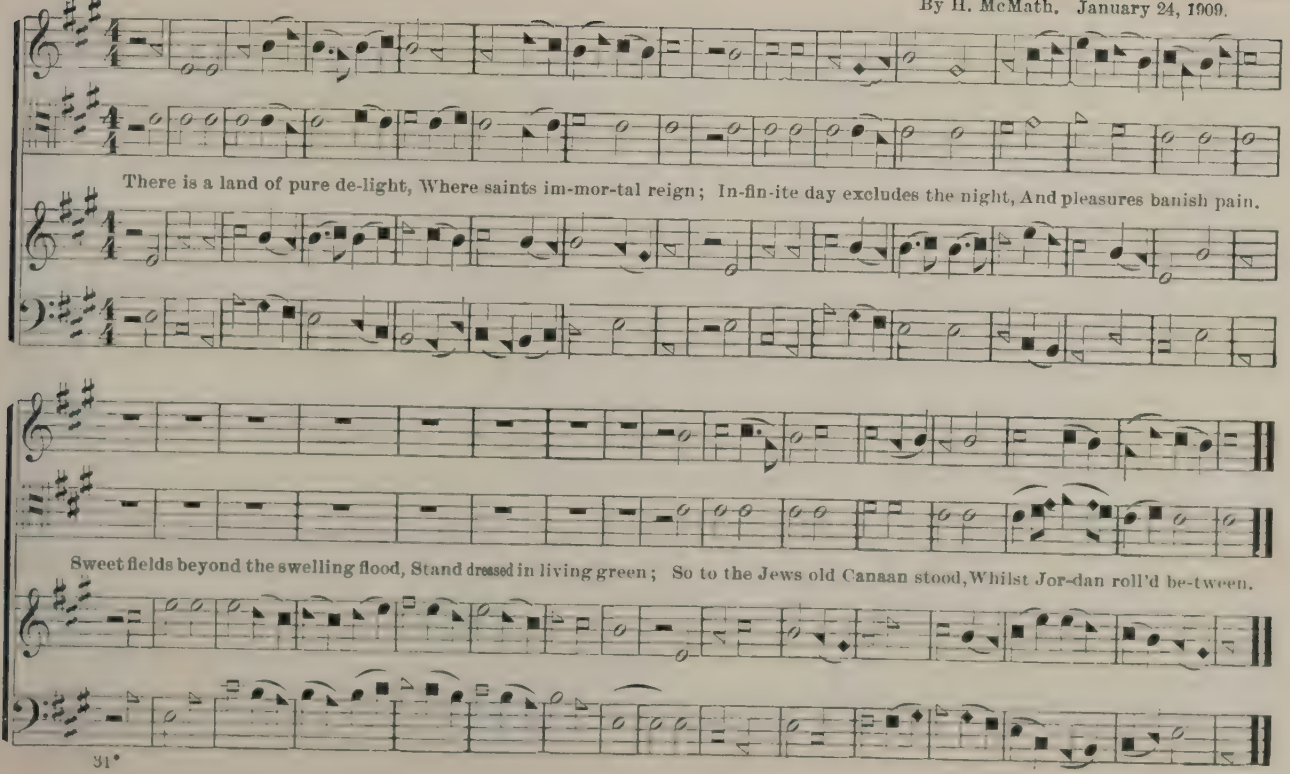
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s, 4s.

Dr. Lowell Mason.


Very slow.
f.
FINE.
D. S.
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee.
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n, All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee.
4. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee.
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

COOPER. C. M.

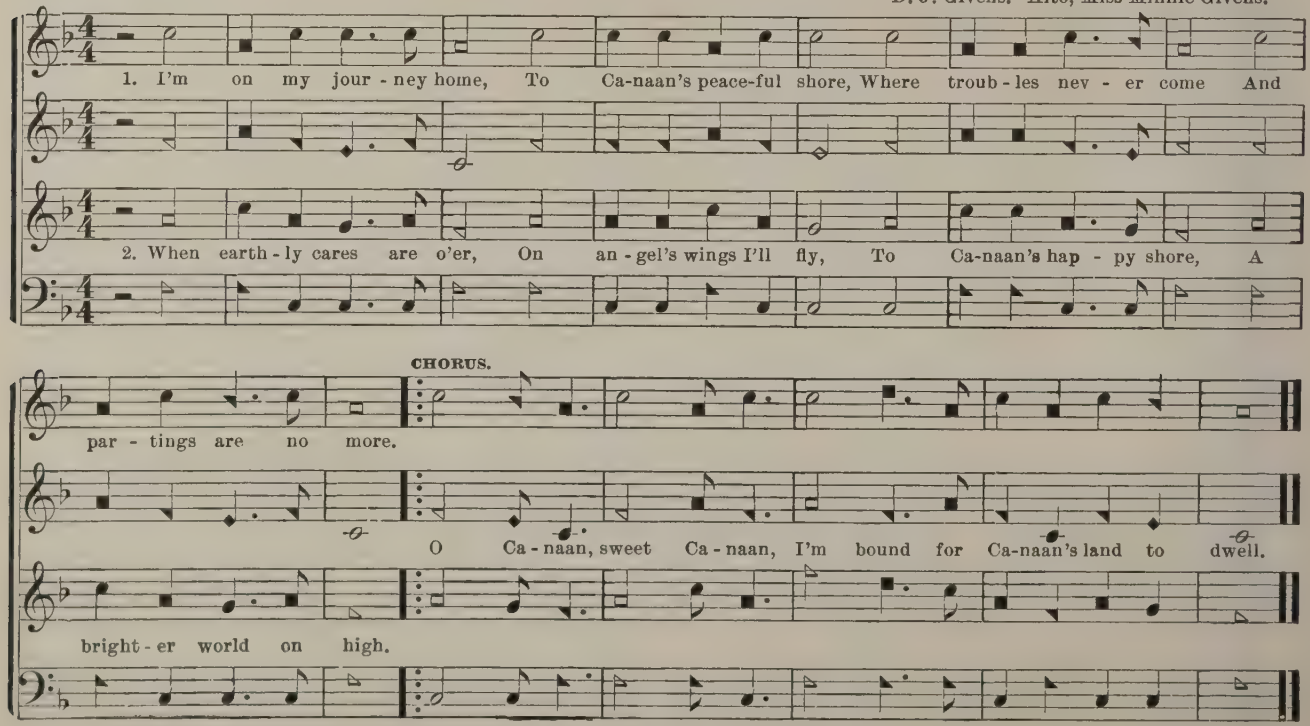
By H. McMath. January 24, 1909.


There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fin-ite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, Whilst Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.

CANAAN'S PEACEFUL SHORE.

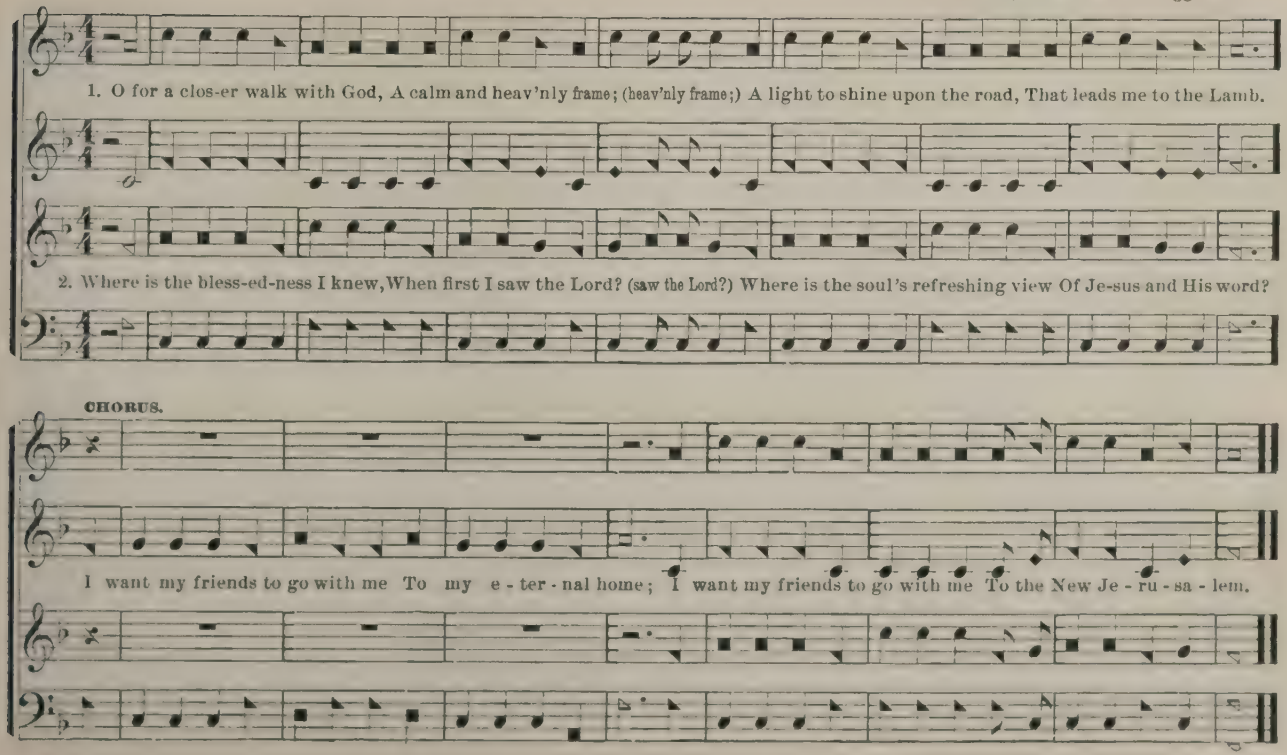
NOTE.—This song is affectionately inscribed to my grandfather, Daniel J. Melvin. After living a life of more than four score years, he crossed over the river and joined the angel band that never grows old or weary.

D. J. Givens. Alto, Miss Minnie Givens.


1. I'm on my jour - ney home, To Ca-naan's peace-ful shore, Where troub - les nev - er come And
2. When earth - ly cares are o'er, On an - gel's wings I'll fly, To Ca-naan's hap - py shore, A
CHORUS.
par - tings are no more.
O Ca - naan, sweet Ca - naan, I'm bound for Ca-naan's land to dwell.
bright - er world on high.

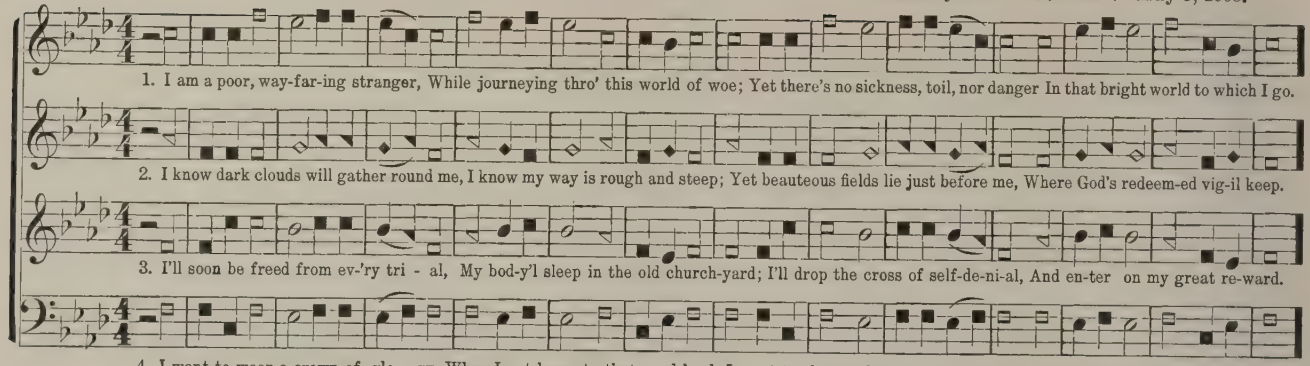
CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

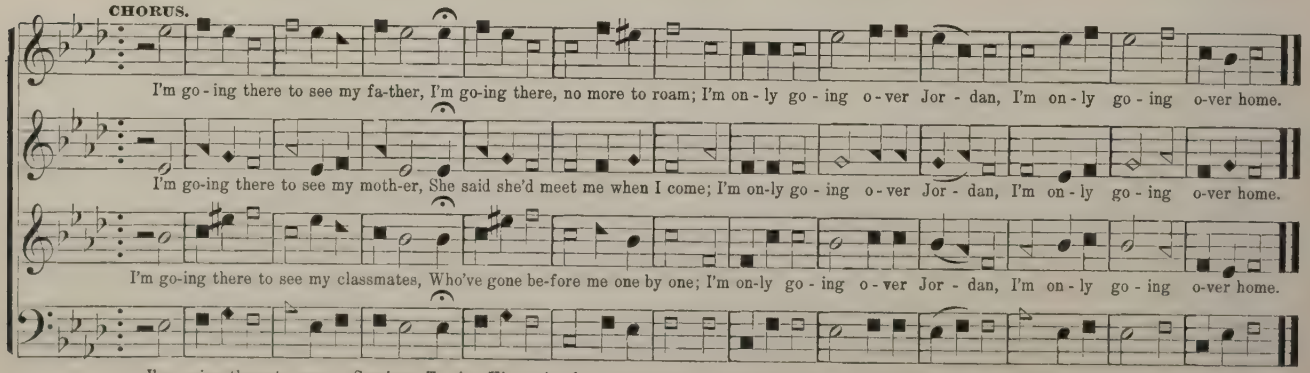
D. J. Givens. Alto, Miss Claudia Wiggins.


1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; (heav'nly frame;) A light to shine upon the road, That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? (saw the Lord?) Where is the soul's refreshing view Of Je-sus and His word?
CHORUS.
I want my friends to go with me To my e - ter - nal home; I want my friends to go with me To the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

THE POOR, WAYFARING STRANGER.

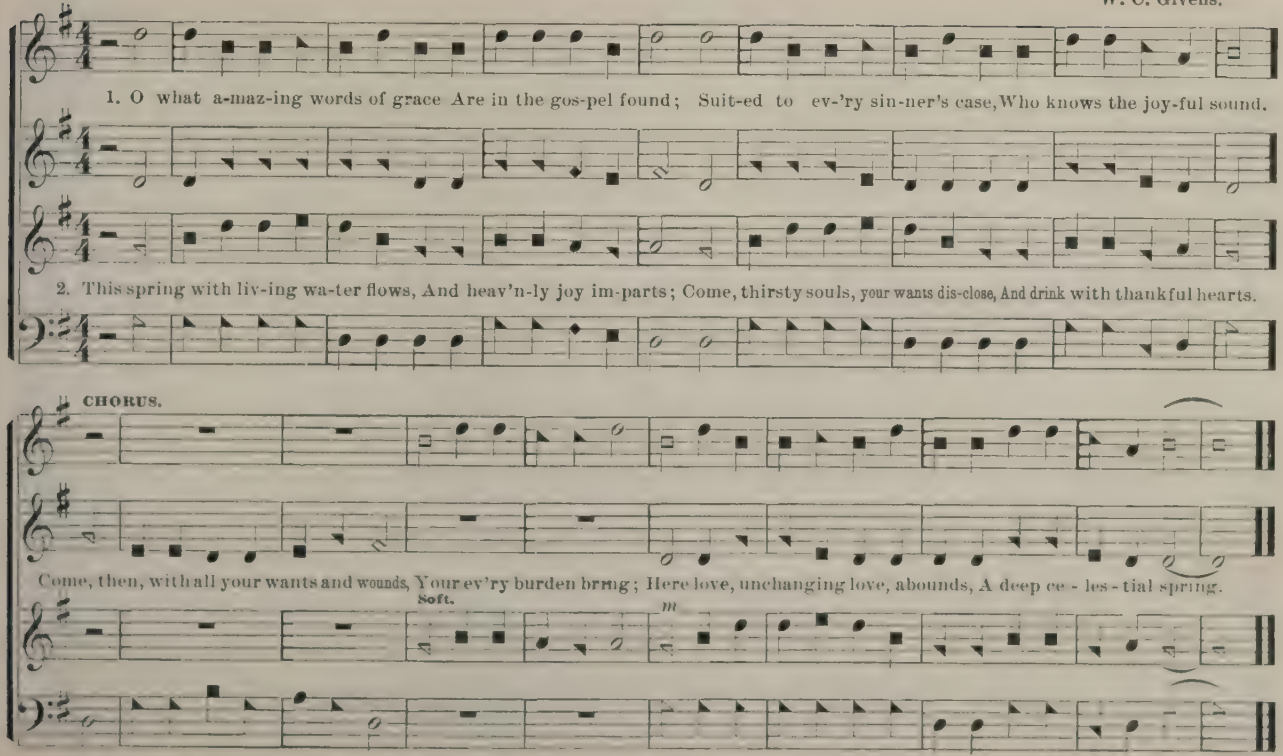
Music by Eld. C. G. Keith. May 5, 1908.


1. I am a poor, way-far-ing stranger, While journeying thro' this world of woe; Yet there's no sickness, toil, nor danger In that bright world to which I go.
2. I know dark clouds will gather round me, I know my way is rough and steep; Yet beauteous fields lie just before me, Where God's redeem-ed vig-il keep.
3. I'll soon be freed from ev-'ry tri - al, My bod-y'l sleep in the old church-yard; I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter on my great re-ward.
4. I want to wear a crown of glo - ry, When I get home to that good land; I want to shout salvation's sto - ry, In concert with the blood-wash'd band.


CHORUS.
I'm go - ing there to see my fa-ther, I'm go-ing there, no more to roam; I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o-ver home.
I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come; I'm on-ly go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o-ver home.
I'm go-ing there to see my classmates, Who've gone be-fore me one by one; I'm on-ly go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o-ver home.
I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-iour, To sing His praise for ev-er-more; I'm on-ly go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o-ver home.

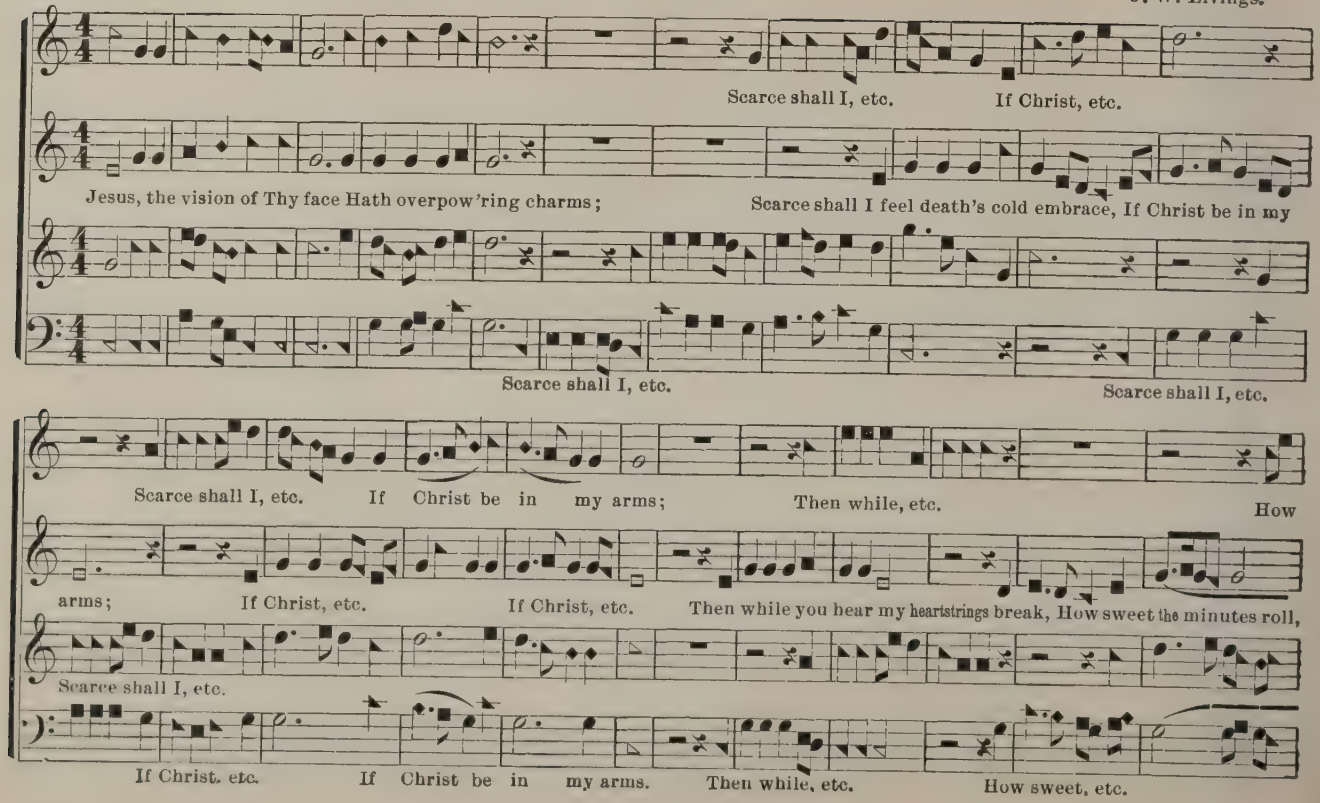
WHERE HEAVENLY JOY IMPARTS. C. M.

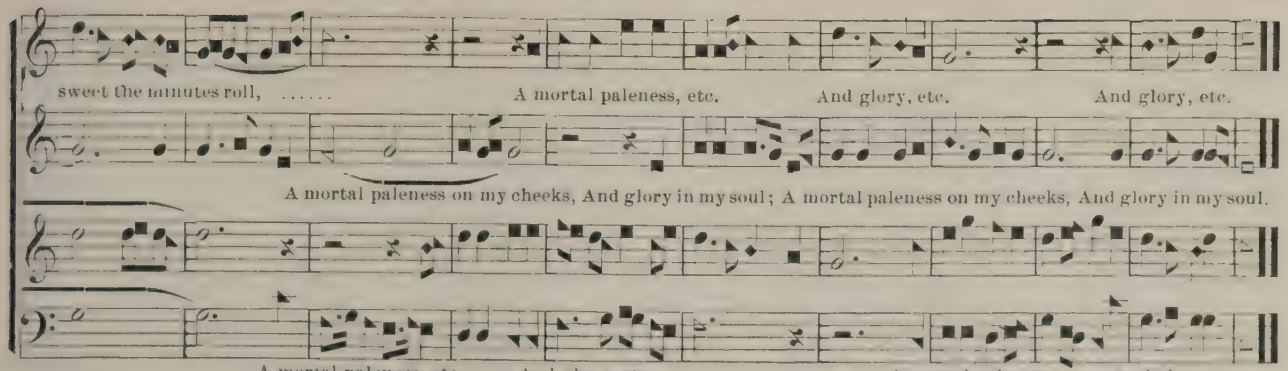
W. C. Givens.


1. O what a-maz-ing words of grace Are in the gos-pel found; Suit-ed to ev-'ry sin-ner's case, Who knows the joy-ful sound.
2. This spring with liv-ing wa-ter flows, And heav'n-ly joy im-parts; Come, thirsty souls, your wants dis-close, And drink with thankful hearts.
CHORUS.
Come, then, with all your wants and wounds, Your ev'ry burden bring; Here love, unchanging love, abounds, A deep ce - les - tial spring.
Soft.
m

IF CHRIST BE IN MY ARMS. C. M.

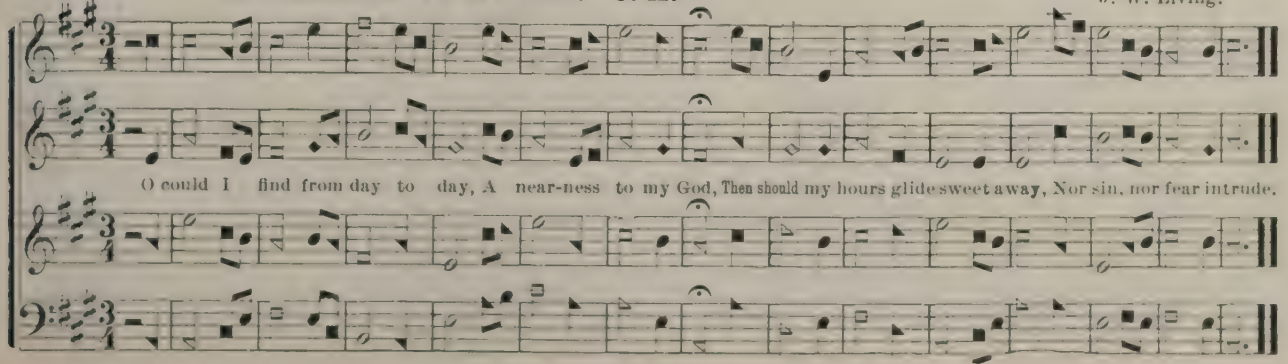
J. W. Livings.


Scarce shall I, etc.
If Christ, etc.
Jesus, the vision of Thy face Hath overpow'ring charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my
Scarce shall I, etc.
Scarce shall I, etc.
Scarce shall I, etc.
If Christ be in my arms;
Then while, etc.
How
arms;
If Christ, etc.
If Christ, etc.
Then while you hear my heartstrings break, How sweet the minutes roll,
Scarce shall I, etc.
If Christ, etc.
If Christ be in my arms.
Then while, etc.
How sweet, etc.


sweet the minutes roll, ...
A mortal paleness, etc.
And glory, etc.
And glory, etc.
A mortal paleness on my cheeks, And glory in my soul; A mortal paleness on my cheeks, And glory in my soul.
A mortal paleness, etc.
And glory, etc.
A mortal paleness, etc.
And glory, etc.

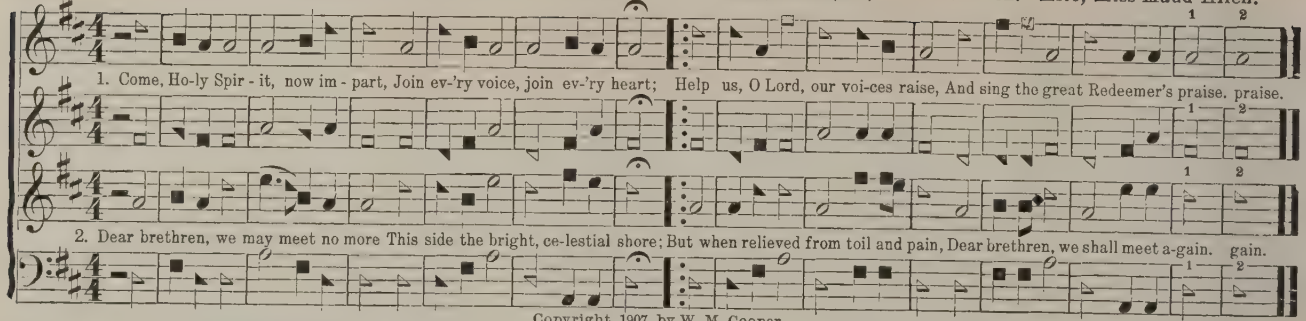
A NEARNESS TO MY GOD. C. M.

J. W. Living.



WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(Inscribed to Dr. W. A. Allen, Atlanta, Ga.) T. J. Allen. Alto, Miss Maud Allen.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, now im - part, Join ev-'ry voice, join ev-'ry heart; Help us, O Lord, our voi-ces raise, And sing the great Redeemer's praise. praise.
2. Dear brethren, we may meet no more This side the bright, ce-lestial shore; But when relieved from toil and pain, Dear brethren, we shall meet a-gain. gain.

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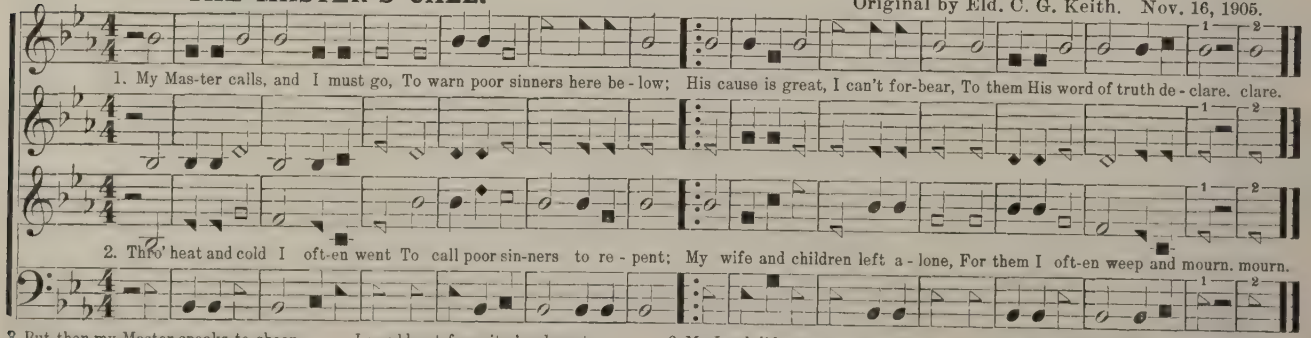
THE MASTER'S CALL.

Original by Eld. C. G. Keith. Nov. 16, 1905.


1. My Mas-ter calls, and I must go, To warn poor sinners here be - low; His cause is great, I can't for-bear, To them His word of truth de - clare. clare.
2. Thro' heat and cold I oft-en went To call poor sin-ners to re - pent; My wife and children left a - lone, For them I oft-en weep and mourn. mourn.

3 But then my Master speaks to cheer,
And says, poor servant, never fear:
Your loved ones I will always keep,
And where I am there you shall meet.

4 This hope inspires my weary soul,
'Tis more to me than Ophir's gold;
I would not from it e'er depart,
To comfort and console my heart.

5 'Tis not for money, nor for fame,
I go to preach in Jesus' name,
My life and all I freely give,
That I may with my Master live.

6 My Lord did more than this for me
Upon the cross of Calvary;
In sweat and tears was crucified,
And thus for me my Master died.

7 And since my Saviour died for me,
Should I to Him unfaithful be?
No, while He gives me strength to go,
I'll warn poor sinners here below.

8 Poor, guilty sinners, fare you well,
I'm going home, with Christ to dwell,
No more to sigh, nor shed a tear,
No more to suffer pain or fear.

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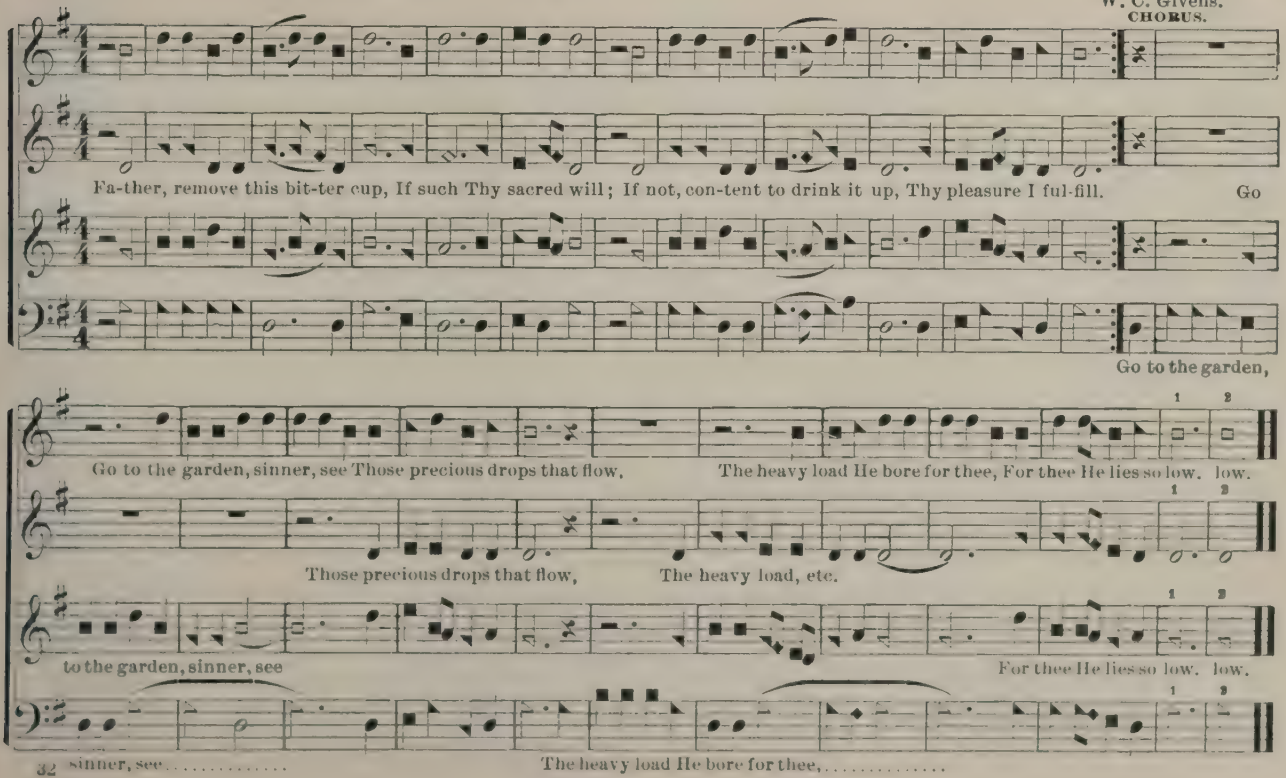
THE BITTER CUP. C. M.

W. C. Givens.

CHORUS.

Fa-ther, remove this bit-ter cup, If such Thy sacred will; If not, con-tent to drink it up, Thy pleasure I ful-fill.
Go
Go to the garden,
Go to the garden, sinner, see Those precious drops that flow.
The heavy load He bore for thee, For thee He lies so low. low.
Those precious drops that flow,
The heavy load, etc.
to the garden, sinner, see
For thee He lies so low. low.
sinner, see . . . . . .
The heavy load He bore for thee, ...

THE LIVING STONE. S. M.

W. C. Givens.

CHORUS.

Yet God hath built His church thereon, yet God hath, etc. In spite of envious Jews. Jews.

See what a liv-ing stone The build-ers did re - fuse, Yet God hath, etc.

Yet God hath, etc.

THE GOSPEL FEAST. L. M.

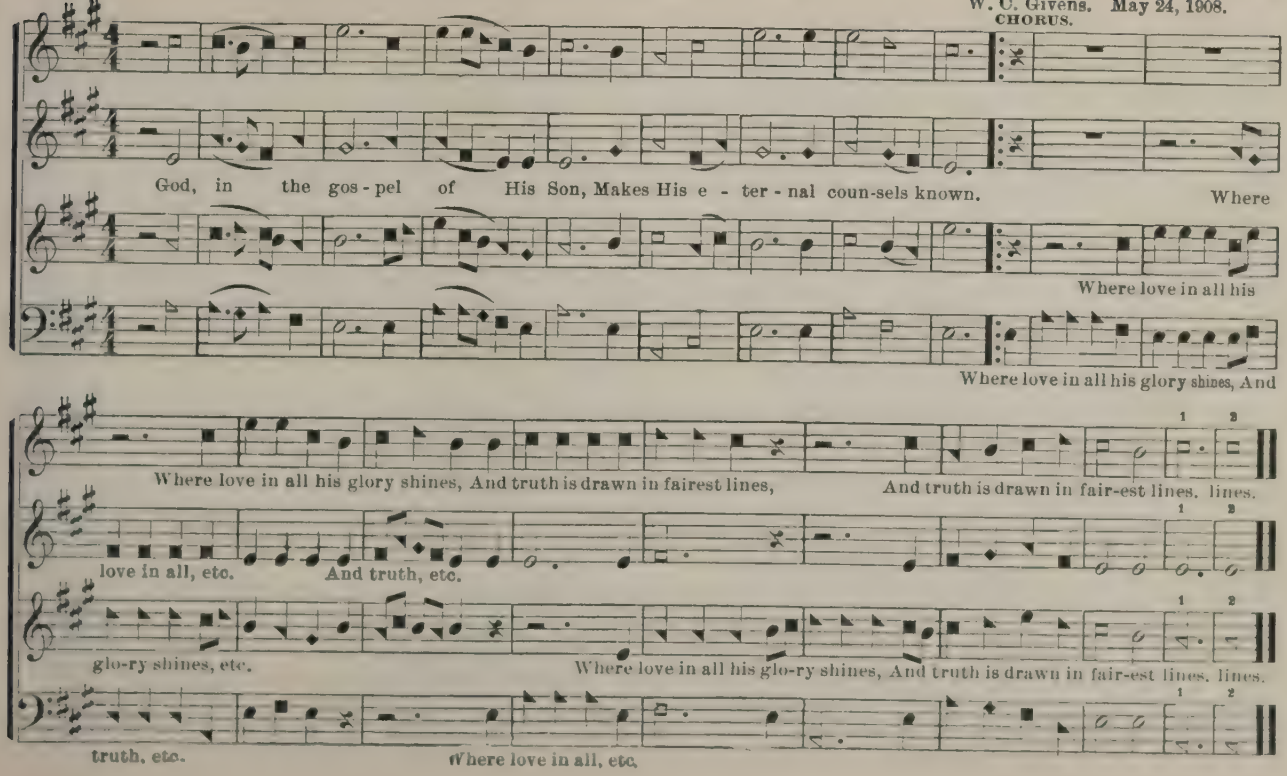
W. C. Givens.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest, Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God has bid - den all man - kind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on thee I call, The in - vi - ta - tion is to all; Come, all the world, come, sin-ner, thou, All things in Christ are read - y now.

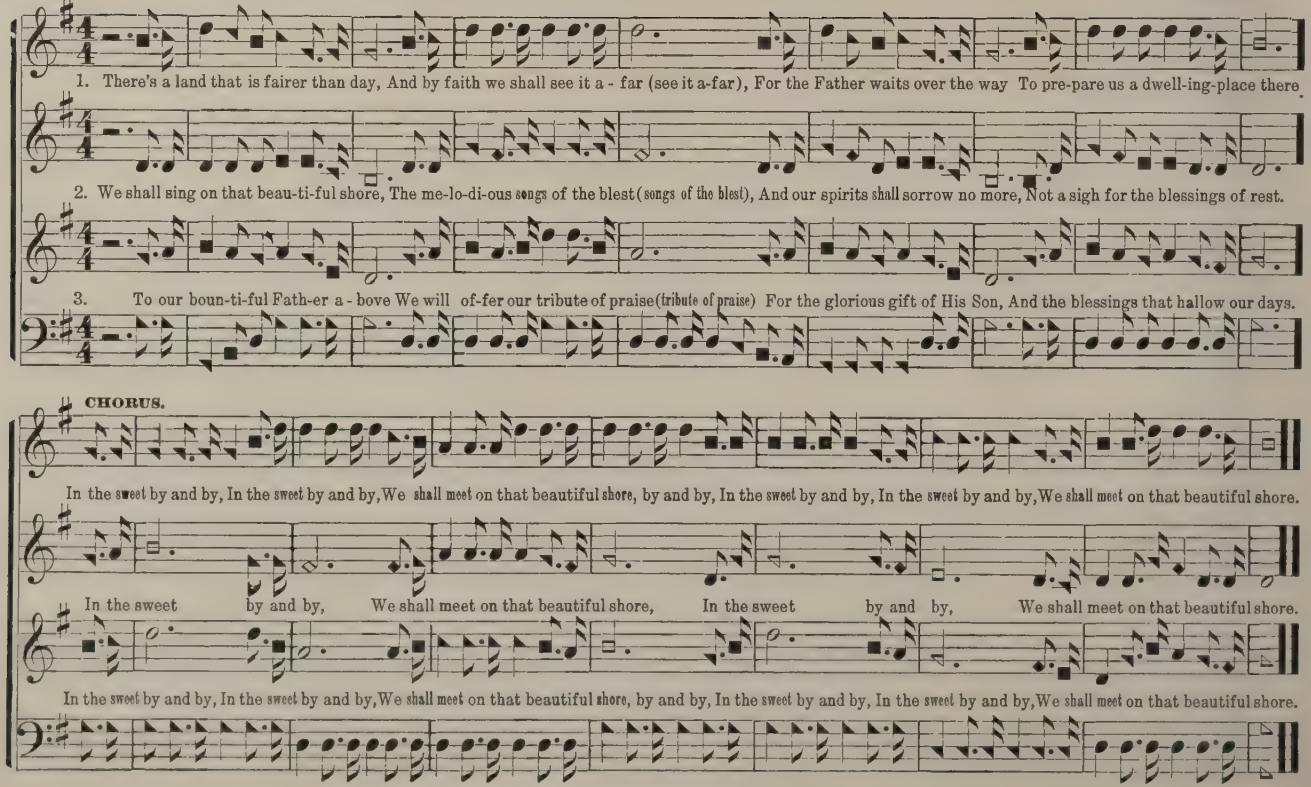
3. See Him set forth be-fore your eyes, That precious, bleed-ing sac-ri-fice; His of-fered ben - e - fits em-brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace.

WHERE LOVE IN GLORY SHINES. L. M.

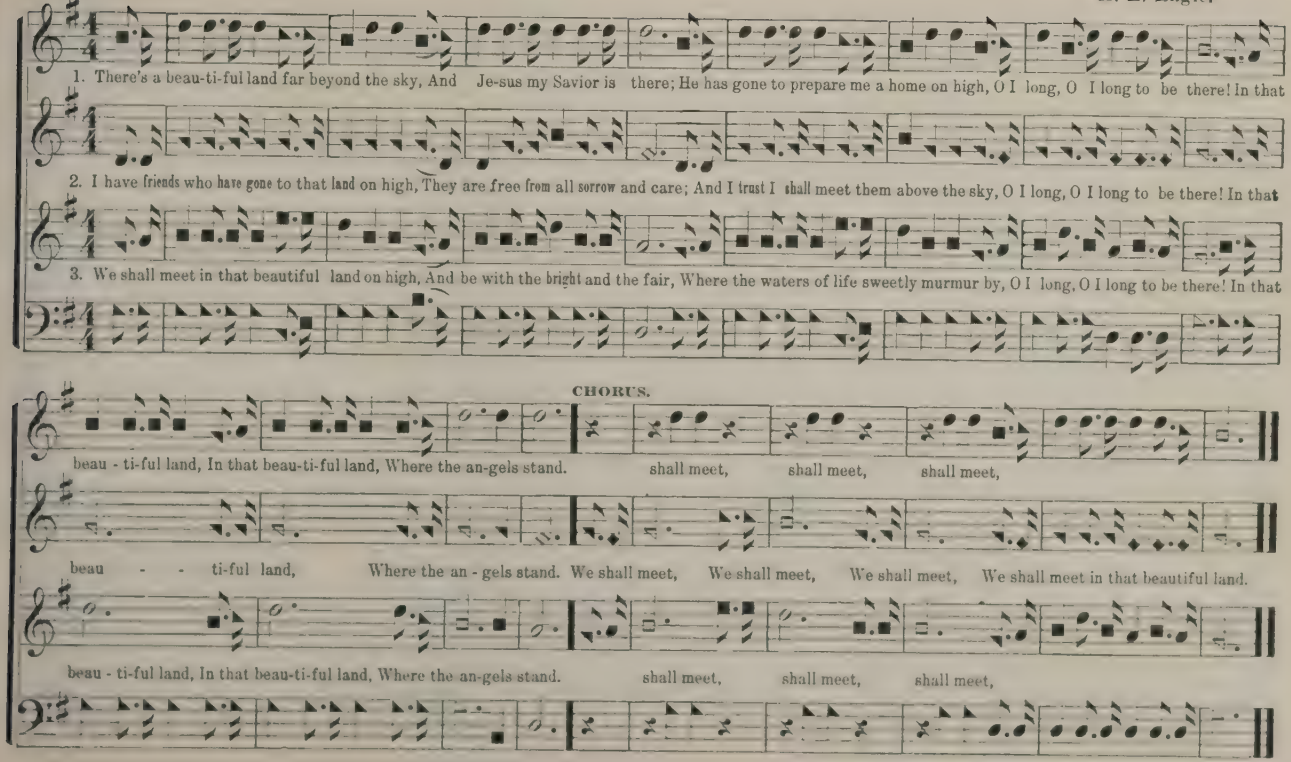
W. C. Givens. May 24, 1908.

CHORUS.
God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known.
Where
Where love in all his
Where love in all his glory shines, And
Where love in all his glory shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines,
And truth is drawn in fair-est lines. lines.
love in all, etc.
And truth, etc.
glo-ry shines, etc.
Where love in all his glo-ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines. lines.
truth, etc.
Where love in all, etc.

SWEET BY AND BY.

J. P. Webster.

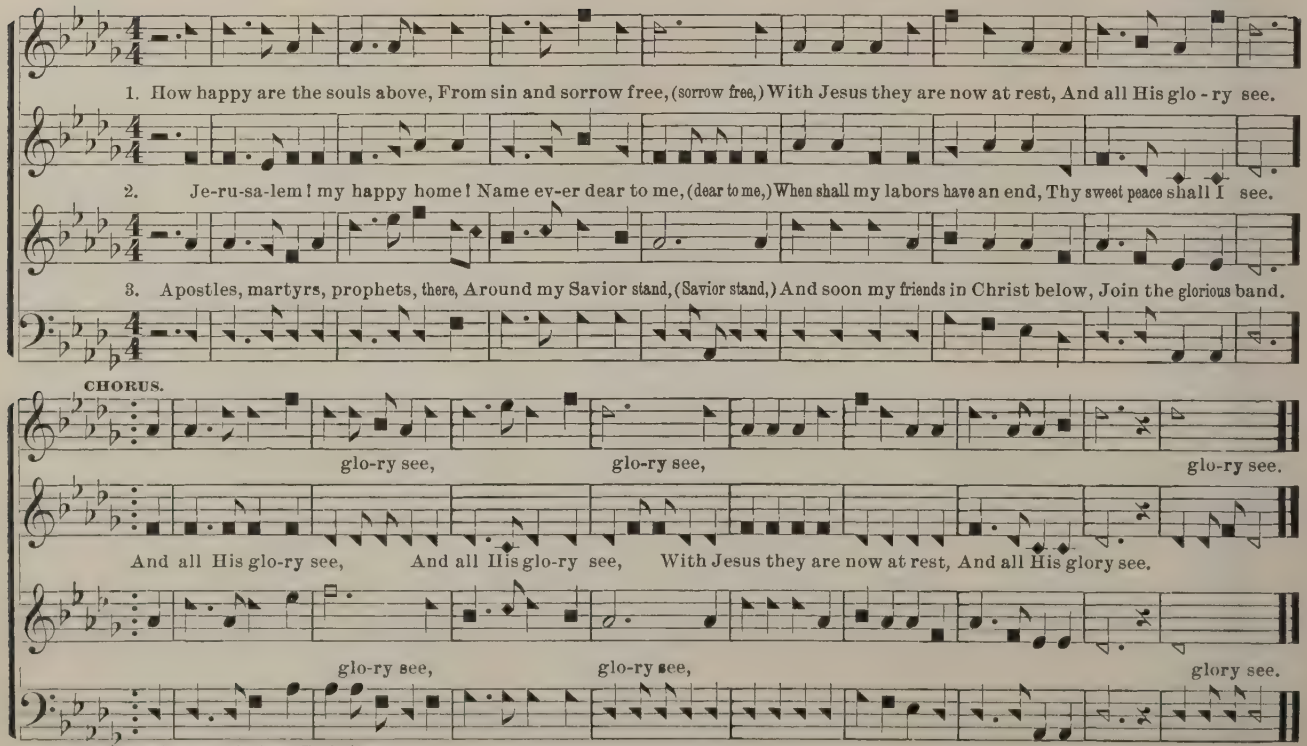

1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we shall see it a - far (see it a-far), For the Father waits over the way To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest (songs of the blest), And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fath-er a - bove We will of-fer our tribute of praise (tribute of praise) For the glorious gift of His Son, And the blessings that hallow our days.
CHORUS.
In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore, by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore, by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. Engle.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land far beyond the sky, And Je-sus my Savior is there; He has gone to prepare me a home on high, O I long, O I long to be there! In that
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sorrow and care; And I trust I shall meet them above the sky, O I long, O I long to be there! In that
3. We shall meet in that beautiful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair, Where the waters of life sweetly murmur by, O I long, O I long to be there! In that
CHORUS.
beau - ti-ful land, In that beau-ti-ful land, Where the an-gels stand. shall meet, shall meet, shall meet,
beau - - ti-ful land, Where the an - gels stand. We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.
beau - ti-ful land, In that beau-ti-ful land, Where the an-gels stand. shall meet, shall meet, shall meet,

WILSON.*

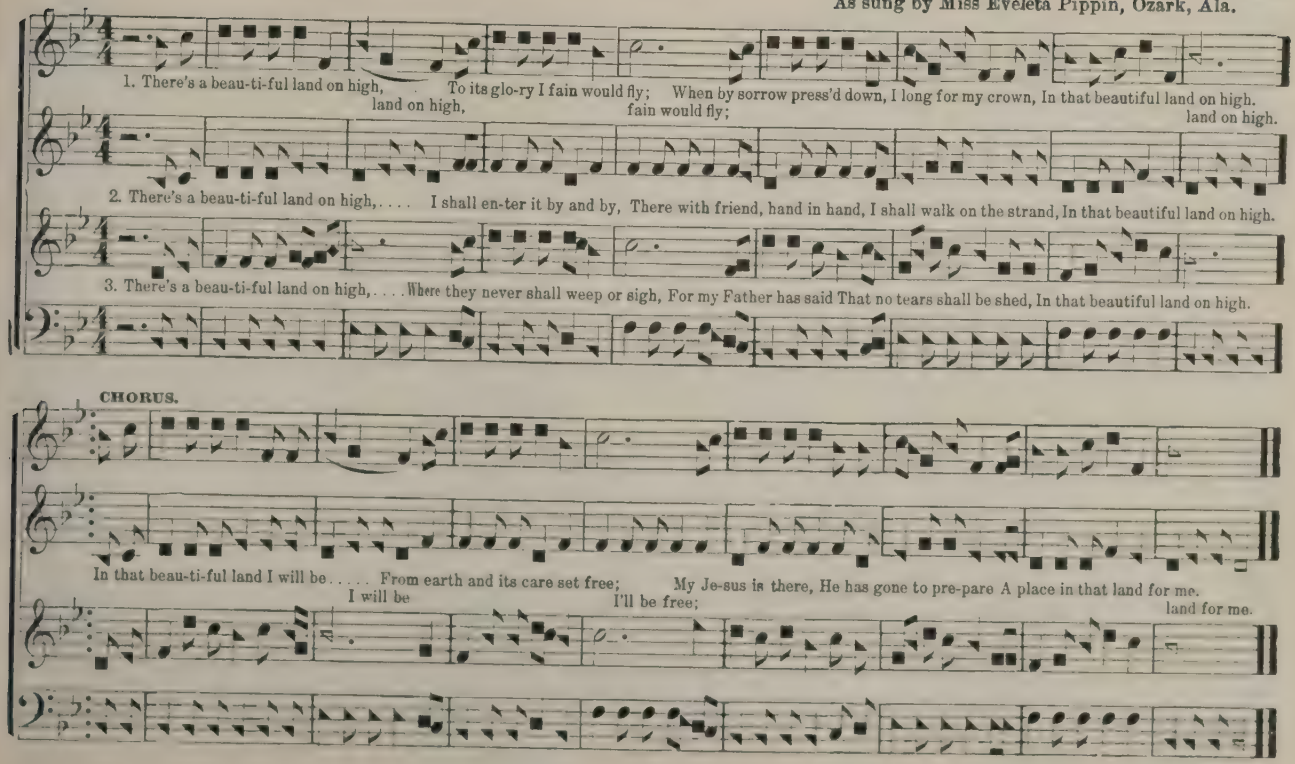
Composed by Miss Vera Wilson, Newton, Ala., Mar. 1909.


1. How happy are the souls above, From sin and sorrow free, (sorrow free,) With Jesus they are now at rest, And all His glo - ry see.
2. Je-ru-sa-lem! my happy home! Name ev-er dear to me, (dear to me,) When shall my labors have an end, Thy sweet peace shall I see.
3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there, Around my Savior stand, (Savior stand,) And soon my friends in Christ below, Join the glorious band.
CHORUS.
glo-ry see, glo-ry see, glo-ry see.
And all His glo-ry see, And all His glo-ry see, With Jesus they are now at rest, And all His glory see.
glo-ry see, glo-ry see, glory see.

* Dedicated to my father. R. Wilson.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

As sung by Miss Eveleta Pippin, Ozark, Ala.


1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ry I fain would fly; When by sorrow press'd down, I long for my crown, In that beautiful land on high.
land on high,
fain would fly;
land on high.
2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, ... I shall en-ter it by and by, There with friend, hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land on high.
3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, ... Where they never shall weep or sigh, For my Father has said That no tears shall be shed, In that beautiful land on high.
CHORUS.
In that beau-ti-ful land I will be . . . . . From earth and its care set free; My Je-sus is there, He has gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me.
I will be
I'll be free;
land for me.

GOD'S WONDROUS LOVE. (Answer to "Gospel Message," 174.)

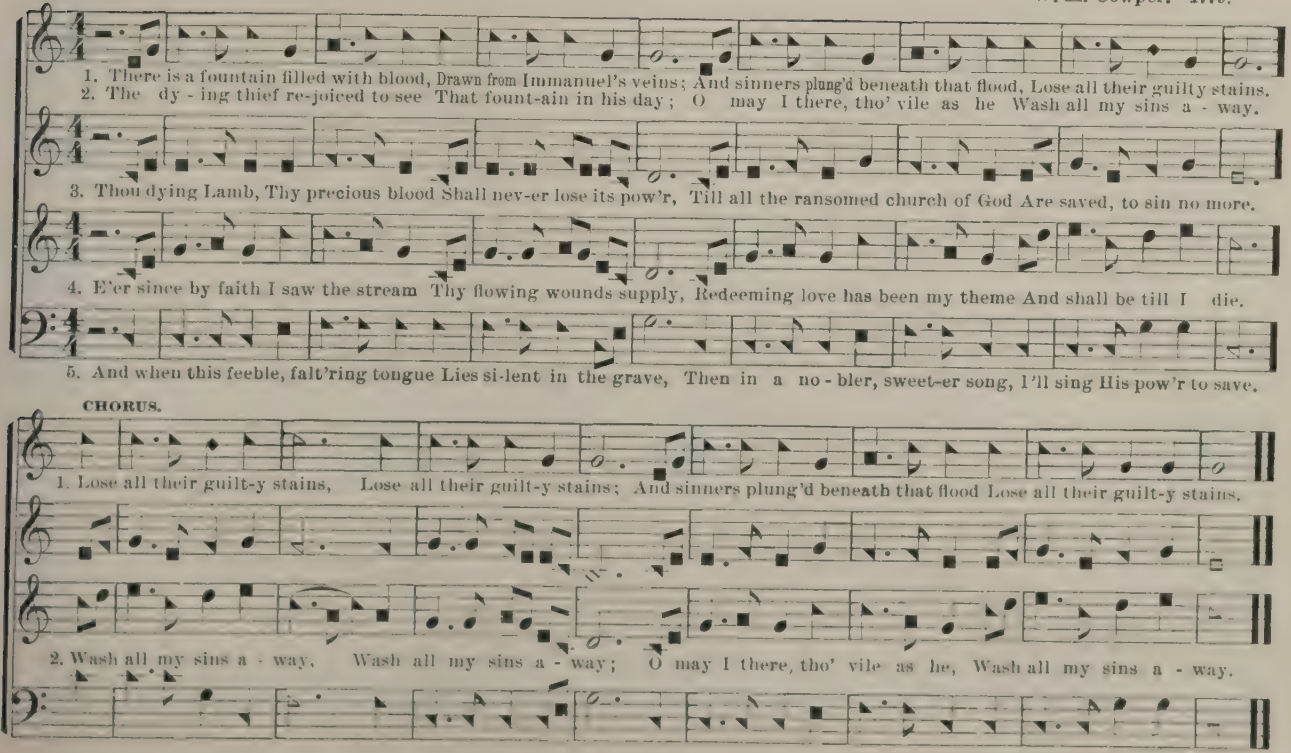
2d, 3d and 4th stanzas arr. and Music by T. J. Allen.

1. I have heard the gospel message sent to us to-day, God is love, God is love, And I know that Christ redeemed me, He's the truth, the way,
2. Can my lips be mute then longer when such gifts are mine, God is love, God is love, When the Saviour says so sweetly, "All is freely thine,"
3. There'll be shouting at the coming of the Lord and King, God is love, God is love, And His loyal ones will gather round the throne and sing,
4. I will sing the glad new anthem with the host above, God is love, God is love, With the saved I now am sharing in His wondrous love, God is

CHORUS.

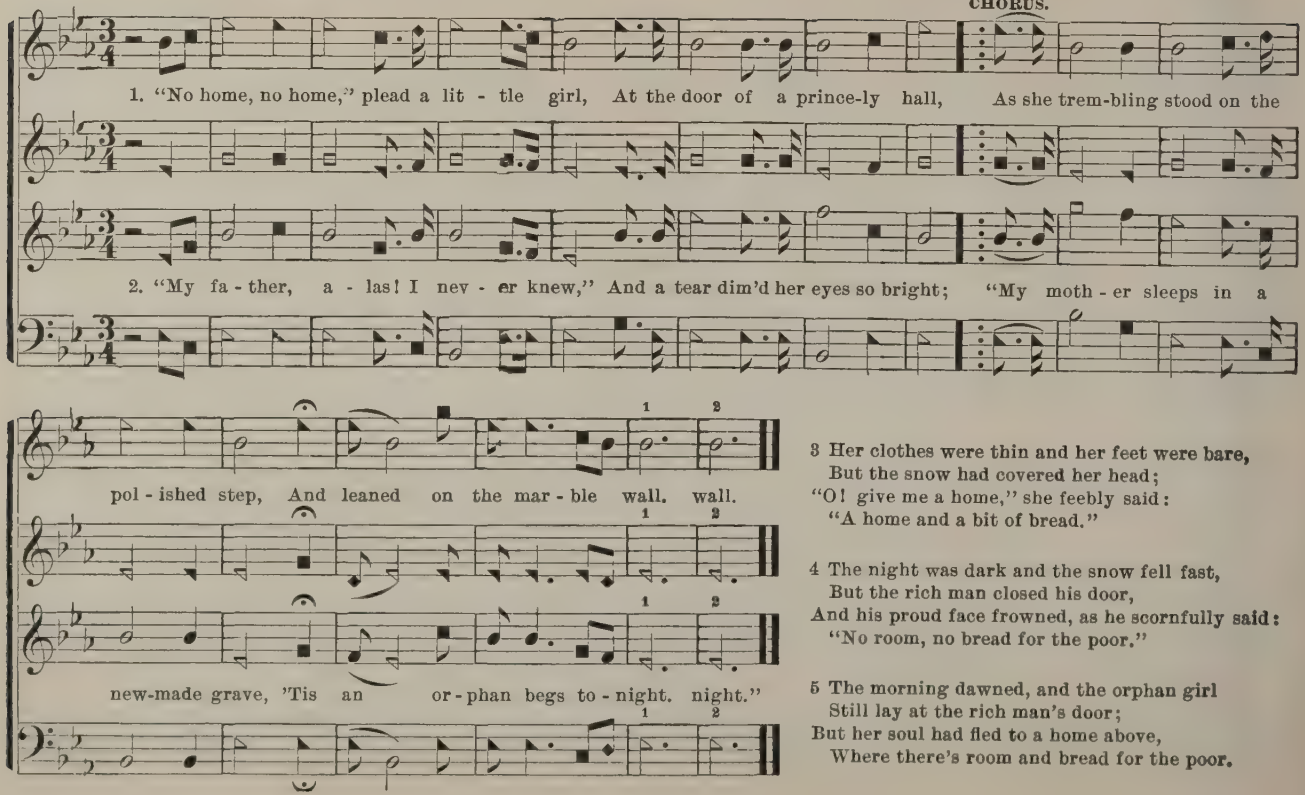
Hallelujah! God is love, God is love. I've heard the news, I've heard the news, A place in heav'n, a place in heav'n for all remains, for all re-
love, God is love..... I've heard the news..... the Saviour reigns, A place in heav'n..... for all re-
mains, for all remains, His blood has cleansed sin's deepest stains, sin's deepest stains, God is love, God is love, our God is love.
mains,..... His blood has cleansed.... sin's deepest stains;..... God is love,..... God is love .....

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

W. M. Cowper. 1779.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day; O may I there, tho' vile as he Wash all my sins a - way.
3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
5. And when this feeble, falt'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave, Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing His pow'r to save.
CHORUS.
1. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
2. Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way; O may I there, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

Music by Eld. C. G. Keith. Nov. 1, 1905.


CHORUS.
1. "No home, no home," plead a lit - tle girl, At the door of a prince-ly hall, As she trem-bling stood on the
2. "My fa - ther, a - las! I nev - er knew," And a tear dim'd her eyes so bright; "My moth - er sleeps in a
pol - ished step, And leaned on the mar - ble wall. wall.
new-made grave, 'Tis an or - phan begs to - night. night."

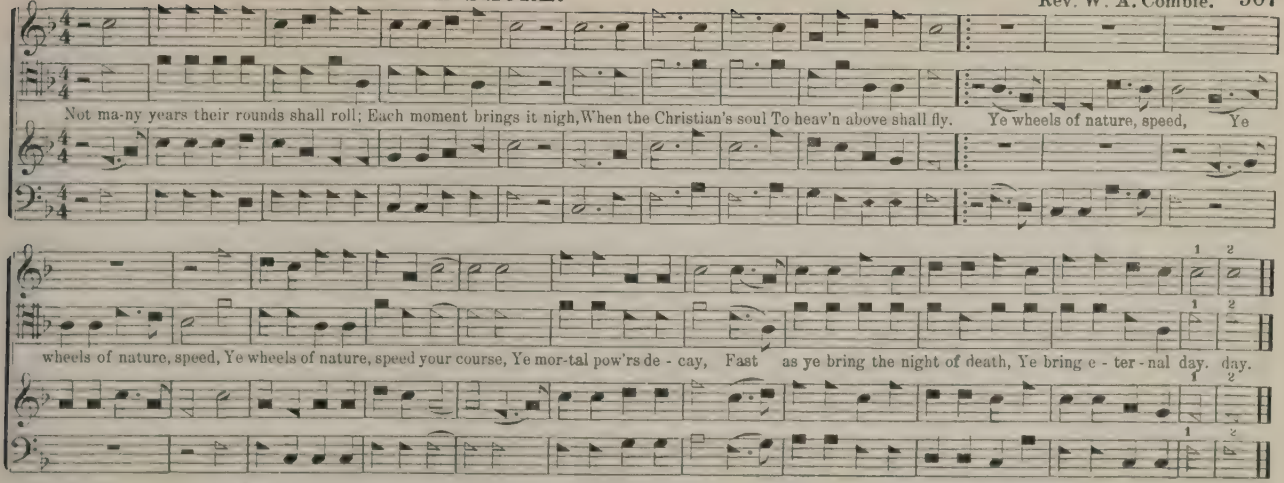
3 Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare,
But the snow had covered her head;
"O! give me a home," she feebly said:
"A home and a bit of bread."

4 The night was dark and the snow fell fast,
But the rich man closed his door,
And his proud face frowned, as he scornfully said:
"No room, no bread for the poor."

5 The morning dawned, and the orphan girl
Still lay at the rich man's door;
But her soul had fled to a home above,
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

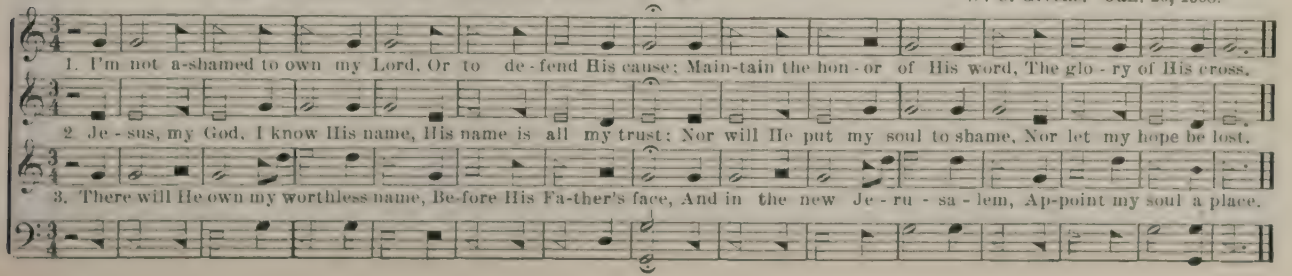
I AM NEAR THE SHORE.

Rev. W. A. Combie. 507


Not ma-ny years their rounds shall roll; Each moment brings it nigh, When the Christian's soul To heav'n above shall fly. Ye wheels of nature, speed, Ye
wheels of nature, speed, Ye wheels of nature, speed your course, Ye mor-tal pow'rs de - cay, Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day. day.

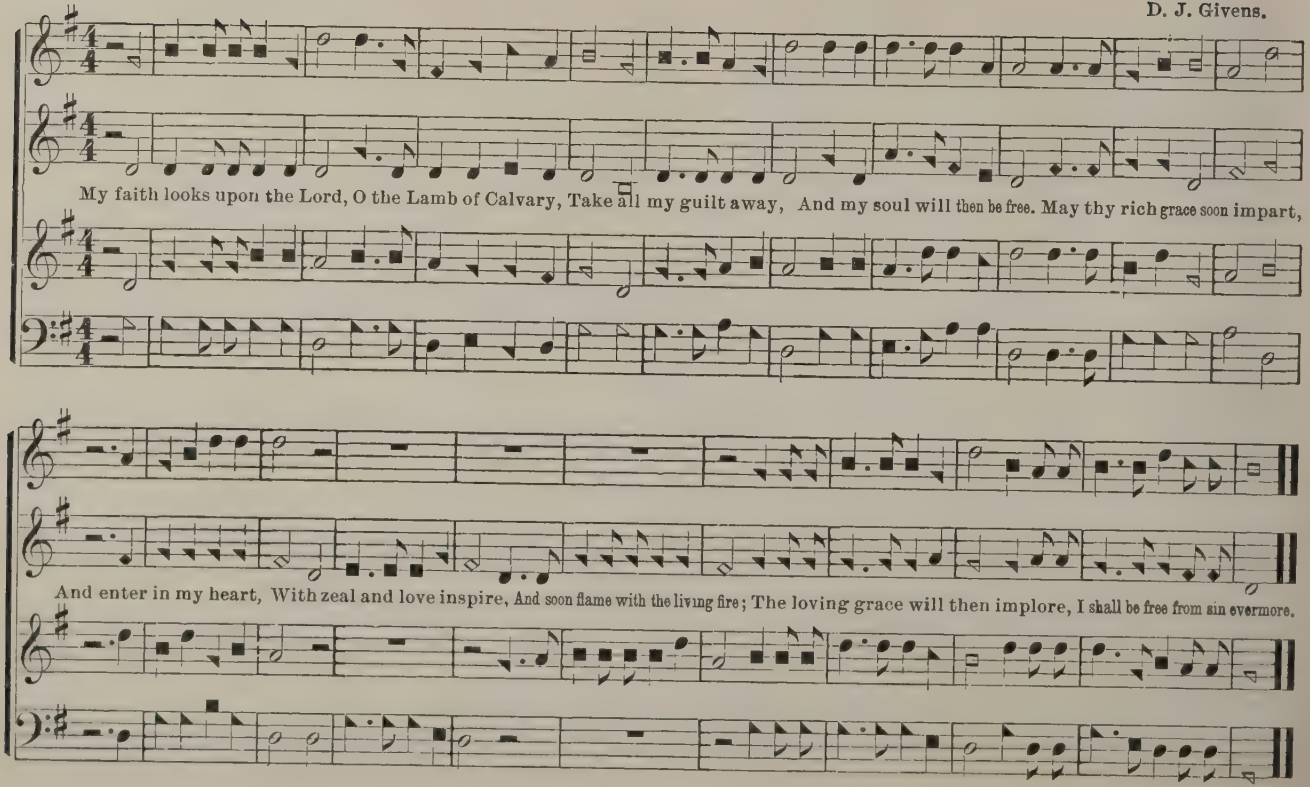
THE GLORY OF THE CROSS. C. M.

W. C. Givens. Jan. 26, 1908.


1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause; Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name, His name is all my trust; Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
3. There will He own my worthless name, Be-fore His Fa-ther's face, And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Ap-point my soul a place.

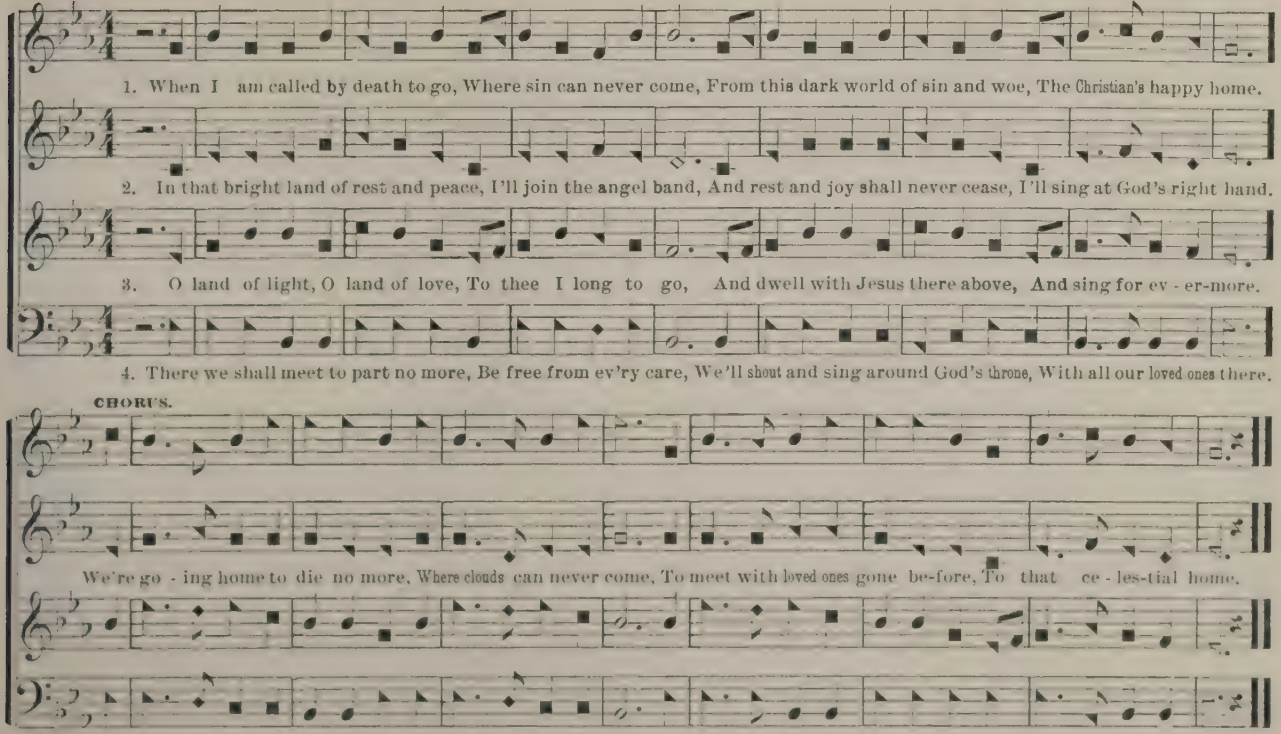
THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

D. J. Givens.

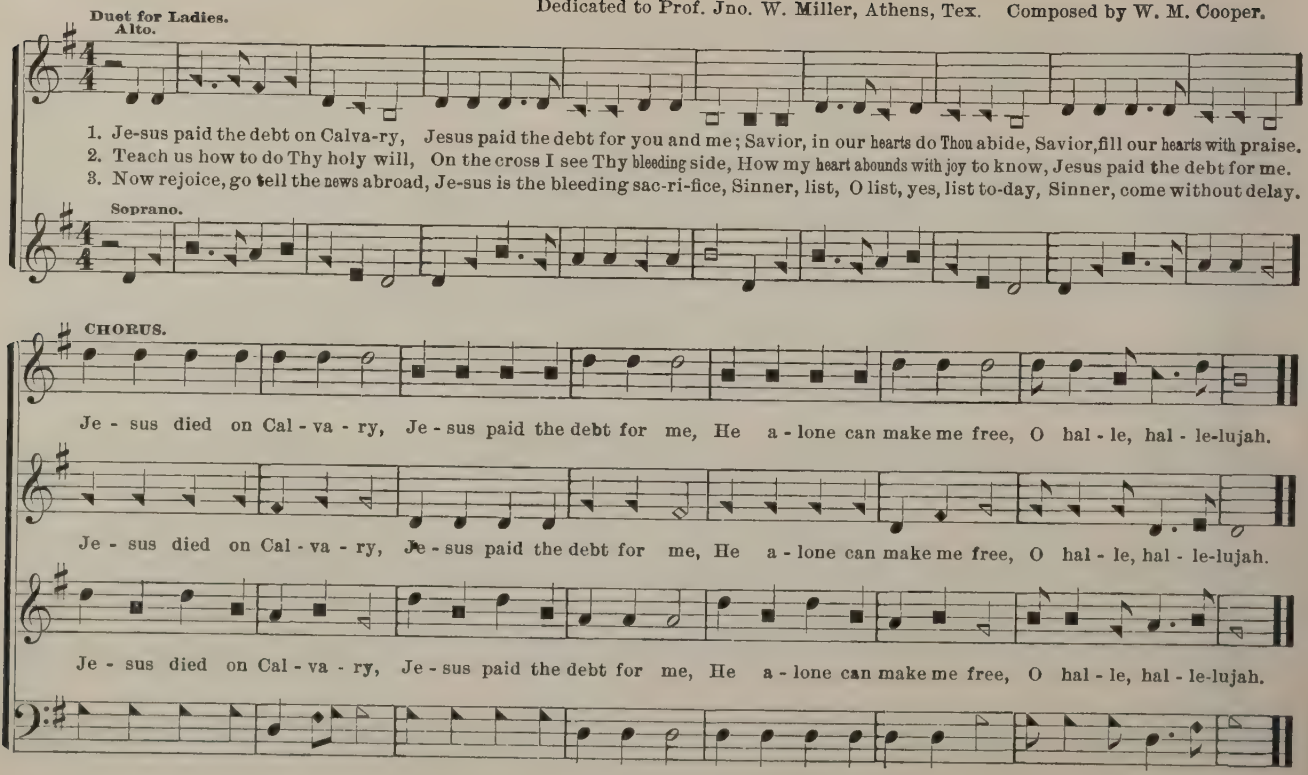

My faith looks upon the Lord, O the Lamb of Calvary, Take all my guilt away, And my soul will then be free. May thy rich grace soon impart,
And enter in my heart, With zeal and love inspire, And soon flame with the living fire; The loving grace will then implore, I shall be free from sin evermore.

WE ARE GOING HOME.

Music and poetry by T. J. Allen. Alto by Miss Maud Allen.

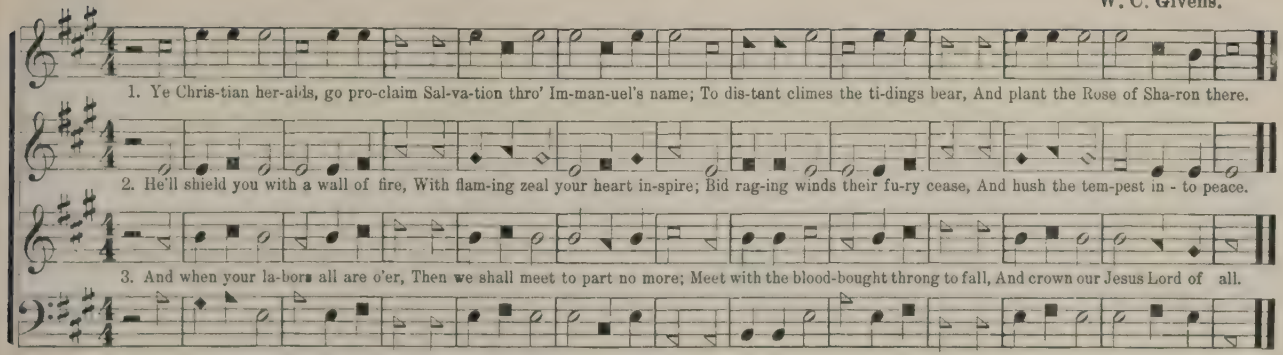

1. When I am called by death to go, Where sin can never come, From this dark world of sin and woe, The Christian's happy home.
2. In that bright land of rest and peace, I'll join the angel band, And rest and joy shall never cease, I'll sing at God's right hand.
3. O land of light, O land of love, To thee I long to go, And dwell with Jesus there above, And sing for ev - er-more.
4. There we shall meet to part no more, Be free from ev'ry care, We'll shout and sing around God's throne, With all our loved ones there.
CHORUS.
We're go - ing home to die no more, Where clouds can never come, To meet with loved ones gone be-fore, To that ce - les-tial home.

Dedicated to Prof. Jno. W. Miller, Athens, Tex. Composed by W. M. Cooper.


Duet for Ladies.
Alto.
1. Je-sus paid the debt on Calva-ry, Jesus paid the debt for you and me; Savior, in our hearts do Thou abide, Savior, fill our hearts with praise.
2. Teach us how to do Thy holy will, On the cross I see Thy bleeding side, How my heart abounds with joy to know, Jesus paid the debt for me.
3. Now rejoice, go tell the news abroad, Je-sus is the bleeding sac-ri-fice, Sinner, list, O list, yes, list to-day, Sinner, come without delay.
Soprano.
CHORUS.
Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Je - sus paid the debt for me, He a - lone can make me free, O hal - le, hal - le-lujah.
Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Je - sus paid the debt for me, He a - lone can make me free, O hal - le, hal - le-lujah.
Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Je - sus paid the debt for me, He a - lone can make me free, O hal - le, hal - le-lujah.

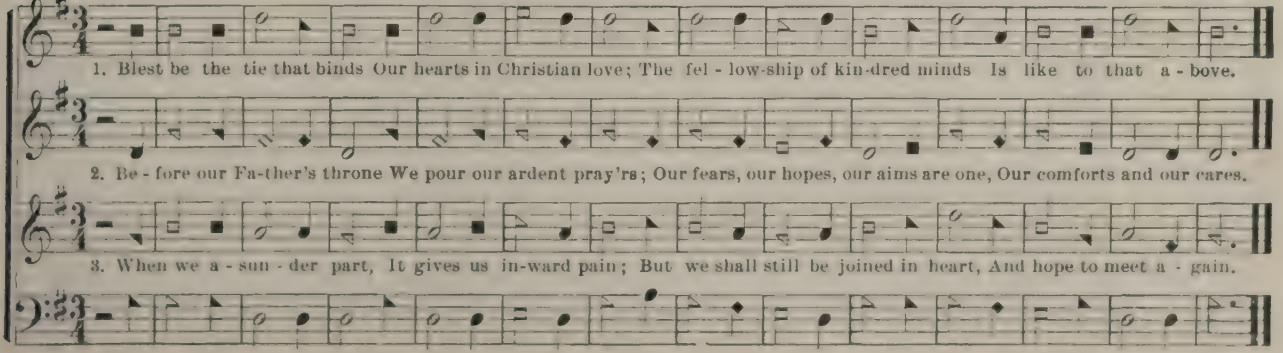
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. L. M.

W. C. Givens.


1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name; To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your heart in-spire; Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tem-pest in - to peace.
3. And when your la-bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more; Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

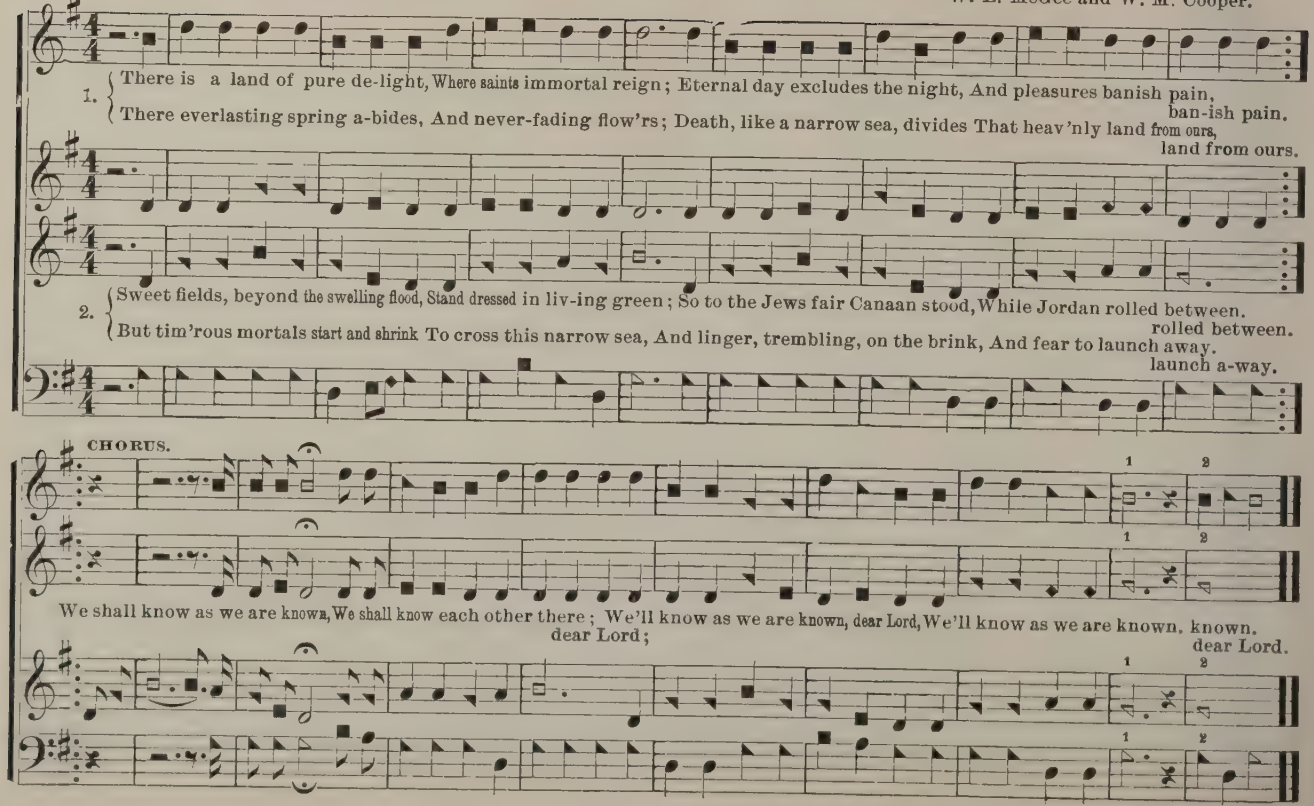
THE CHRISTIAN'S LOVE. S. M.

W. C. Givens.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
3. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

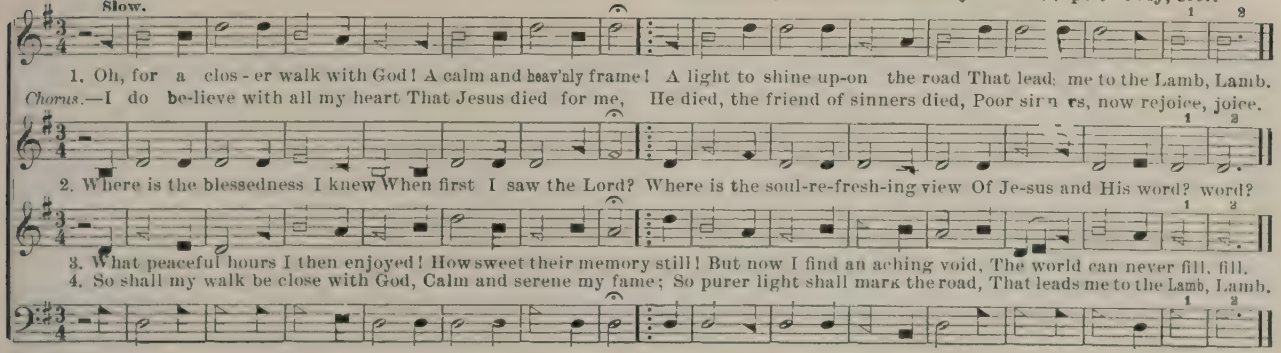
HEAVENLY CANAAN.

W. L. McGee and W. M. Cooper.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain,
ban-ish pain.
There everlasting spring a-bides, And never-fading flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, divides That heav'nly land from ours,
land from ours.
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
rolled between.
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger, trembling, on the brink, And fear to launch away.
launch a-way.
CHORUS.
1 2
1 2
We shall know as we are known, We shall know each other there; We'll know as we are known, dear Lord, We'll know as we are known, known.
dear Lord;
dear Lord.
1 2
1 2

THE CHRISTIAN'S DESIRE.

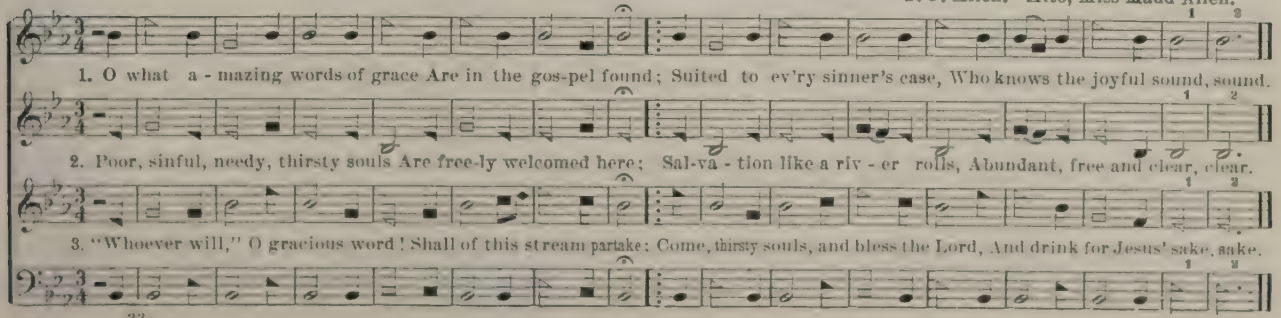
Base, alto, treble and chorus by W. M. Cooper. July, 1907.


Slow.
1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame! A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb, Lamb.
Chorus.—I do be-lieve with all my heart That Jesus died for me, He died, the friend of sinners died, Poor sinners, now rejoice, joice.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word? word?
3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But now I find an aching void, The world can never fill, fill.
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my fame; So purer light shall mark the road, That leads me to the Lamb, Lamb.

WHOSOEVER WILL.

Respectfully inscribed to Hon. J. S. Carroll, the great Sunday-school advocate, Troy, Ala.

T. J. Allen. Alto, Miss Maud Allen.

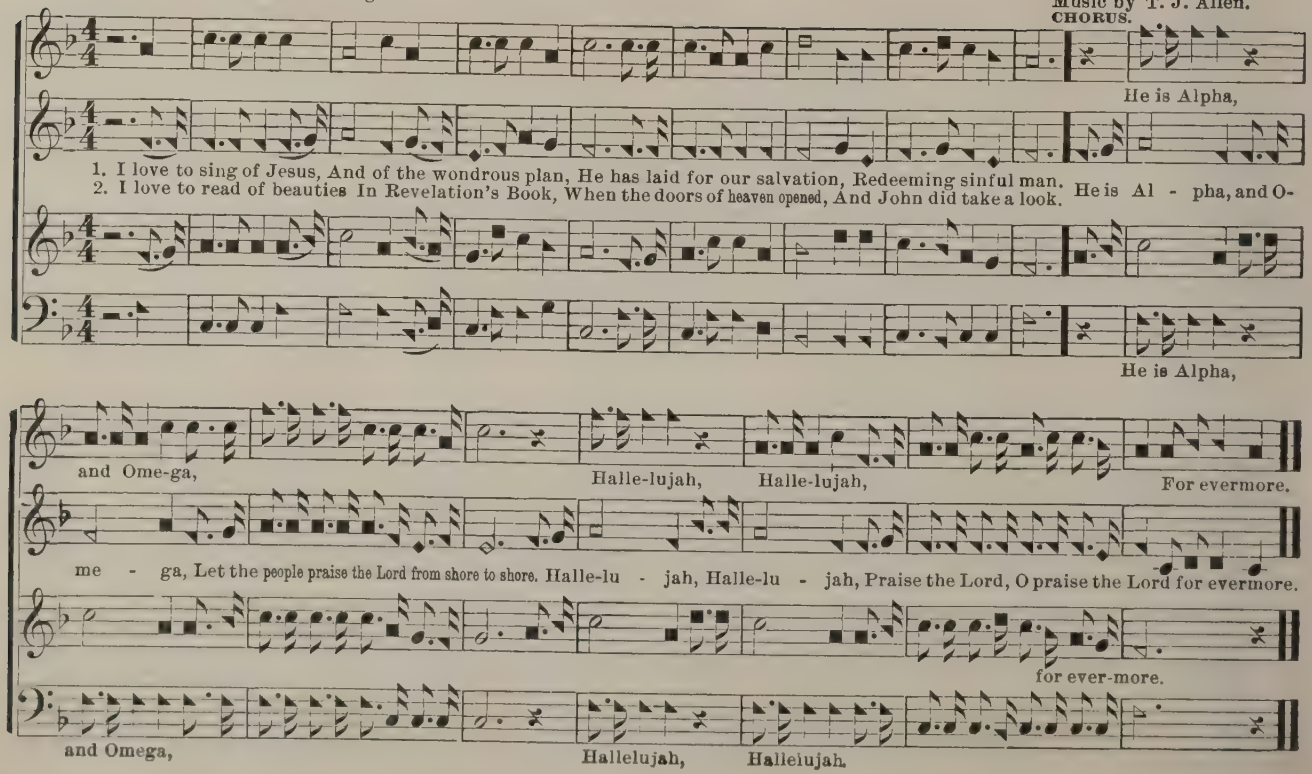

1. O what a - mazing words of grace Are in the gos-pel found; Suited to ev'ry sinner's case, Who knows the joyful sound, sound.
2. Poor, sinful, needy, thirsty souls Are free-ly welcomed here; Sal-va - tion like a riv - er rolls, Abundant, free and clear, clear.
3. "Whoever will," O gracious word! Shall of this stream partake; Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord, And drink for Jesus' sake, sake.

I LOVE TO SING OF JESUS.

Sentiments by Mrs. Emma Jernigan.

Music by T. J. Allen.

CHORUS.

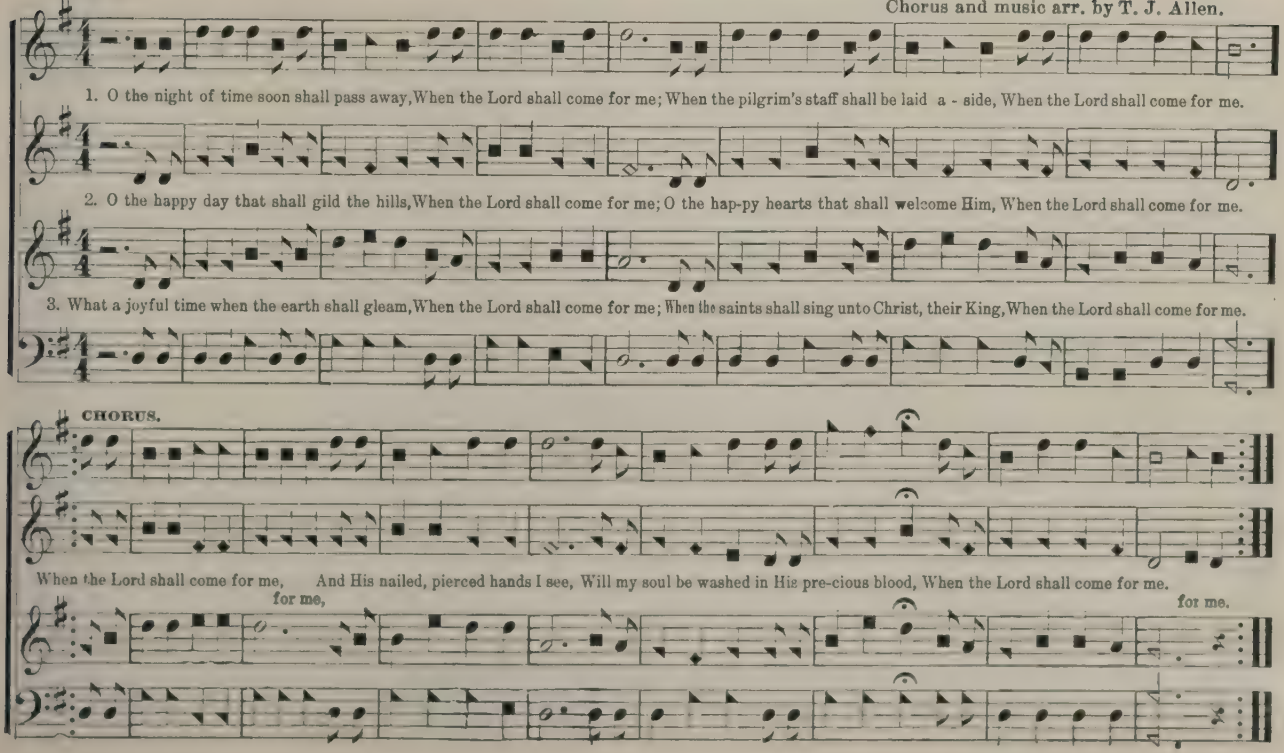

He is Alpha,
1. I love to sing of Jesus, And of the wondrous plan, He has laid for our salvation, Redeeming sinful man.
2. I love to read of beauties In Revelation's Book, When the doors of heaven opened, And John did take a look.
He is Al - pha, and O-
He is Alpha,
and Ome-ga,
Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah,
For evermore.
me - ga, Let the people praise the Lord from shore to shore. Halle-lu - jah, Halle-lu - jah, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord for evermore.
for ever-more.
and Omega,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

WHEN THE LORD SHALL COME FOR ME.

(To Prof. W. M. Cooper, life-long friend and co-laborer in sacred song, this song is especially inscribed.)

A. S. K.

Chorus and music arr. by T. J. Allen.


1. O the night of time soon shall pass away, When the Lord shall come for me; When the pilgrim's staff shall be laid a - side, When the Lord shall come for me.
2. O the happy day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come for me; O the hap-py hearts that shall welcome Him, When the Lord shall come for me.
3. What a joyful time when the earth shall gleam, When the Lord shall come for me; When the saints shall sing unto Christ, their King, When the Lord shall come for me.
CHORUS.
When the Lord shall come for me, And His nailed, pierced hands I see, Will my soul be washed in His pre-cious blood, When the Lord shall come for me.
for me,
for me.

THE GATES OF PARADISE.

Mrs. Emma Jernigan. "Revelation."

Music arr. by T. J. Allen.

1. Lord Je - sus, I'm not wor - thy On Thee to call or look, Nor have my name re-cord - ed In the ev - er - last-ing Book; For

2. The walls of heav-en's gar-nished With jew-els rich and rare, This is the place He prom-ised That He would for us pre-pare; The

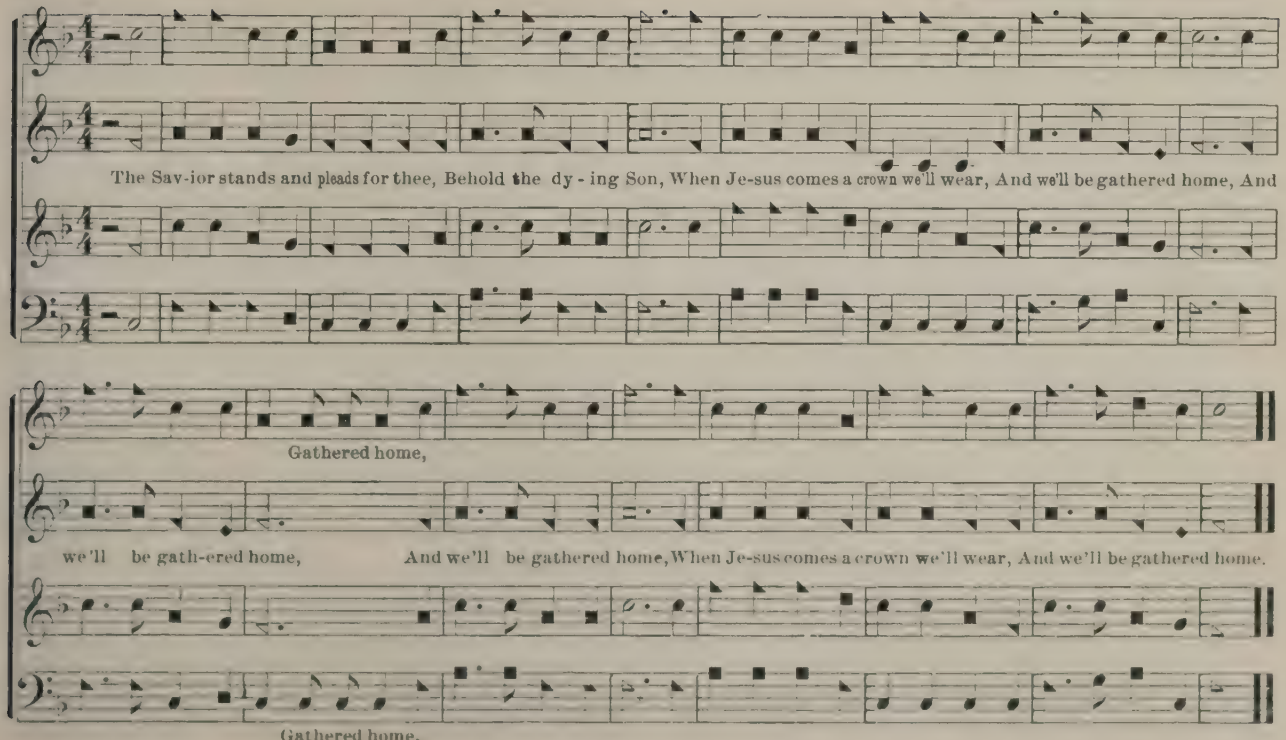
wealth and earth-ly pleas - ures But lit - tle do I care; O give to me a wel - come To man-sions o - ver there.

crys - tal sea there glis - tens, The Book of Life is there, And John did look and list - en, To won-ders o - ver there.

CHORUS.

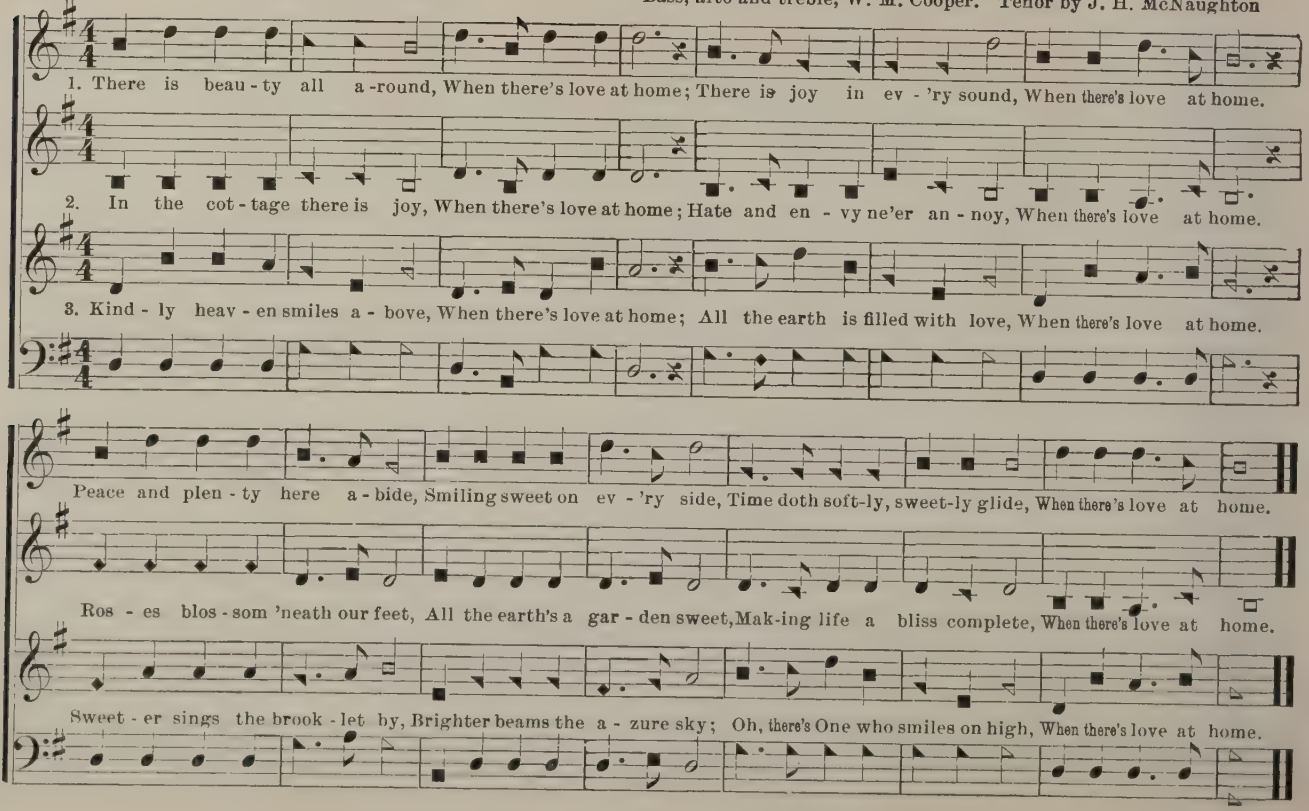
We may not know of the joy un-told, The bliss in the par - a - dise; But when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve it will o - pen wide. (for me.)

WE'LL WEAR A CROWN.

C. M. Senn. Treble by T. J. Allen.

The Sav-ior stands and pleads for thee, Behold the dy - ing Son, When Je-sus comes a crown we'll wear, And we'll be gathered home, And
Gathered home,
we'll be gath-ered home, And we'll be gathered home, When Je-sus comes a crown we'll wear, And we'll be gathered home.
Gathered home.

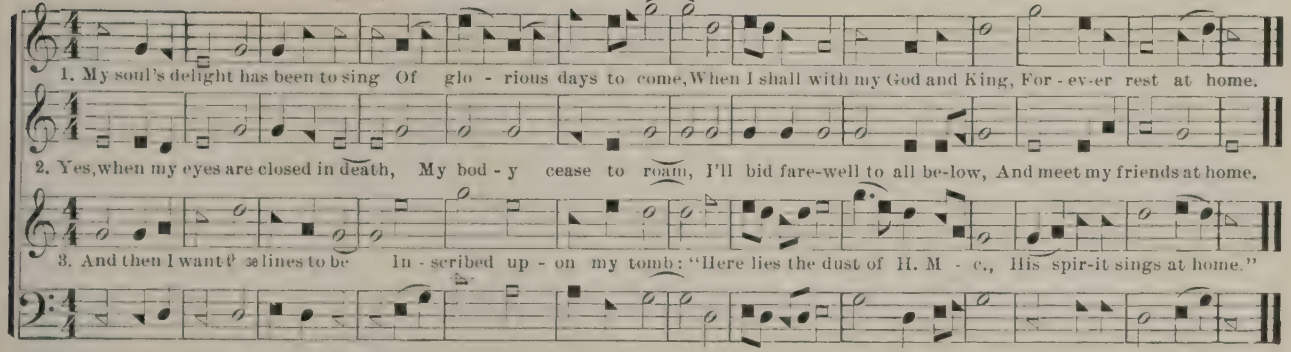
LOVE AT HOME.

Bass, alto and treble, W. M. Cooper. Tenor by J. H. McNaughton


1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev - 'ry sound, When there's love at home.
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home.
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home.
Peace and plen - ty here a - bide, Smiling sweet on ev - 'ry side, Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.
Ros - es blos - som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
Sweet - er sings the brook - let by, Brighter beams the a - zure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

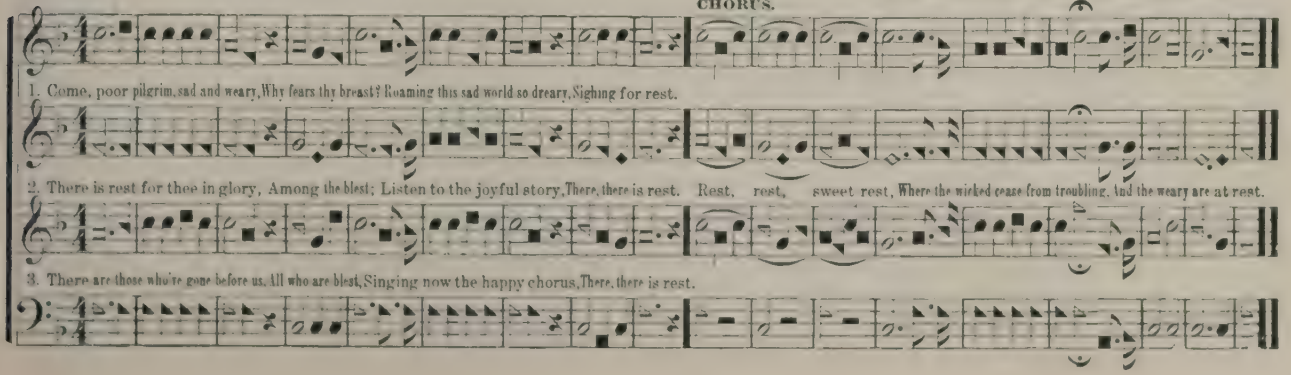
MY SOUL'S DELIGHT. C. M.

Arr. by H. McMath, Dec. 27, 1968.


1. My soul's delight has been to sing Of glo - rious days to come, When I shall with my God and King, For - ev-er rest at home.
2. Yes, when my eyes are closed in death, My bod - y cease to roam, I'll bid fare-well to all be-low, And meet my friends at home.
3. And then I want these lines to be In - scribed up - on my tomb: "Here lies the dust of H. M - c., His spir-it sings at home."

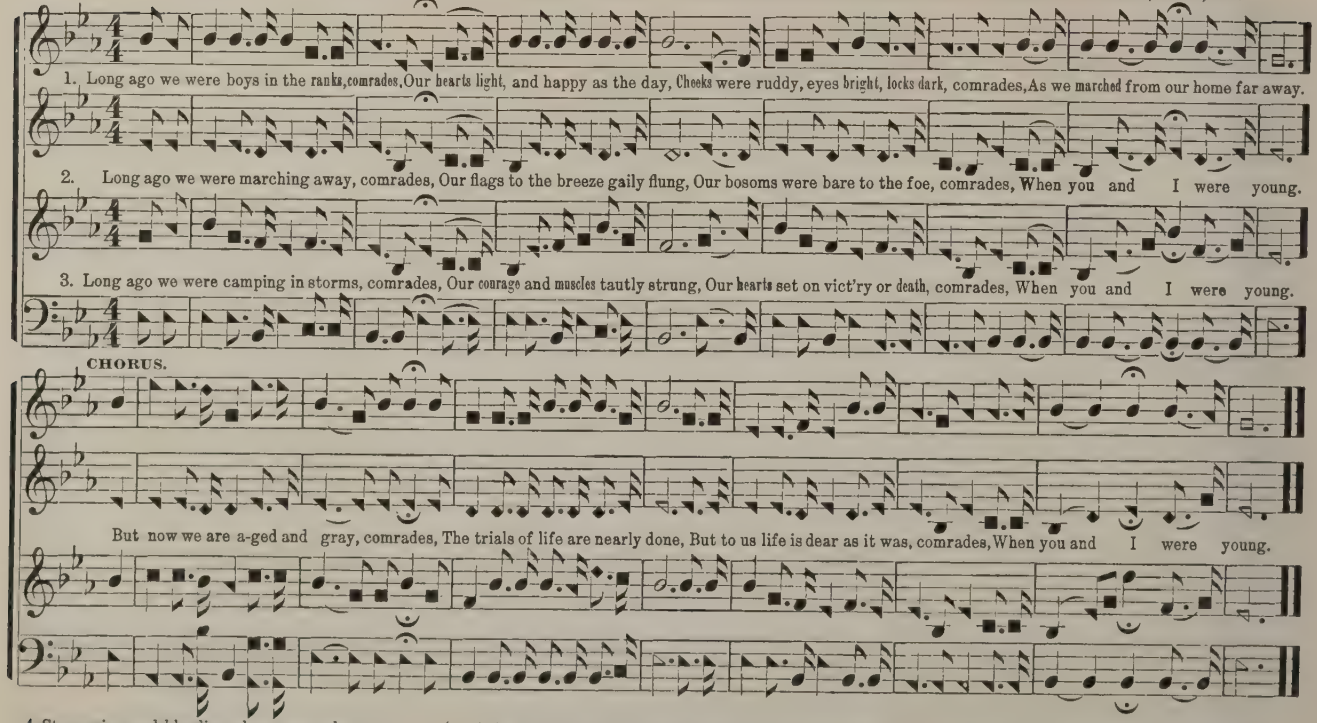
SWEET REST.

Written by H. McMath, Jan. 17, 1909.


CHORUS.
1. Come, poor pilgrim, sad and weary, Why fears thy breast? Roaming this sad world so dreary, Sighing for rest.
2. There is rest for thee in glory, Among the blest; Listen to the joyful story, There, there is rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
3. There are those who're gone before us, All who are blest, Singing now the happy chorus, There, there is rest.

LONG AGO, COMRADES.

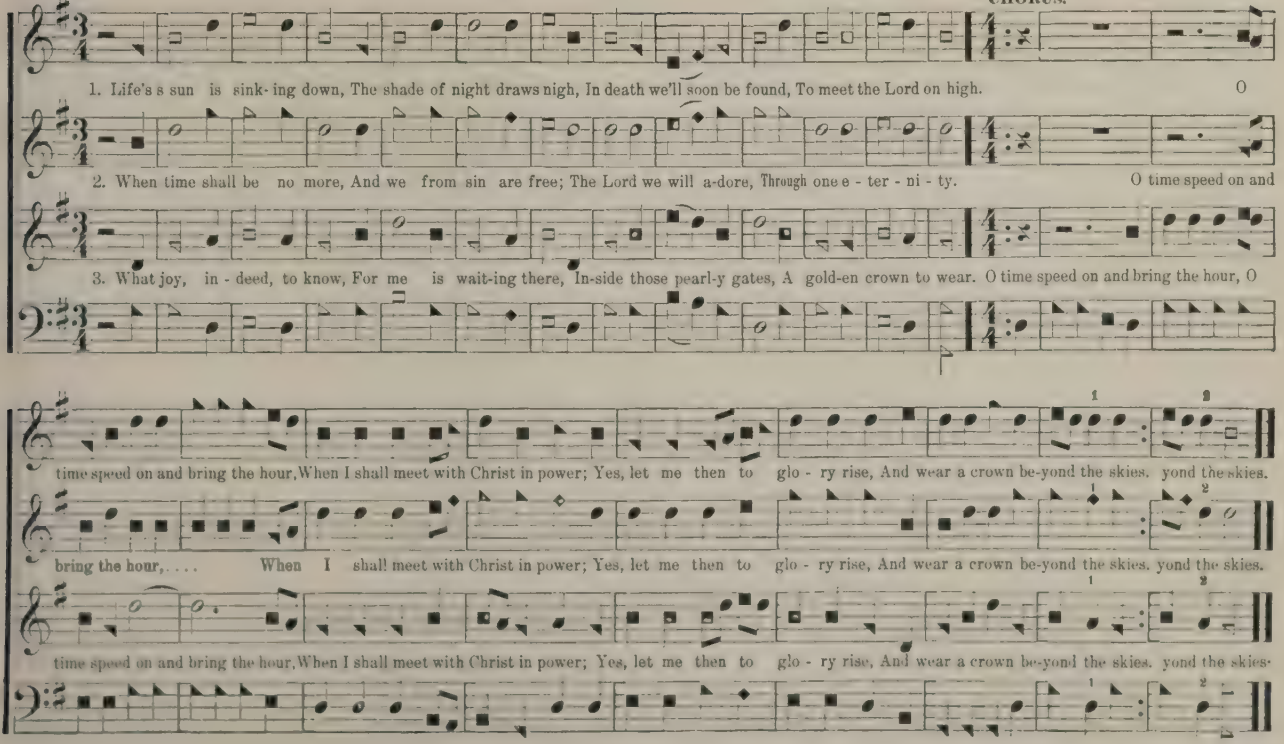
Original by Judge J. M. Carmichael, Ozark, Ala. Alto, Base and Treble, B. L. Andrews, Ozark, Ala.


1. Long ago we were boys in the ranks, comrades, Our hearts light, and happy as the day, Cheeks were ruddy, eyes bright, locks dark, comrades, As we marched from our home far away.
2. Long ago we were marching away, comrades, Our flags to the breeze gaily flung, Our bosoms were bare to the foe, comrades, When you and I were young.
3. Long ago we were camping in storms, comrades, Our courage and muscles tautly strung, Our hearts set on vict'ry or death, comrades, When you and I were young.
CHORUS.
But now we are a-ged and gray, comrades, The trials of life are nearly done, But to us life is dear as it was, comrades, When you and I were young.

4 Staggering and bleeding alone, comrades,
Outnumbered three to one everywhere,
The world coldly watching our fate, comrades.
Not even a sigh or a tear.

5 We fell beneath the numbers of the foe, comrades,
We fell, but we are risen now again,
In falling we lost not our love, comrades,
For that which enables brave men.

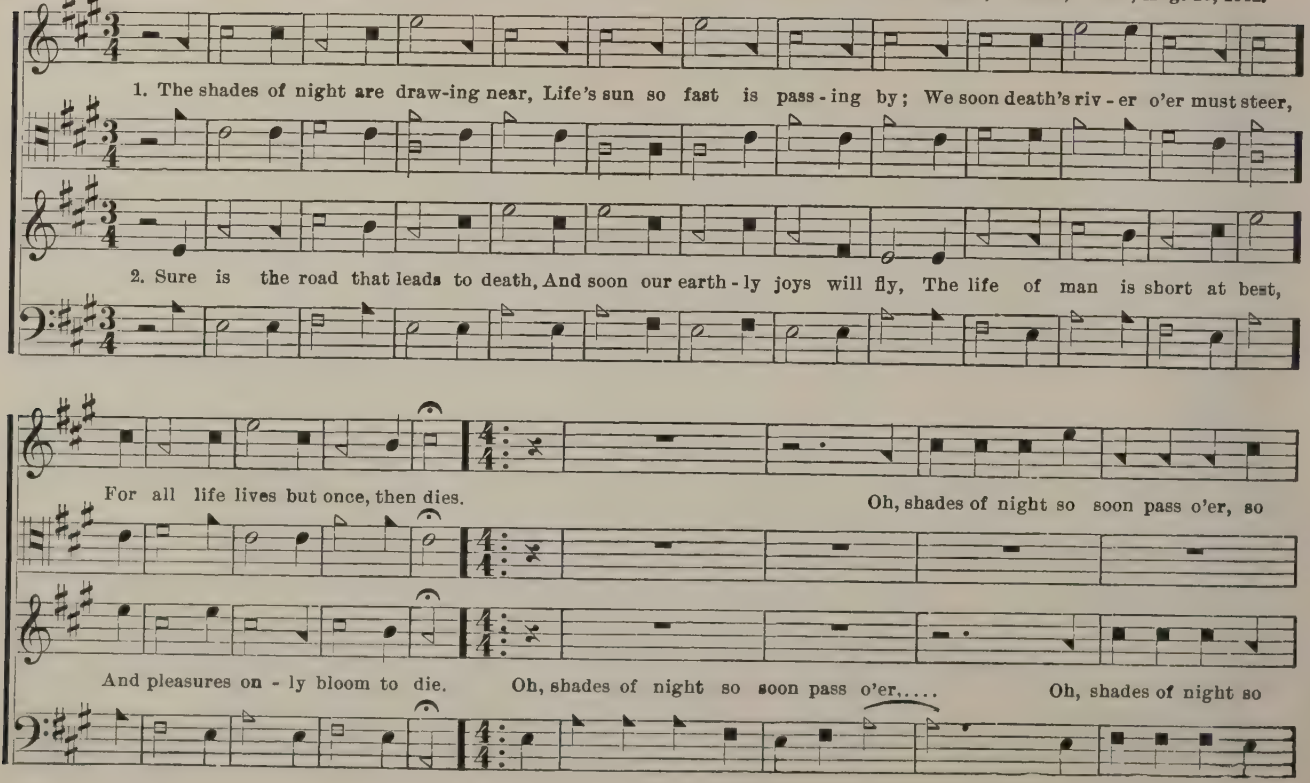
6 Though we are aged and gray, comrades,
And the trials of life are nearly done,
But to us life's dear as it was, comrades,
When you and I were young.

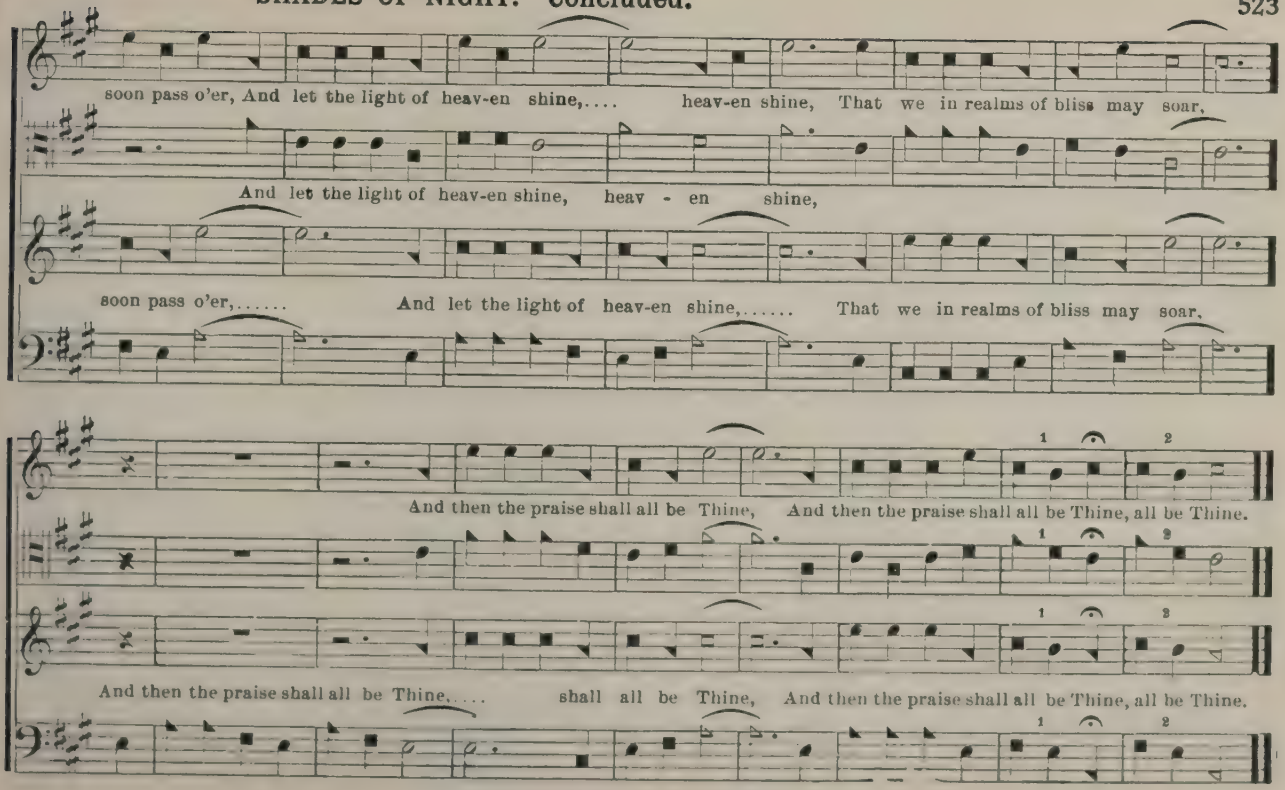
A GOLDEN CROWN TO WEAR.

CHORUS.
1. Life's s sun is sink- ing down, The shade of night draws nigh, In death we'll soon be found, To meet the Lord on high.
O
2. When time shall be no more, And we from sin are free; The Lord we will a-dore, Through one e - ter - ni - ty.
O time speed on and
3. What joy, in - deed, to know, For me is wait-ing there, In-side those pearl-y gates, A gold-en crown to wear. O time speed on and bring the hour, O
time speed on and bring the hour, When I shall meet with Christ in power; Yes, let me then to glo - ry rise, And wear a crown be-yond the skies. yond the skies.
bring the hour, ... When I shall meet with Christ in power; Yes, let me then to glo - ry rise, And wear a crown be-yond the skies. yond the skies.
time speed on and bring the hour, When I shall meet with Christ in power; Yes, let me then to glo - ry rise, And wear a crown be-yond the skies. yond the skies.

Jno. W. M.

SHADES OF NIGHT. L. M.

Jno. W. Miller, Athens, Texas, Aug. 18, 1911.

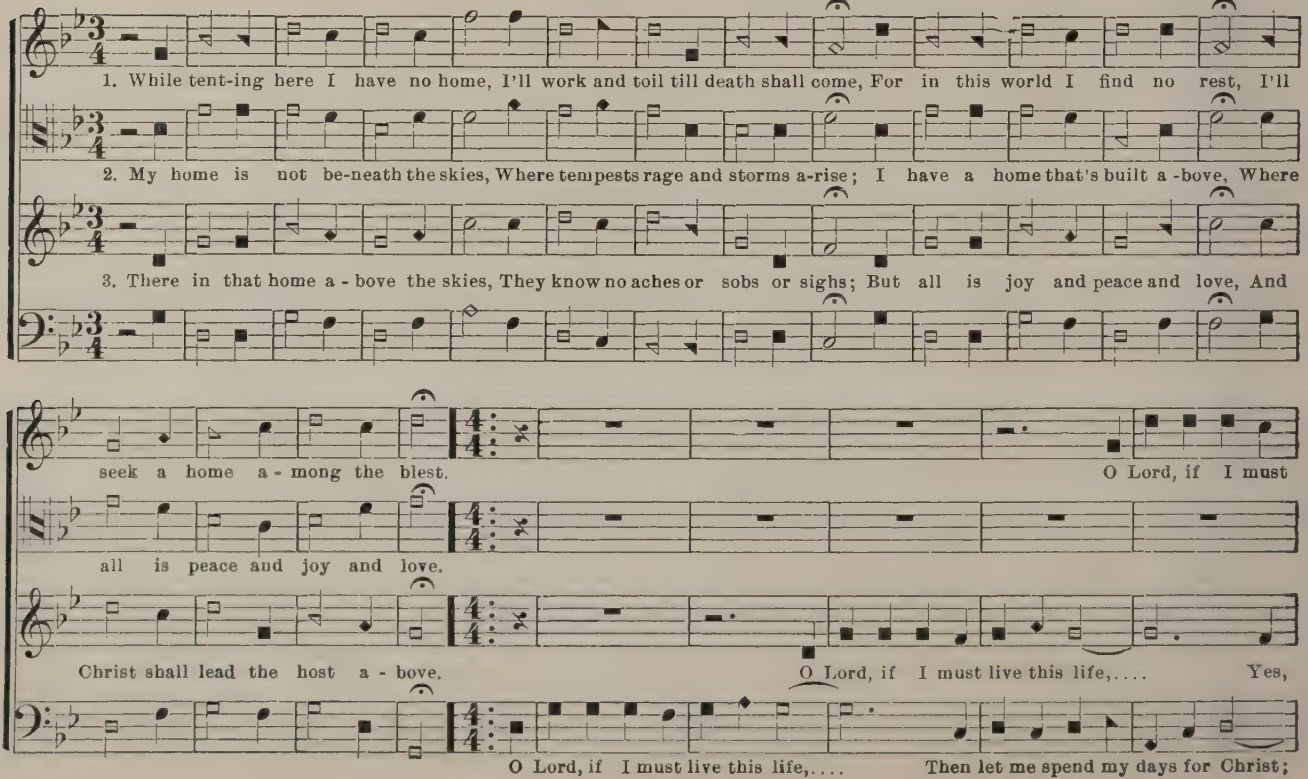

1. The shades of night are draw-ing near, Life's sun so fast is pass-ing by; We soon death's riv-er o'er must steer,
2. Sure is the road that leads to death, And soon our earth-ly joys will fly, The life of man is short at best,
For all life lives but once, then dies.
Oh, shades of night so soon pass o'er, so
And pleasures on-ly bloom to die.
Oh, shades of night so soon pass o'er.....
Oh, shades of night so


soon pass o'er, And let the light of heav-en shine,.... heav-en shine, That we in realms of bliss may soar,
And let the light of heav-en shine, heav - en shine,
soon pass o'er,..... And let the light of heav-en shine,..... That we in realms of bliss may soar,
And then the praise shall all be Thine, And then the praise shall all be Thine, all be Thine.
And then the praise shall all be Thine,.... shall all be Thine, And then the praise shall all be Thine, all be Thine.

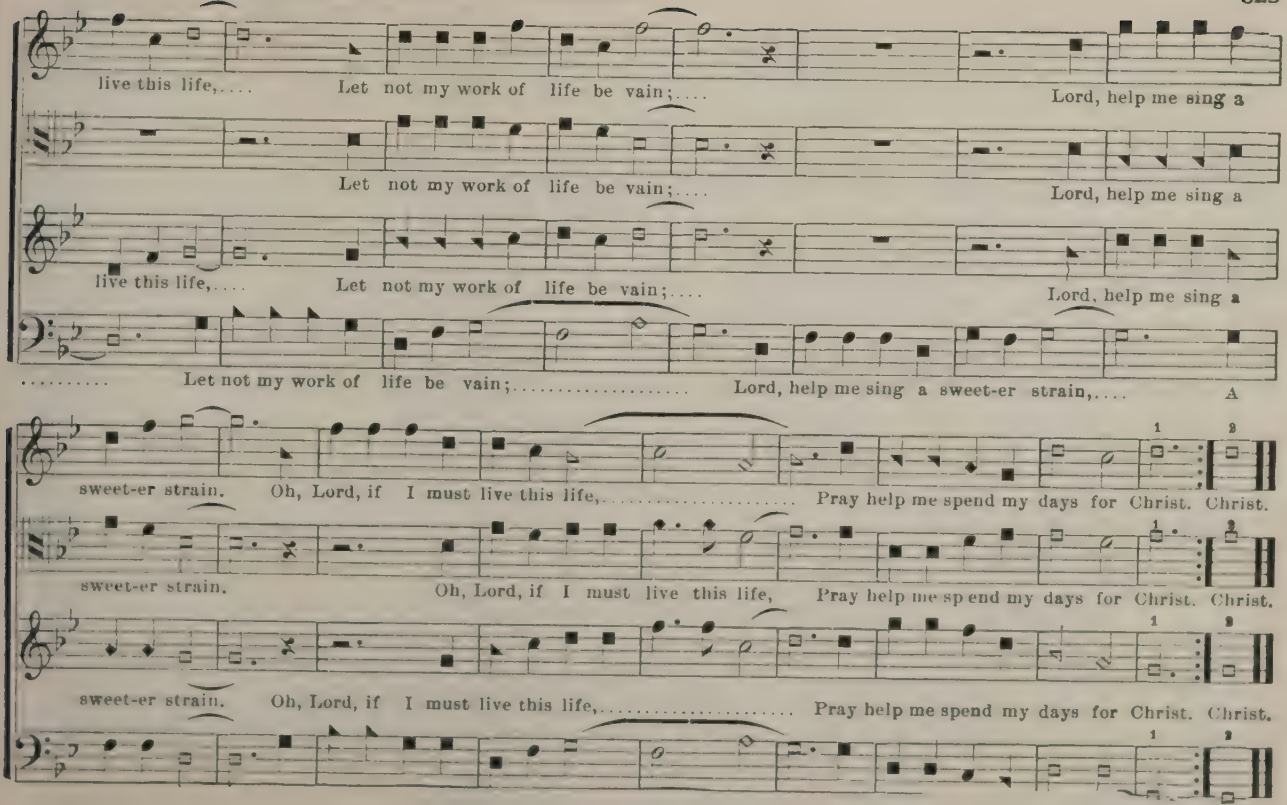
MY HOME ABOVE. L. M.

(Dedicated to M. J. Harmon, Tyler, Texas.)

Jno. W. Miller, Athens, Texas.


1. While tent-ing here I have no home, I'll work and toil till death shall come, For in this world I find no rest, I'll
2. My home is not be-neath the skies, Where tempests rage and storms a-rise; I have a home that's built a-bove, Where
3. There in that home a-bove the skies, They know no aches or sobs or sighs; But all is joy and peace and love, And
seek a home a-mong the blest.
O Lord, if I must
all is peace and joy and love.
Christ shall lead the host a-bove.
O Lord, if I must live this life,.... Yes,
O Lord, if I must live this life,....
Then let me spend my days for Christ;

MY HOME ABOVE. Concluded.


live this life,.... Let not my work of life be vain;.... Lord, help me sing a
Let not my work of life be vain;.... Lord, help me sing a
live this life,.... Let not my work of life be vain;.... Lord, help me sing a
..... Let not my work of life be vain;..... Lord, help me sing a sweet-er strain,.... A
sweet-er strain. Oh, Lord, if I must live this life,..... Pray help me spend my days for Christ. Christ.
sweet-er strain. Oh, Lord, if I must live this life, Pray help me spend my days for Christ. Christ.
sweet-er strain. Oh, Lord, if I must live this life,..... Pray help me spend my days for Christ. Christ.
1 2

HEAVENLY JOY.

Robert J. Davis, Newton, Ala., March 6, 1927.
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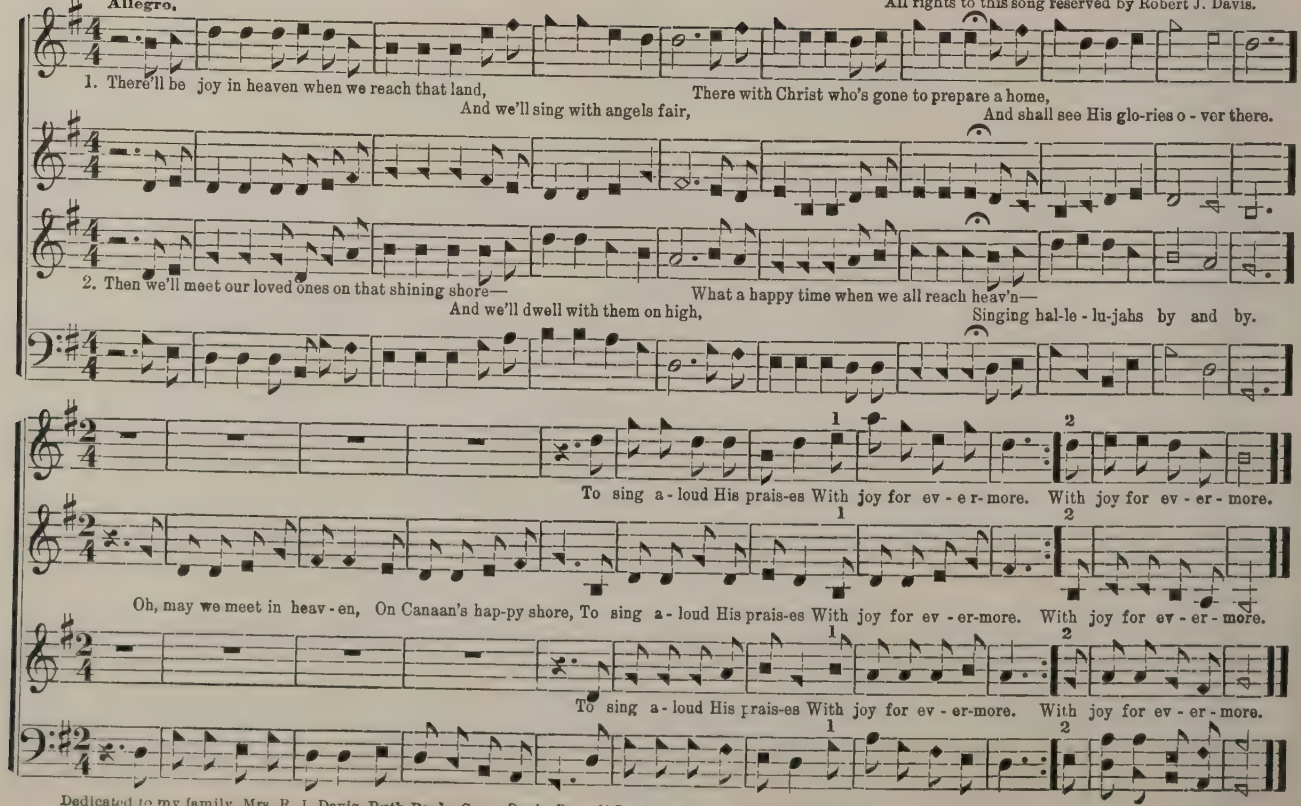
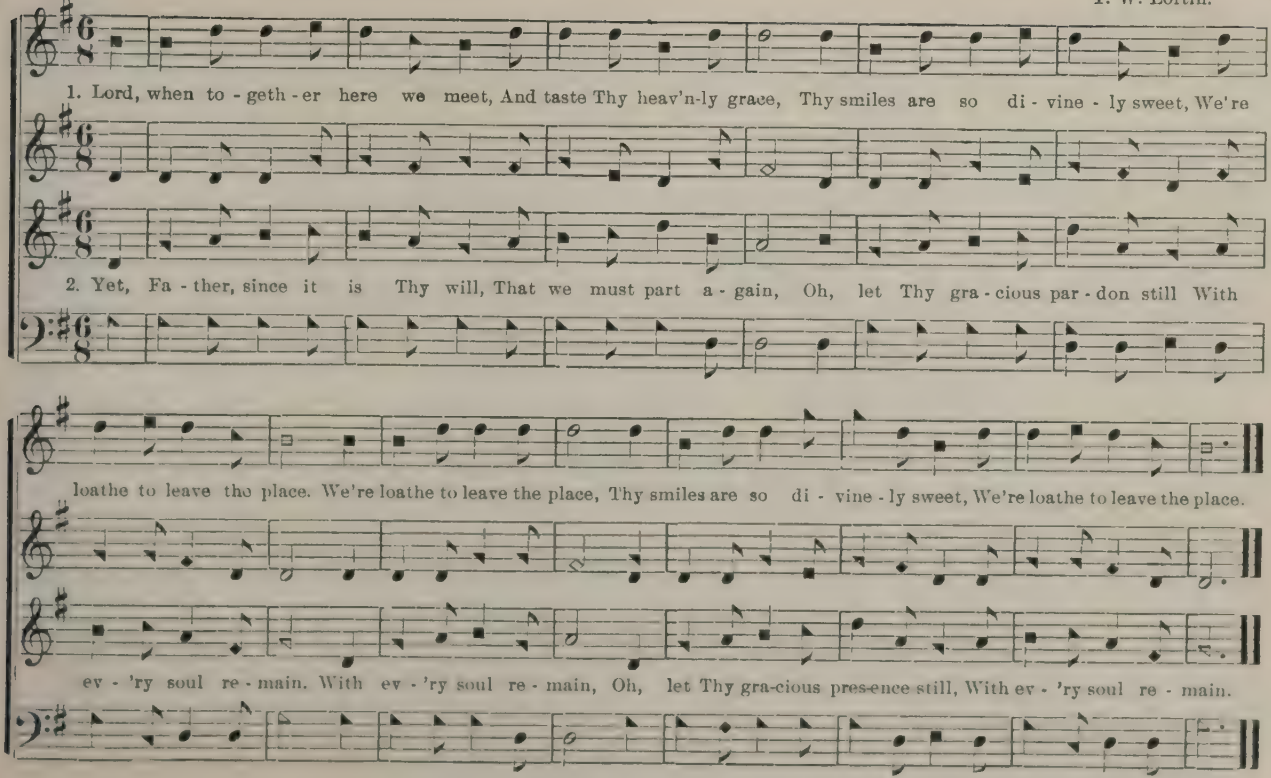

Allegro.
1. There'll be joy in heaven when we reach that land, There with Christ who's gone to prepare a home,
And we'll sing with angels fair, And shall see His glo-ries o - ver there.
2. Then we'll meet our loved ones on that shining shore— What a happy time when we all reach heav'n—
And we'll dwell with them on high, Singing hal-le - lu-jahs by and by.
To sing a - loud His prais-es With joy for ev - e r-more. With joy for ev - er - more.
Oh, may we meet in heav - en, On Canaan's hap-py shore, To sing a - loud His prais-es With joy for ev - er-more. With joy for ev - er - more.
To sing a - loud His prais-es With joy for ev - er-more. With joy for ev - er - more.

Dedicated to my family, Mrs. R. J. Davis, Ruth Davis, Grace Davis, Parnell Davis and Maulene Davis.—R. J. D.

HEAVENLY GRACE.

T. W. Loftin.


1. Lord, when to - geth - er here we meet, And taste Thy heav'n-ly grace, Thy smiles are so di - vine - ly sweet, We're
2. Yet, Fa - ther, since it is Thy will, That we must part a - gain, Oh, let Thy gra - cious par - don still With
loathe to leave the place. We're loathe to leave the place, Thy smiles are so di - vine - ly sweet, We're loathe to leave the place.
ev - 'ry soul re - main. With ev - 'ry soul re - main, Oh, let Thy gra-cious pres-ence still, With ev - 'ry soul re - main.

THE GOSPEL SOUND.

Robert J. Davis, Newton, Ala., March, 1927.
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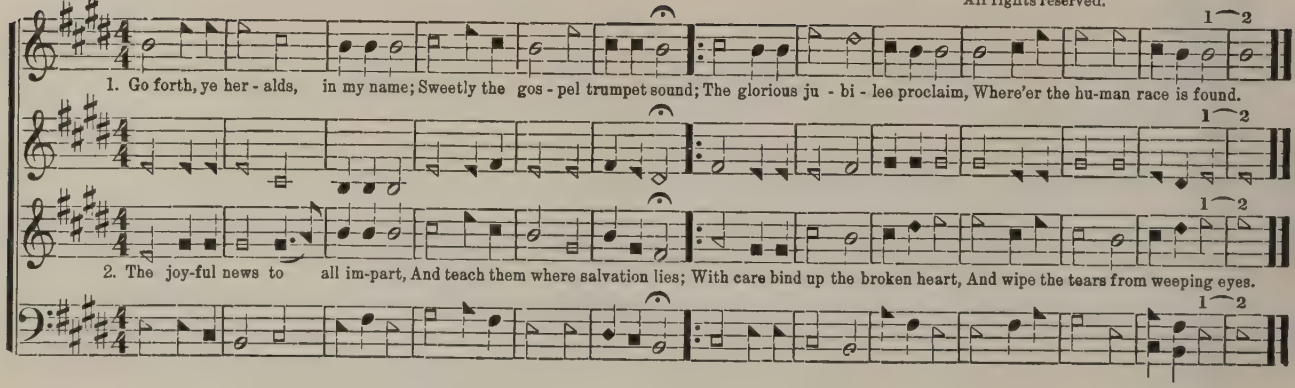
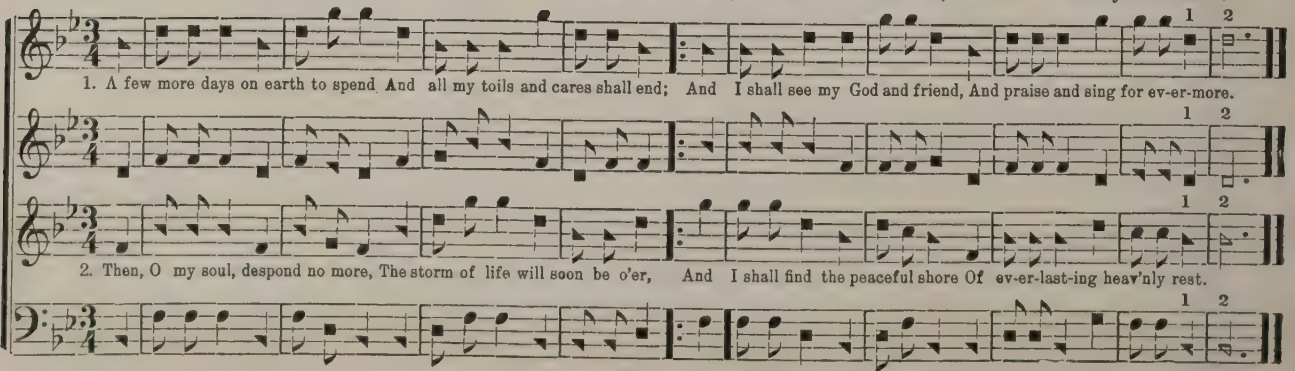

1. Go forth, ye her - alds, in my name; Sweetly the gos - pel trumpet sound; The glorious ju - bi - lee proclaim, Where'er the hu-man race is found.
2. The joy-ful news to all im-part, And teach them where salvation lies; With care bind up the broken heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

PEACEFUL SHORE.

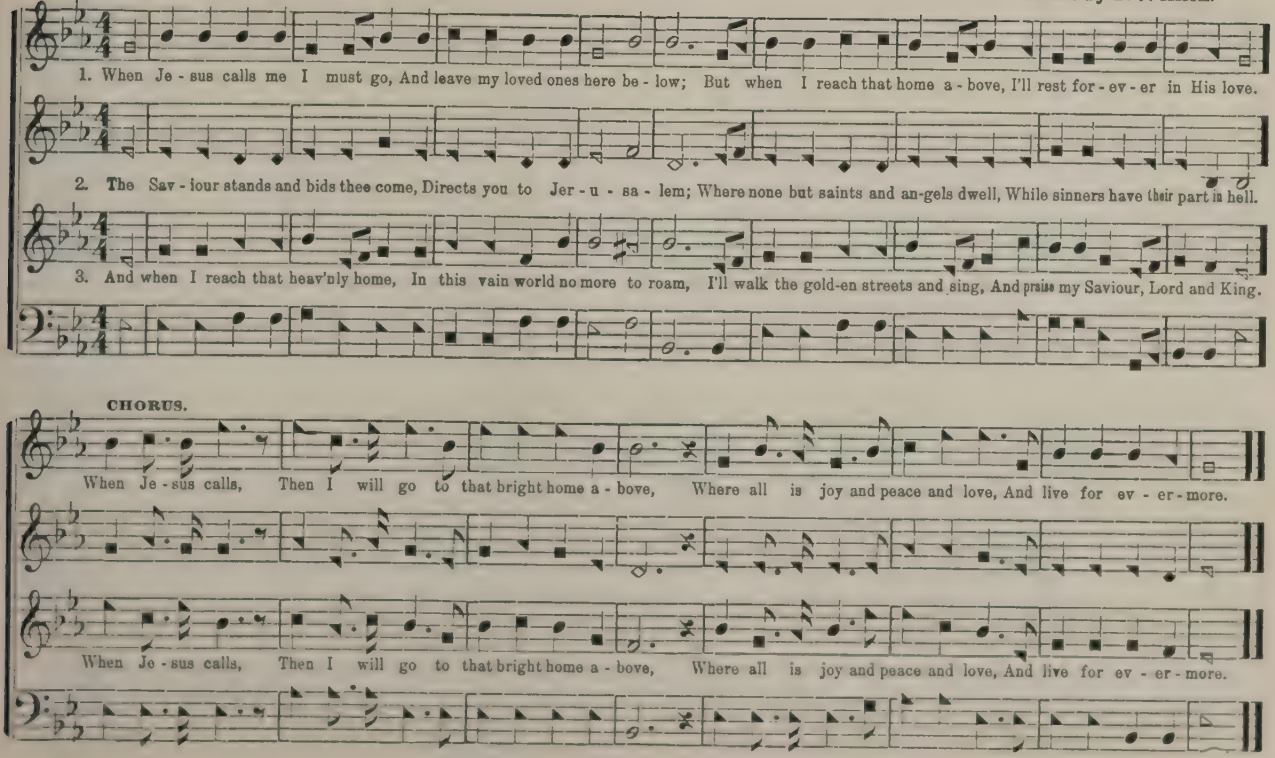
Treble and Alto by Mrs. Leila Wilkinson, Bass and Tenor by R. Wilson.


1. A few more days on earth to spend And all my toils and cares shall end; And I shall see my God and friend, And praise and sing for ev-er-more.
2. Then, O my soul, despond no more, The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ev-er-last-ing heav'nly rest.

WHEN JESUS CALLS.

Words composed by E. W. Riley.

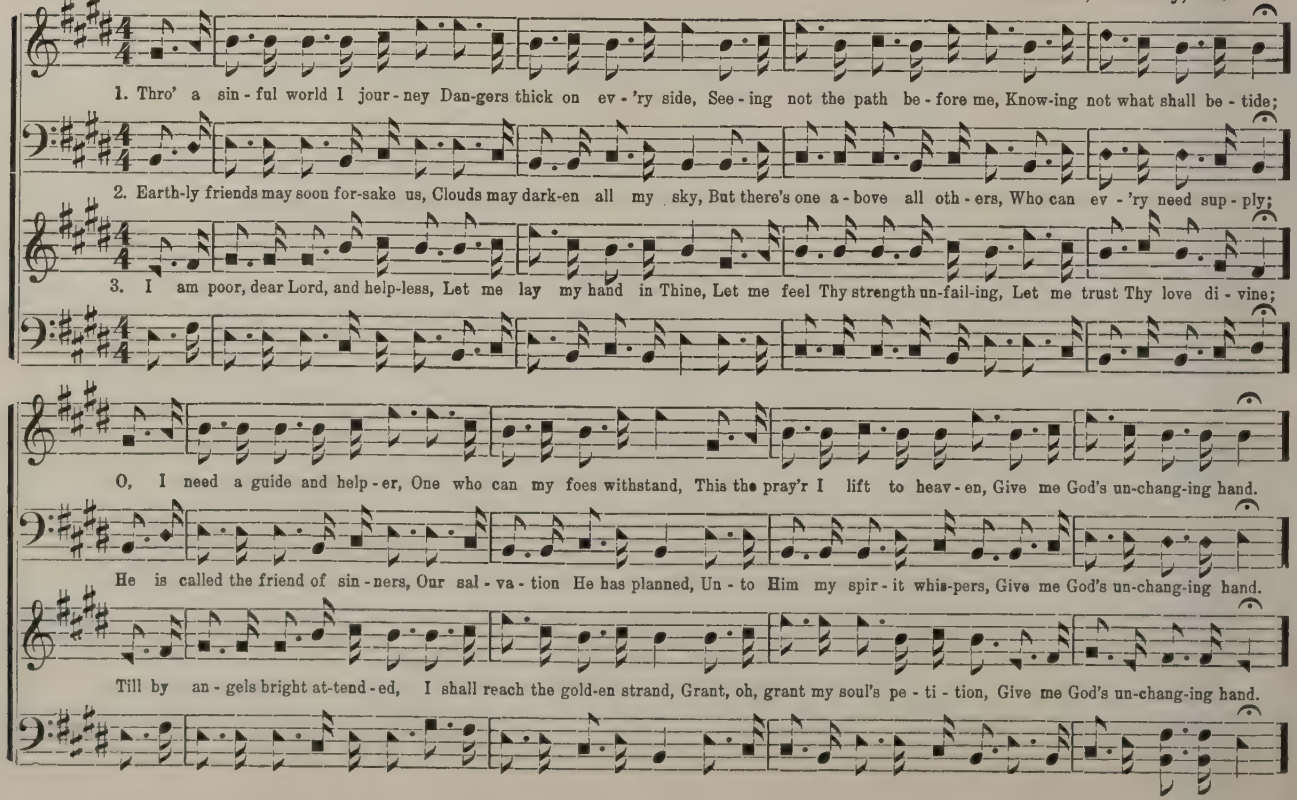
Music by T. J. Allen.

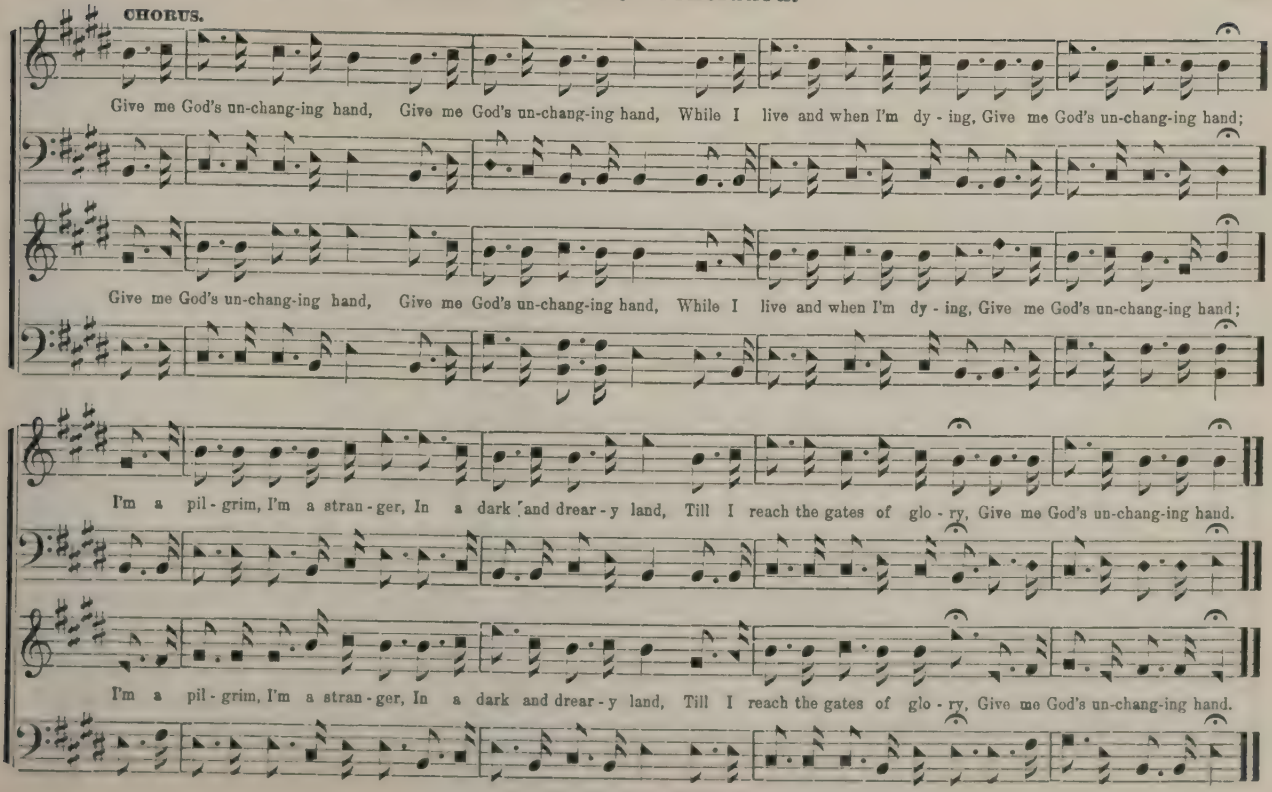

1. When Je - sus calls me I must go, And leave my loved ones here be - low; But when I reach that home a - bove, I'll rest for - ev - er in His love.
2. The Sav - iour stands and bids thee come, Directs you to Jer - u - sa - lem; Where none but saints and an-gels dwell, While sinners have their part in hell.
3. And when I reach that heav'nly home, In this vain world no more to roam, I'll walk the gold-en streets and sing, And praise my Saviour, Lord and King.
CHORUS.
When Je - sus calls, Then I will go to that bright home a - bove, Where all is joy and peace and love, And live for ev - er - more.
When Je - sus calls, Then I will go to that bright home a - bove, Where all is joy and peace and love, And live for ev - er - more.

GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

B. F. Faust, February, 1927.

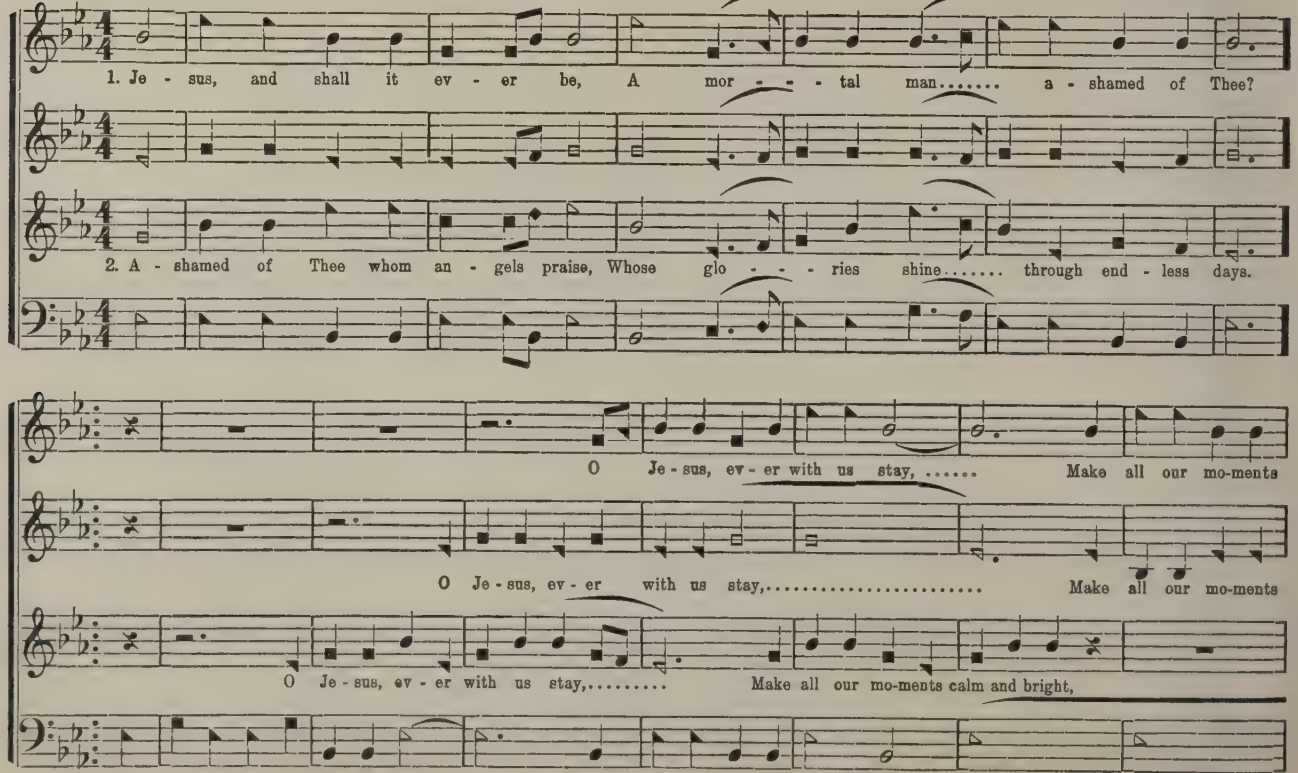

1. Thro' a sin - ful world I jour - ney Dan-gers thick on ev - 'ry side, See - ing not the path be - fore me, Know-ing not what shall be - tide;
2. Earth-ly friends may soon for-sake us, Clouds may dark-en all my sky, But there's one a - bove all oth - ers, Who can ev - 'ry need sup - ply;
3. I am poor, dear Lord, and help-less, Let me lay my hand in Thine, Let me feel Thy strength un-fail-ing, Let me trust Thy love di - vine;
O, I need a guide and help - er, One who can my foes withstand, This the pray'r I lift to heav - en, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand.
He is called the friend of sin - ners, Our sal - va - tion He has planned, Un - to Him my spir - it whis-pers, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand.
Till by an - gels bright at-tend - ed, I shall reach the gold-en strand, Grant, oh, grant my soul's pe - ti - tion, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand.


CHORUS.
Give me God's un-chang-ing hand, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand, While I live and when I'm dy - ing, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand;
Give me God's un-chang-ing hand, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand, While I live and when I'm dy - ing, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand;
I'm a pil - grim, I'm a stran - ger, In a dark and drear - y land, Till I reach the gates of glo - ry, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand.
I'm a pil - grim, I'm a stran - ger, In a dark and drear - y land, Till I reach the gates of glo - ry, Give me God's un-chang-ing hand.

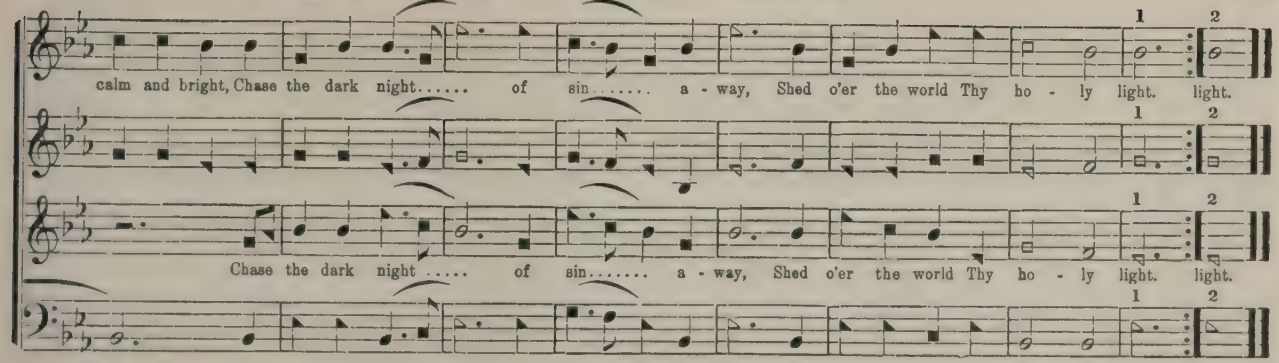
O JESUS, EVER WITH US STAY.

Joseph Grigg. Refrain arr. by T. J. A.

T. J. Allen, March, 1927.

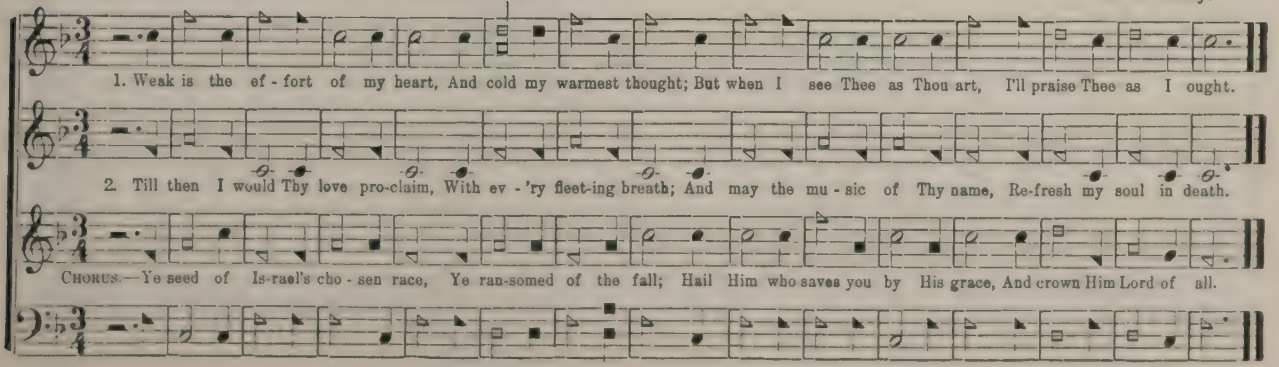

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - - - tal man..... a - shamed of Thee?
2. A - shamed of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - - - ries shine..... through end - less days.
O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay, ... Make all our mo-ments
O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay,..... Make all our mo-ments
O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay,..... Make all our mo-ments calm and bright,
O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay,..... Make all our mo-ments calm and bright,.....

O JESUS, EVER WITH US STAY. Concluded.


1 2
calm and bright, Chase the dark night..... of sin..... a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light. light.
1 2
1 2
Chase the dark night ..... of sin..... a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light. light.
1 2

THY LOVE PROCLAIM.

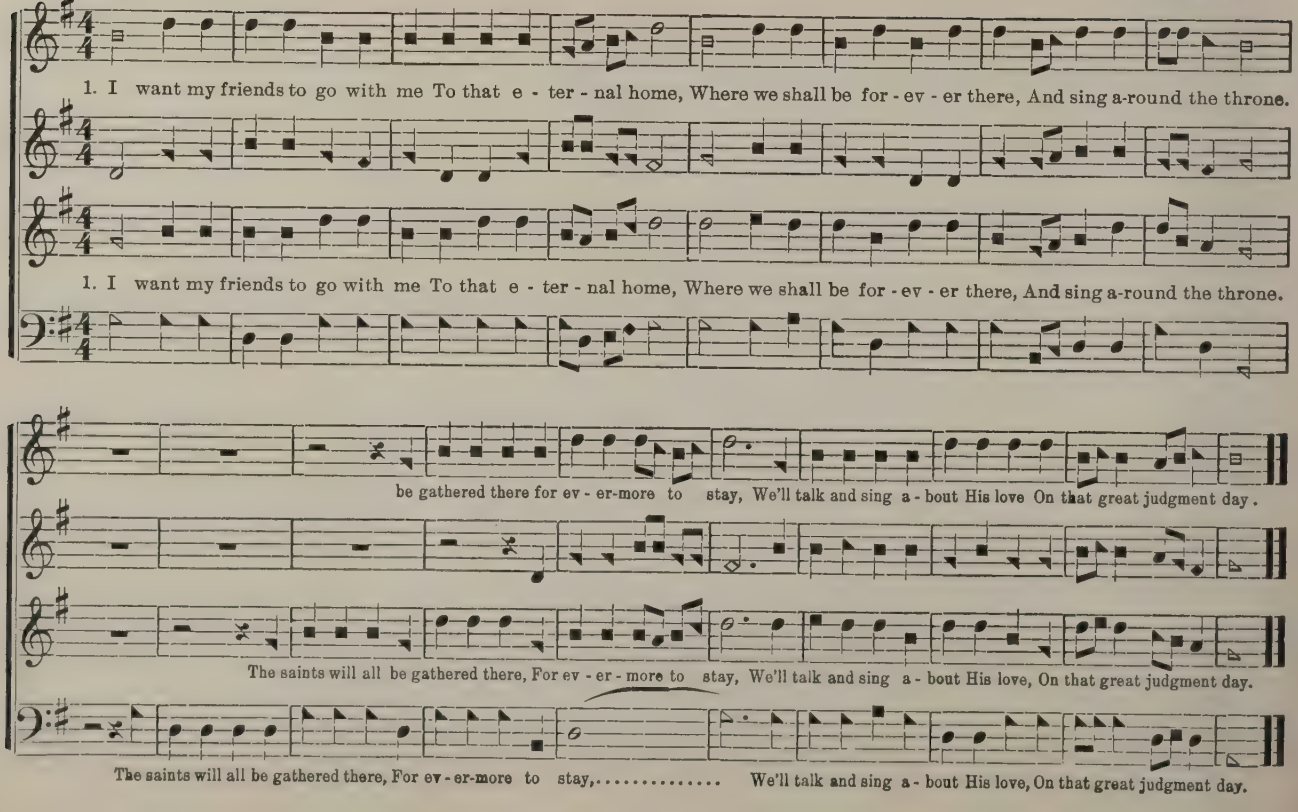
E. W. Riley.


1. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
2. Till then I would Thy love pro-claim, With ev - 'ry fleet-ing breath; And may the mu - sic of Thy name, Re-fresh my soul in death.
Chorus.—Ye seed of Is-rael's cho - sen race, Ye ran-somed of the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

THE SAINTS WILL BE GATHERED THERE.

C. M. S.

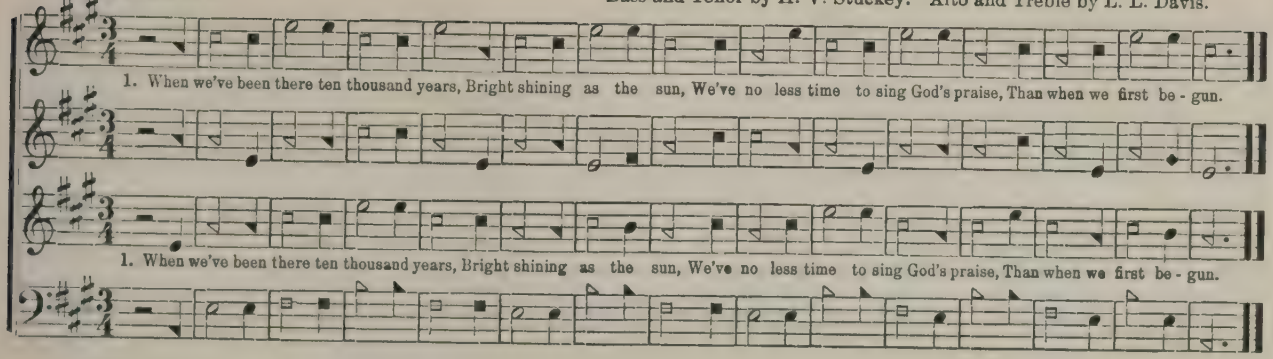
C. M. Senn.


1. I want my friends to go with me To that e - ter - nal home, Where we shall be for - ev - er there, And sing a-round the throne.
1. I want my friends to go with me To that e - ter - nal home, Where we shall be for - ev - er there, And sing a-round the throne.
be gathered there for ev - er-more to stay, We'll talk and sing a - bout His love On that great judgment day.
The saints will all be gathered there, For ev - er - more to stay, We'll talk and sing a - bout His love, On that great judgment day.
The saints will all be gathered there, For ev - er-more to stay,..... We'll talk and sing a - bout His love, On that great judgment day.

ENDLESS PRAISE.

Sing to key of G.

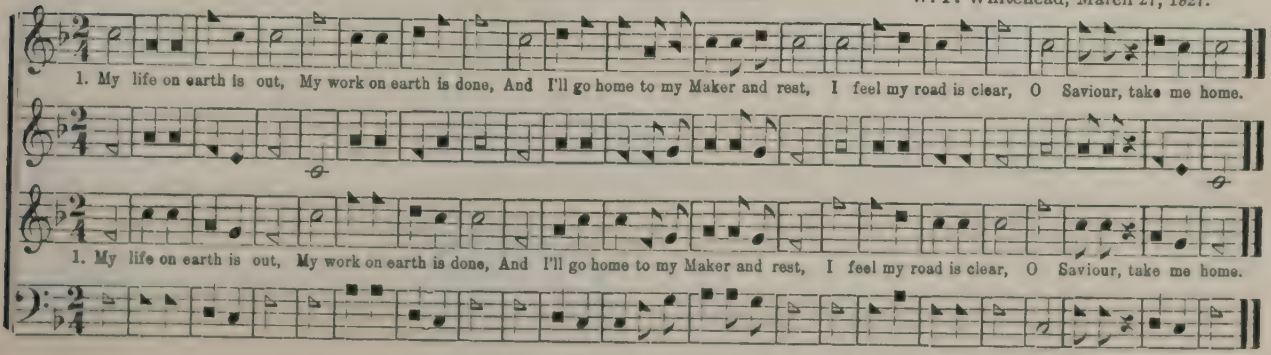
Bass and Tenor by H. V. Stuckey. Alto and Treble by L. L. Davis.


1. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less time to sing God's praise, Than when we first be - gun.
1. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less time to sing God's praise, Than when we first be - gun.

TAKE ME HOME.

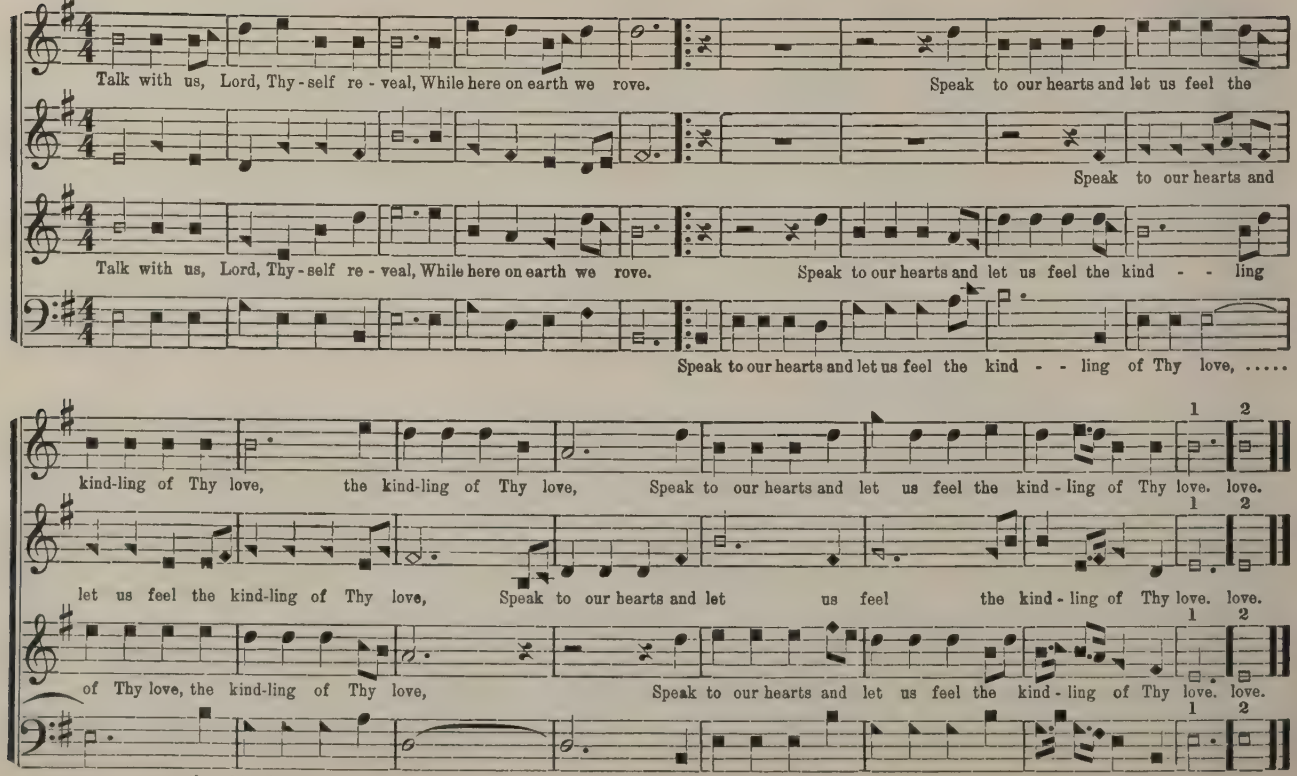
Written in memory of my mother.

W. P. Whitehead, March 27, 1927.

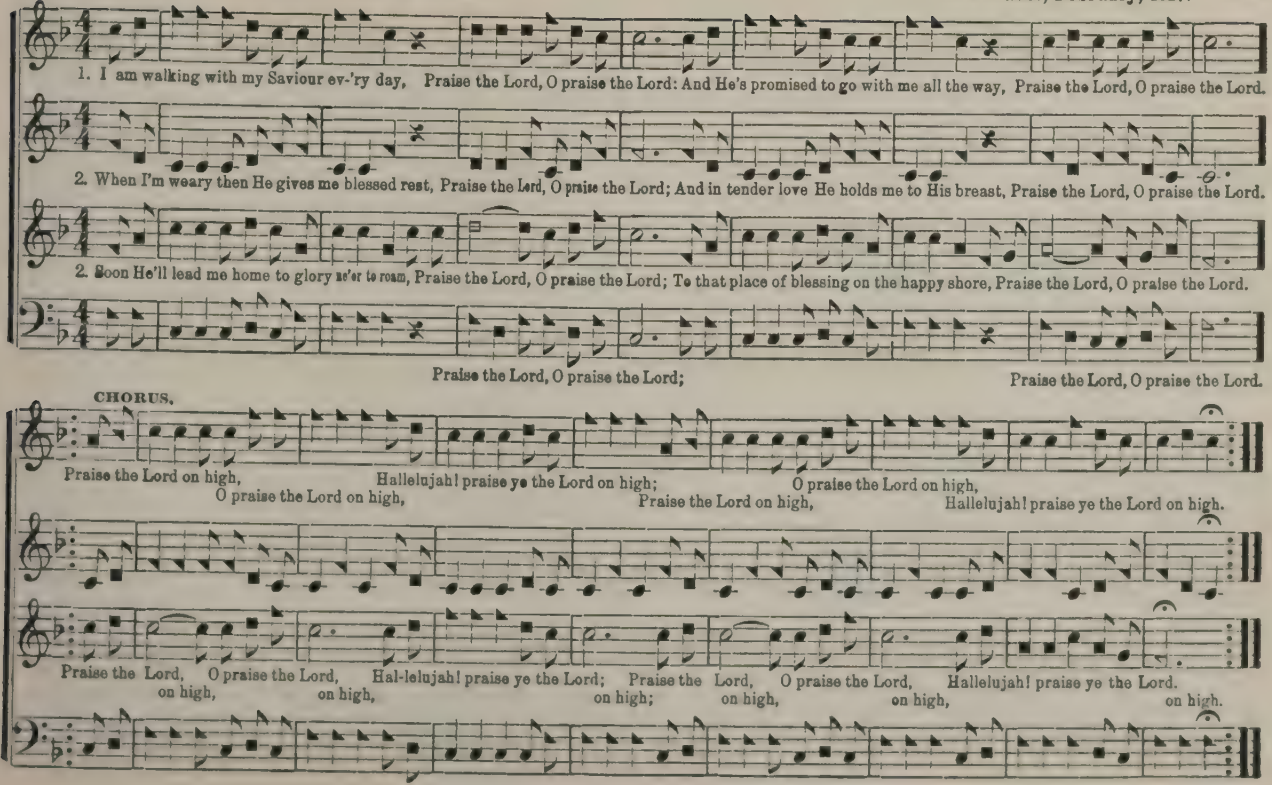

1. My life on earth is out, My work on earth is done, And I'll go home to my Maker and rest, I feel my road is clear, O Saviour, take me home.
1. My life on earth is out, My work on earth is done, And I'll go home to my Maker and rest, I feel my road is clear, O Saviour, take me home.

THY LOVE.

J. M. C. Shaw, 1927.


Talk with us, Lord, Thy-self re-veal, While here on earth we rove.
Speak to our hearts and let us feel the
Speak to our hearts and
Talk with us, Lord, Thy-self re-veal, While here on earth we rove.
Speak to our hearts and let us feel the kind - - ling
Speak to our hearts and let us feel the kind - - ling of Thy love, ...
kind-ling of Thy love, the kind-ling of Thy love, Speak to our hearts and let us feel the kind-ling of Thy love. love.
let us feel the kind-ling of Thy love, Speak to our hearts and let us feel the kind-ling of Thy love. love.
of Thy love, the kind-ling of Thy love, Speak to our hearts and let us feel the kind-ling of Thy love. love.
..... the kind-ling of Thy love,.....

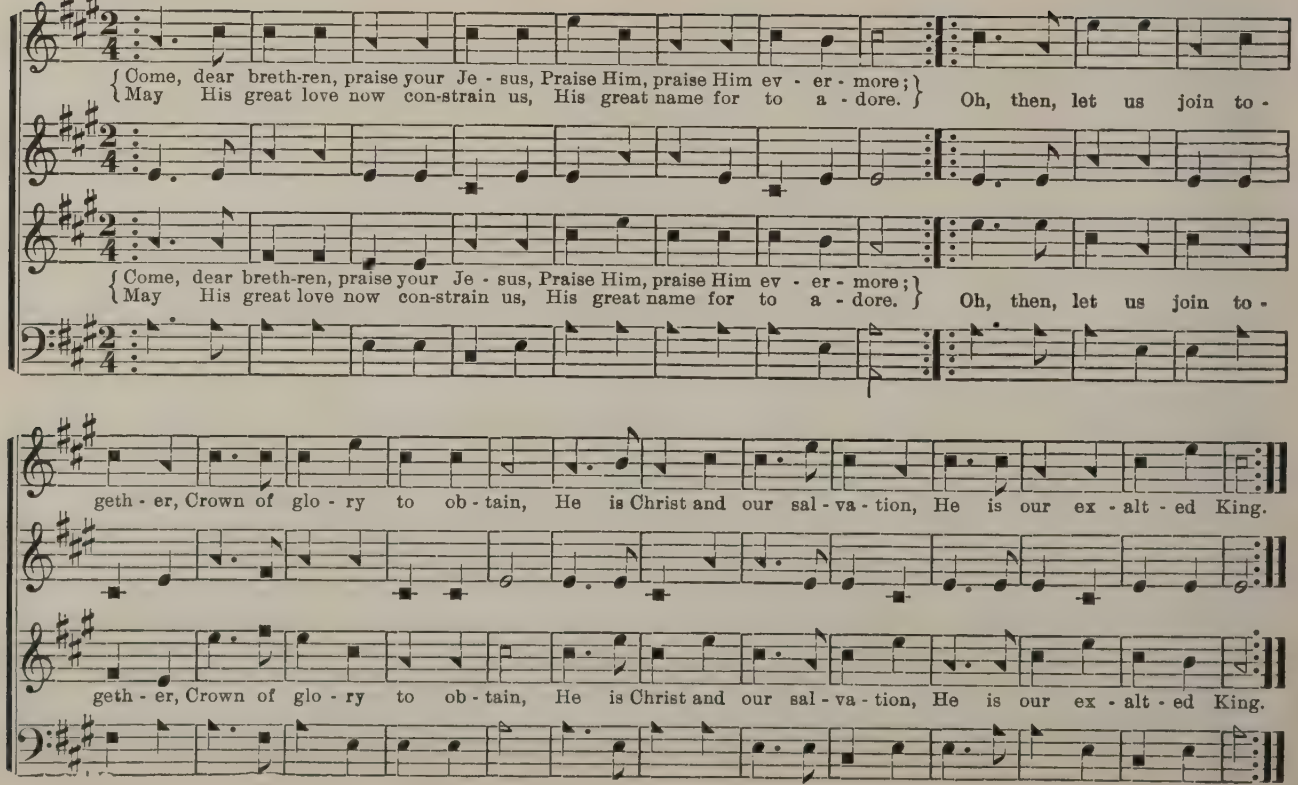
PRAISE THE LORD.

B. F. Faust, February, 1927.

1. I am walking with my Saviour ev-'ry day, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord: And He's promised to go with me all the way, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.
2. When I'm weary then He gives me blessed rest, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord; And in tender love He holds me to His breast, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.
2. Soon He'll lead me home to glory ne'er to roam, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord; To that place of blessing on the happy shore, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.
Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord;
Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.
CHORUS.
Praise the Lord on high, Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord on high; O praise the Lord on high,
O praise the Lord on high, Praise the Lord on high, Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord on high.
Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Hal-lelujah! praise ye the Lord; Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.
on high, on high, on high; on high, on high, on high.

PRAISING JESUS.

Key of G.

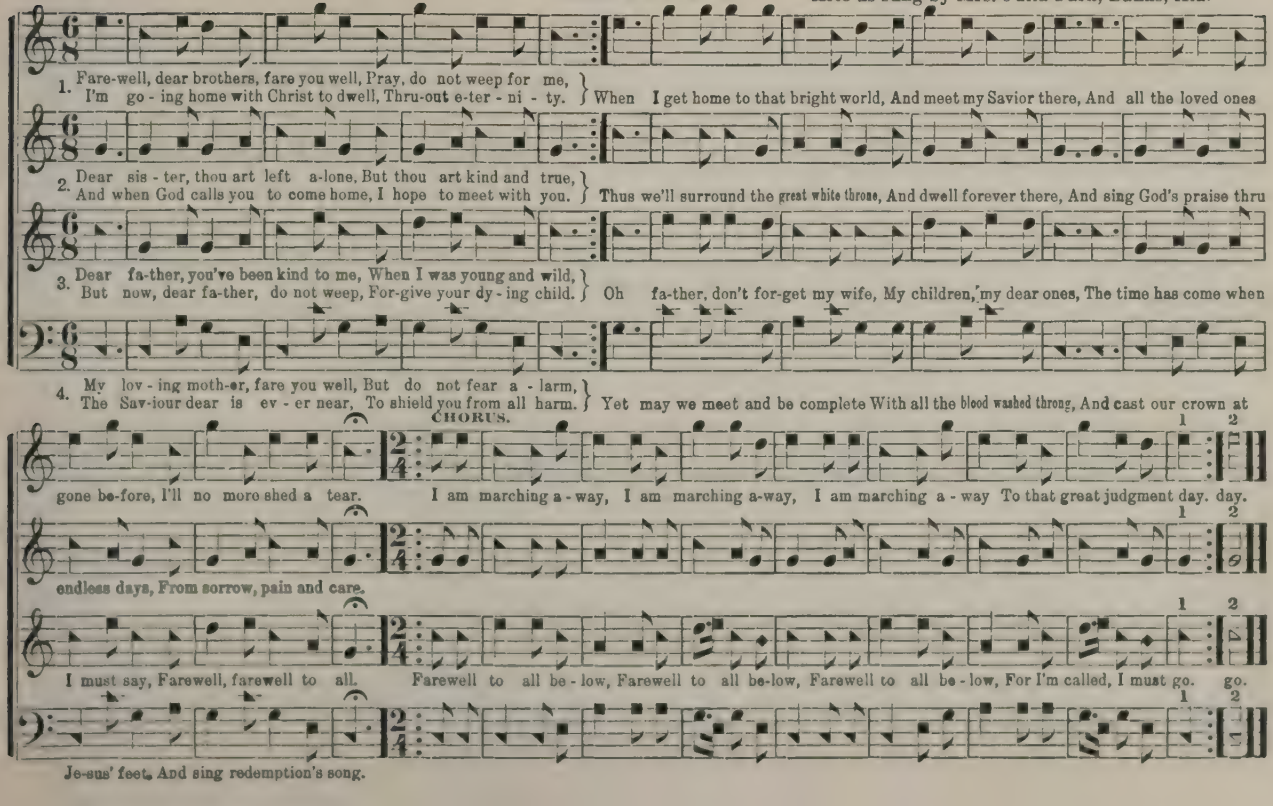
S. J. Byrd.


Come, dear breth-ren, praise your Je - sus, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more;
May His great love now con-strain us, His great name for to a - dore.
Oh, then, let us join to -
geth - er, Crown of glo - ry to ob - tain, He is Christ and our sal - va - tion, He is our ex - alt - ed King.
Come, dear breth-ren, praise your Je - sus, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more;
May His great love now con-strain us, His great name for to a - dore.
Oh, then, let us join to -
geth - er, Crown of glo - ry to ob - tain, He is Christ and our sal - va - tion, He is our ex - alt - ed King.

BIDDING FAREWELL TO LOVED ONES.

Inscribed to B. M. Wesley.

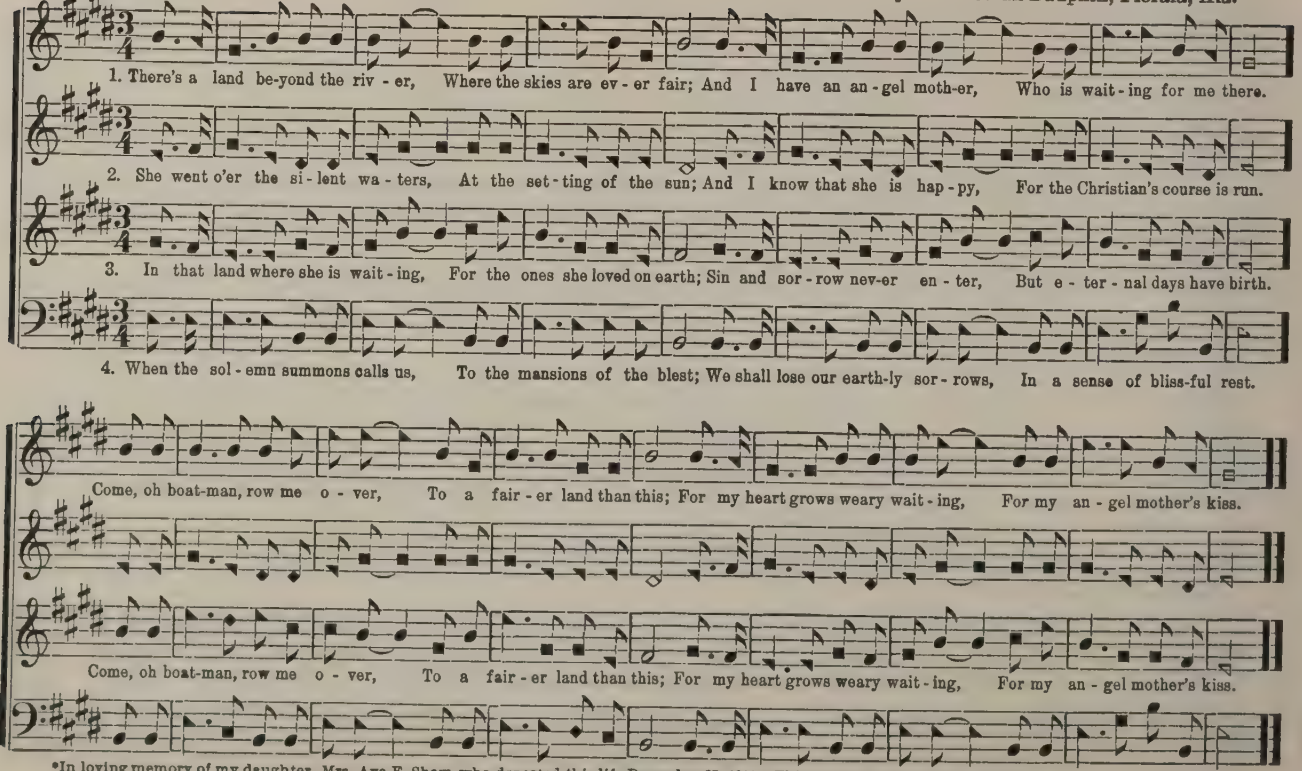
L. Park,
Alto as sung by Mrs. Julia Park, Banks, Ala.


1. Fare-well, dear brothers, fare you well, Pray, do not weep for me, I'm go - ing home with Christ to dwell, Thru-out e-ter - ni - ty. When I get home to that bright world, And meet my Savior there, And all the loved ones
2. Dear sis - ter, thou art left a-lone, But thou art kind and true, And when God calls you to come home, I hope to meet with you. Thus we'll surround the great white throne, And dwell forever there, And sing God's praise thru
3. Dear fa-ther, you've been kind to me, When I was young and wild, But now, dear fa-ther, do not weep, For-give your dy - ing child. Oh fa-ther, don't for-get my wife, My children, my dear ones, The time has come when
4. My lov - ing moth-er, fare you well, But do not fear a - larm, The Sav-iour dear is ev - er near, To shield you from all harm. Yet may we meet and be complete With all the blood washed throng, And cast our crown at
CHORUS.
gone be-fore, I'll no more shed a tear. I am marching a - way, I am marching a-way, I am marching a - way To that great judgment day. day.
endless days, From sorrow, pain and care.
I must say, Farewell, farewell to all. Farewell to all be - low, Farewell to all be-low, Farewell to all be - low, For I'm called, I must go. go.
Je-sus' feet, And sing redemption's song.

SHE IS SLEEPING.*

Arr. T. J. A.

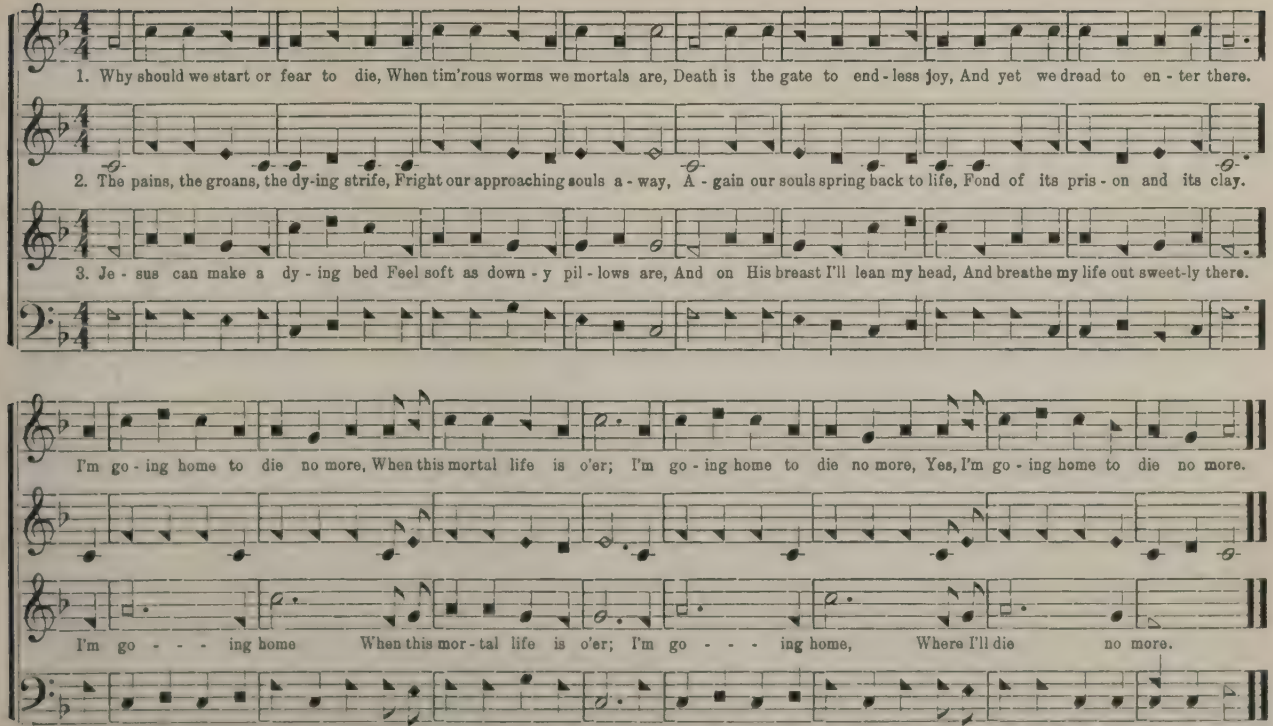
T. J. Allen.
Alto by Miss Beulah Dauphin, Florala, Ala.


1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, Where the skies are ev - er fair; And I have an an - gel moth-er, Who is wait - ing for me there.
2. She went o'er the si - lent wa - ters, At the set - ting of the sun; And I know that she is hap - py, For the Christian's course is run.
3. In that land where she is wait - ing, For the ones she loved on earth; Sin and sor - row nev-er en - ter, But e - ter - nal days have birth.
4. When the sol - emn summons calls us, To the mansions of the blest; We shall lose our earth-ly sor - rows, In a sense of bliss-ful rest.
Come, oh boat-man, row me o - ver, To a fair - er land than this; For my heart grows weary wait - ing, For my an - gel mother's kiss.
Come, oh boat-man, row me o - ver, To a fair - er land than this; For my heart grows weary wait - ing, For my an - gel mother's kiss.

*In loving memory of my daughter, Mrs. Ava E. Shaw, who departed this life December 27, 1914. This song is dedicated to her children.

I'M GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE.

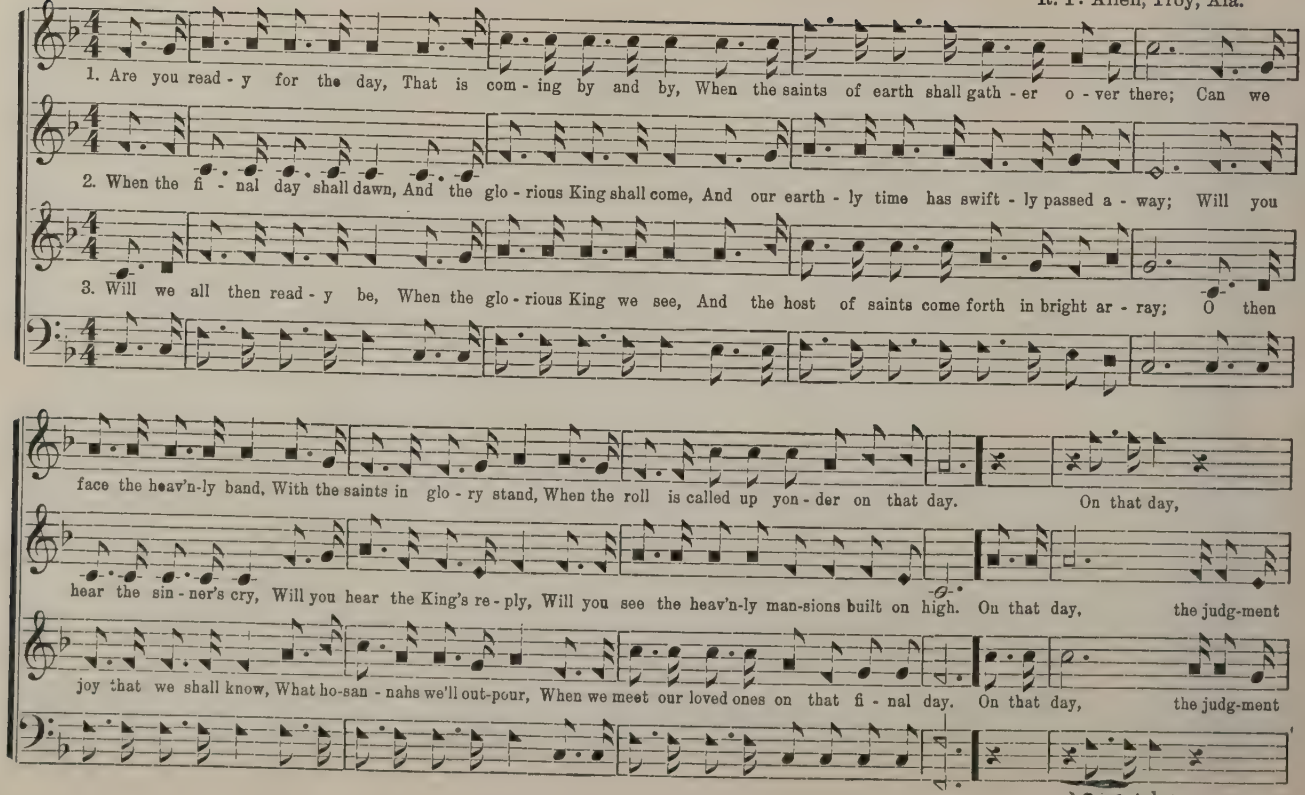
D. J. Givens.

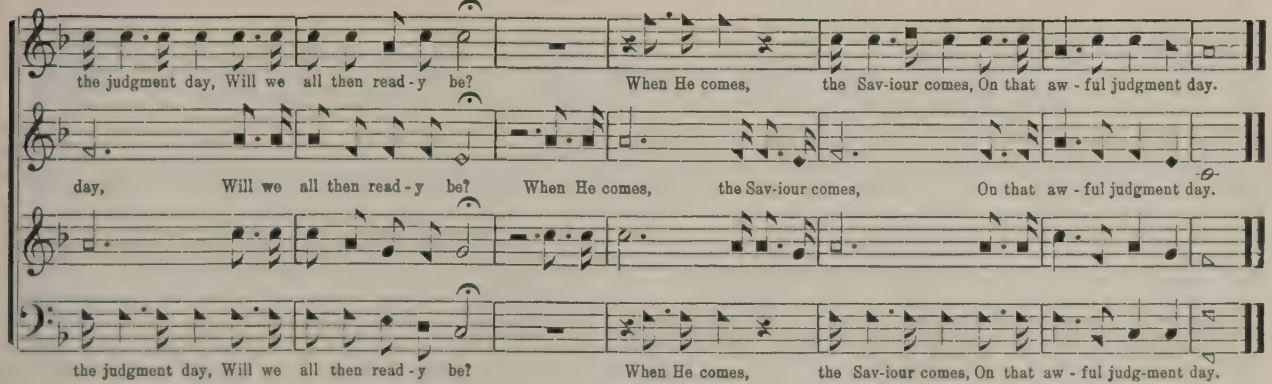

1. Why should we start or fear to die, When tim'rous worms we mortals are, Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.
2. The pains, the groans, the dy-ing strife, Fright our approaching souls a-way, A-gain our souls spring back to life, Fond of its pris-on and its clay.
3. Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil-lows are, And on His breast I'll lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.
I'm go-ing home to die no more, When this mortal life is o'er; I'm go-ing home to die no more, Yes, I'm go-ing home to die no more.
I'm go - - - ing home When this mor-tal life is o'er; I'm go - - - ing home, Where I'll die no more.
I'm go-ing home to die no more, When this mor-tal life is o'er; I'm go-ing home to die no more, Yes, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

Inscribed to my good friend, W. L. McGee.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

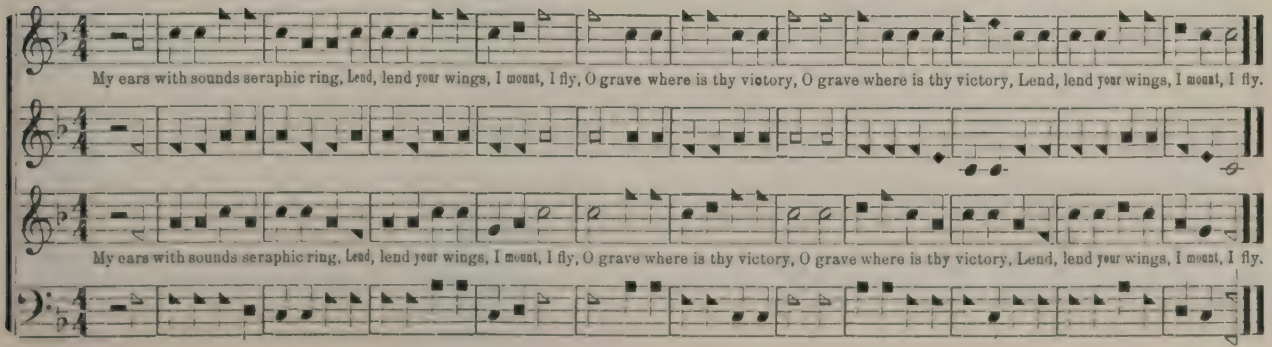
R. P. Allen, Troy, Ala.


1. Are you read - y for the day, That is com - ing by and by, When the saints of earth shall gath - er o - ver there; Can we
2. When the fi - nal day shall dawn, And the glo - rious King shall come, And our earth - ly time has swift - ly passed a - way; Will you
3. Will we all then read - y be, When the glo - rious King we see, And the host of saints come forth in bright ar - ray; O then
face the heav'n-ly band, With the saints in glo - ry stand, When the roll is called up yon - der on that day. On that day,
hear the sin - ner's cry, Will you hear the King's re - ply, Will you see the heav'n-ly man-sions built on high. On that day, the judg-ment
joy that we shall know, What ho-san - nahs we'll out-pour, When we meet our loved ones on that fi - nal day. On that day, the judg-ment
On that day.


the judgment day, Will we all then read-y be? When He comes, the Sav-iour comes, On that aw-ful judgment day.
day, Will we all then read-y be? When He comes, the Sav-iour comes, On that aw-ful judgment day.
the judgment day, Will we all then read-y be? When He comes, the Sav-iour comes, On that aw-ful judg-ment day.

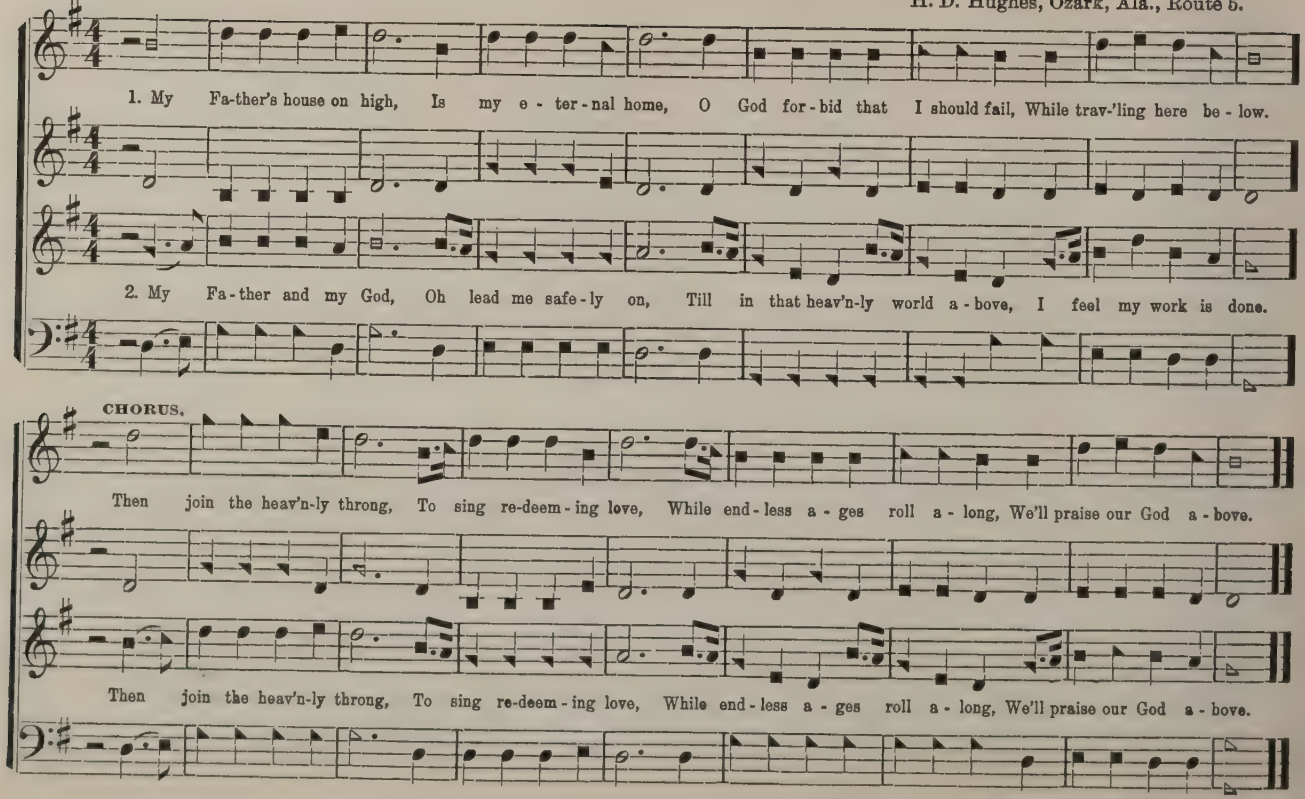
THE GRAVES' VICTORY.

Lymon Davis. Alto by Mrs. J. A. Davis.


My ears with sounds seraphic ring, Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave where is thy victory, O grave where is thy victory, Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly.
My ears with sounds seraphic ring, Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave where is thy victory, O grave where is thy victory, Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly.

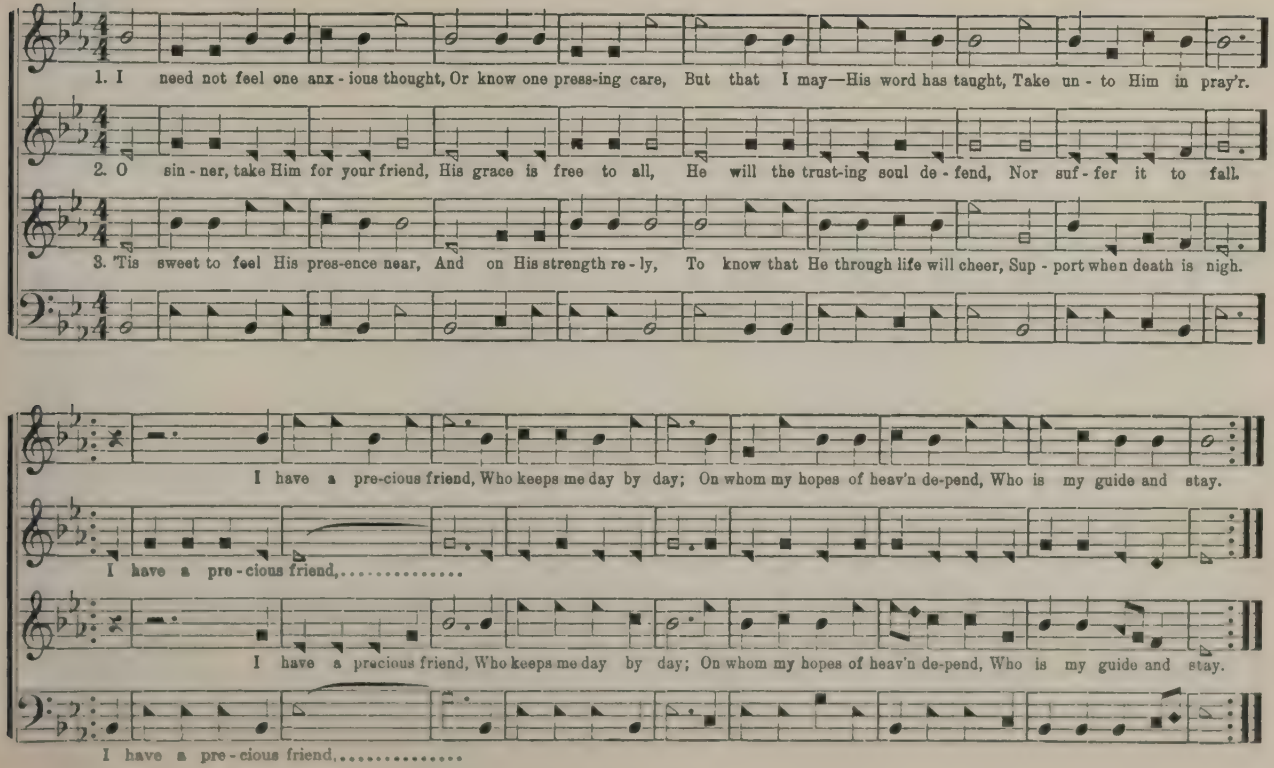
MY ETERNAL HOME.

H. D. Hughes, Ozark, Ala., Route 5.


1. My Fa-ther's house on high, Is my e - ter - nal home, O God for - bid that I should fail, While trav-'ling here be - low.
2. My Fa - ther and my God, Oh lead me safe - ly on, Till in that heav'n-ly world a - bove, I feel my work is done.
CHORUS.
Then join the heav'n-ly throng, To sing re-deem - ing love, While end - less a - ges roll a - long, We'll praise our God a - bove.
Then join the heav'n-ly throng, To sing re-deem - ing love, While end - less a - ges roll a - long, We'll praise our God a - bove.

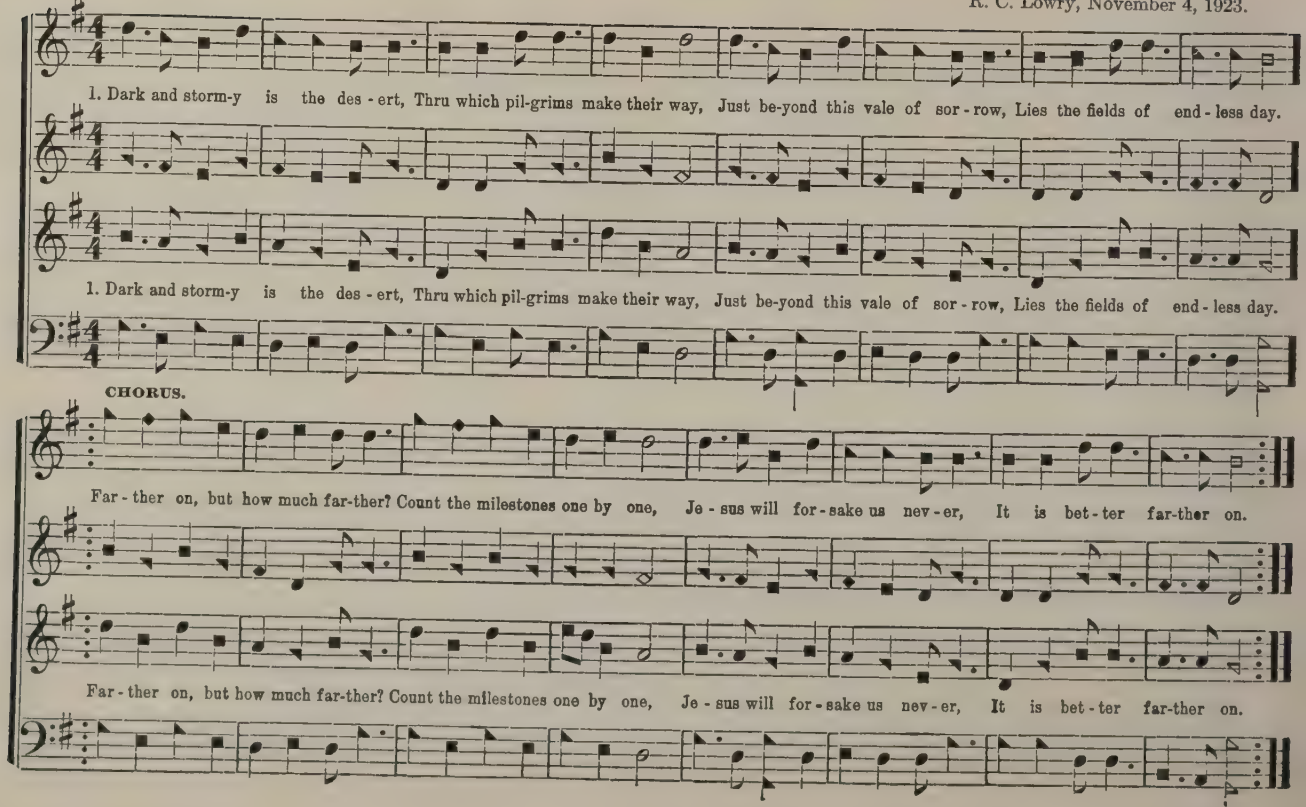
I HAVE A PRECIOUS FRIEND.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. J. Allen.


1. I need not feel one anx - ious thought, Or know one press-ing care, But that I may—His word has taught, Take un - to Him in pray'r.
2. O sin - ner, take Him for your friend, His grace is free to all, He will the trust-ing soul de - fend, Nor suf - fer it to fall.
3. 'Tis sweet to feel His pres-ence near, And on His strength re - ly, To know that He through life will cheer, Sup - port when death is nigh.
I have a pre-cious friend, Who keeps me day by day; On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend, Who is my guide and stay.
I have a pre - cious friend,.....
I have a precious friend, Who keeps me day by day; On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend, Who is my guide and stay.
I have a pre - cious friend,.....

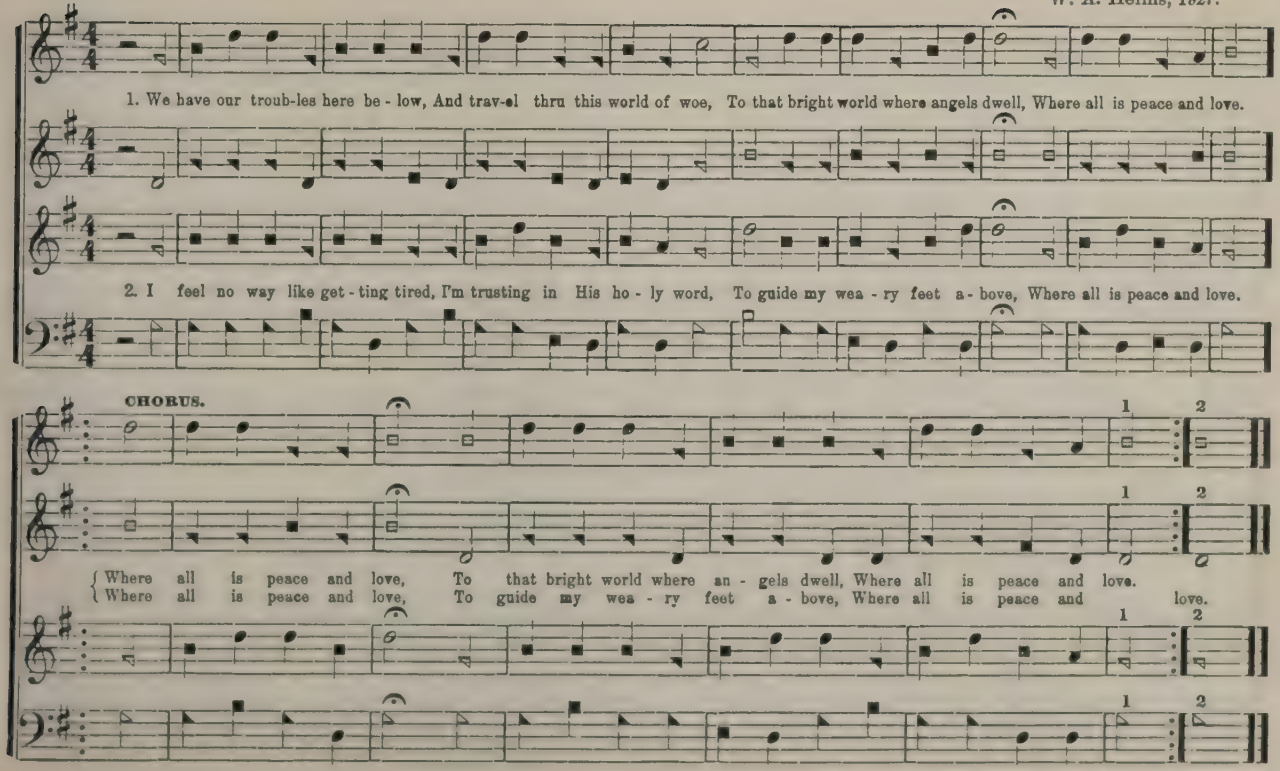
FARTHER ON.

R. C. Lowry, November 4, 1923.


1. Dark and storm-y is the des - ert, Thru which pil-grims make their way, Just be-yond this vale of sor - row, Lies the fields of end - less day.
1. Dark and storm-y is the des - ert, Thru which pil-grims make their way, Just be-yond this vale of sor - row, Lies the fields of end - less day.
CHORUS.
Far - ther on, but how much far-ther? Count the milestones one by one, Je - sus will for - sake us nev - er, It is bet - ter far-ther on.
Far - ther on, but how much far-ther? Count the milestones one by one, Je - sus will for - sake us nev - er, It is bet - ter far-ther on.

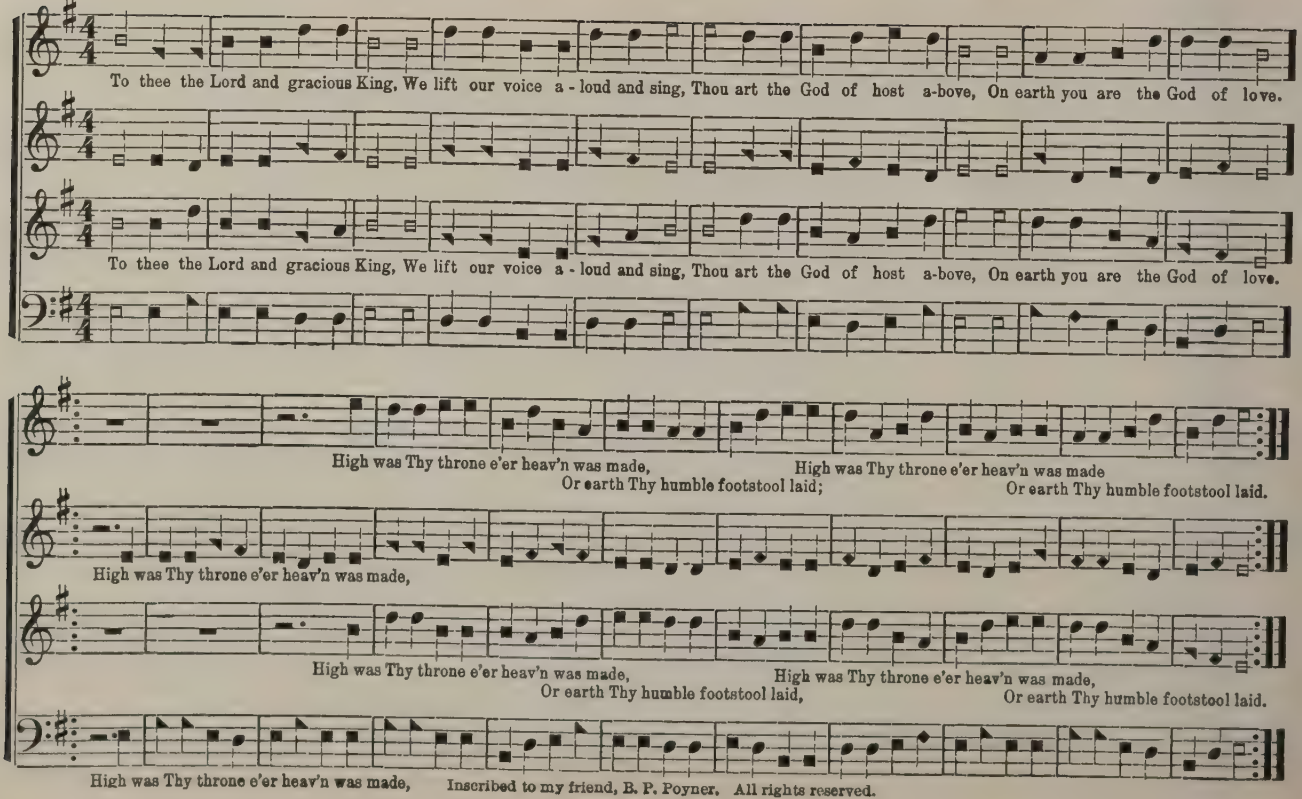
ALL IS PEACE AND LOVE.

W. A. Helms, 1927.


1. We have our troub-les here be - low, And trav-el thru this world of woe, To that bright world where angels dwell, Where all is peace and love.
2. I feel no way like get - ting tired, I'm trusting in His ho - ly word, To guide my wea - ry feet a - bove, Where all is peace and love.
CHORUS.
1
2
Where all is peace and love, To that bright world where an - gels dwell, Where all is peace and love.
Where all is peace and love, To guide my wea - ry feet a - bove, Where all is peace and love.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

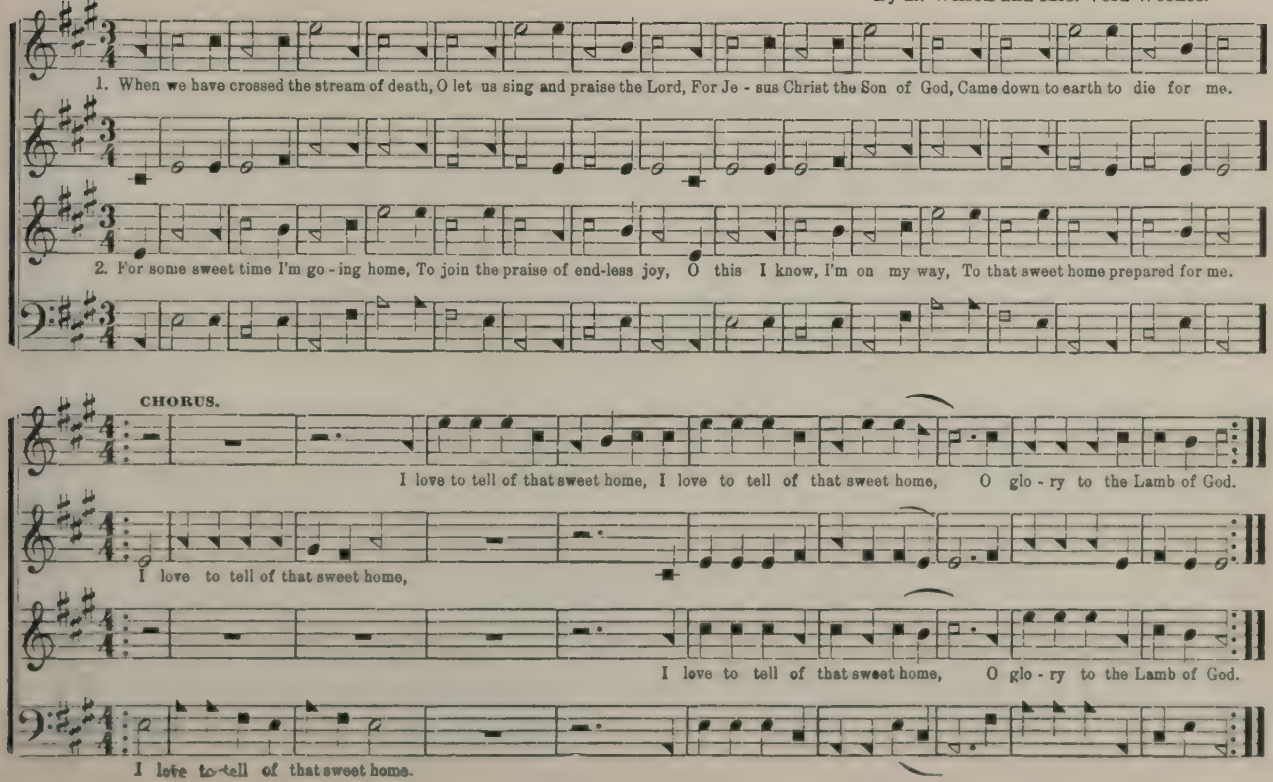
G. L. Beck, Ozark, Ala., March 5, 1927.


To thee the Lord and gracious King, We lift our voice a - loud and sing, Thou art the God of host a-bove, On earth you are the God of love.
To thee the Lord and gracious King, We lift our voice a - loud and sing, Thou art the God of host a-bove, On earth you are the God of love.
High was Thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid;
High was Thy throne e'er heav'n was made
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.
High was Thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
High was Thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid,
High was Thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.
High was Thy throne e'er heav'n was made,

Inscribed to my friend, B. P. Poyner. All rights reserved.

THAT SWEET HOME.

By R. Wilson and Mrs. Vera Weekes.

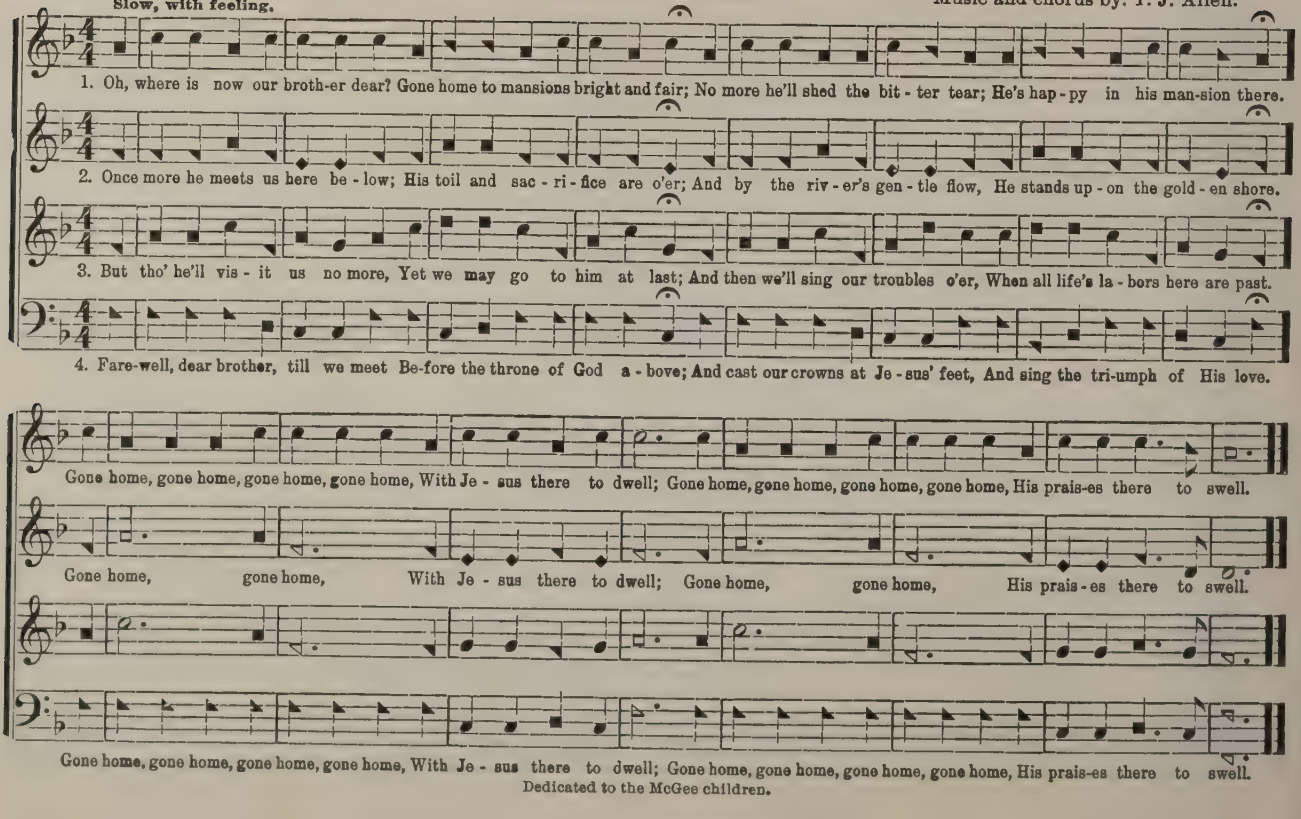

1. When we have crossed the stream of death, O let us sing and praise the Lord, For Je - sus Christ the Son of God, Came down to earth to die for me.
2. For some sweet time I'm go - ing home, To join the praise of end-less joy, O this I know, I'm on my way, To that sweet home prepared for me.
CHORUS.
I love to tell of that sweet home, I love to tell of that sweet home, O glo - ry to the Lamb of God.
I love to tell of that sweet home,
I love to tell of that sweet home, O glo - ry to the Lamb of God.
I love to tell of that sweet home.

GONE HOME.

Slow, with feeling.

In memory of W. L. McGee.

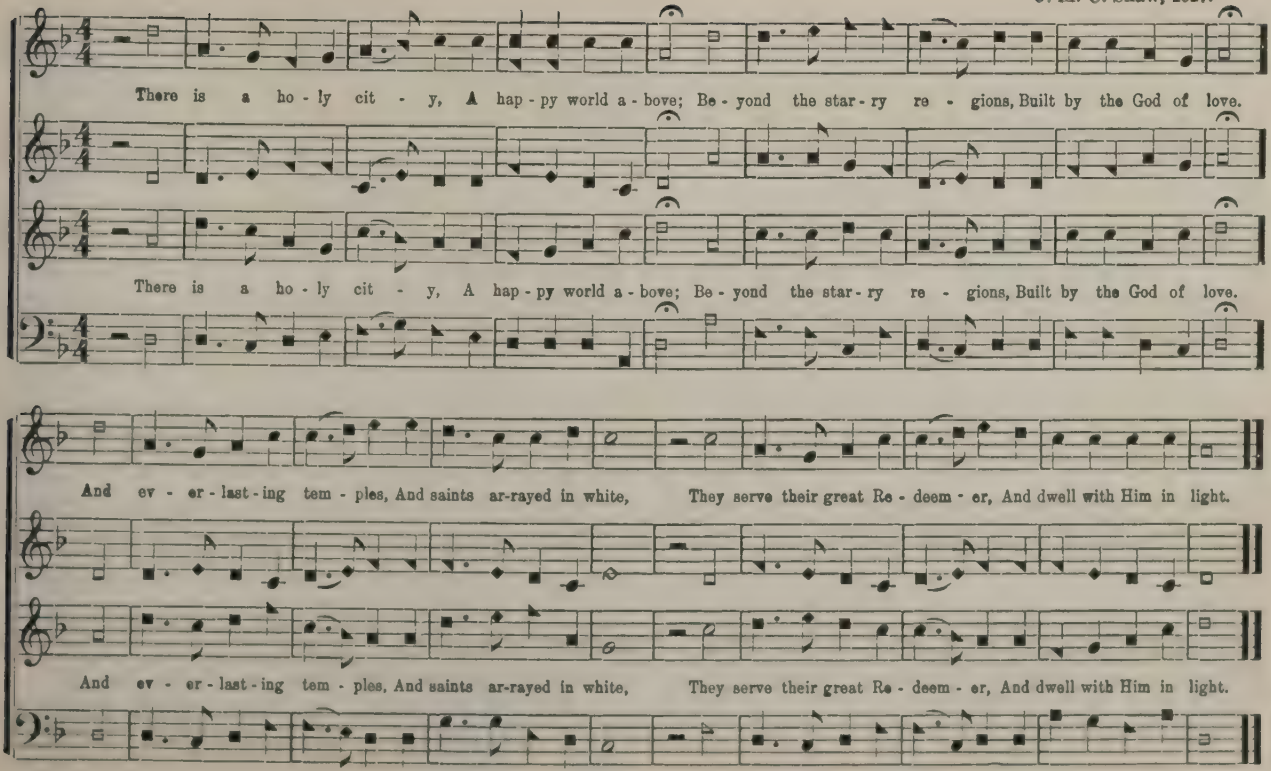
Music and chorus by. T. J. Allen.


1. Oh, where is now our broth-er dear? Gone home to mansions bright and fair; No more he'll shed the bit - ter tear; He's hap - py in his man-sion there.
2. Once more he meets us here be - low; His toil and sac - ri - fice are o'er; And by the riv - er's gen - tle flow, He stands up - on the gold - en shore.
3. But tho' he'll vis - it us no more, Yet we may go to him at last; And then we'll sing our troubles o'er, When all life's la - bors here are past.
4. Fare-well, dear brother, till we meet Be-fore the throne of God a - bove; And cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet, And sing the tri-umph of His love.
Gone home, gone home, gone home, gone home, With Je - sus there to dwell; Gone home, gone home, gone home, gone home, His prais-es there to swell.
Gone home, gone home, With Je - sus there to dwell; Gone home, gone home, His prais - es there to swell.
Gone home, gone home, gone home, gone home, With Je - sus there to dwell; Gone home, gone home, gone home, gone home, His prais-es there to swell.

Dedicated to the McGee children.

WORLD ABOVE.

J. M. C. Shaw, 1927.


There is a ho - ly cit - y, A hap - py world a - bove; Be - yond the star - ry re - gions, Built by the God of love.
There is a ho - ly cit - y, A hap - py world a - bove; Be - yond the star - ry re - gions, Built by the God of love.
And ev - er - last - ing tem - ples, And saints ar-rayed in white, They serve their great Re - deem - er, And dwell with Him in light.
And ev - er - last - ing tem - ples, And saints ar-rayed in white, They serve their great Re - deem - er, And dwell with Him in light.

AND LIVE THROUGH ENDLESS DAY.

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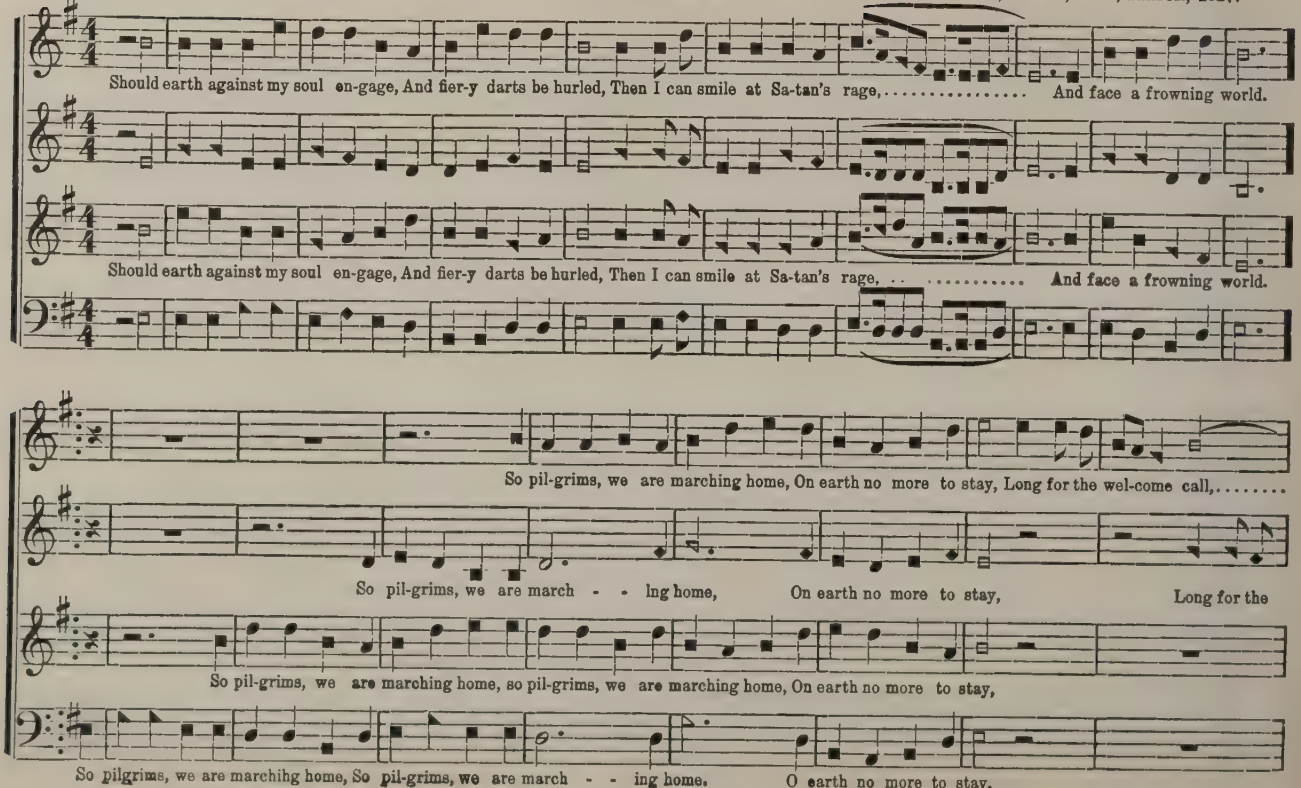
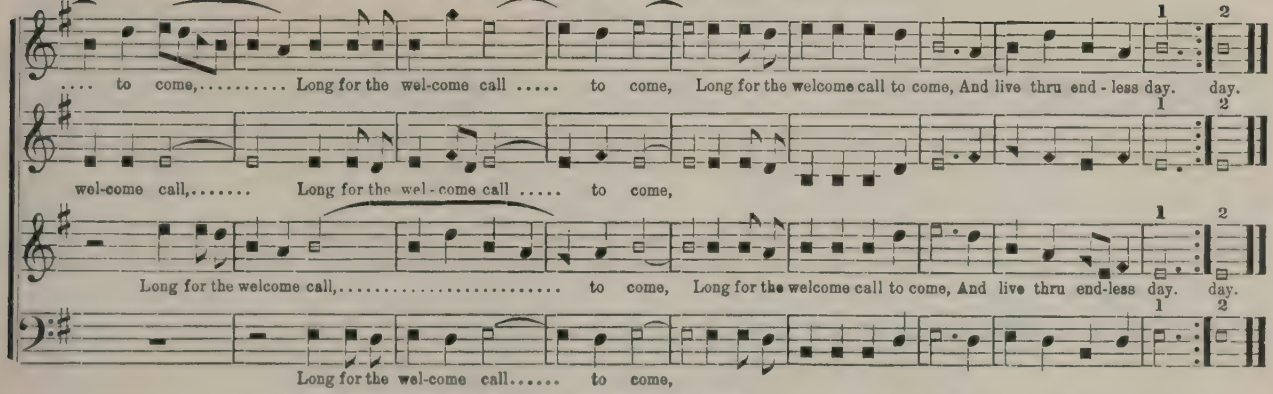
G. L. Beck, Ozark, Ala., March, 1927.

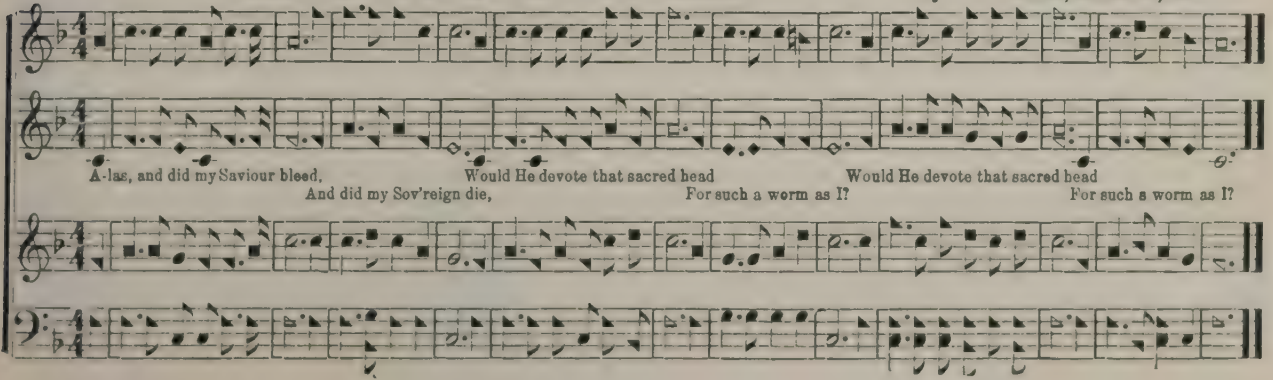

Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
So pil-grims, we are marching home, On earth no more to stay, Long for the wel-come call,
So pil-grims, we are march - - lng home, On earth no more to stay, Long for the
So pil-grims, we are marching home, so pil-grims, we are marching home, On earth no more to stay,
So pilgrims, we are marchihg home, So pil-grims, we are march - - ing home. O earth no more to stay.

AND LIVE THROUGH ENDLESS DAY. Concluded.


.... to come,..... Long for the wel-come call ..... to come, Long for the welcome call to come, And live thru end - less day. day.
wel-come call,..... Long for the wel - come call ..... to come,
Long for the welcome call,..... to come, Long for the welcome call to come, And live thru end-less day. day.
Long for the wel-come call..... to come,

ALAS, AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

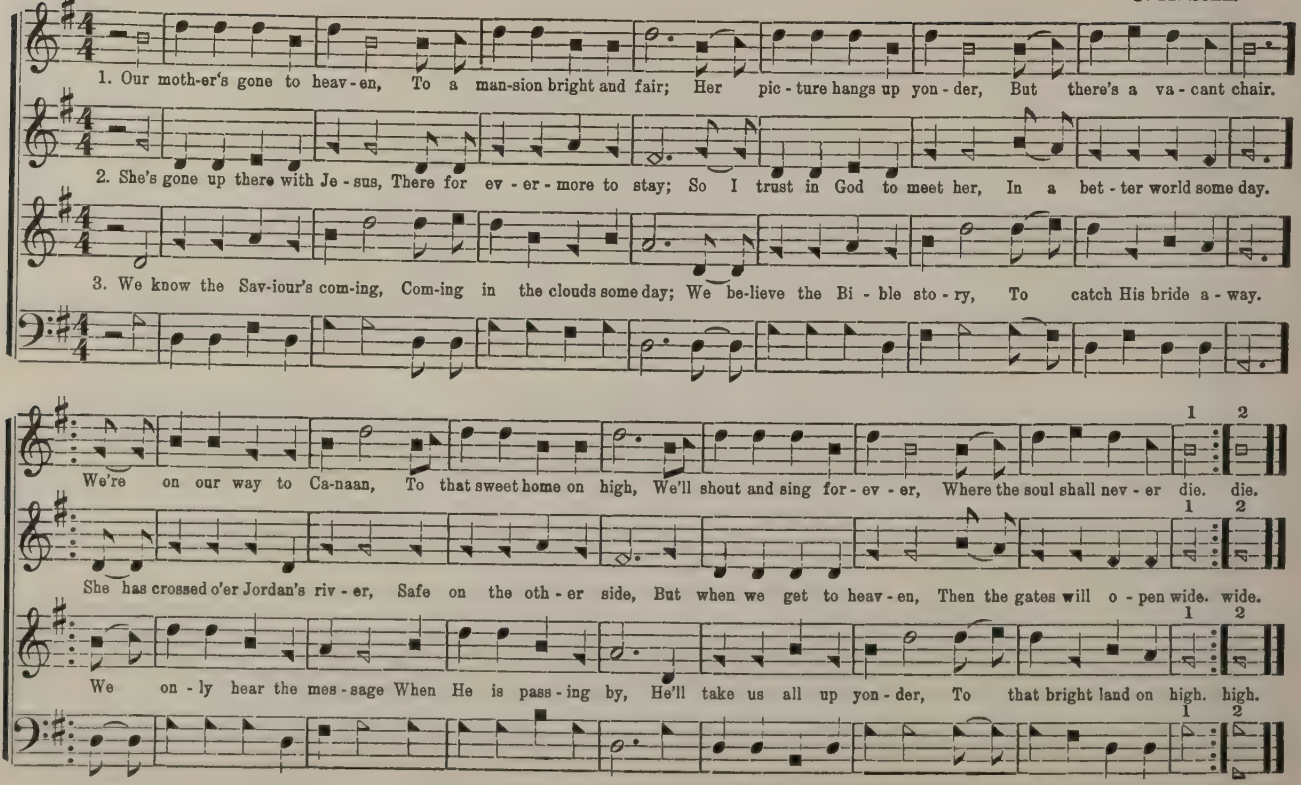
By T. W. Loftin, March 22, 1927.


A-las, and did my Saviour bleed, Would He devote that sacred head Would He devote that sacred head
And did my Sov'reign die, For such a worm as I? For such a worm as I?

WHERE THE SOUL SHALL NEVER DIE.

C. M. S.

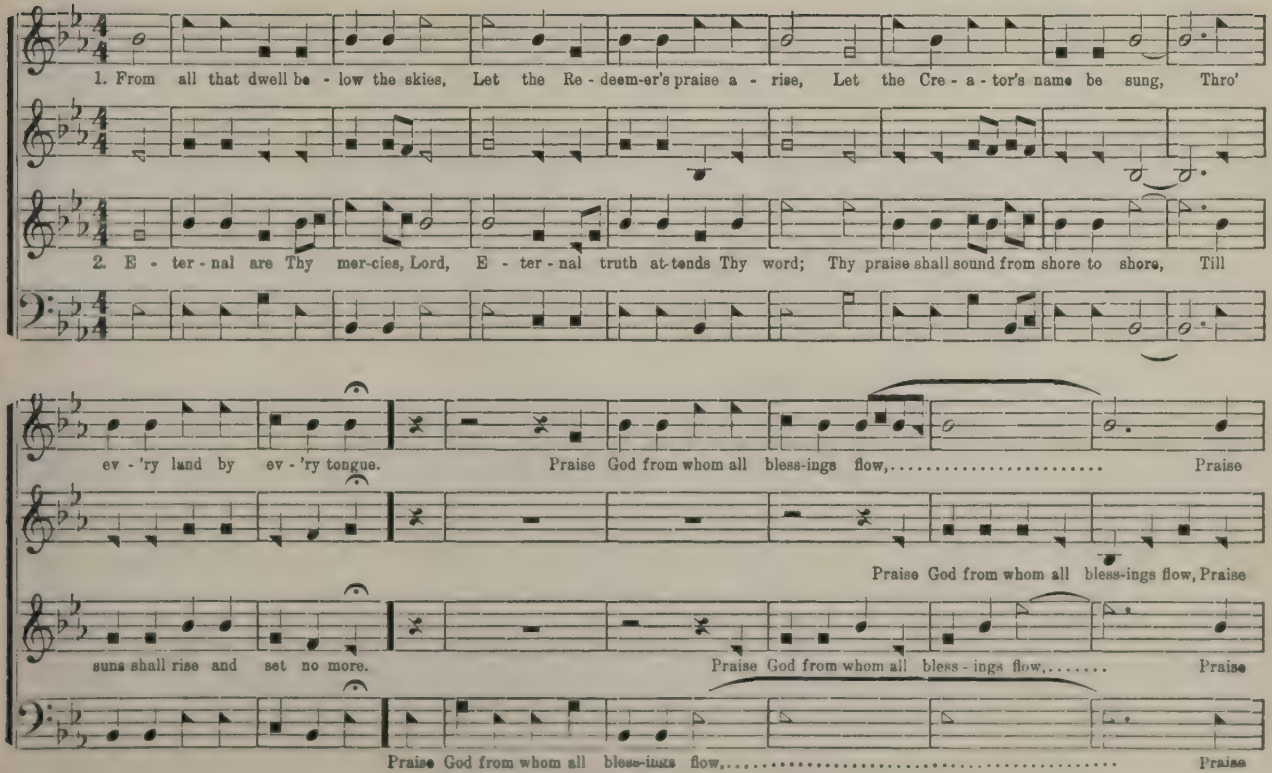
C. M. Senn.


1. Our moth-er's gone to heav-en, To a man-sion bright and fair; Her pic-ture hangs up yon-der, But there's a va-cant chair.
2. She's gone up there with Je-sus, There for ev-er-more to stay; So I trust in God to meet her, In a bet-ter world some day.
3. We know the Sav-iour's com-ing, Com-ing in the clouds some day; We be-lieve the Bi-ble sto-ry, To catch His bride a-way.
We're on our way to Ca-naan, To that sweet home on high, We'll shout and sing for-ev-er, Where the soul shall nev-er die. die.
She has crossed o'er Jordan's riv-er, Safe on the oth-er side, But when we get to heav-en, Then the gates will o-pen wide. wide.
We on-ly hear the mes-sage When He is pass-ing by, He'll take us all up yon-der, To that bright land on high. high.

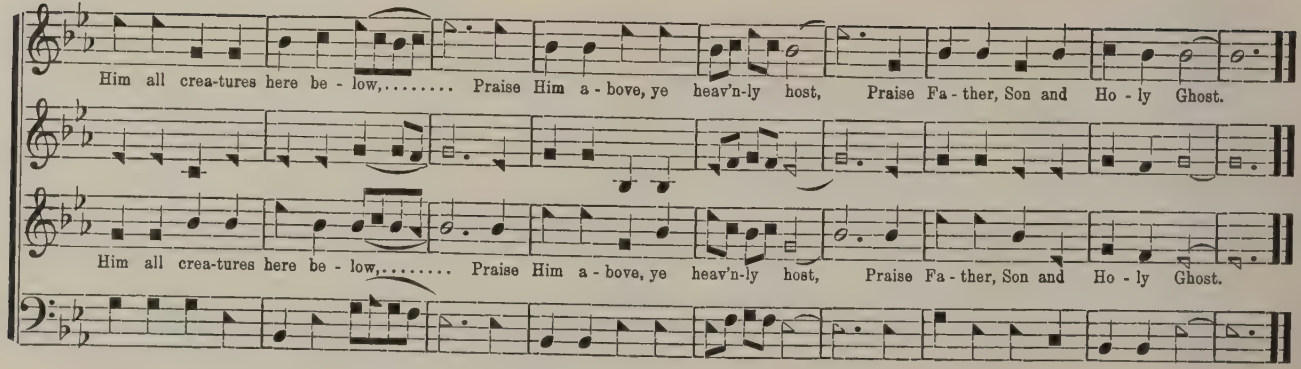
PRAISE THE REDEEMER.

Watts and Ken.

T. J. Allen, April 30, 1927, Troy, Ala.

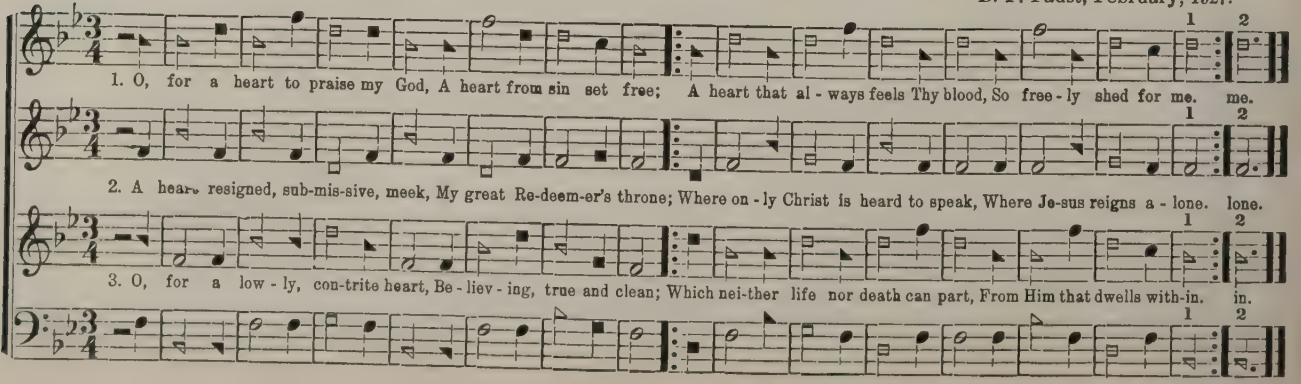

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Re - deem-er's praise a - rise, Let the Cre - a - tor's name be sung, Thro'
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth at-tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till
ev - 'ry land by ev - 'ry tongue.
Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow,..... Praise
Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise
suns shall rise and set no more.
Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow,..... Praise
Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow,..... Praise

PRAISE THE REDEEMER. Concluded.


Him all crea-tures here be - low,..... Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.
Him all crea-tures here be - low,..... Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

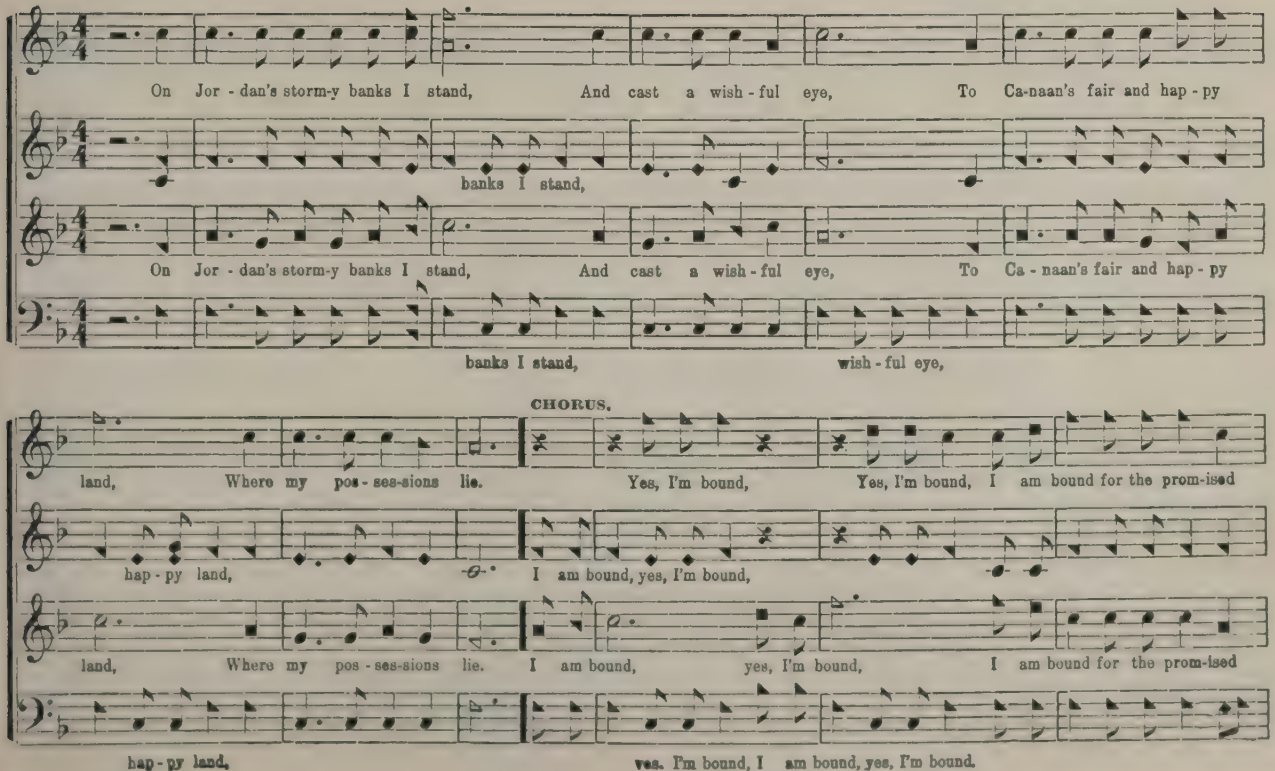
A PRAYERFUL HEART.

B. F. Faust, February, 1927.

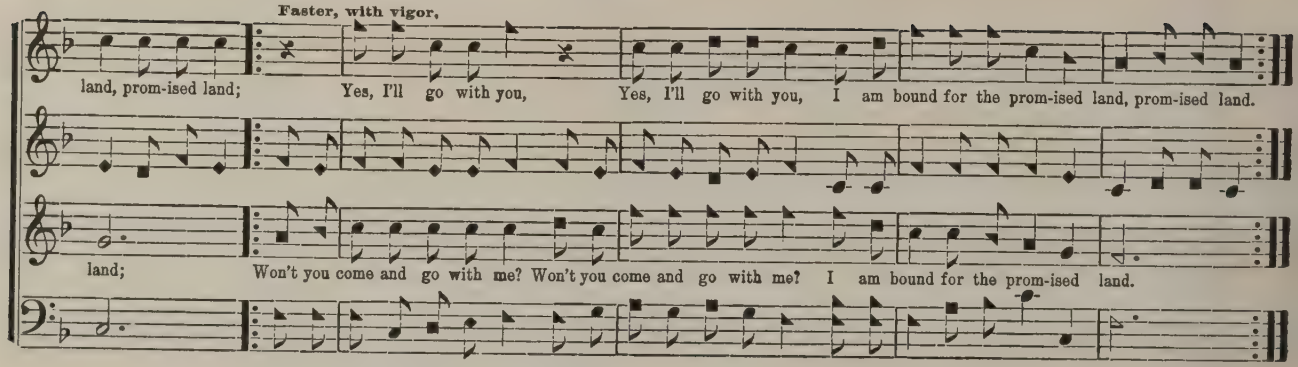

1. O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me. me.
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne; Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a - lone. lone.
3. O, for a low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean; Which nei-ther life nor death can part, From Him that dwells with-in. in.

JORDAN'S BANKS.

By T. W. Loftin, March 2, 1927.

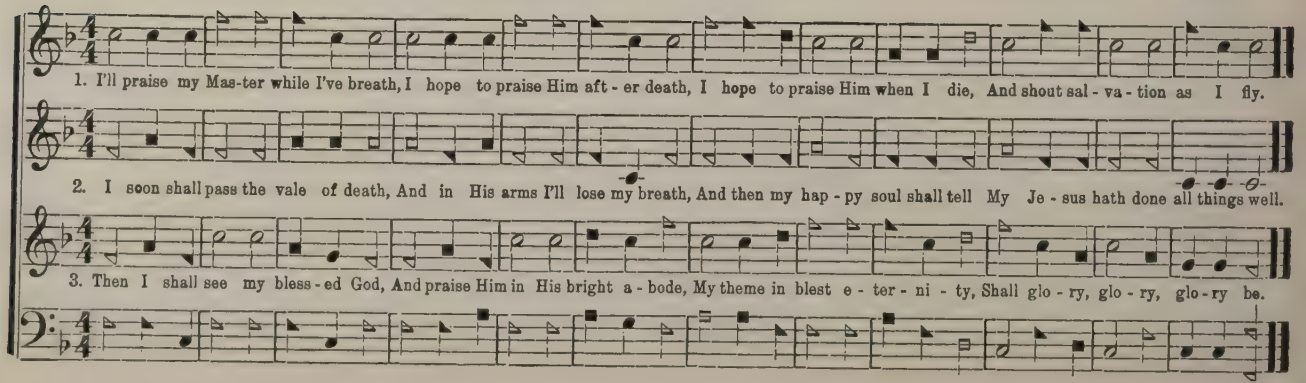

On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py
banks I stand,
On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py
banks I stand, wish - ful eye,
CHORUS.
land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie. Yes, I'm bound, Yes, I'm bound, I am bound for the prom-ised
hap - py land, I am bound, yes, I'm bound,
land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie. I am bound, yes, I'm bound, I am bound for the prom-ised
hap - py land, yes. I'm bound, I am bound, yes, I'm bound.

JORDAN'S BANKS. Concluded.


Faster, with vigor.
land, prom-ised land; Yes, I'll go with you, Yes, I'll go with you, I am bound for the prom-ised land, prom-ised land.
land; Won't you come and go with me? Won't you come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

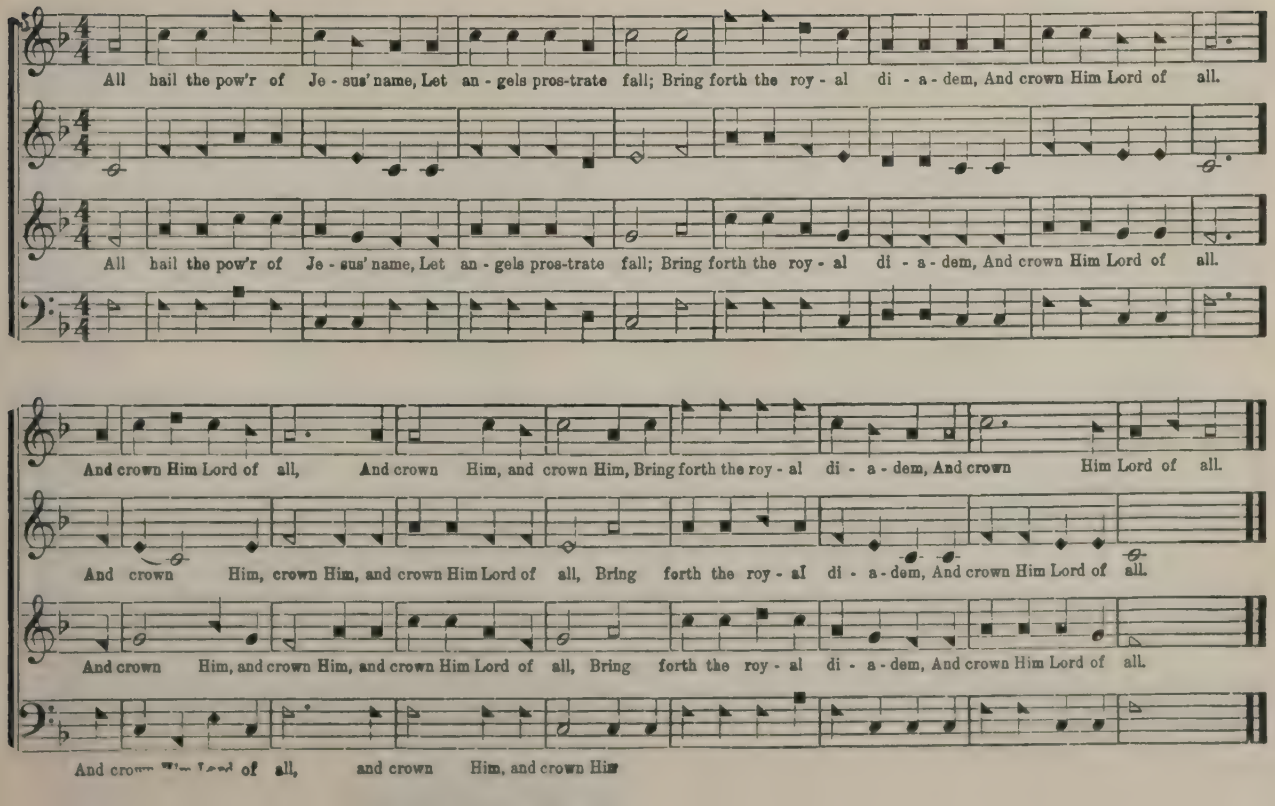
I'LL PRAISE MY MASTER.

H. I. Byrd, Ozark, Ala., 1927.


1. I'll praise my Mas-ter while I've breath, I hope to praise Him aft - er death, I hope to praise Him when I die, And shout sal - va - tion as I fly.
2. I soon shall pass the vale of death, And in His arms I'll lose my breath, And then my hap - py soul shall tell My Je - sus hath done all things well.
3. Then I shall see my bless - ed God, And praise Him in His bright a - bode, My theme in blest e - ter - ni - ty, Shall glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

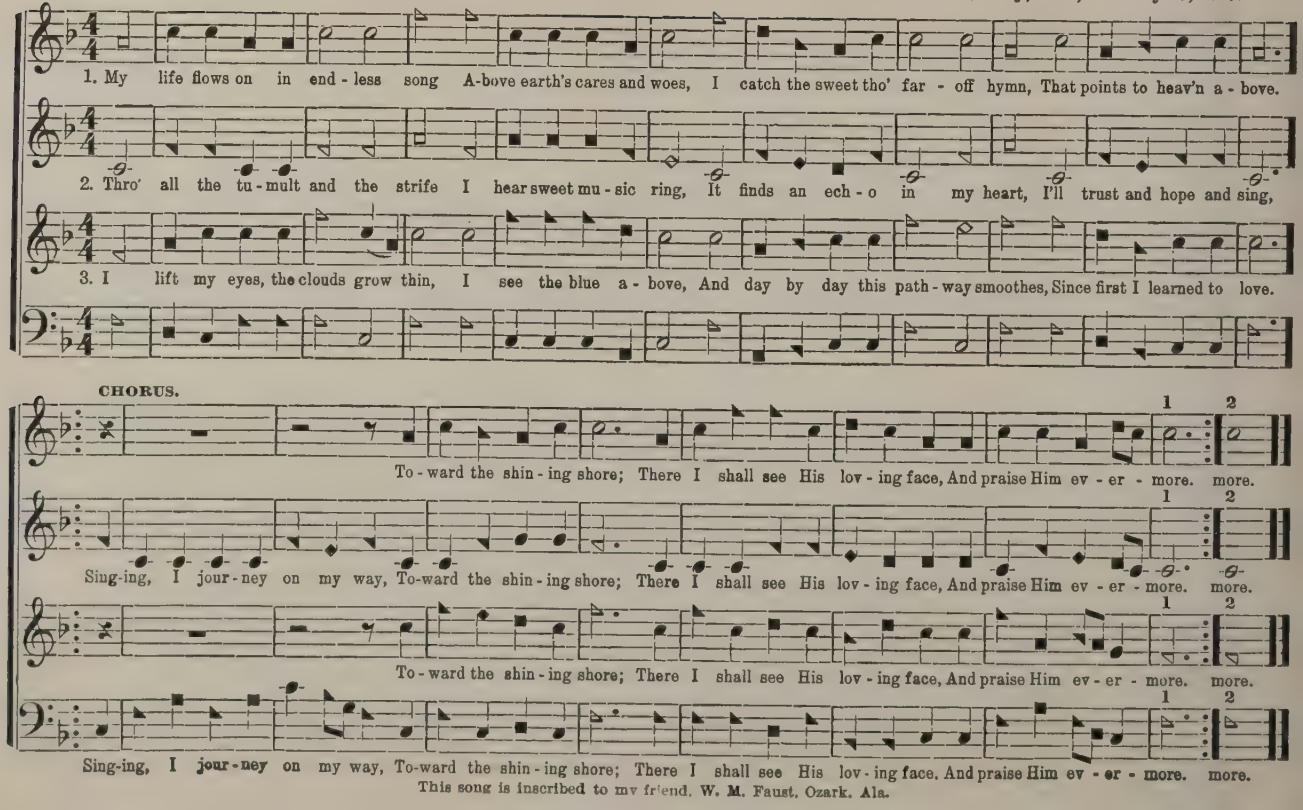
Music by Gilbert Chapman.


All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him, and crown Him, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him, crown Him, and crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him, and crown Him, and crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him, and crown Him

SINGING AS I GO.

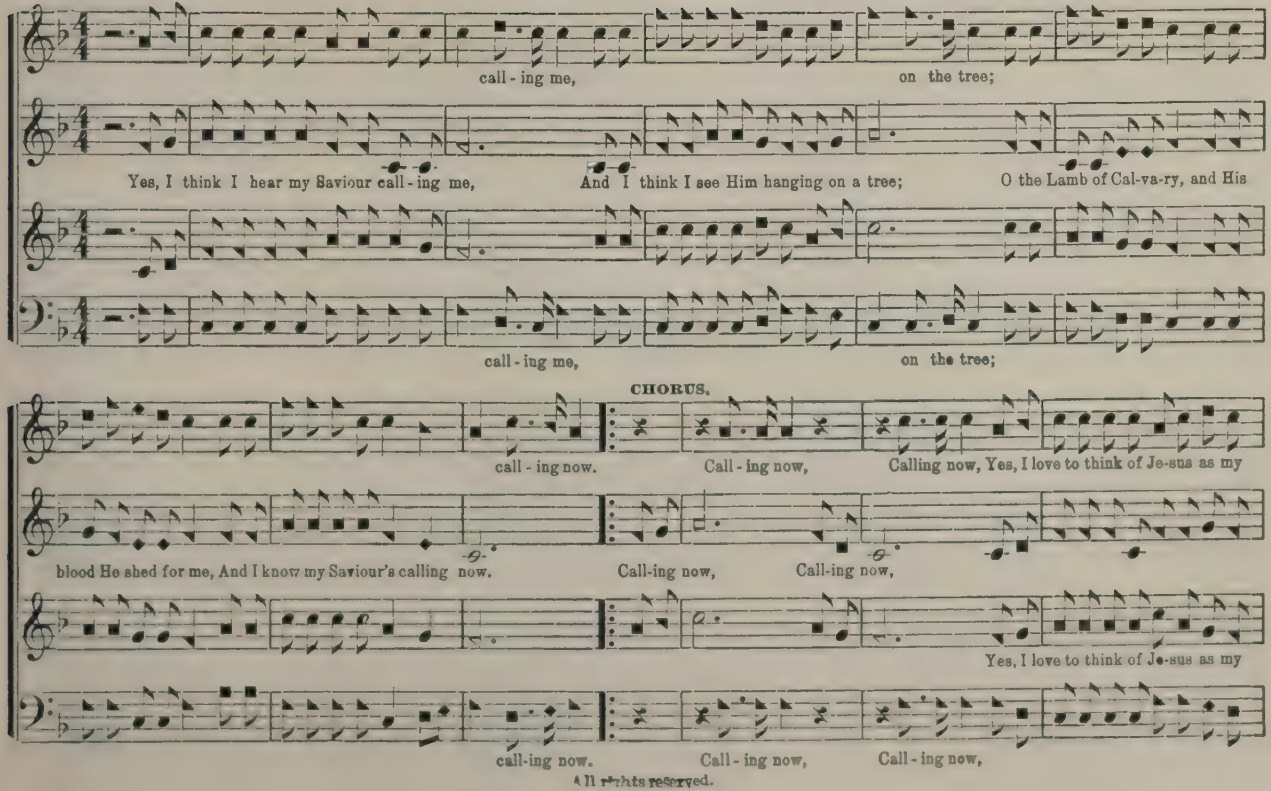
T. J. A.

T. J. Allen, Troy, Ala., January 27, 1927.


1. My life flows on in end - less song A-bove earth's cares and woes, I catch the sweet tho' far - off hymn, That points to heav'n a - bove.
2. Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear sweet mu - sic ring, It finds an ech - o in my heart, I'll trust and hope and sing,
3. I lift my eyes, the clouds grow thin, I see the blue a - bove, And day by day this path - way smoothes, Since first I learned to love.
CHORUS.
To - ward the shin - ing shore; There I shall see His lov - ing face, And praise Him ev - er - more. more.
Sing-ing, I jour - ney on my way, To-ward the shin - ing shore; There I shall see His lov - ing face, And praise Him ev - er - more. more.
To - ward the shin - ing shore; There I shall see His lov - ing face, And praise Him ev - er - more. more.
Sing-ing, I jour - ney on my way, To-ward the shin - ing shore; There I shall see His lov - ing face, And praise Him ev - er - more. more.

This song is inscribed to my friend, W. M. Faust, Ozark, Ala.

CALLING ME.

G. L. Beck, February 18, 1927, Ozark, Ala.

call - ing me,
on the tree;
Yes, I think I hear my Saviour call - ing me,
And I think I see Him hanging on a tree;
O the Lamb of Cal-va-ry, and His
call - ing me,
on the tree;
CHORUS.
call - ing now.
Call - ing now,
Calling now, Yes, I love to think of Je-sus as my
blood He shed for me, And I know my Saviour's calling now.
Call-ing now,
Call-ing now,
Yes, I love to think of Je-sus as my
call-ing now.
Call - ing now,
Call - ing now,

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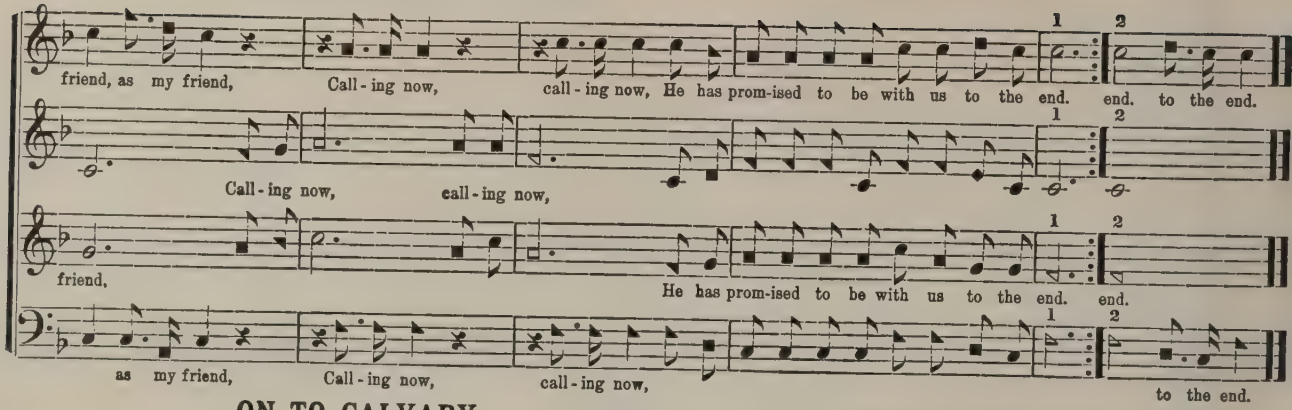
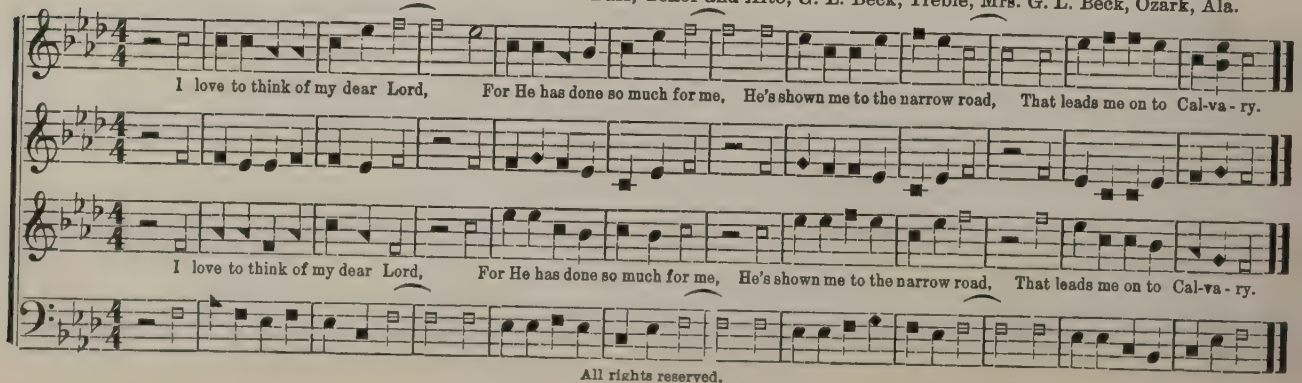
CALLING ME. Concluded.


friend, as my friend, Call-ing now, call-ing now, He has prom-ised to be with us to the end. end. to the end.
Call-ing now, call-ing now,
friend, He has prom-ised to be with us to the end. end.
as my friend, Call-ing now, call-ing now, to the end.

ON TO CALVARY.

Bass, Tenor and Alto, G. L. Beck, Treble, Mrs. G. L. Beck, Ozark, Ala.


I love to think of my dear Lord, For He has done so much for me, He's shown me to the narrow road, That leads me on to Cal-va-ry.
I love to think of my dear Lord, For He has done so much for me, He's shown me to the narrow road, That leads me on to Cal-va-ry.

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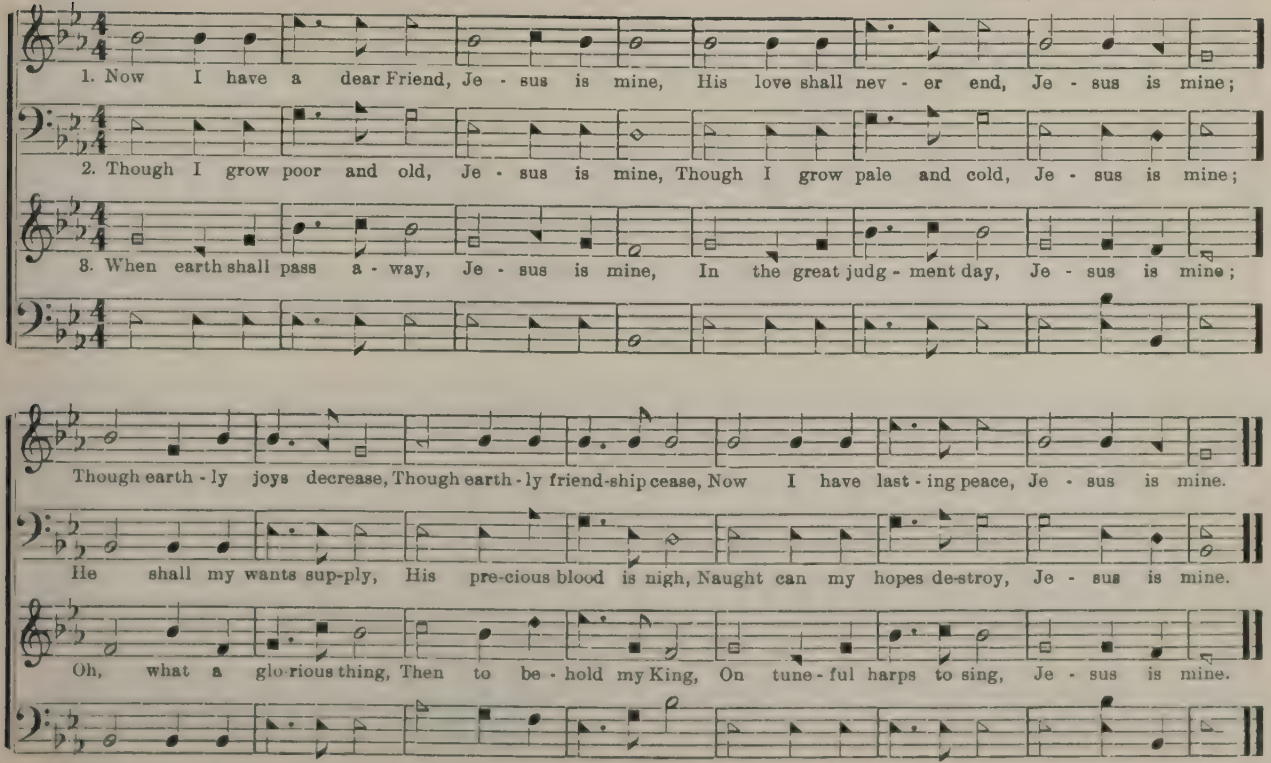
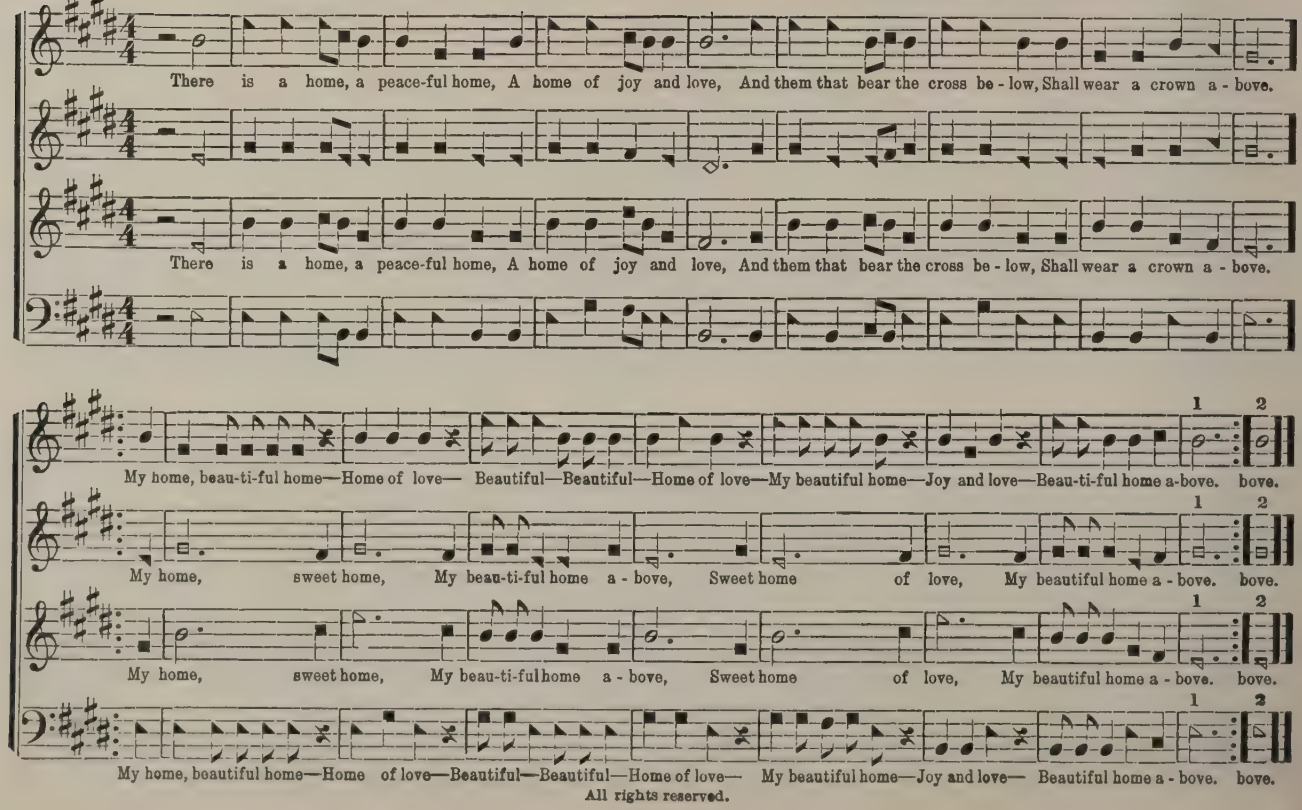
JESUS IS MINE.

W. M. Faust, Sr., March 1, 1927.


1. Now I have a dear Friend, Je - sus is mine, His love shall nev - er end, Je - sus is mine;
2. Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine, Though I grow pale and cold, Je - sus is mine;
3. When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine, In the great judg - ment day, Je - sus is mine;
Though earth - ly joys decrease, Though earth - ly friend-ship cease, Now I have last - ing peace, Je - sus is mine.
He shall my wants sup-ply, His pre-cious blood is nigh, Naught can my hopes de-stroy, Je - sus is mine.
Oh, what a glo-rious thing, Then to be - hold my King, On tune - ful harps to sing, Je - sus is mine.

SWEET HOME.

G. L. Beck, March 3, 1927, Ozark, Ala.


There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And them that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear a crown a - bove.
There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And them that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear a crown a - bove.
1 2
My home, beau-ti-ful home—Home of love— Beautiful—Beautiful—Home of love—My beautiful home—Joy and love—Beau-ti-ful home a-bove. bove.
1 2
My home, sweet home, My beau-ti-ful home a - bove, Sweet home of love, My beautiful home a - bove. bove.
1 2
My home, sweet home, My beau-ti-ful home a - bove, Sweet home of love, My beautiful home a - bove. bove.
1 2
My home, beautiful home—Home of love—Beautiful—Beautiful—Home of love— My beautiful home—Joy and love— Beautiful home a - bove. bove.

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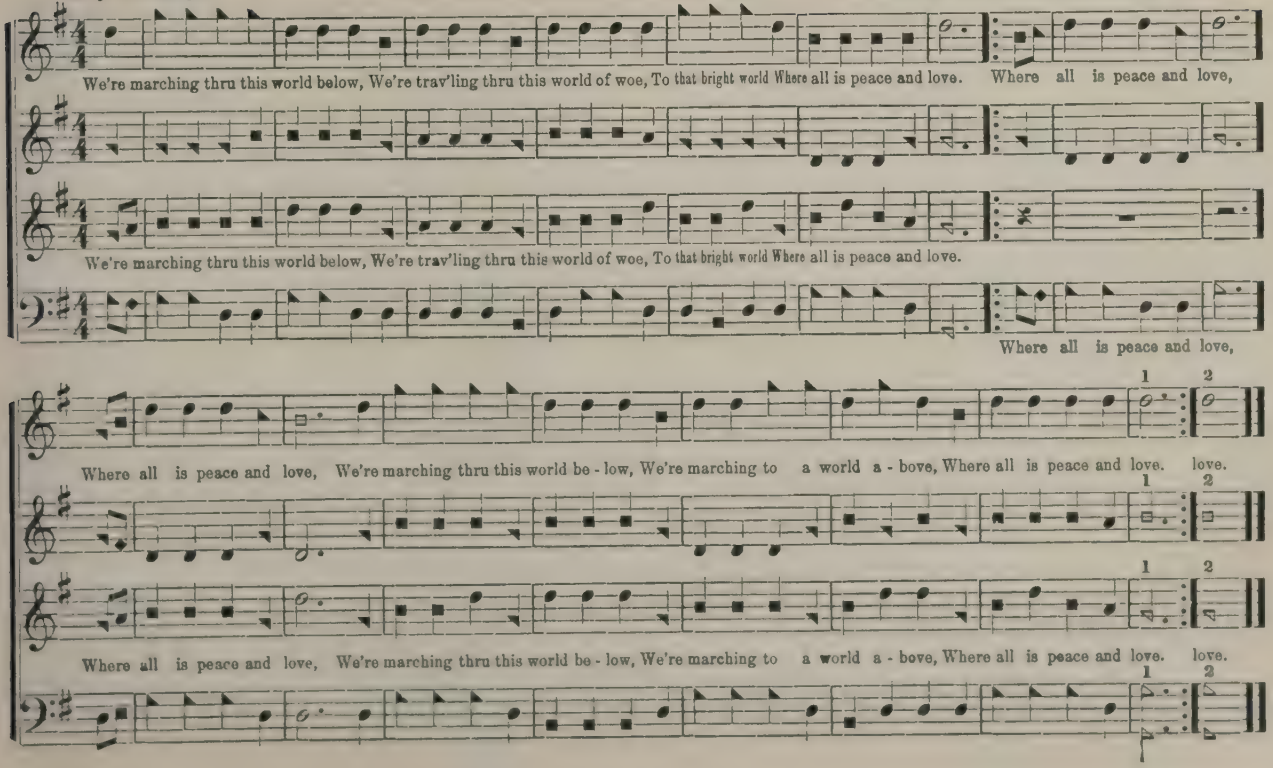
MARCHING TO THAT HOME.

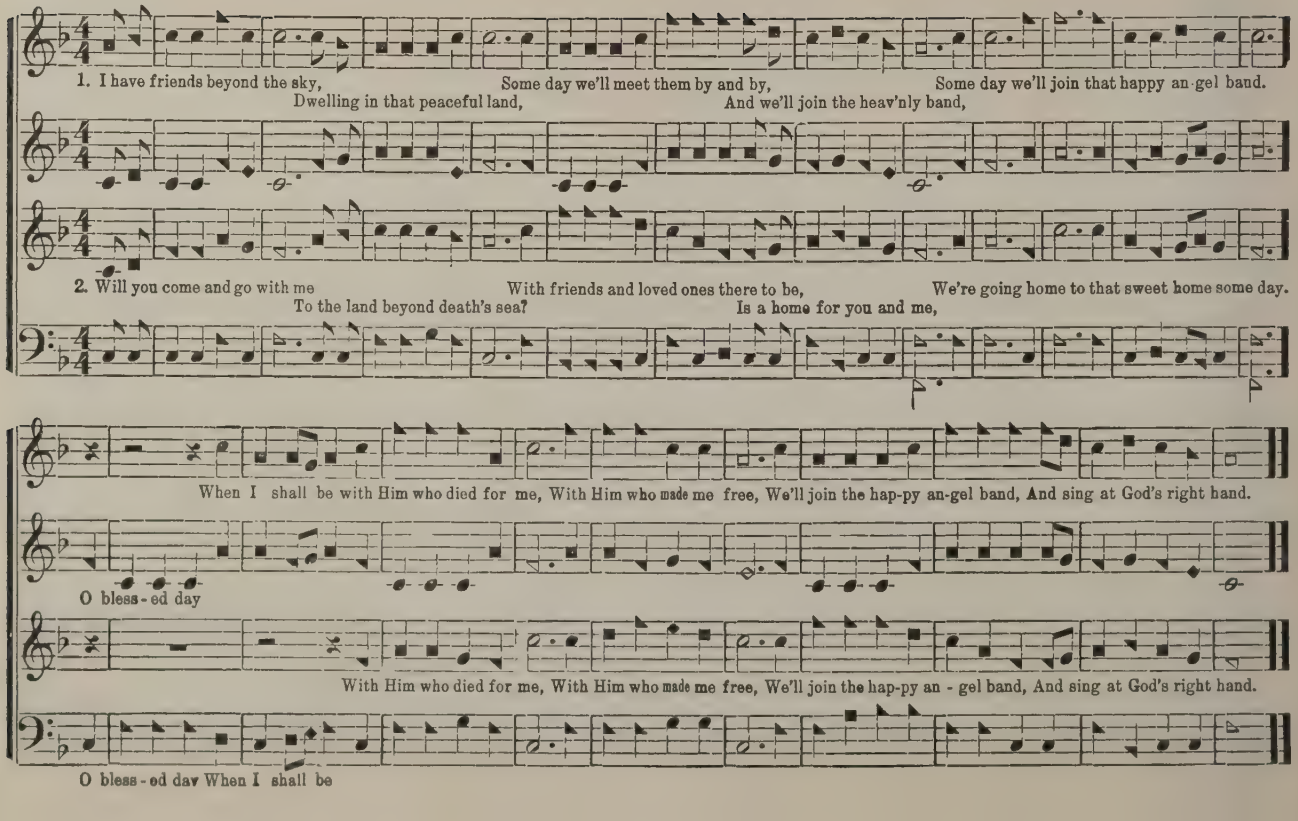
Key of G-Major. "Lord Jesus Christ which is our hope."—1 Tim. 1: 1. Composed by J. M. Phillips, March 5, 1927.


We're marching thru this world below, We're trav'ling thru this world of woe, To that bright world Where all is peace and love. Where all is peace and love,
We're marching thru this world below, We're trav'ling thru this world of woe, To that bright world Where all is peace and love.
Where all is peace and love,
Where all is peace and love, We're marching thru this world be - low, We're marching to a world a - bove, Where all is peace and love. love.
Where all is peace and love, We're marching thru this world be - low, We're marching to a world a - bove, Where all is peace and love. love.
1
2

O BLESSED DAY.

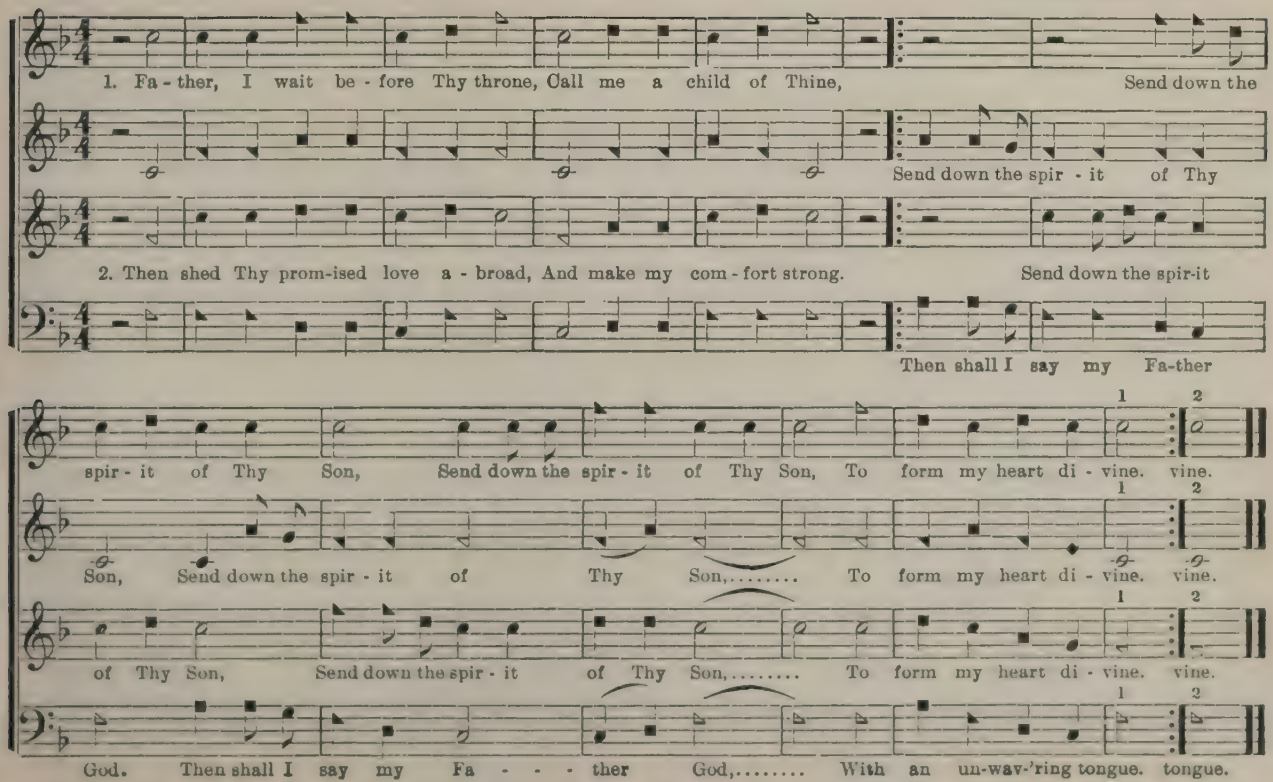
Arr. R. P. A.

R. P. Allen, February 18, 1927.


1. I have friends beyond the sky, Some day we'll meet them by and by, Some day we'll join that happy an-gel band.
Dwelling in that peaceful land, And we'll join the heav'nly band,
2. Will you come and go with me With friends and loved ones there to be, We're going home to that sweet home some day.
To the land beyond death's sea? Is a home for you and me,
When I shall be with Him who died for me, With Him who made me free, We'll join the hap-py an-gel band, And sing at God's right hand.
O bless-ed day
With Him who died for me, With Him who made me free, We'll join the hap-py an-gel band, And sing at God's right hand.
O bless-ed day When I shall be

CHILD OF THINE.

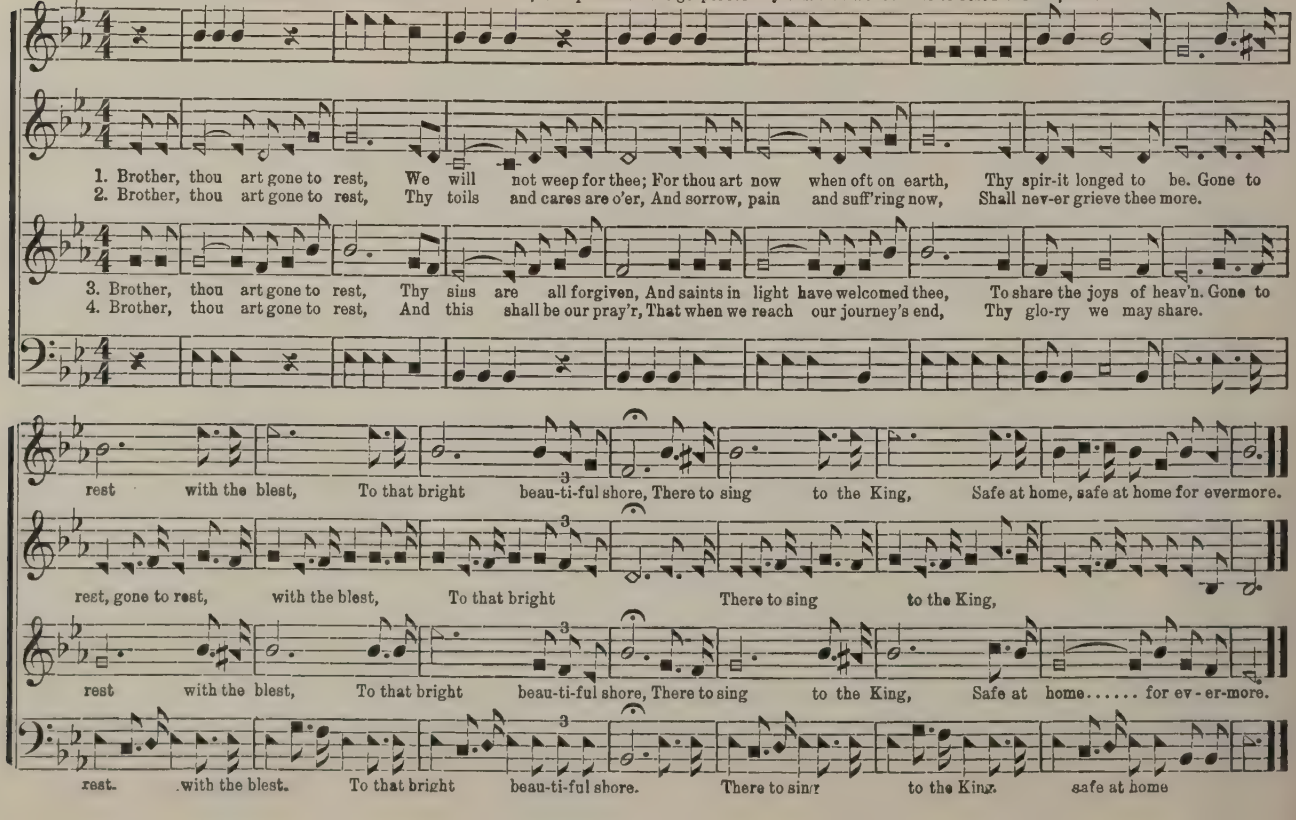
B. F. Faust, March, 1927.


1. Fa - ther, I wait be - fore Thy throne, Call me a child of Thine, Send down the
Send down the spir - it of Thy
2. Then shed Thy prom-ised love a - broad, And make my com - fort strong. Send down the spir-it
Then shall I say my Fa-ther
spir - it of Thy Son, Send down the spir - it of Thy Son, To form my heart di - vine. vine.
Son, Send down the spir - it of Thy Son,..... To form my heart di - vine. vine.
of Thy Son, Send down the spir - it of Thy Son,..... To form my heart di - vine. vine.
God. Then shall I say my Fa - - - ther God,..... With an un-wav-'ring tongue. tongue.

Arr. by T. J. A.

GONE TO REST.

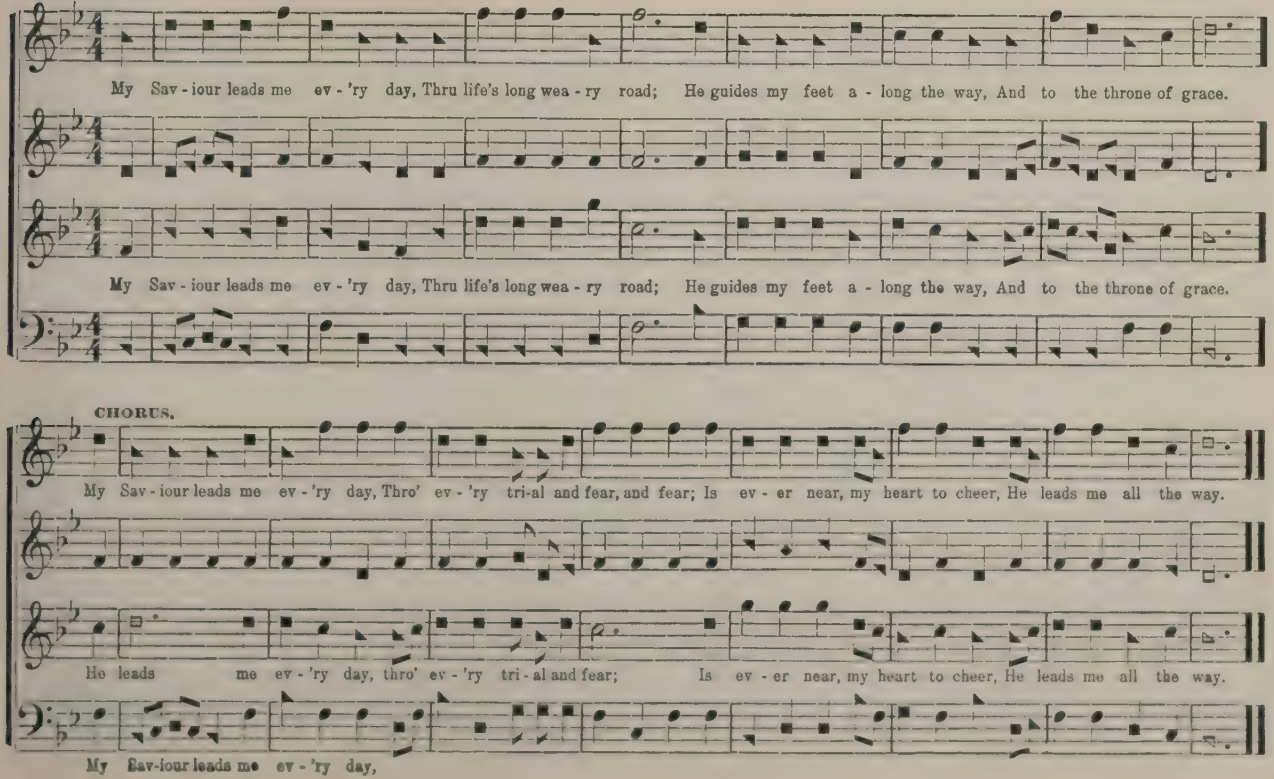
T. J. Allen, Troy, Ala.

In memory of my brother Rev. D. C. Allen, who preached the gospel for 55 years. and went home to rest March 16, 1923.

1. Brother, thou art gone to rest, We will not weep for thee; For thou art now when oft on earth, Thy spir-it longed to be. Gone to
2. Brother, thou art gone to rest, Thy toils and cares are o'er, And sorrow, pain and suff'ring now, Shall nev-er grieve thee more.
3. Brother, thou art gone to rest, Thy sins are all forgiven, And saints in light have welcomed thee, To share the joys of heav'n. Gone to
4. Brother, thou art gone to rest, And this shall be our pray'r, That when we reach our journey's end, Thy glo-ry we may share.
rest with the blest, To that bright beau-ti-ful shore, There to sing to the King, Safe at home, safe at home for evermore.
rest, gone to rest, with the blest, To that bright There to sing to the King,
rest with the blest, To that bright beau-ti-ful shore, There to sing to the King, Safe at home..... for ev-er-more.
rest. with the blest. To that bright beau-ti-ful shore. There to sing to the King. safe at home

HE LEADS ME ALL THE WAY.

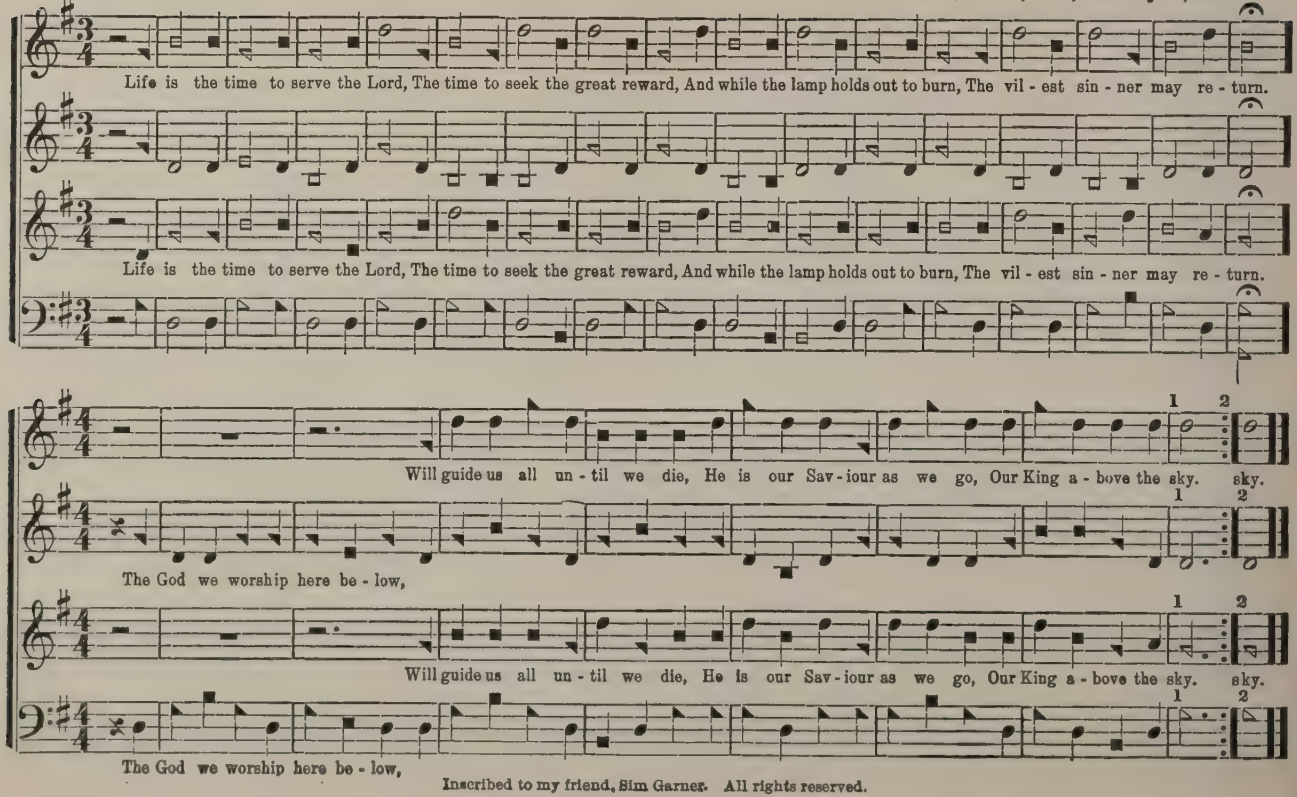
D. W. R.

D. W. Rountree.


My Sav - iour leads me ev - 'ry day, Thru life's long wea - ry road; He guides my feet a - long the way, And to the throne of grace.
My Sav - iour leads me ev - 'ry day, Thru life's long wea - ry road; He guides my feet a - long the way, And to the throne of grace.
CHORUS.
My Sav - iour leads me ev - 'ry day, Thro' ev - 'ry tri-al and fear, and fear; Is ev - er near, my heart to cheer, He leads me all the way.
He leads me ev - 'ry day, thro' ev - 'ry tri - al and fear; Is ev - er near, my heart to cheer, He leads me all the way.
My Sav-iour leads me ev - 'ry day,

OUR KING ABOVE THE SKY.

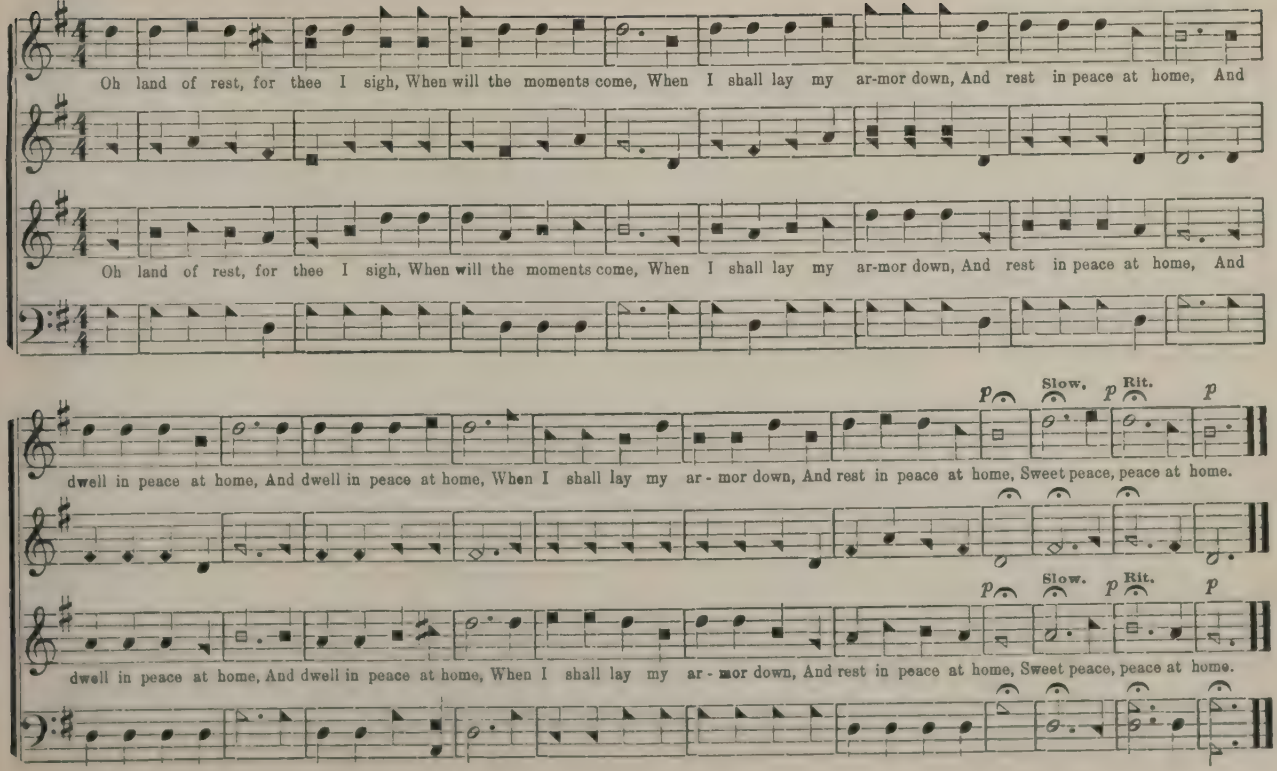
G. L. Beck, Ozark, Ala., January 28, 1927.


Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to seek the great reward, And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.
Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to seek the great reward, And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.
Will guide us all un - til we die, He is our Sav - iour as we go, Our King a - bove the sky. sky.
1 2
The God we worship here be - low,
Will guide us all un - til we die, He is our Sav - iour as we go, Our King a - bove the sky. sky.
The God we worship here be - low,

Inscribed to my friend, Sim Garner. All rights reserved.

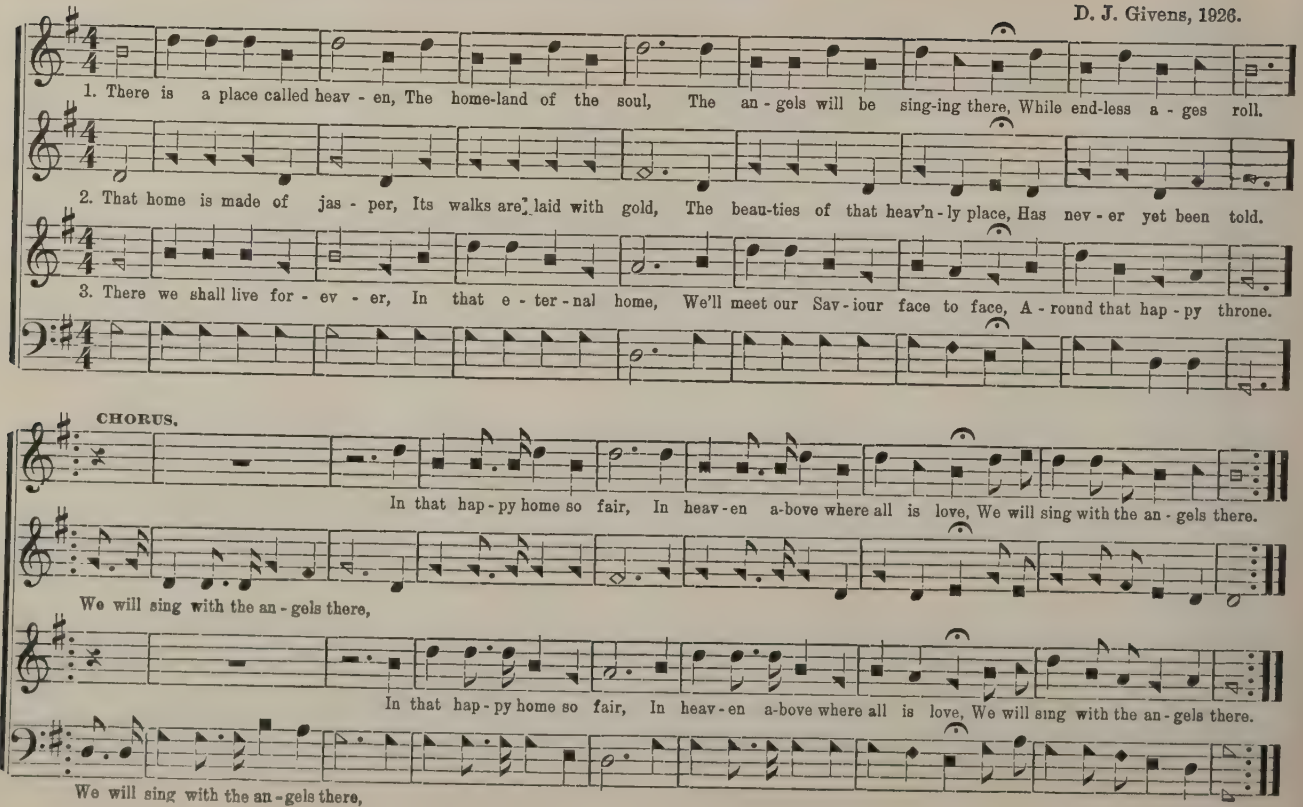
LAND OF REST.

T. W. Loftin, March 22, 1927.


Oh land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moments come, When I shall lay my ar-mor down, And rest in peace at home, And
Oh land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moments come, When I shall lay my ar-mor down, And rest in peace at home, And
p
Slow.
p
Rit.
p
dwell in peace at home, And dwell in peace at home, When I shall lay my ar - mor down, And rest in peace at home, Sweet peace, peace at home.
p
Slow.
p
Rit.
p
dwell in peace at home, And dwell in peace at home, When I shall lay my ar - mor down, And rest in peace at home, Sweet peace, peace at home.

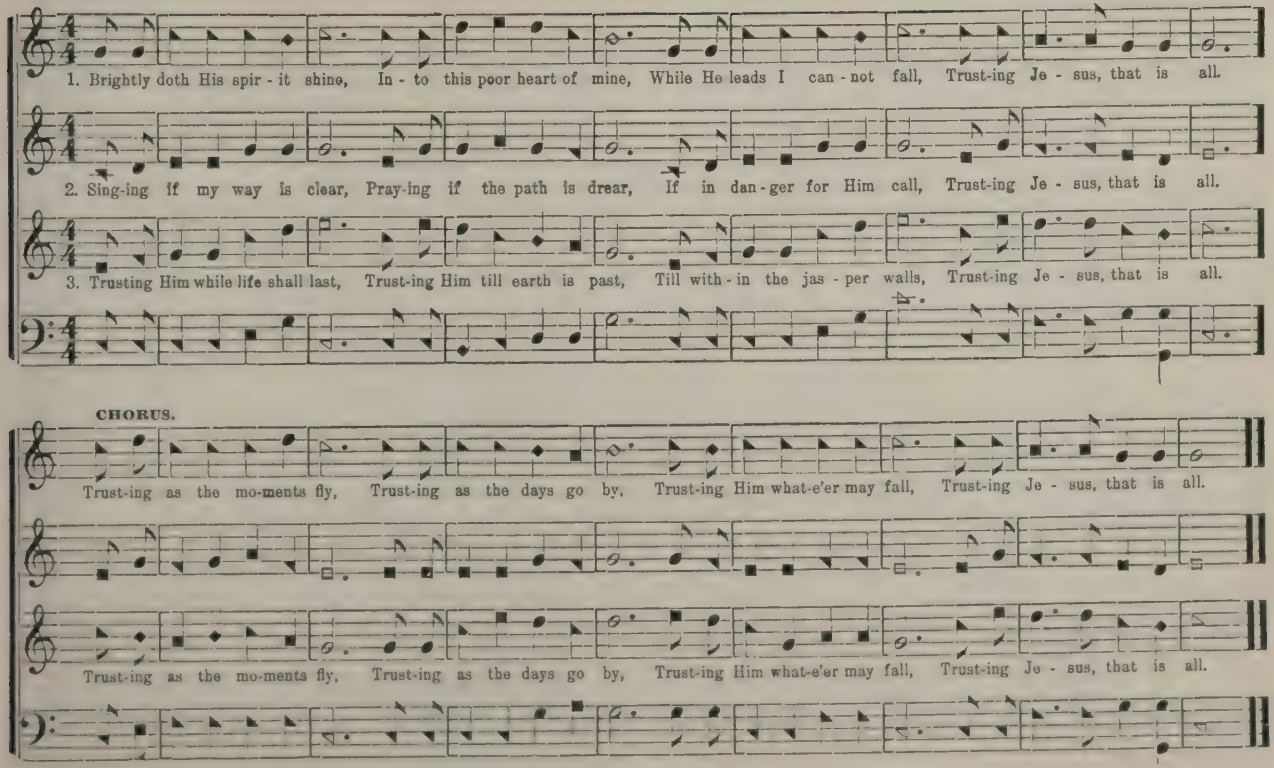
WE WILL SING WITH ANGELS THERE.

D. J. Givens, 1926.


1. There is a place called heav - en, The home-land of the soul, The an - gels will be sing-ing there, While end-less a - ges roll.
2. That home is made of jas - per, Its walks are laid with gold, The beau-ties of that heav'n - ly place, Has nev - er yet been told.
3. There we shall live for - ev - er, In that e - ter - nal home, We'll meet our Sav - iour face to face, A - round that hap - py throne.
CHORUS.
In that hap - py home so fair, In heav - en a-bove where all is love, We will sing with the an - gels there.
We will sing with the an - gels there,
In that hap - py home so fair, In heav - en a-bove where all is love, We will sing with the an - gels there.
We will sing with the an - gels there,

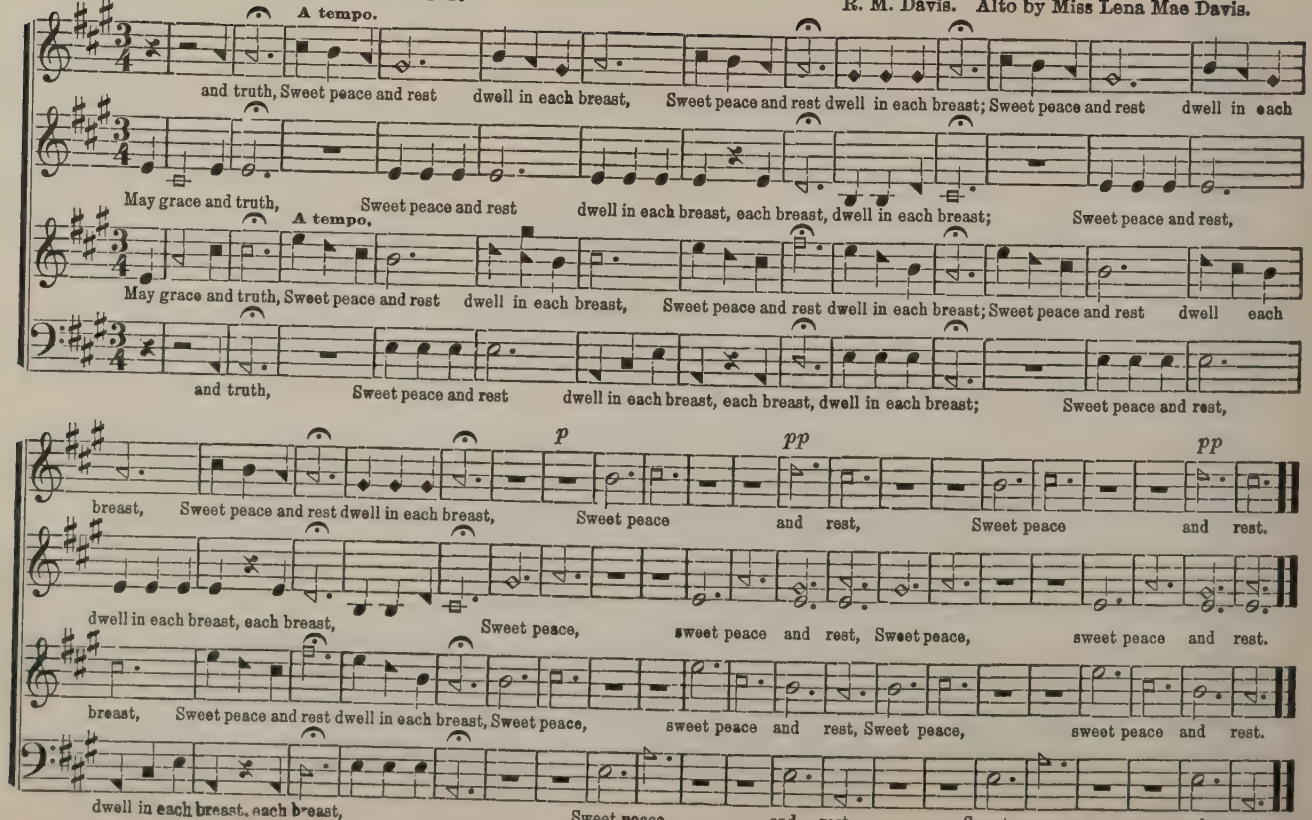
TRUSTING JESUS.

Arranged by W. C. Givens.


1. Brightly doth His spir - it shine, In - to this poor heart of mine, While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
2. Sing-ing if my way is clear, Pray-ing if the path is drear, If in dan - ger for Him call, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
3. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past, Till with - in the jas - per walls, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by, Trust-ing Him what-e'er may fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by, Trust-ing Him what-e'er may fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

SWEET PEACE.

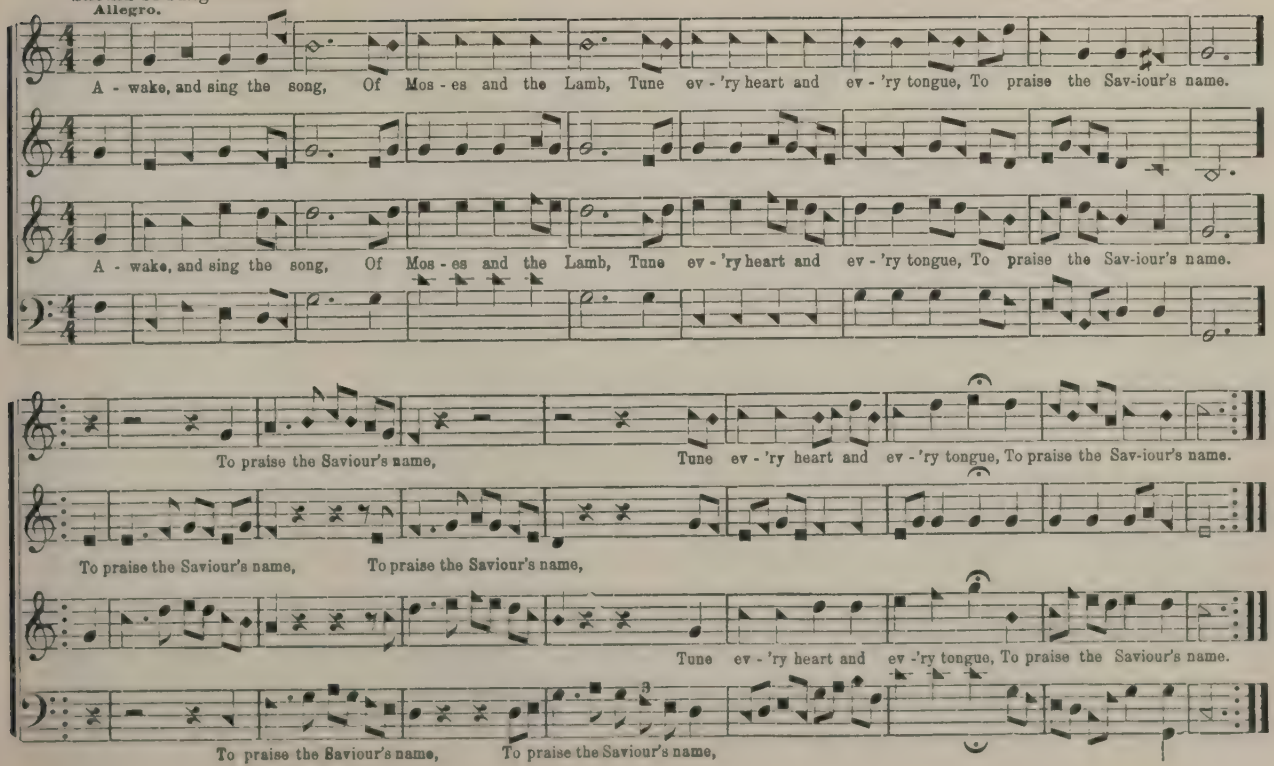
R. M. Davis. Alto by Miss Lena Mae Davis.


A tempo.
and truth, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast; Sweet peace and rest dwell in each
May grace and truth, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast, each breast, dwell in each breast; Sweet peace and rest,
A tempo.
May grace and truth, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast; Sweet peace and rest dwell each
and truth, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast, each breast, dwell in each breast; Sweet peace and rest,
p
pp
pp
breast, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast, Sweet peace and rest, Sweet peace and rest.
dwell in each breast, each breast, Sweet peace, sweet peace and rest, Sweet peace, sweet peace and rest.
breast, Sweet peace and rest dwell in each breast, Sweet peace, sweet peace and rest, Sweet peace, sweet peace and rest.
dwell in each breast, each breast, Sweet peace and rest, Sweet peace and rest.

DAVIS.

Should be sung in B-flat.

R. M. Davis, Ozark, Ala.

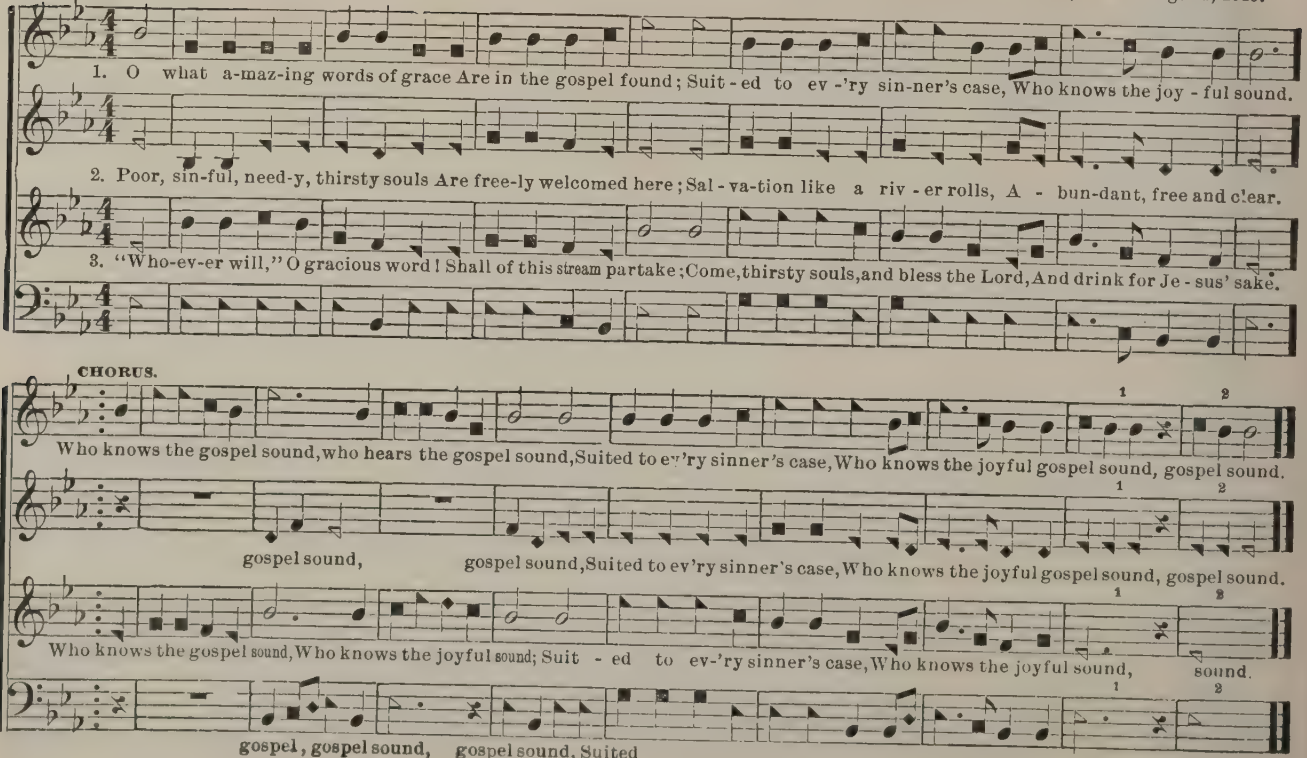

Allegro.
A - wake, and sing the song, Of Mos - es and the Lamb, Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav-iour's name.
A - wake, and sing the song, Of Mos - es and the Lamb, Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav-iour's name.
To praise the Saviour's name, Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav-iour's name.
To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name,
Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name,

576.

ALLEN.

(In honor of my beloved friend and brother, T. J. Allen.)

W. M. Cooper, Dothan, Ala. Aug. 31, 1910.


1. O what a-maz-ing words of grace Are in the gospel found; Suit-ed to ev-'ry sin-ner's case, Who knows the joy-ful sound.
2. Poor, sin-ful, need-y, thirsty souls Are free-ly welcomed here; Sal-va-tion like a riv-er rolls, A-bun-dant, free and clear.
3. "Who-ev-er will," O gracious word! Shall of this stream partake; Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord, And drink for Je-sus' sake.
CHORUS.
Who knows the gospel sound, who hears the gospel sound, Suited to ev'ry sinner's case, Who knows the joyful gospel sound, gospel sound.
gospel sound, gospel sound, Suited to ev'ry sinner's case, Who knows the joyful gospel sound, gospel sound.
Who knows the gospel sound, Who knows the joyful sound; Suit-ed to ev-'ry sinner's case, Who knows the joyful sound, sound.
gospel, gospel sound, gospel sound, Suited

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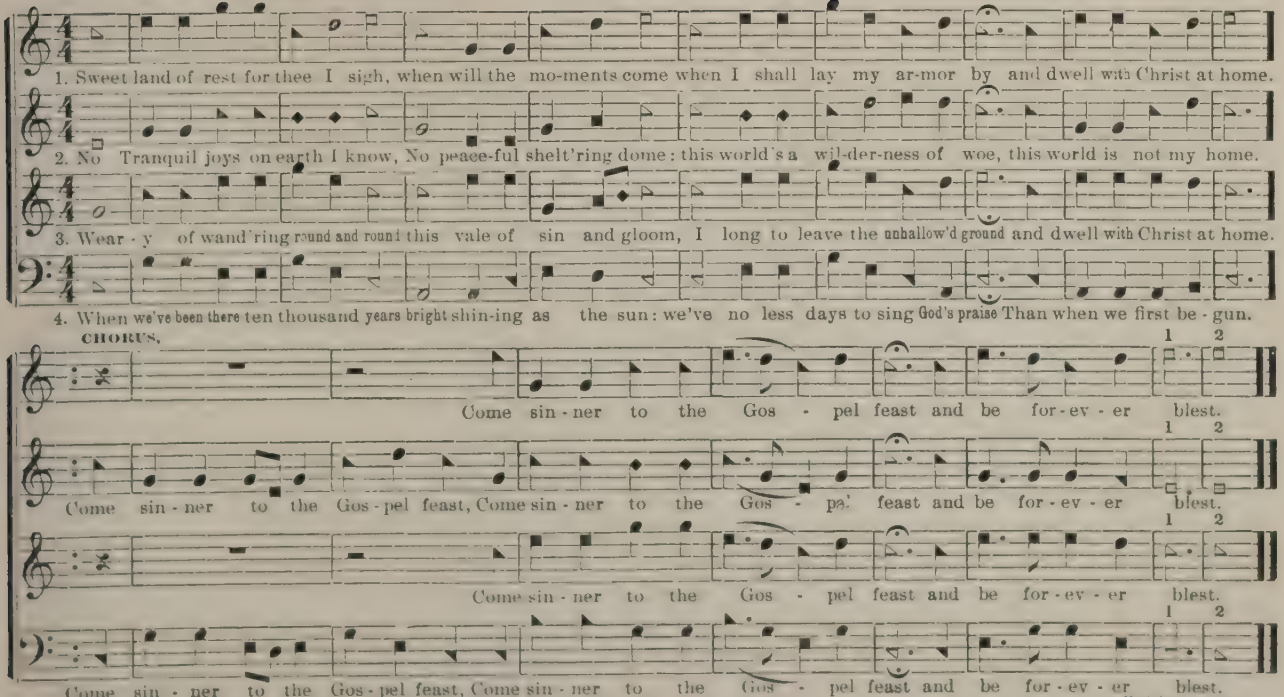
FOREVER BLEST.

A. J. Galloway, Shawnee, Oklahoma, 1912.


1. Sweet land of rest for thee I sigh, when will the mo-ments come when I shall lay my ar-mor by and dwell with Christ at home.
2. No Tranquil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt'ring dome: this world's a wil-der-ness of woe, this world is not my home.
3. Wear - y of wand'ring round and round this vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave the unhallow'd ground and dwell with Christ at home.
4. When we've been there ten thousand years bright shin-ing as the sun: we've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun.
CHORUS.
Come sin - ner to the Gos - pel feast and be for - ev - er blest.
Come sin - ner to the Gos - pel feast, Come sin - ner to the Gos - pel feast and be for - ev - er blest.
Come sin - ner to the Gos - pel feast and be for - ev - er blest.
Come sin - ner to the Gos - pel feast, Come sin - ner to the Gos - pel feast and be for - ev - er blest.

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